The Plays and Sonnets of William Shakespeare

Volume One

Edited by William George Clarke *and* William Aldis Wright

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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, 1564–1616

SHAKESPEARE was baptized in the parish church of Stratford-on-Avon in Warwickshire on April 26, 1564. His father, John Shakespeare, was a burgess of the recently constituted corporation of Stratford, and filled certain municipal offices, including that of high bailiff. By occupation he was a glover, although he appears to have dealt from time to time in various kinds of agricultural produce and may have combined a certain amount of farming with the practice of his trade. His wife and the mother of the dramatist, Mary Arden, came of a distinguished Catholic family, and had brought her husband a farm of about fifty or sixty acres known as the Asbies. There were at least eight children, William being the third child and eldest son.

Stratford possessed a free grammar school and Shakespeare presumably obtained his education there. When he was about thirteen, his father's fortunes took a turn for the worse, and it seems likely that Shakespeare was apprenticed to some local trade. According to one story, he killed calves for his father, and "would do it in a high style and make a speech." In November 158[illegible] he married Anne Hathaway, a woman eight years his senior, and their first child, Susanna, was baptized on May 26, 1583, followed by twins, Hamnet and Judith, in 1585. Before the birth of the twins Shakespeare's career in Stratford seems to have come to a tempestuous close. One tradition, coming from two different sources, asserts that he got into trouble through poaching on the estates of a considerable Warwickshire magnate, Sir Thomas Lucy, and found it necessary to leave town. But from this event until he emerges as an actor and rising playwright in 159[illegible] his history is unknown. His entry into the theatrical world, according to the stage tradition, was in a menial capacity, perhaps even as a holder of horses at the doors.

By 159[illegible], when he was twenty-eight, Shakespeare had begun to emerge as a playwright and had evoked the jealousy of at least one of the group of scholar poets who claimed a monopoly of the [illegible] Robert Greene, in an invective against the play actors in his *Groatsworth of Wit* [illegible] parodies a line from *Henry VI* and speaks of an "upstart crow" who is "in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in the country." [illegible] the theatres were closed from 159[illegible] to [illegible] of [illegible] and the [illegible] Shakespeare [illegible] enhanced his literary reputation by the publication of *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*. It is also probable that the first of his sonnets then began to circulate privately, although they were not published as a whole until 1609.

After the reopening of the theatres in 1594, Shakespeare is listed among the "servauntes of the Lord Chamberlayne," the company for which he wrote and acted throughout his life. His acting seems to have been limited to such roles as the Ghost in *Hamlet* and Adam in *As You Like It*, but as a dramatist he was the mainstay of the company for some fifteen years. As early as 1598 the *Palladis Tamia*, a kind of literary handbook published by Francis Meres, extols Shakespeare as "the most excellent in both kinds (*i.e.* comedy and tragedy) for the stage" and one of "the most passionate among us to bewaile and bemoane the perplexities of love"; it also provides a list of twelve plays already written, which serves as a starting point for modern attempts at a chronological arrangement of his work. Shakespeare seems to have written more rapidly during these early years than later, but on an average he wrote for his company about two plays a year. His fellow-dramatists writing for the Chamberlain's men included Ben Jonson, Dekker, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Tourneur. He seems to have been particularly intimate with Jonson; there are stories of their jests and drinking bouts, and Jonson later declared "I loved the man and do honour his memory (on this side idolatry) as much as any."

In addition to being both actor and playwright Shakespeare was also a shareholder in the company, and his prosperity was joined with that of his theatre. They were frequently asked to play at court, and *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is said to owe its origin to Elizabeth's desire to see Falstaff in love. James I on his accession took the company under his patronage, and during the remainder of Shakespeare's connection with the [illegible] they were the King's men. The records of performances at court show [illegible] the most favored of the companies. Shakespeare was particularly popular [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] James [illegible] to have received an [illegible] from [illegible] James. He appears also to have been [illegible] with [illegible] and

own will he paid a similar compliment to three of his theatrical associates.

Shakespeare's increasing prosperity is reflected in the restored fortunes of his family at Stratford. The prosecutions of John Shakespeare for debt ceased, and in 1596 his application for a coat of arms made at the time he was bailiff was at length granted. *In 1597 the playwright purchased* New Place, one of the largest houses in Stratford. Here he established his wife and two daughters, his son having died the year before. Until 1610 he apparently lived and worked in London, making only occasional visits to Stratford, but in that year he seems to have returned to his birthplace. He lived as a retired gentleman on friendly terms with the richest of his neighbors and showed interest in local affairs which might affect his income or his comfort, such as a *bill for the improvement of the highways in 1611* or a proposed enclosure of the open fields in 1614. His retirement did not imply a complete break with London life: his plays were still being produced, and he was providing new ones, although the last few may have been written at Stratford. As late as 1613 he is known to have bought a house in London at the Blackfriars, perhaps for purposes of investment rather than *residence. It is likely that his connection with* the king's company ended when the Globe theatre was burnt down during a performance of *Henry VIII* in 1613.

In March of 1616 Shakespeare made his will, leaving to his daughter Susanna the bulk of his estate and to his wife the second best bed with the furniture, although she also legally enjoyed until her death a third of his lands and houses. A month after his will was signed, on April 23, 1616, Shakespeare died and as a tithe *owner was buried in the chancel of the parish* church.

Contents, Volume One



The First Part of KING HENRY THE SIXTH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY THE SIXTH
DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, *uncle to the King and Lord Protector*
DUKE OF BEDFORD, *uncle to the King and Regent of France*
HENRY BEAUFORT, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, *great-uncle to the King, afterwards* CARDINAL
THOMAS BEAUFORT, DUKE OF EXETER, *great uncle to the King*
JOHN BEAUFORT, EARL OF SOMERSET, *afterwards* DUKE
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *son of Richard late Earl of Cambridge, afterwards* DUKE OF YORK
EARL OF WARWICK
EARL OF SALISBURY
WILLIAM DE LA POLE, EARL OF SUFFOLK
LORD TALBOT, *afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury*
JOHN TALBOT, *his son*
EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March*
SIR JOHN FASTOLFE
SIR WILLIAM LUCY
SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE
SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE
MAYOR OF LONDON
OFFICER *of the Mayor of London*
WOODVILE, *Lieutenant of the Tower*
VERNON, *of the White Rose or York faction*
BASSET, *of the Red Rose or Lancaster faction*
LAWYER
GAOLER
SIX MESSENGERS
TWO WARDERS
THREE SERVANTS *to Gloucester*
SERVANT *to Talbot*

ENGLISH CAPTAIN
CAPTAIN *of Talbot's Army*
ENGLISH SOLDIER

CHARLES, *Dauphin, and afterwards King of France*
REIGNIER, *Duke of Anjou and Maine, and titular King of Naples and Jerusalem*
DUKE OF BURGUNDY
DUKE OF ALENÇON
BASTARD OF ORLEANS
GOVERNOR OF PARIS
MASTER-GUNNER *of Orleans*
BOY *of Master-Gunner*
GENERAL *of the French Forces in Bourdeaux*
FRENCH SERGEANT
FRENCH SENTINEL
PORTER
SHEPHERD, *father to Joan La Pucelle*
FRENCH SOLDIER
WATCHMAN *of Rouen*
FRENCH SCOUT
PAPAL LEGATE

MARGARET, *daughter to Reignier, afterwards married to King Henry*
COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE
JOAN LA PUCELLE, *commonly called Joan of Arc*

NON-SPEAKING: *French Herald, Ambassadors, Soldiers, Gaolers, Servingmen, Attendants, and Fiends appearing to Joan La Pucelle*

SCENE: *Partly in England, and partly in France*

ACT I

SCENE I. *Westminster Abbey*

Dead March. Enter the Funeral of King Henry the Fifth, attended on by the DUKE OF BEDFORD, *Regent of France; the* DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, *Protector; the* DUKE OF EXETER, *the* EARL OF WARWICK, *the* BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, *the* DUKE OF SOMERSET, *Heralds, &c.*

Bed. Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars
That have consented unto Henry's death!
King Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glo. England ne'er had a king until his time.
Virtue he had, deserving to command:
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams: 10
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies
Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered.

Exe. We mourn in black: why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead and never shall revive:
Upon a wooden coffin we attend,
And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.

What! shall we curse the planets of mishap
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurers and sorcerers, that afraid of him
By magic verses have contrived his end?
Win. He was a king bless'd of the King of kings.
Unto the French the dreadful judgement-day
So dreadful will not be as was his sight. 30
The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.
Glou. The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd,
His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.
Win. Gloucester, whate'er we like, thou art protector
And lookest to command the prince and realm.
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe
More than God or religious churchmen may. 40
Glou. Name not religion, for thou lovest the flesh,
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st
Except it be to pray against thy foes.
Bed. Cease, cease these jars and rest your minds in peace:
Let's to the altar: heralds, wait on us:
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms;
Since arms avail not now that Henry's dead.
Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck,
Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears, 50
And none but women left to wail the dead.
Henry the Fifth, thy ghost I invocate:
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils,
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make
Than Julius Cæsar or bright——

Enter a MESSENGER

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter and discomfiture:
Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans, 60
Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.
Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?
Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead and rise from death.
Glou. Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.
Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was used?
Mess. No treachery; but want of men and money.
Amongst the soldiers this is muttered, 70
That here you maintain several factions,
And whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals:
One would have lingering wars with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third thinks, without expense at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours new begot:
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms; 80
Of England's coat one half is cut away.
Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.
Bed. Me they concern; Regent I am of France.
Give me my steeled coat, I'll fight for France.
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!
Wounds will I lend the French instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter to them a SECOND MESSENGER

2nd Mess. Lords, view these letters full of bad mischance.
France is revolted from the English quite, 90
Except some petty towns of no import:
The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;
The Bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Reignier, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The Duke of Alençon flieth to his side.
Exe. The Dauphin crowned king! all fly to him!
O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?
Glou. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats.
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.
Bed. Gloucester, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness? 100
An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is overrun.

Enter a THIRD MESSENGER

3rd Mess. My gracious lords, to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's hearse,
I must inform you of a dismal fight
Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French.
Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't so?
3rd Mess. O, no; wherein Lord Talbot was o'erthrown:
The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last this dreadful lord 110

Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
By three and twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon
No leisure had he to enrank his men,
He wanted pikes to set before his archers,
Instead whereof sharp stakes pluck'd out of
hedges
They pitched in the ground confusedly
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in
More than three hours the fight continued *120*
Where valiant Talbot above human thought
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance
Hundreds he sent to hell and none durst stand
him,
Here there, and every where, enraged he flew
The French exclaim d the devil was in arms,
All the whole army stood agazed on him
His soldiers spying his undaunted spirit,
"A Talbot! a Talbot!" cried out amain
And rush d into the bowels of the battle
Here had the conquest fully been seal d up *130*
If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward
He, being in the vaward placed behind
With purpose to relieve and follow them
Cowardly fled not having struck one stroke
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre,
Enclosed were they with their enemies
A base Walloon to win the Dauphin s grace
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back
Whom all France with their chief assembled
strength
Durst not presume to look once in the face *140*
Bed Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here in pomp and ease
Whilst such a worthy leader wanting aid
Unto his dastard foemen is betray d
3rd Mess O no he lives but is took prisoner
And Lord Scales with him and Lord Hungerford
Most of the rest slaughter d or took likewise
Bed His ransom there is none but I shall pay
I ll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend *150*
Four of their lords I ll change for one of ours
Farewell my masters to my task will I
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make
To keep our great Saint George s feast withal
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe
quake
3rd Mess So you had need for Orleans is
besieged
The English army is grown weak and faint
The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny *160*
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude
Exe Remember, lords your oaths to Henry
sworn,
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke
Bed I do remember it, and here take my leave,
To go about my preparation [*Exit*
Glou I ll to the Tower with all the haste I can,
To view the artillery and munition
And then I will proclaim young Henry king
[*Exit*
Exe To Eltham will I, where the young king is
Being ordain d his special governor, *171*
And for his safety there I ll best devise [*Exit*
Win Each hath his place and function to
attend
I am left out, for me nothing remains
But long I will not be Jack out of office
The king from Eltham I intend to steal
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *France Before Orleans*

Sound a flourish Enter CHARLES ALENÇON *and* REIGNIER, *marching with drum and Soldiers*

Char Mars his true moving, even as in the
heavens
So in the earth to this day is not known
Late did he shine upon the English side,
Now we are victors upon us he smiles
What towns of any moment but we have?
At pleasure here we lie near Orleans
Otherwhiles the famish d English like pale
ghosts
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month
Alen They want their porridge and their fat
bull beeves
Either they must be dieted like mules *10*
And have their provender tied to their mouths
Or piteous they will look like drowned mice
Reig Let s raise the siege why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken whom we wont to fear
Remaineth none but mad brain d Salisbury
And he may well in fretting spend his gall
Nor men nor money hath he to make war
Char Sound sound alarum! we will rush on
them
Now for the honour of the forlorn French!
Him I forgive my death that killeth me *20*
When he sees me go back one foot or fly [*Exeunt*
Here alarum they are be[illegible]
[illegible] CHARLES, ALENÇON
and REIGNIER
Char Who ever saw the like? what men have I!
Dogs! cowards! dastards! I would ne er have fled
But that they left me [illegible]
Reig [illegible] a desperate homicide
He fighteth as one weary of his life

What! shall we curse the planets of mishap
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
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He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof sharp stakes pluck'd out of hedges
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued; 120
Where valiant Talbot above human thought
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance:
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;
Here, there, and everywhere, enraged he flew:
The French exclaim'd, the devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood agazed on him:
His soldiers spying his undaunted spirit
"A Talbot! a Talbot!" cried out amain
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
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He, being in the vaward, placed behind
With purpose to relieve and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre;
Enclosed were they with their enemies:
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back,
Whom all France with their chief assembled strength
Durst not presume to look once in the face. 140
Bed. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foemen is betray'd.
3rd Mess. O no, he lives; but is took prisoner,
And Lord Scales with him and Lord Hungerford:
Most of the rest slaughter'd or took likewise.
Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay:
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne:
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend; 150
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I;
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.
3rd Mess. So you had need; for Orleans is besieged;
The English army is grown weak and faint:
The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny, 160
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn,
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.
Bed. I do remember it; and here take my leave,
To go about my preparation. [*Exit.*
Glou. I'll to the Tower with all the haste I can,
To view the artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king. [*Exit.*
Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
Being ordain'd his special governor; 171
And for his safety there I'll best devise. [*Exit.*
Win. Each hath his place and function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack out of office:
The king from Eltham I intend to steal
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *France. Before Orleans.*

Sound a flourish. Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, *and* REIGNIER, *marching with drum and Soldiers.*

Char. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens
So in the earth, to this day is not known:
Late did he shine upon the English side;
Now we are victors; upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment but we have?
At pleasure here we lie near Orleans;
Otherwhiles the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.
Alen. They want their porridge and their fat bull-beeves:
Either they must be dieted like mules 10
And have their provender tied to their mouths
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.
Reig. Let's raise the siege: why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury;
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men nor money hath he to make war.
Char. Sound, sound alarum! we will rush on them.
Now for the honour of the forlorn French!
Him I forgive my death that killeth me 20
When he sees me go back one foot or fly. [*Exeunt.*
Here alarum; they are beaten back by the English with great loss. Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, *and* REIGNIER.
Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I!
Dogs! cowards! dastards! I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my enemies.
Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.

The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.
Alen. Froissart, a countryman of ours, records
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred 30
During the time Edward the Third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons and Goliases
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Lean raw-boned rascals! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity?
Char. Let's leave this town; for they are hare-brain'd slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth 39
The walls they'll tear down than forsake the siege.
Reig. I think, by some odd gimmors or device
Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on;
Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.
By my consent, we'll even let them alone.
Alen. Be it so.

Enter the BASTARD OF ORLEANS

Bast. Where's the Prince Dauphin? I have news for him.
Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.
Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd:
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand: 50
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a vision sent to her from heaven
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome:
What's past and what's to come she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
For they are certain and unfallible.
Char. Go, call her in. [*Exit Bastard.*] But first, to try her skill, 60
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:
Question her proudly; let thy looks be stern:
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

Re-enter the BASTARD OF ORLEANS, *with* JOAN LA PUCELLE

Reig. Fair maid, is 't thou wilt do these wondrous feats?
Puc. Reignier, is 't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the Dauphin? Come, come from behind;
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amazed, there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart. 69
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.
Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.
Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleased
To shine on my contemptible estate:
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me
And in a vision full of majesty
Will'd me to leave my base vocation 80
And free my country from calamity:
Her aid she promised and assured success:
In complete glory she reveal'd herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infused on me
That beauty am I bless'd with which you see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:
My courage try by combat, if thou darest,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex. 90
Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.
Char. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms:
Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me,
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.
Puc. I am prepared: here is my keen-edged sword,
Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side;
The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's churchyard, 100
Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.
Char. Then come, o' God's name; I fear no woman.
Puc. And while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.
Here they fight, and JOAN LA PUCELLE *overcomes.*
Char. Stay, stay thy hands; thou art an Amazon
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.
Puc. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.
Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:
Impatiently I burn with thy desire;
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so, 110
Let me thy servant and not sovereign be:
'Tis the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.
Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession's sacred from above:
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.

Char Meantime look gracious on thy prostrate thrall
Reig My lord, methinks, is very long in talk
Alen Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock,
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech
Reig Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean? 121
Alen He may mean more than we poor men do know
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues
Reig My lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we give over Orleans, or no?
Puc Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!
Fight till the last gasp, I will be your guard
Char What she says, I'll confirm we'll fight it out
Puc Assign'd am I to be the English scourge
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise 130
Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,
Since I have entered into these wars
Glory is like a circle in the water
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought
With Henry's death the English circle ends,
Dispersed are the glories it included
Now am I like that proud insulting ship
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once
Char Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?
Thou with an eagle art inspired then 141
Helen, the mother of great Constantine
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters were like thee
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth
How may I reverently worship thee enough?
Alen Leave off delays and let us raise the siege
Reig Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours
Drive them from Orleans and be immortalized
Char Presently we'll try come let's away about it
No prophet will I trust if she proves false 150
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III *London Before the Tower*

Enter the DUKE OF GLOUCESTER *with his Serving-men in blue coats*

Glou I am come to survey the Tower this day
Since Henry's death I fear there is conveyance
Where be these warders that they wait not here?
Open the gates 'tis Gloucester that calls
[*Servingmen knock*
1st Warder [*Within*] Who's there that knocks so imperiously?
1st Serv It is the noble Duke of Gloucester
2nd Warder [*Within*] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in
1st Serv Villains, answer you so the lord protector?
1st Warder [*Within*] The Lord protect him! so we answer him
We do no otherwise than we are will'd 10
Glou Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?
There's none protector of the realm but I
Break up the gates I'll be your warrantize
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?
Gloucester's men rush at the Tower Gates, and WOODVILE, *the Lieutenant, speaks within*
Wood What noise is this? what traitors have we here?
Glou Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?
Open the gates here's Gloucester that would enter
Wood Have patience, noble duke, I may not open
The Cardinal of Winchester forbids
From him I have express commandment 20
That thou nor none of thine shall be let in
Glou Faint-hearted Woodvile, prizest him 'fore me?
Arrogant Winchester that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God or to the king
Open the gates or I'll shut thee out shortly
Servingmen Open the gates unto the lord protector
Or we'll burst them open if that you come not quickly

Enter to the Lord Protector at the Tower Gates WINCHESTER, *and his men in tawny coats*

Win How now ambitious Humphrey! what means this?
Glou Peel'd priest dost thou command me to be shut out? 30
Win I do thou most usurping proditor
And not protector of the king or realm
Glou Stand back thou manifest conspirator,
Thou that contrivedst to murder our dead lord
Thou that givest whores indulgences to sin
I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat
If thou proceed in this thy insolence
Win Nay stand thou back I will not budge a foot
This be Damascus be thou cursed Cain
To slay thy brother Abel if thou wilt 40
Glou I will not slay thee but I'll drive thee back

Thy scarlet robes as a child s bearing-cloth
I ll use to carry thee out of this place
Win Do what thou darest I beard thee to thy face
Glou What! am I dared and bearded to my face?
Draw men for all this privileged place
Blue coats to tawny coats Prie t beware your beard
I mean to tug it an l to cuff ou soundly
Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal s hat
In spite of Pope or dignities of church 50
Here by the cheeks I ll drag thee up and down
Win Gloucester thou wilt answer this before the Pope
Glou Winchester goose I cry a rope! a rope!
Now beat them hence why do you let them st y?
Thee I ll chase hence thou wolf in heep s array
Out tawny coats out scarlet hypocrite!

Here Gloucester s men beat out the Cardinal's men and enter in the hurly burly the MAYOR OF LONDON *and his* OFFICERS

May Fie lords! that you being supreme magistrates
Thus contumeliously should break the peace!
Glou Peace mayor! thou know st little of my wrongs
Here s Beaufort that regards nor God nor king
Hath here distrain d the Tower to his use 61
Win Here s Gloucester a foe to citizens
One that still motions war and never peace
O ercharging your free purses with large fines
That seeks to overthrow religion
Because he is protector of the realm
And would have armour here out of the Tower
To crown himself king and suppress the prince
Glou I will not ans er thee with words but blows [*Here they skirmish again*
May Nought rests for me in this tumultuous strife 70
But to make open proclamation
Come officer as loud as e er thou canst
Cry
Off All manner of men assembled here in arms this day a ainst God s peace and the King s we charge and command you in his Hi hness name to repair to your several dwell ng places and not to wear handle or use any sword weapon or da ger henceforward upon pain of death
Glou Cardinal I ll be no breaker of the law
But we shall meet and break our minds at large
Win Gloucester we will meet to thy cost be sure
Thy heart blood I will have for this day s work
May I ll call for clubs if you will not away
This cardinal s more hau hty than the devil
Glou Mayor farewell thou dost but what thou mayst
Win Abominable Gloucester guard thy head
For I intend to have it ere long
[*Exeunt severally* GLOUCESTER *and* WINCHESTER *with their Serving-men*
May See the coast clear d and then we will depart
Good God these nobles should such stomachs bear! 90
I myself fight not once in forty year [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *Before Orleans*

Enter on the walls a MASTER GUNNER *and his* BOY

Gun Sirrah thou know st how Orleans is besieged
And ho v the En lish have the suburbs won
Boy Father I know and oft have shot at them
Howe er unfortunate I miss d my aim
Gun But now thou shalt not Be thou ruled by me
Chief master gunner am I of this town
Something I must do to procure me grace
The prince s espials have informed me
How the English in the suburbs close intrench d
Wont through a secret grate of iron bars 10
In yonder tower to overpeer the city
And thence discover how with most advanta e
They may vex us with shot or with assault
To intercept this inconvenience
A piece of ordnance gainst it I have placed
And even these three days have I watch d
If I could see them
Now do thou watch for I can stay no longer
If thou spy st any run and bring me word
And thou shalt find me at the governor s [*Exit*
Boy Father I warrant you take you no care
I ll never trouble you if I may spy them [*Exit*

Enter on the turrets the LORDS SALISBURY *and* TALBOT SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE *and others*

Sal Talbot my life my joy again return d!
How wert thou handled being prisoner?
Or by what means got st thou to be released?
Discourse I prithee on this turret s top
Tal The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner
Call d the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailles
For him was I exchanged and ransomed
But with a baser man of arms by far 30
Once in contempt they would have barter d me
Which I disdaining scorn d and craved death
Rather than I would be so vile-esteem d

In fine, redeem'd I was as I desired.
But O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart,
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.
Sal. Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertain'd.
Tal. With scoffs and scorns and contumelious taunts.
In open market-place produced they me, *40*
To be a public spectacle to all:
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scarecrow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my shame:
My grisly countenance made others fly;
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread
That they supposed I could rend bars of steel *51*
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,
That walk'd about me every minute while;
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the BOY *with a linstock*

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endured,
But we will be revenged sufficiently.
Now it is supper-time in Orleans:
Here, through this grate, I count each one, *60*
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify:
Let us look in; the sight will much delight thee.
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,
Let me have your express opinions
Where is best place to make our battery next.
Gar. I think, at the north gate; for there stand lords.
Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.
Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars;
Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field. *81*
Yet livest thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,
One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace:
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!
Bear hence his body; I will help to bury it.
Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort; *90*
Thou shalt not die whiles—
He beckons with his hand and smiles on me,
As who should say 'When I am dead and gone,
Remember to avenge me on the French.'
Plantagenet, I will; and like thee, Nero,
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
Wretched shall France be only in my name.
Here an alarum, and it thunders and lightens
What stir is this? what tumult's in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum and the noise?

Enter a MESSENGER

Mess. My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd head: *100*
The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,
A holy prophetess new risen up,
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.
Here SALISBURY *lifteth himself up and groans*
Tal. Hear, hear how dying Salisbury doth groan!
It irks his heart he cannot be revenged.
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you:
Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.
Convey me Salisbury into his tent, *110*
And then we'll try what these dastardly Frenchmen dare. [*Alarum. Exeunt*

SCENE V. *The same*

Here an alarum again, and TALBOT *pursueth the*

And straightway give thy soul to him thou
    servest
Puc Come come tis only I that must disgrace
    thee *[Here they fight*
Tal Heavens can you suffer hell so to pre
    vail? 9
My breast I ll burst with straining of my courage
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder
But I will chastise this high minded strumpet
They fight again
Puc Talbot farewell thy hour is not yet come
I must go victual Orleans forthwith
A short alarum then enter the town with soldiers
O ertake me, if thou canst I scorn thy strength
Go go cheer up thy hungry starved men
Help Salisbury to make his testament
This day is ours as many more shall be *[Exit*
Tal My thoughts are whirled like a potter s
    wheel
I know not where I am nor what I do 20
A witch by fear not force like Hannibal
Drives back our troops and conquers as she lists
So bees with smoke and doves with noisome stench
Are from their hives and houses driven away
They call d us for our fierceness English dogs
Now like to whelps we crying run away
A short alarum
Hark countrymen! either renew the fight
Or tear the lions out of England s coat
Renounce your soil give sheep in lions stead
Sheep run not half so treacherous from the wolf
Or horse or oxen from the leopard 31
As you fly from your oft subdued slaves

Alarum Here another skirmish

It will not be retire into your trenches
You all consented unto Salisbury s death
For none would strike a troke in his revenge
Pucelle is enter d into Orleans
In spite of us or aught that we could do
O would I were to die with Salisbury!
The shame hereof will make me hide my head
[Exit TALBOT *Alarum retreat flourish*

SCENE VI *The same*

Enter on the walls LA PUCELLE CHARLES REIGNIER ALENÇON *and Soldiers*

Puc Advance our waving colours on the walls
Rescued is Orleans from the English
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform d her word
Char Divinest creature Astræa s daughter
How shall I honour thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis gardens
That one day bloom d and fruitful were the next
France triumph in thy glorious prophetess!
Recover d is the town of Orleans
More blessed hap did ne er befall our state 10
Reig Why ring not out the bells aloud through
    out the town?
Dauphin command the citizens make bonfires
And feast and banquet in the open streets
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us
Alen All France will be replete with mirth and
    joy
When they shall hear how we have play d the
    men
Char 'Tis Joan not we by whom the day is
    won
For which I will divide my crown with her
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall in procession sing her endless praise 0
A statelier pyramis to her I ll rear
Than Rhodope s or Memphis ever was
In memory of her when she is dead
Her ashes in an urn more precious
Than the rich jewel d coffer of Darius
Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the kings and queens of France
No longer on Saint Denis will we cry
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France s saint
Come in, and let us banquet royally 30
After this golden day of victory
[Flourish Exeunt

ACT II

SCENE I *Before Orleans*

Enter a SERGEANT *of a band with two* SENTINELS

Serg Sirs take your places and be vigilant
If any noise or soldier you perceive
Near to the walls by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard
1st Sent Sergeant you shall *[Exit Sergeant*
Thus are poor servitors
When others sleep upon their quiet beds
Constrain d to watch in darkness rain and cold

Enter TALBOT BEDFORD BURGUNDY *and forces with scaling ladders their drums beating a dead march*

Tal Lord Regent and redoubted Burgundy
By whose approach the regions of Artois
Wallon and Picardy are friends to us 10
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure
Having all day caroused and banqueted
Embrace we then this opportunity
As fitting best to quittance their deceit
Contrived by art and baleful sorcery
Bed Coward of France! how much he wrongs
    his fame
Despairing of his own arm s fortitude
To join with witches and the help of hell!

Bur Traitors have never other company
But what s that Pucelle whom they term so pure? 20
Tal A maid, they say
Bed A maid! and be so martial!
Bur Pray God she prove not masculine ere 'long
If underneath the standard of the French
She carry armour as she hath begun
Tal Well, let them practise and converse with spirits
God is our fortress, in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks
Bed Ascend brave Talbot, we will follow thee
Tal Not all together better far I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways, 30
That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force
Bed Agreed I'll to yond corner
Bur And I to this
Tal And here will Talbot mount or make his grave
Now, Salisbury, for thee and for the right
Of English Henry shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both
1st Sent Arm! arm! the enemy doth make assault!
Cry "St George," "A Talbot" The English scale the walls

The French leap over the walls in their shirts Enter, several ways, the BASTARD OF ORLEANS, ALENÇON, *and* REIGNIER, *half ready, and half unready*

Alen How now, my lords! what all unready so?
Bast Unready! ay and glad we 'scaped so well 40
Reig 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors
Alen Of all exploits since first I follow d arms,
Ne er heard I of a warlike enterprise
More venturous or desperate than this
Bast I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell
Reig If not of hell the heavens sure, favour him
Alen Here cometh Charles I marvel how he sped
Bast Tut, holy Joan was his defensive guard

Enter CHARLES *and* LA PUCELLE

Char Is this thy cunning thou deceitful dame? 50
Didst thou at first to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain
That now our loss might be ten times so much?
Puc Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping or waking must I still prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fall n
Char Duke of Alençon, this was your default, 60
That being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge
Alen Had all your quarters been as safely kept
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surprised
Bast Mine was secure
Reig And so was mine my lord
Char And for myself most part of all this night,
Within her quarter and mine own precinct
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the sentinels 70
Then how or which way should they first break in?
Puc Question my lords no further of the case,
How or which way 'tis sure they found some place
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made
And now there rests no other shift but this,
To gather our soldiers, scatter d and dispersed,
And lay new platforms to endamage them

Alarum Enter an ENGLISH SOLDIER *crying* 'A Talbot! a Talbot!' *They fly, leaving their clothes behind*

Sold I'll be so bold to take what they have left
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword,
For I have loaden me with many spoils, 80
Using no other weapon but his name [*Exit*

SCENE II *Orleans Within the town*

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD BURGUNDY *a* CAPTAIN, *and others*

Bed The day begins to break and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil d the earth
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit
[*Retreat sounded*
Tal Bring forth the body of old Salisbury,
And here advance it in the market place
The middle centre of this cursed town
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul
For every drop of blood was drawn from him
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night
And that hereafter ages may behold 10
What ruin happen d in revenge of him
Within their chiefest temple I ll erect

A tomb wherein his corpse shall be interr d
Upon the which that every one *may read*
Shall be engraved the sack of Orleans
The treacherous manner of his mournful death
And what a terror he had been to France
But lords in all our bloody massacre
I muse we met not with the Dauphin s grace
His new-come champion virtuous Joan of Arc,
Nor any of his false confederates 21
Bed 'Tis thought Lord Talbot when the fight began
Roused on the sudden from their drowsy beds
They did amongst the troops of armed men
Leap o er the walls for refuge in the field
Bur Myself a far as I could well discern
For smoke and dusky vapours of the night
Am sure I scared the Dauphin and his trull
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves 30
That could not live asunder day or night
After that things are set in order here
We ll follow them with all the power we have

Enter a MESSENGER

Mess All hail my lords! Which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?
Tal Here is the Talbot who would speak with him?
Mess The virtuous lady Countess of Auvergne
With modesty admiring thy renown
By me entreats great lord thou wouldst vouch safe 40
To visit her poor castle where she lies
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report
Bur Is it even so? Nay then I see our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport
When ladies crave to be encounter d with
You may not my lord despise her gentle suit
Tal Ne er trust me then for when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory
Yet hath a woman s kindness over ruled 50
And therefore tell her I return great thanks
And in submission will attend on her
Will not your honours bear me company?
Bed No truly it is more than manners will
And I have heard it said unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone
Tal Well then alone, since there s no remedy
I mean to prove this lady s courtesy
Come hither captain [*Whispers*] You perceive my mind?
Capt I do my lord and mean accordingly
[*Exeunt* 60

SCENE III *Auvergne The Countess s castle*

Enter the COUNTESS *and her* PORTER

Count Porter remember what I gave in charge
And when you have done so bring the keys to me
Port Madam I will [*Exit*
Count The plot is laid if all things fall out right
I shall as famous be by this exploit
As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus death
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight
And his achievements of no less account
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears
To give their censure of these rare reports 10

Enter MESSENGER *and* TALBOT

Mess Madam
According as your ladyship desired
By message craved so is Lord Talbot come
Count And he is welcome What! is this the man?
Mess Madam it is
Count Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot so much fear d abroad
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see report is fabulous and false
I thought I should have seen some Hercules
A second Hector for his grim aspect 20
And large proportion of his strong knit limbs
Alas this is a child a silly dwarf!
It cannot be this weak and writhled shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies
Tal Madam I have been bold to trouble you
But since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I ll sort some other time to visit you
Count What means he now? Go ask him whither he goes
Mess Stay my Lord Talbot for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure 30
Tal Marry for that she s in a wrong belief
I go to certify her Talbot s here

Re-enter PORTER *with keys*

Count If thou be he then art thou prisoner
Tal Prisoner! to whom?
Count To me blood thirsty lord
And for that cause I train d thee to my house
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs
But now the substance shall endure the like
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine
That hast by tyranny these many years 40
Wasted our country slain our citizens

And sent our sons and husbands captivate
Tal Ha ha ha!
Count Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan
Tal I laugh to see your ladyship so fond
To think that you have aught but Talbot s shadow
Whereon to practise your severity
Count Why, art not thou the man?
Tal I am indeed
Count Then have I substance too
Tal No no I am but shadow of myself 50
You are deceived my substance is not here,
For what you see is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity
I tell you madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch
Your roof were not sufficient to contain 't
Count This is a riddling merchant for the nonce,
He will be here, and yet he is not here
How can these contrarieties agree?
Tal That will I show you presently 60
Winds his horn Drums strike up a peal of ordnance Enter Soldiers
How say you, madam? are you now persuaded
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns
And in a moment makes them desolate
Count Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse
I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited
And more than may be gather d by thy shape
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath, 70
For I am sorry that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art
Tal Be not dismay'd fair lady nor misconstrue
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body
What you have done hath not offended me,
Nor other satisfaction do I crave
But only with your patience that we may
Taste of your wine and see what cates you have,
For soldiers stomachs always serve them well 80
Count With all my heart, and think me honoured
To feast so great a warrior in my house [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *London The Temple garden*

Enter the EARLS OF SOMERSET SUFFOLK *and* WARWICK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON, *and another* LAWYER

Plan Great lords and gentlemen what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?
Suf Within the Temple-hall we were too loud,
The garden here is more convenient
Plan Then say at once if I maintain d the truth,
Or else was wrangling Somerset in the error?
Suf Faith I have been a truant in the law,
And never yet could frame my will to it,
And therefore frame the law unto my will
Som Judge you my Lord of Warwick then, between us 10
War Between two hawks which flies the higher pitch,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horses which doth bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgement,
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law
Good faith I am no wiser than a daw
Plan Tut tut, here is a mannerly forbearance
The truth appears so naked on my side 20
That any purblind eye may find it out
Som And on my side it is so well apparell d,
So clear so shining and so evident
That it will glimmer through a blind man s eye
Plan Since you are tongue-tied and so loath to speak
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts
Let him that is a true born gentleman
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me 30
Som Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me
War I love no colours and without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet
Suf I pluck this red rose with young Somerset
And say withal I think he held the right
Ver Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more,
Till you conclude that he upon whose side 40
The fewest roses are cropp d from the tree
Shall yield the other in the right opinion
Som Good Master Vernon, it is well objected
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence
Plan And I
Ver Then for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side
Som Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Lest bleeding you do paint the white rose red 50

And fall on my side so against your will
Ver If I my lord for my opinion bleed
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt
And keep me on the side where still I am
Som Well well come on who else?
Law Unless my study and my books be false
The argument you held was wrong in you
To SOMERSET
In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too
Plan Now Somerset where is your argument?
Som Here in my scabbard meditating that
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red 61
Plan Meantime your cheeks do counterfeit our roses
For pale they look with fear as witnessing
The truth on our side
Som No Plantagenet
Tis not for fear but anger that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error
Plan Hath not thy rose a canker Somerset?
Som Hath not thy rose a thorn Plantagenet?
Plan Ay sharp and piercing to maintain his truth 70
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood
Som Well I ll find friends to wear my bleeding roses
That shall maintain what I have said is true
Where false Planta enet dare not be seen
Plan Now by this maiden blossom in my hand
I scorn thee and thy fashion peevish boy
Suf Turn not thy scorns this way Plantagenet
Plan Proud Pole I will and scorn both him and thee
Suf I ll turn my part thereof into thy throat
Som Away away good William de la Pole!
We grace the yeoman by conversing with him 81
War Now by God s will thou wrong st him Somerset
His grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence
Third son to the third Edward King of England
Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?
Plan He bears him on the place s privilege
Or durst not for his craven heart say thus
Som By him that made me I ll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom
Was not thy father R chard Earl of Cambridge
For treason executed in our late king s days? 91
And by his treason stand st not thou attainted
Corrupted and exempt from ancient gentry?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood
And till thou be restored thou art a yeoman
Plan My father was attached not attainted
Condemn d to die for treason but no traitor
And that I ll prove on better men than Somerset
Were growing time once ripen d to my will
For your partaker Pole and you yourself 100
I ll note you in my book of memory
To scourge you for this apprehension
Look to it well and say you are well warn d
Som Ah thou shalt find us ready for thee still
And know us by these colours for thy foes
For these my friends in spite of thee shall wear
Plan And by my soul this pale and angry rose
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate
Will I for ever and my faction wear
Until it wither with me to my grave 110
Or flourish to the height of my degree
Suf Go forward and be choked with thy ambition!
And so farewell until I meet thee next [*Exit*
Som Have with thee Pole Farewell ambitious Richard [*Exit*
Plan How I am braved and must perforce endure it!
War This blot that they object against your house
Shall be wiped out in the next parliament
Call d for the truce of Winchester and Gloucester
And if thou be not then created York
I will not live to be accounted Warwick 120
Meantime in s gnal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset and William Pole
Will I upon thy party wear this rose
And here I prophesy this brawl to-day
Grown to this faction in the Temple-garden
Shall send between the red rose and the white
A thousand souls to death and deadly night
Plan Good Master Vernon I am bound to you
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower
Ver In your behalf still will I wear the same
Law And so will I 131
Plan Thanks gentle sir
Come let us four to d nner I dare say
This quarrel will drink blood another day
[*Exeunt*

SCENE V *The Tower of London*

Enter MORTIMER *brought in a chair and* GAOLERS

Mor Kind keepers of my weak decaying age
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself
Even like a man new haled from the rack
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment
And these grey locks the pursuivants of death
Nestor like aged in an age of care
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer
These eyes like lamps whose wasting oil is spent
Wax dim as drawing to their exigent

Weak shoulders, overborne with burthening grief,
And pithless arms like to a wither'd vine *11*
That droops his sapless branches to the ground
Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay,
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?
1st Gaol Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come
We sent unto the Temple, unto his chamber
And answer was return'd that he will come *20*
Mor Enough my soul shall then be satisfied
Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
Before whose glory I was great in arms,
This loathsome sequestration have I had
And even since then hath Richard been obscured,
Deprived of honour and inheritance
But now the arbitrator of despairs,
Just death kind umpire of men's miseries
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence
I would his troubles likewise were expired, *31*
That so he might recover what was lost

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET

1st Gaol My lord your loving nephew now is come
Mor Richard Plantagenet my friend is he come?
Plan Ay noble uncle, thus ignobly used
Your nephew late despised Richard comes
Mor Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp
O, tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss *40*
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock
Why didst thou say of late thou wert despised?
Plan First lean thine aged back against mine arm
And in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease
This day in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me,
Among which terms he used his lavish tongue
And did upbraid me with my father's death
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him *50*
Therefore, good uncle for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet
And for alliance sake declare the cause
My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head
Mor That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me
And hath detain'd me all my flowering youth
Within a loathsome dungeon there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his decease
Plan Discover more at large what cause that was
For I am ignorant and cannot guess *60*
Mor I will if that my fading breath permit
And death approach not ere my tale be done
Henry the Fourth grandfather to this king
Deposed his nephew Richard, Edward's son
The first begotten and the lawful heir
Of Edward king the third of that descent
During whose reign the Percies of the north
Finding his usurpation most unjust
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne
The reason moved these warlike lords to this *70*
Was for that—young King Richard thus removed,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body—
I was the next by birth and parentage,
For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son
To King Edward the Third whereas he
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line
But mark as in this haughty great attempt
They laboured to plant the rightful heir, *80*
I lost my liberty and they their lives
Long after this when Henry the Fifth
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did reign,
Thy father Earl of Cambridge, then derived
From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York,
Marrying my sister that thy mother was,
Again in pity of my hard distress
Levied an army, weening to redeem
And have install'd me in the diadem
But as the rest, so fell that noble earl *90*
And was beheaded Thus the Mortimers
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd
Plan Of which my lord your honour is the last
Mor True and thou seest that I no issue have
And that my fainting words do warrant death
Thou art my heir the rest I wish thee gather
But yet be wary in thy studious care
Plan Thy grave admonishments prevail with me
But yet methinks my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny *100*
Mor With silence, nephew be thou politic
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster
And like a mountain, not to be removed
But now thy uncle is removing hence
As princes do their courts when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place
Plan O uncle, would some part of my young years

And fall on my side so against your will
Ver If I my lord for my opinion bleed
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt
And keep me on the side where still I am
Som Well well come on who else?
Law Unless my study and my books be false
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Until it wither with me to my grave 110
Or flourish to the height of my degree
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And so farewell until I meet thee next [*Exit*
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I will not live to be accounted Warwick 120
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Against proud Somerset and William Pole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose
And here I prophesy this brawl to-day
Grown to this faction in the Temple-garden
Shall send between the red rose and the white
A thousand souls to death and deadly night
Plan Good Master Vernon I am bound to you
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower
Ver In your behalf still will I wear the same
Law And so will I 131
Plan Thanks gentle sir
Come let us four to dinner I dare say
This quarrel will drink blood another day
[*Exeunt*

SCENE V *The Tower of London*

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Let dying Mortimer here rest himself
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So fare my limbs with long imprisonment
And these grey locks the pursuivants of death
Nestor like aged in an age of care
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer
These eyes like lamps whose wasting oil is spent
Wax dim as drawing to their exigent

Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell
Civil dissension is a viperous worm
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth
[*A noise within*, "Down with the tawny-coats!"]
What tumult s this?
War An uproar I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop s men
[*A noise again*, "Stones! stones!]

Enter MAYOR

May O, my good lords and virtuous Henry,
Pity the city of London, pity us!
The bishop and the Duke of Gloucester s men
Forbidden late to carry any weapon
Have fill d their pockets full of pebble stones 80
And banding themselves in contrary parts
Do pelt so fast at one another s pate
That many have their giddy brains knock d out
Our windows are broke down in every street
And we for fear compell d to shut our shops

Enter SERVING-MEN, *in skirmish, with bloody pates*

King We charge you on allegiance to ourself
To hold your slaughtering hands and keep the peace
Pray, uncle Gloucester mitigate this strife
1st Serv Nay, if we be forbidden stones, we ll fall to it with our teeth 90
2nd Serv Do what ye dare we are as resolute
[*Skirmish again*
Glou You of my household, leave this peevish broil
And set this unaccustom d fight aside
3rd Serv My lord we know your grace to be a man
Just and upright, and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none but to his majesty
And ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the commonweal
To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate
We and our wives and children all will fight 100
And have our bodies slaughter d by thy foes
1st Serv Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field when we are dead
Begin again
Glou Stay, stay, I say!
And if you love me, as you say you do
Let me persuade you to forbear awhile
King O, how this discord doth afflict my soul!
Can you my Lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace, 110
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War Yield my lord protector, yield, Winchester,
Except you mean with obstinate repulse
To slay your sovereign and destroy the realm
You see what mischief and what murder too
Hath been enacted through your enmity,
Then be at peace except ye thirst for blood
Win He shall submit or I will never yield
Glou Compassion on the king commands me stoop,
Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest 120
Should ever get that privilege of me
War Behold, my Lord of Winchester the duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear
Why look you still so stern and tragical?
Glou Here Winchester, I offer thee my hand
King Fie uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach
That malice was a great and grievous sin,
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same? 130
War Sweet king! the bishop hath a kindly gird
For shame, my lord of Winchester relent!
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?
Win Well, Duke of Gloucester, I will yield to thee
Love for thy love and hand for hand I give
Glou [*Aside*] Ay, but, I fear me with a hollow heart —
See here my friends and loving countrymen,
This token serveth for a flag of truce
Betwixt ourselves and all our followers
So help me God as I dissemble not! 140
Win [*Aside*] So help me God as I intend it not!
King O loving uncle, kind Duke of Gloucester,
How joyful am I made by this contract!
Away, my masters! trouble us no more,
But join in friendship as your lords have done
1st Serv Content I ll to the surgeon s
2nd Serv And so will I
3rd Serv And I will see what physic the tavern affords
[*Exeunt* SERVING-MEN, MAYOR &c
War Accept this scroll most gracious sovereign
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet 150
We do exhibit to your majesty
Glou Well urged my Lord of Warwick for sweet prince,
An if your grace mark every circumstance
You have great reason to do Richard right
Especially for those occasions
At Eltham Place I told your majesty
King And those occasions uncle were of force ,
Therefore my loving lords our pleasure is

That Richard be restored to his blood
War Let Richard be restored to his blood
So shall his father s wrongs be recompensed 161
Win As will the rest so willeth Winchester
King If Richard will be true not that alone
But all the whole inheritance I give
That doth belong unto the house of York
From whence you spring by lineal descent
Plan Thy humble servant vows obedience
And humble service till the point of death
King Stoop then and set your knee against my foot
And in reguerdon of that duty done 170
I gird thee with the valiant sword of York
Rise Richard like a true Plantagenet
And rise created princely Duke of York
Plan And so thrive Richard as thy foes may fall!
And as my duty springs so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty!
All Welcome high prince the mighty Duke of York!
Som [*Aside*] Perish base prince, ignoble Duke of York!
Glou Now will it best avail your majesty
To cross the seas and to be crown d in France
The presence of a king engenders love 181
Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends
As it disanimates his enemies
King When Gloucester says the word King Henry goes
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes
Glou Your ships already are in readiness
[*Sennet Flourish Exeunt all but* EXETER
Exe Ay we may march in England or in France
Not seeing what is likely to ensue
This late dissension grown betwixt the peers
Burns under feigned ashes of forged love 190
And will at last break out into a flame
As fester d members rot but by degree
Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away
So will this base and envious discord breed
And now I fear that fatal prophecy
Which in the time of Henry named the Fifth
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe
That Henry born at Monmouth should *win* all
And Henry born at Windsor lose all
Which is so plain that Exeter doth wish 200
His days may finish ere that hapless time [*Exit*

SCENE II *France Before Rouen*

Enter LA PUCELLE *disguised with four* SOLDIERS *with sacks upon their backs*

Puc These are the city gates the gates of Rouen
Through which our policy must make a breach
Take heed be wary how you place your words
Talk like the vulgar sort of market men
That come to gather money for their corn
If we have entrance as I hope we shall
And that we find the slothful watch but weak
I ll by a sign give notice to our friends
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them
1st Sol Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city 10
And we be lords and rulers over Rouen
Therefore we ll knock [*Knocks*
Watch [*Within*] *Qui est là?*
Puc Paysans pauvres gens de France
Poor market folks that come to sell their corn
Watch Enter go in the market bell is rung
Puc Now Rouen I ll shake thy bulwarks to the ground [*Exeunt*

Enter CHARLES *the* BASTARD OF ORLEANS ALENÇON REIGNIER *and forces*

Char Saint Denis bless this happy stratagem!
And once again we ll sleep secure in Rouen
Bast Here enter d Pucelle and her practisants
Now she is there how will she specify 1
Where is the best and safest passage in?
Reign By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower
Which once discern d shows that her meaning is
No way to that for weakness which she enter d

Enter LA PUCELLE *on the top thrusting out a torch burning*

Puc Behold this is the happy wedding torch
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen
But burning fatal to the Talbotites! [*Exit*
Bast See noble Charles the beacon of our friend
The burning torch in yonder turret stands 30
Char Now shine it like a comet of revenge
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!
Reign Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends
Enter and cry The Dauphin! presently
And then do execution on the watch
[*Alarum Exeunt*

An alarum Enter TALBOT *in an excursion*

Tal France thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears
If Talbot but survive thy treachery
Pucelle that witch that damned sorceress
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares
That hardly we escaped the pride of France 40
[*Exit*

An alarum excursions BEDFORD *brought in sick in a chair Enter* TALBOT *and* BURGUNDY *without within* LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, BASTARD, ALENÇON, *and* REIGNIER, *on the walls*

Puc Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?
I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast
Before he'll buy again at such a rate
'Twas full of darnel, do you like the taste?

Bur Scoff on vile fiend and shameless courtezan!
I trust ere long to choke thee with thine own
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn

Char Your grace may starve perhaps before that time

Bed O let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason!

Puc What will you do, good grey beard? break a lance, 50
And run a tilt at death within a chair?

Tal Foul fiend of France and hag of all despite,
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours!
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damsel, I ll have a bout with you again
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame

Puc Are ye so hot sir? yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace,
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow

The English whisper together in council

God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker? 60

Tal Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field?

Puc Belike your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours or no

Tal I speak not to that railing Hecate,
But unto thee, Alençon and the rest,
Will ye like soldiers, come and fight it out?

Alen Signior, no

Tal Signior, hang! base muleters of France!
Like peasant foot boys do they keep the walls
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen 70

Puc Away captains! let s get us from the walls,
For Talbot means no goodness by his looks
God be wi you my lord! we came but to tell you
That we are here [*Exeunt from the walls*

Tal And there will we be too ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot s greatest fame!
Vow Burgundy, by honour of thy house
Prick d on by public wrongs sustain d in France,
Either to get the town again or die
And I, as sure as English Henry lives 80
And as his father here was conqueror,
As sure as in this late betrayed town
Great Cœur-de lion s heart was buried
So sure I swear to get the town or die

Bur My vows are equal partners with thy vows

Tal But ere we go regard this dying prince,
The valiant Duke of Bedford Come my lord
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness and for crazy age

Bed Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me
Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen 91
And will be partner of your weal or woe

Bur Courageous Bedford let us now persuade you

Bed Not to be gone from hence, for once I read
That stout Pendragon in his litter sick
Came to the field and vanquished his foes
Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself

Tal Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!
Then be it so heavens keep old Bedford safe!
And now no more ado brave Burgundy, 101
But gather we our forces out of hand
And set upon our boasting enemy

[*Exeunt all but* BEDFORD *and Attendants*

An alarum excursions Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE *and a* CAPTAIN

Cap Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe in such haste?

Fast Whither away! to save myself by flight
We are like to have the overthrow again

Cap What! will you fly and leave Lord Talbot?

Fast Ay
All the Talbots in the world to save my life
[*Exit*

Cap Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee!
[*Exit*

Retreat excursions LA PUCELLE ALENÇON, *and* CHARLES, *enter from the town and fly*

Bed Now quiet soul depart when heaven please, 110
For I have seen our enemies overthrow
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They that of late were daring with their scoffs
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves

[*Bedford dies, and is carried in by two in his chair*

An alarum Re enter TALBOT BURGUNDY, *and the rest*

Tal Lost and recover d in a day again!
This is a double honour Burgundy
Yet heavens have glory for this victory!

Bur Warlike and martial Talbot Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart and there erects
Thy noble deeds as valour s monuments 120
Tal Thanks gentle Duke But where is Pucelle now?
I think her old familiar is asleep
Now where s the Bastard s braves and Charles his gleeks?
What all amort? Rouen hangs her head for grief
That such a valiant company are fled
Now will we take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers
And then depart to Paris to the kin
For there young Henry with his nobles lie
Bur What wills Lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy 130
Tal But yet before we go let s not forget
The noble Duke of Bedford late deceased
But see his exequies fulfill d in Rouen
A braver soldier never couched lance
A gentler heart did never sway in court
But kin s and mightiest potentates must die
For that s the end of human misery [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *The plains near Rouen*

Enter CHARLES *the* BASTARD OF ORLEANS ALENÇON LA PUCELLE *and forces*

Puc Dismay not princes at this accident
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered
Care is no cure but rather corrosive
For things that are not to be remedied
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while
And like a peacock s eep along his tail
We ll pull his plumes and take away his train
If Dauphin and the rest will be but ruled
Char We have been guided by thee hitherto
And of thy *cunning* had no diffidence 10
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust
Bast Search out thy wit for secret policies
And we will make thee famous through the world
Alen We ll set thy statue in some holy place
And have thee reverenced like a blessed saint
Employ thee then sweet virgin for our good
Puc Then thus it mu t be this doth Joan devise
By fair persuasions mix d with sugar d words
We will entice the Duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot and to follow us 20
Char Ay marry sweeting if we could do that
France were no place for Henry s warriors
Nor should that nation boast it so with us
But be extirped from our provinces
Alen For ever should they be expulsed from France
And not have title of an earldom here
Puc Your honours hall perceive how I will work
To bring this matter to the wished end
Drum sounds afar off
Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris ward 30
Here sound an English march Enter and pass over at a distance TALBOT *and his forces*
There goes the Talbot with his colours spread,
And all the troops of English after him

French march Enter the DUKE OF BURGUNDY *and forces*

Now in the rearward comes the duke and his
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind
Summon a parley we will talk with him
Trumpets sound a parley
Char A parley with the Duke of Burgundy!
Bur Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?
Puc The princely Charles of France thy countryman
Bur What say st thou Charles? for I am marching hence
Char Speak Pucelle and enchant him with thy words 40
Puc Brave Burgundy undoubted hope of France!
Stay let thy humble handmaid speak to thee
Bur Speak on but be not over-tedious
Puc Look on thy country look on fertile France
And see the cities and the towns defaced
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe
As looks the mother on her lowly babe
When death doth close his tender dying eyes
See see the pining malady of France 49
Behold the wounds the most unnatural wounds
Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast
O turn thy edged sword another way
Strike those that hurt and hurt not those that help
One drop of blood drawn from thy country s bosom
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore
Return thee therefore with a flood of tears
And wash away thy country s stained spots
Bur Either she hath bewitch d me with her words
Or nature makes me suddenly relent
Puc Besides all French and France exclaims on thee 60
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny
Who join st thou with but with a lordly nation
That will not trust thee but for profit s sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France
And fashion d thee that instrument of ill
Who then but English Henry will be lord

And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?
Call we to mind and mark but this for proof,
Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe?
And was he not in England prisoner? 70
But when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free without his ransom paid,
In spite of Burgundy and all his friends
See, then thou fight st against thy countrymen
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter men
Come come, return, return, thou wandering lord
Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms

Bur I am vanquished, these haughty words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees 80
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen,
And lords, accept this hearty kind embrace
My forces and my power of men are yours
So farewell, Talbot, I ll no longer trust thee

Puc [*Aside*] Done like a Frenchman turn and turn again!

Char Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us fresh

Bast And doth beget new courage in our breasts

Alen Pucelle hath bravely play d her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold

Char Now let us on my lords, and join our powers, 90
And seek how we may prejudice the foe [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *Paris The palace*

Enter the KING GLOUCESTER BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, YORK [RICHARD PLANTAGENET] SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WARWICK, EXETER VERNON, BASSET *and others To them with his* Soldiers, TALBOT

Tal My gracious prince, and honourable peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have awhile given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign
In sign whereof, this arm that hath reclaim d
To your obedience fifty fortresses
Twelve cities and seven walled towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem
Lets fall his sword before your highness feet,
And with submissive loyalty of heart 10
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got
First to my God and next unto your Grace [*Kneels*

King Is this the Lord Talbot, uncle Gloucester,
That hath so long been resident in France?

Glou Yes if it please your majesty, my liege

King Welcome brave captain and victorious lord!
When I was young, as yet I am not old,
I do remember how my father said
A stouter champion never handled sword
Long since we were resolved of your truth, 20
Your faithful service, and your toil in war,
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdon d with so much as thanks
Because till now we never saw your face
Therefore, stand up and for these good deserts,
We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury,
And in our coronation take your place
[*Sennet Flourish Exeunt all but* VERNON *and* BASSET

Ver Now sir, to you that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours that I wear
In honour of my noble Lord of York 30
Darest thou maintain the former words thou spakest?

Bas Yes, sir, as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord the Duke of Somerset

Ver Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is

Bas Why, what is he? as good a man as York

Ver Hark ye, not so in witness, take ye that [*Strikes him*]

Bas Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such
That whoso draws a sword 'tis present death,
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood 40
But I'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong,
When thou shalt see I ll meet thee to thy cost

Ver Well, miscreant, I ll be there as soon as you,
And after, meet you sooner than you would [*Exeunt*

ACT IV

SCENE I *Paris A hall of state*

Enter the KING GLOUCESTER, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, YORK SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WARWICK TALBOT, EXETER *the* GOVERNOR OF PARIS, *and others*

Glou Lord Bishop set the crown upon his head

Win God save King Henry, of that name the Sixth!

Glou Now Governor of Paris, take your oath, [GOVERNOR *kneels*]
That you elect no other king but him
Esteem none friends but such as are his friends,
And none your foes but such as shall pretend
Malicious practices against his state
This shall ye do so help you righteous God!
[*Exeunt* GOVERNOR *and train*]

Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE

Fast My gracious sovereign as I rode from Calais
To haste unto your coronation 10
A letter was deliver d to my hands
Writ to your grace from the Duke of Burgundy
Tal Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and thee!
I vow d base knight when I did meet thee next
To tear the Garter from thy craven s leg
Plucking it off
Which I have done because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree
Pardon me princely Henry and the rest
This dastard at the battle of Patay
When but in all I was six thousand strong 20
And that the French were almost ten to one
Before we met or that a stroke was given
Like to a trusty squire did run away
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men
Myself and divers gentlemen beside
Were there surprised and taken prisoners
Then judge great lords if I have done amiss
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood yea or no
Glou To say the truth this fact was infamous
And ill beseeming any common man 31
Much more a knight a captain and a leader
Tal When first this order was ordain d my lords
Knights of the Garter were of noble birth
Valiant and virtuous full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars
Not fearing death nor shrinking for distress
But always resolute in most extremes
He then that is not furnish d in this sort
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight 40
Profaning this most honourable order
And should if I were worthy to be judge
Be quite degraded like a hedge born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood
King Stain to thy countrymen thou hear st thy doom!
Be packing therefore thou that wast a knight
Henceforth we banish thee on pain of death
[*Exit* FASTOLFE
And now my lord protector view the letter
Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy
Glou What means his grace that he hath changed his style? 50
No more but plain and bluntly To the king!
Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?
Or doth this churlish superscription
Pretend some alteration in good will?
What s here? [*Reads*] I have upon especial cause
Moved with compassion of my country s wreck,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon
Forsaken your pernicious faction
And join d with Charles the rightful King of France 60
O monstrous treachery! can this be so
That in alliance amity and oaths
There should be found such false dissembling guile?
King What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?
Glou He doth my lord and is become your foe
King Is that the worst this letter doth contain?
Glou It is the worst and all my lord he writes
King Why then Lord Talbot there shall talk with him
And give him chastisement for this abuse
How say you my lord? are you not content? 70
Tal Content my liege! yes but that I am prevented
I should have begg d I might have been employ d
King Then gather strength and march unto him straight
Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason
And what offence it is to flout his friends
Tal I go my lord in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes [*Exit*

Enter VERNON *and* BASSET

Ver Grant me the combat gracious sovereign
Bas And me my lord grant me the combat too
York This is my servant hear him noble prince 80
Som And this is mine sweet Henry favour him
King Be patient lords and give them leave to speak
Say gentlemen what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?
Ver With him my lord for he hath done me wrong
Bas And I with him for he hath done me wrong
King What is that wrong whereof you both complain?
First let me know and then I ll answer you
Bas Crossing the sea from England into France
This fellow here with envious carping tongue
Upbraided me about the rose I wear 91
Saying the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master s blushing cheeks
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth
About a certain question in the law
Argued betwixt the Duke of York and him

With other vile and ignominious terms
In confutation of which rude reproach
And in defence of my lord s worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms 100
Ver And that is my petition noble lord
For though he seem with forged quaint conceit
To set a gloss upon his bold intent
Yet know, my lord, I was provoked by him,
And he first took exceptions at this badge
Pronouncing that the paleness of this flower
Bewray d the faintness of my master's heart
York Will not this malice, Somerset be left?
Som Your private grudge, my Lord of York, will out,
Though ne er so cunningly you smother it 110
King Good Lord, what madness rules in brainsick men,
When for so slight and frivolous a cause
Such factious emulations shall arise!
Good cousins both of York and Somerset
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace
York Let this dissension first be tried by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace
Som The quarrel toucheth none but us alone
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then 119
York There is my pledge accept it Somerset
Ver Nay, let it rest where it began at first
Bas Confirm it so, mine honourable lord
Glou Confirm it so! Confounded be your strife!
And perish ye, with your audacious prate!
Presumptuous vassals are you not ashamed
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the king and us?
And you, my lords, methinks you do not well
To bear with their perverse objections,
Much less to take occasion from their mouths 130
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves
Let me persuade you take a better course
Exe It grieves his Highness good my lords, be friends
King Come hither, you that would be combatants
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause
And you, my lords, remember where we are,
In France amongst a fickle wavering nation
If they perceive dissension in our looks
And that within ourselves we disagree 140
How will their grudging stomachs be provoked
To wilful disobedience and rebel!
Beside, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certified
That for a toy a thing of no regard
King Henry s peers and chief nobility
Destroy d themselves, and lost the realm of France!
O think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years, and let us not forego
That for a trifle that was bought with blood! 150
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife
I see no reason if I wear this rose,
Putting on a red rose
That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset than York
Both are my kinsmen and I love them both
As well they may upbraid me with my crown
Because forsooth the King of Scots is crown'd
But your discretions better can persuade
Than I am able to instruct or teach
And therefore as we hither came in peace, 160
So let us still continue peace and love
Cousin of York, we institute your Grace
To be our Regent in these parts of France
And good my Lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot,
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies
Ourself, my Lord Protector and the rest
After some respite will return to Calais 170
From thence to England, where I hope ere long
To be presented, by your victories
With Charles, Alençon and that traitorous rout
[*Flourish Exeunt all but* YORK, WARWICK EXETER *and* VERNON
War My Lord of York, I promise you the king
Prettily, methought, did play the orator
York And so he did but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset
War Tush, that was but his fancy, blame him not
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm
York An if I wist he did—but let it rest, 180
Other affairs must now be managed
[*Exeunt all but Exeter*
Exe Well didst thou, Richard to suppress thy voice
For had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear we should have seen decipher d there
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils
Than yet can be imagined or supposed
But howsoe er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This shouldering of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites 190
But that it doth presage some ill event
Tis much when sceptres are in children s hands,
But more when envy breeds unkind division,
There comes the ruin there begins confusion
[*Exit*

SCENE II *Before Bourdeaux*

Enter TALBOT *with trump and drum*

Tal Go to the gates of Bourdeaux trumpeter
Summon their general unto the wall

Trumpet sounds Enter GENERAL *and others aloft*

English John Talbot Captains calls you forth
Servant in arms to Harry King of England
And thus he would Open your city gates
Be humble to us call my sovereign yours
And do him homage as obedient subjects
And I ll withdraw me and my bloody power
But if you frown upon this proffer d peace
You tempt the fury of my three attendants 10
Lean famine quartering steel and climbing fire
Who in a moment even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air braving towers
If you forsake the offer of their love
Gen Thou ominous and fearful owl of death
Our nation s terror and their bloody scourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth
On us thou canst not enter but by death
For I protest we are well fortified
And strong enough to issue out and fight 20
If thou retire the Dauphin well appointed
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch d
To wall thee from the liberty of flight
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil
And pale destruction meets thee in the face
Ten thousand French have ta en the sacrament
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot 30
Lo there thou stand st a breathing valiant man
Of an invincible unconquer d spirit!
This is the latest glory of thy praise
That I thy enemy due thee withal
For ere the glass that now begins to run
Finish the process of his sandy hour
These eyes that see thee now well coloured
Shall see thee wither d bloody pale and dead
Drum afar off
Hark! hark! the Dauphin s drum a warning bell
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul 40
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out
[*Exeunt* GENERAL *&c*
Tal He fables not I hear the enemy
Out some light horsemen and peruse their wings
O negligent and heedless discipline!
How are we park d and bounded in a pale
A little herd of England s timorous deer
Mazed with a yelping kennel of French curs!
If we be English deer be then in blood
Not rascal like to fall down with a pinch
But rather moody mad and desperate stags 50
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay
Sell every man his life as dear as mine
And they shall find dear deer of us my friends
God and Saint George Talbot and England s
right
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight!
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III *Plains in Gascony*

Enter a MESSENGER *that meets* YORK *Enter* YORK
with trumpet and many Soldiers

York Are not the speedy scouts return d again
That dogg d the mighty army of the Dauphin?
Mess They are return d my lord and give it
out
That he is march d to Bourdeaux with his power
To fight with Talbot as he march d along
By your espials were discovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led
Which join d with him and made their march for
Bourdeaux
York A plague upon that villain Somerset
That thus delays my promised supply 10
Of horsemen that were levied for this siege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid
And I am lowted by a traitor villain
And cannot help the noble chevalier
God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry farewell wars in France

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY

Lucy Thou princely leader of our English
strength
Never so needful on the earth of France
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron 20
And hemm d about with grim destruction
To Bourdeaux warlike duke! to Bourdeaux
York!
Else farewell Talbot France and England s
honour
York O God that Somerset who in proud
heart
Doth stop my cornets were in Talbot s place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward
Mad ire and wrathful fury makes me weep
That thus we die while remiss traitors sleep
Lucy O send some succour to the distress d
lord! 30
York He dies we lose I break my warlike
word
We mourn France smiles we lose they daily
get

All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset
Lucy Then God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul,
And on his son young John, who two hours since
I met in travel toward his warlike father!
This seven years did not Talbot see his son,
And now they meet where both their lives are done
York Alas, what joy shall noble Talbot have
To bid his young son welcome to his grave? *40*
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death
Lucy, farewell no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man
Maine Blois, Poictiers and Tours are won away,
'Long all of Somerset and his delay
[*Exit, with his soldiers*
Lucy Thus, while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce cold conqueror, *50*
That ever living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands and all hurry to loss [*Exit*

SCENE IV *Other plains in Gascony*

Enter SOMERSET, *with his army, a* CAPTAIN *of* TALBOT'S *with him*

Som It is too late I cannot send them now
This expedition was by York and Talbot
Too rashly plotted all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with the over daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure
York set him on to fight and die in shame
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name
Cap Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'ermatch'd forces forth for aid *11*

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY

Som How now, Sir William! whither were you sent?
Lucy Whither, my lord? from bought and sold Lord Talbot
Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset
To beat assailing death from his weak legions
And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war wearied limbs
And in advantage lingering looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes the trust of England's honour, *20*
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds
Orleans the Bastard Charles, Burgundy,
Alençon Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default
Som York set him on, York should have sent him aid
Lucy And York as fast upon your grace exclaims, *30*
Swearing that you withhold his levied host,
Collected for this expedition
Som York lies, he might have sent and had the horse,
I owe him little duty, and less love,
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending
Lucy The fraud of England not the force of France,
Hath now entrapp'd the noble minded Talbot
Never to England shall he bear his life,
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife
Som Come, go, I will dispatch the horsemen straight *40*
Within six hours they will be at his aid
Lucy Too late comes rescue he is ta'en or slain
For fly he could not, if he would have fled,
And fly would Talbot never though he might
Som If he be dead brave Talbot, then adieu!
Lucy His fame lives in the world, his shame in you [*Exeunt*

SCENE V *The English camp near Bourdeaux*

Enter TALBOT *and* JOHN *his son*

Tal O young John Talbot! I did send for thee
To tutor thee in stratagems of war,
That Talbot's name might be in thee revived
When sapless age and weak unable limbs
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair
But, O malignant and ill boding stars!
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavoided danger
Therefore dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse,
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape *10*
By sudden flight come dally not be gone
John Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard and a slave of me!
The world will say he is not Talbot's blood
That basely fled when noble Talbot stood
Tal Fly, to revenge my death if I be slain
John He that flies so will ne'er return again
Tal If we both stay we both are sure to die *20*
John Then let me stay, and father do you fly
Your loss is great, so your regard should be,

My worth unknown no loss is known in me
Upon my death the French can little boast
In yours they will in you all hopes are lost
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won
But mine it will that no exploit have done
You fled for vantage every one will swear
But if I bow they ll say it was for fear
There is no hope that ever I will stay 30
If the first hour I shrink and run away
Here on my knee I beg mortality
Rather than life preserved with *infamy*

Tal Shall all thy mother s hopes lie in one tomb?

John Ay rather than I ll shame my mother s womb

Tal Upon my blessing I command thee go

John To fight I will but *not to fly* the foe

Tal Part of thy father may be saved in thee

John No part of him but will be shame in me

Tal Thou never hadst renown nor canst not lose it 40

John Yes your renowned name shall flight abuse it?

Tal Thy father s charge shall clear thee from that stain

John You cannot witness for me, being slain
If death be so apparent then both fly

Tal And leave my followers here to fight and die?
My age was never tainted with such shame

John And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
No more can I be sever d from your side
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide
Stay go do what you will the like do I 50
For live I will not if my father die

Tal Then here I take my leave of thee fair son
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon
Come side by side together live and die
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly
[*Exeunt*

Scene VI *A field of battle*

Alarum excursions wherein John Talbot *is hemmed about and* Talbot *rescues him*

Tal Saint George and victory! fight soldiers fight
The Regent hath with Talbot broke his word
And left us to the rage of France his sword
Where is John Talbot? Pause and take thy breath
I gave thee life and rescued thee from death

John O twice my father twice am I thy son!
The life thou gavest me first was lost and done
Till with thy warlike sword despite of *fate*
To my determined time thou gavest new date

Tal When *from the* Dauphin s crest thy sword struck fire 10
It warm d thy father s heart with proud desire
Of bold faced victory Then leaden age
Quicken d with youthful spleen and warlike rage
Beat down Alençon Orleans Burgundy
And from the pride of Gallia rescued thee
The ireful Bastard Orleans that drew blood
From thee my boy and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight I soon encountered
And interchanging blows I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood and in disgrace 20
Bespoke him thus Contaminated base
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine
Mean and right poor for that pure blood of mine
Which thou didst force from Talbot my brave boy
Here purposing the Bastard to destroy
Came in strong rescue Speak thy father s care
Art thou not weary John? how dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle boy and fly
Now thou art seal d the son of chivalry?
Fly to revenge my death when I am dead 30
The help of one stands me in little stead
O too much folly is it well I wot
To hazard all our lives in one small boat!
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen s rage
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age
By me they nothing gain an if I stay
Tis but the shortening of my life one day
In thee thy mother dies our household s name
My death s revenge thy youth and England s fame
All these and more we hazard by thy stay 40
All these are saved if thou wilt fly away

John The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart
On that advantage bought with such a shame,
To save a paltry life and slay bright fame
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly
The coward horse that bears me fall and die!
And like me to the peasant boys of France
To be shame s scorn and subject of mischance!
Surely by all the glory you have won, 50
An *if I fly* I am not Talbot s son
Then talk no more of flight it is no boot
If son to Talbot die at Talbot s foot

Tal Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete
Thou Icarus thy life to me is sweet
If thou wilt fight fight by thy father s side

And, commendable prov ed, let's die in pride
[*Exeunt*

SCENE VII *Another part of the field*
Alarum excursions Enter old TALBOT *led by a* SERVANT

Tal Where is my other life? mine own is gone,
O where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?
Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee
When he perceived me shrink and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
And, like a hungry lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience,
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tendering my ruin and assail'd of none 10
Dizzy eyed fury and great rage of heart
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clustering battle of the French,
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His over-mounting spirit, and there died,
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride
Serv O my dear lord lo, where your son is borne!

Enter Soldiers, with the body of JOHN TALBOT

Tal Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here to scorn
Anon from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity, 20
Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,
In thy despite shall scape mortality
O thou, whose wounds become hard favour'd death
Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath!
Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no,
Imagine him a Frenchman and thy foe
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks, as who should say,
Had death been French, then death had died to-day
Come come and lay him in his father s arms
My spirit can no longer bear these harms 30
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot s grave
[*Dies*

Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, BASTARD, LA PUCELLE, *and forces*

Char Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this
Bast How the young whelp of Talbot s raging-wood,
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!
Puc Once I encounter d him, and thus I said
"Thou maiden youth, be vanquish d by a maid"
But, with proud majestical high scorn,
He answer'd thus "Young Talbot was not born
To be the pillage of a giglot wench" 41
So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight
Bur Doubtless he would have made a noble knight
See where he lies inhearsed in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms!
Bast Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder,
Whose life was England s glory, Gallia s wonder
Char O, no forbear! for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead 50

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY, *attended, Herald of the French preceding*

Lucy Herald conduct me to the Dauphin's tent
To know who hath obtained the glory of the day,
Char On what submissive message art thou sent?
Lucy Submission, Dauphin! 'tis a mere French word,
We English warriors wot not what it means
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en
And to survey the bodies of the dead
Char For prisoners ask st thou? hell our prison is
But tell me whom thou seek'st
Lucy But where's the great Alcides of the field 60
Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury,
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great Earl of Washford, Waterford and Valence,
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield
Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield Lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice victorious Lord of Falconbridge,
Knight of the noble order of Saint George,
Worthy Saint Michael and the Golden Fleece,
Great marshal to Henry the Sixth 70
Of all his wars within the realm of France?
Puc Here is a silly stately style indeed!
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath
Writes not so tedious a style as this
Him that thou magnifiest with all these titles
Stinking and fly blown lies here at our feet
Lucy Is Talbot slain, the Frenchmen s only scourge,
Your kingdom s terror and black Nemesis?
O were mine eye balls into bullets turn d,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces! 80
O that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of France

Were but his picture left amongst you here
It would amaze the proudest of you all
Give me their bodies that I may bear them hence
And give them burial as beseems their worth
Puc I think this upstart is old Talbot s ghost
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit
For God s sake, let him have em to keep them here
They would but stink and putrefy the air 90
Char Go take their bodies hence
Lucy I ll bear them hence but from their ashes shall be rear d
A phœnix that shall make all France afeard
Char So we be rid of them do with em what thou wilt
And now to Paris in this conquering vein
All will be ours now bloody Talbot s slain
[*Exeunt*

ACT V

Scene I *London The palace*

Sennet Enter KING GLOUCESTER *and* EXETER

King Have you perused the letters from the Pope,
The Emperor and the Earl of Armagnac?
Glou I have my lord and their intent is this
They humbly sue unto your Excellence
To have a godly peace concluded of
Between the realms of England and of France
King How doth yout Grace affect their motion?
Glou Well my good lord and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood
And stabl sh quietness on every side 10
King Ay marry uncle for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith
Glou Beside my lord the sooner to effect
And surer bind this knot of am ty
The Earl of Armagnac, near knit to Charles
A man of great authority in France
Proffers his only dau hter to your grace 19
In marriage with a large and sumptuous dowry
King Marriage uncle! alas my years are young!
And fitter is my study and my books
Than wanton dalliance w th a paramour
Yet call the ambassadors and as you please,
So let them have their answers every one
I shall be well content with any choice
Tends to God s glory and my country s weal

Enter WINCHESTER *in Card nal's habit a* PAPAL LEGATE *and two Ambassadors*

Exe What! is my Lord of Winchester install d
And call d unto a cardinal s degree?
Then I perceive that will be verified 30
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy
If once he come to be a cardinal
He ll make his cap co-equal with the crown
King My Lords Ambassadors your several suits
Have been consider d and debated on
Your purpose is both good and reasonable
And therefore are we certainly resolved
To draw conditions of a friendly peace
Which by my Lord of Winchester we mean
Shall be transported presently to France 40
Glou And for the proffer of my lord your master
I have inform d his highness so at large
As liking of the lady s virtuous gifts
Her beauty and the value of her dower
He doth intend she shall be England s Queen
King In argument and proof of which contract
Bear her this jewel pledge of my affection
And so my Lord Protector see them guarded
And safely brought to Dover where inshipp d
Commit them to the fortune of the sea 50
[*Exeunt all but* WINCHESTER *and* LEGATE
Win Stay my Lord Legate you shall first receive
The sum of money which I promised
Should be deliver d to his Holiness
For clothing me in these grave ornaments
Leg I will attend upon your lordship s leisure
Win [*Aside*] Now Winchester will not subm I trow
Or be inferior to the proudest peer
Humphrey of Gloucester thou shalt well perceive
That neither in birth or for authority
The bishop will be overborne by thee 60
I ll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee
Or sack this country with a mutiny [*Exeunt*

Scene II *France Plains in Anjou*

Enter CHARLES BURGUNDY ALENÇON BASTARD REIGNIER LA PUCELLE *and forces*

Char These news my lords may cheer our drooping spirits
Tis said the stout Parisians do revolt
And turn again unto the warl ke French
Alen Then march to Paris royal Charles of France
And keep not back your powers in dalliance
Puc Peace be amongst them if they turn to us
Else ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter SCOUT

Scout Succes unto our valiant general
And happiness to his accomplices!

Char What tidings send our scouts? I prithee, speak 10
Scout The English army that divided was
Into two parties is now conjoin'd in one,
And means to give you battle presently
Char Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is
But we will presently provide for them
Bur I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there
Now he is gone, my lord you need not fear
Puc Of all base passions fear is most accursed
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine,
Let Henry fret and all the world repine 20
Char Then on, my lords and France be fortunate! [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *Before Angiers*

Alarum Excursions Enter LA PUCELLE

Puc The Regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly
Now help, ye charming spells and periapts,
And ye choice spirits that admonish me
And give me signs of future accidents [*Thunder*
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north,
Appear and aid me in this enterprise

Enter Fiends

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me
Now ye familiar spirits that are cull'd 10
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once that France may get the field
They walk, and speak not
O, hold me not with silence over long!
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off and give it you
In earnest of a further benefit
So you do condescend to help me now
They hang their heads
No hope to have redress? My body shall
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit
They shake their heads
Cannot my body nor blood sacrifice 20
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul, my body soul and all
Before that England give the French the foil
They depart
See they forsake me! Now the time is come
That France must vail her lofty plumed crest
And let her head fall into England's lap
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust [*Exit*

Excursions Enter BURGUNDY *and* YORK *fighting hand to hand The French fly* LA PUCELLE *is brought in captive*

York Damsel of France, I think I have you fast 30
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms
And try if they can gain your liberty
A goodly prize fit for the devil's grace!
See how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if with Circe she would change my shape!
Puc Changed to a worser shape thou canst not be
York O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man,
No shape but his can please your dainty eye
Puc A plaguing mischief light on Charles and thee!
And may ye both be suddenly surprised 40
By bloody hands in sleeping on your beds!
York Fell banning hag enchantress, hold thy tongue!
Puc I prithee, give me leave to curse awhile
York Curse miscreant, when thou comest to the stake [*Exeunt*

Alarum Enter SUFFOLK *with* MARGARET *in his hand*

Suf Be what thou wilt thou art my prisoner [*Gazes on her*
O fairest beauty, do not fear nor fly!
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands,
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side
Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee 50
Mar Margaret my name, and daughter to a king
The King of Naples, whosoe'er thou art
Suf An earl I am and Suffolk am I call'd
Be not offended nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be taken by me
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings
Yet if this servile usage once offend
Go and be free again as Suffolk's friend [*She is going*
O stay! [*Aside*] I have no power to let her pass 60
My hand would free her, but my heart says no
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes
Fain would I woo her yet I dare not speak
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind
Fie de la Pole! disable not thyself
Hast not a tongue? is she not here?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such, 70

Were but his picture left amongst you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all
Give me their bodies that I may bear them hence
And give them burial as beseems their worth
Puc I think this upstart is old Talbot s ghost
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And turn again unto the warlike French
Alen Then march to Paris royal Charles of
France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance
Puc Peace be amongst them if they turn to us
Else ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter SCOUT

Scout Success unto our valiant general
And happiness to his accomplices!

My daughter shall be Henry's if he please
Suf That is her ransom, I deliver her
And those two counties I will undertake
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy
Reig And I again, in Henry s royal name
As deputy unto that gracious king 161
Give thee her hand for sign of plighted faith
Suf Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks
Because this is in traffic of a king
[*Aside*] And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case
I ll over then to England with this news
And make this marriage to be solemnized
So farewell, Reignier set this diamond safe
In golden palaces as it becomes 170
Reig I do embrace thee as I would embrace
The Christian prince King Henry, were he here
Mar Farewell, my lord good wishes praise and prayers
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret [*Going*
Suf Farewell, sweet madam but hark you, Margaret,
No princely commendations to my king?
Mar Such commendations as becomes a maid
A virgin and his servant, say to him
Suf Words sweetly placed and modestly directed
But madam, I must trouble you again, 180
No loving token to his majesty?
Mar Yes, my good lord, a pure unspotted heart
Never yet taint with love I send the King
Suf And this withal [*Kisses her*
Mar That for thyself I will not so presume
To send such peevish tokens to a king
[*Exeunt* REIGNIER *and* MARGARET
Suf O, wert thou for myself! But Suffolk, stay,
Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth
There Minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk
Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise 190
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,
And natural graces that extinguish art
Repeat their semblance often on the seas
That, when thou comest to kneel at Henry s feet
Thou mayst bereave him of his wits with wonder
[*Exit*

SCENE IV *Camp of the* DUKE OF YORK *in Anjou*

Enter YORK, WARWICK, *and others*

York Bring forth that sorceress condemn d to burn

Enter LA PUCELLE *guarded and a* SHEPHERD

Shep Ah Joan this kills thy father s heart outright!
Have I sought every country far and near
And now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?
Ah Joan, sweet daughter Joan I ll die with thee!
Puc Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood
Thou art no father nor no friend of mine
Shep Out out! My lords an please you, tis not so 1
I did beget her all the parish knows
Her mother liveth yet can testify
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship
War Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage
York This argues what her kind of life hath been
Wicked and vile and so her death concludes
Shep Fie Joan that thou wilt be so obstacle!
God knows thou art a collop of my flesh,
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear
Deny me not, I prithee gentle Joan 20
Puc Peasant avaunt! You have suborn'd this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth
Shep Tis true I gave a noble to the priest
The morn that I was wedded to her mother
Kneel down and take my blessing good my girl
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would the milk
Thy mother gave thee when thou suck dst her breast
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!
Or else when thou didst keep my lambs a field
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee! 31
Dost thou deny thy father cursed drab?
O burn her, burn her! hanging is too good
[*Exit*
York Take her away for she hath lived too long
To fill the world with vicious qualities
Puc First let me tell you whom you have condemn d
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issued from the progeny of kings,
Virtuous and holy chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace, 40
To work exceeding miracles on earth
I never had to do with wicked spirits
But you that are polluted with your lusts
Stain d with the guiltless blood of innocents
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices
Because you want the grace that others have,

You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders but by help of devils
No misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy 50
Chaste and immaculate in very thought
Whose maiden blood thus rigorously effused
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven
York Ay ay away with her to execution!
War And hark ye sirs because she is a maid
Spare for no faggots let there be enow
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake
That so her torture may be shortened
Puc Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?
Then Joan discover thine infirmity 60
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege
I am with child ye bloody homicides
Murder not then the fruit within my womb
Although ye hale me to a violent death
York Now heaven forfend! the holy maid with child
War The greatest miracle that e er ye wrought
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?
York She and the Dauphin have been juggling
I did imagine what would be her refuge
War Well go to we ll have no bastards live 70
Especially since Charles must father it
Puc You are deceived my child is none of his
It was Alençon that enjoy d my love
York Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!
It dies an if it had a thousand lives
Puc O give me leave I have deluded you
Twas neither Charles nor yet the duke I named
But Reignier King of Naples that prevail d
War A married man! that s most intolerable
York Why here s a girl! I think she knows not well 80
There were so many whom she may accuse
War It s sign she hath been liberal and free
York And yet forsooth she is a virgin pure
Strumpet thy words condemn thy brat and thee
Use no entreaty for it is in vain
Puc Then lead me hence with whom I leave my curse
May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you, till mischief and despair 90
Drive you to break your necks or hang yourselves! [*Exit guarded*

York Break thou in pieces and consume to ashes
Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

Enter CARDINAL BEAUFORT [WINCHESTER] *attended*

Car Lord Regent I do greet your Excellence
With letters of commission from the King
For know my lords the states of Christendom
Moved with remorse of these outrageous broils
Have earnestly implored a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French
And here at hand the Dauphin and his train 100
Approacheth to confer about some matter
York Is all our travail turn d to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers
So many captains gentlemen and soldiers
That in this quarrel have been overthrown
And sold their bodies for their country s benefit
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns
By treason, falsehood and by treachery
Our great progenitors had conquered? 110
O Warwick Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France
War Be patient York if we conclude a peace
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby

Enter CHARLES ALENÇON BASTARD REIGNIER, *and others*

Char Since lords of England it is thus agreed
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim d in France,
We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be
York Speak Winchester for boiling choler chokes 120
The hollow passage of my poison d voice
By sight of these our baleful enemies
Car Charles and the rest it is enacted thus
That in regard King Henry gives consent
Of mere compassion and of lenity
To ease your country of distressful war
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace
You shall become true liegemen to his crown
And Charles upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute and submit thyself 130
Thou shalt be placed as viceroy under him
And still enjoy thy regal dignity
Alen Must he be then as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet
And yet in substance and authority
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless

Char 'Tis known already that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenced for their lawful king:
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, Lord Ambassador, I'll rather keep
That which I have than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

York Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means
Used intercession to obtain a league,
And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our king
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen To say the truth, it is your policy
To save your subjects from such massacre
And ruthless slaughters as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility;
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

War How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?

Char It shall;
Only reserved, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

York Then swear allegiance to his majesty,
As thou art knight, never to disobey
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.
So, now dismiss your army when ye please;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [*Exeunt*

SCENE V. *London. The palace*

Enter SUFFOLK *in conference with the* KING, GLOUCESTER *and* EXETER

King Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues graced with external gifts
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart:
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driven by breath of her renown
Either to suffer shipwreck or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf Tush, my good lord, this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise;
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
Had I sufficient skill to utter them,
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit:
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowliness of mind
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

King And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
Therefore, my Lord Protector, give consent
That Margaret may be England's royal Queen.

Glou So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem:
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?

Suf As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds:
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glou Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suf Yes, my lord, her father is a king,
The King of Naples and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France
As his alliance will confirm our peace
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glou And so the Earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Exe Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,
Where Reignier sooner will receive than give.

Suf A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base and poor,
To choose for wealth and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen
And not to seek a queen to make him rich:
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed:
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?

Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss
And is a pattern of celestial peace
Whom should we match with Henry being a
king
But Margaret that is daughter to a king?
Her peerless feature joined with her birth
Approves her fit for none but for a king
Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit 70
More than in women commonly is seen
Will answer our hope in issue of a king
For Henry son unto a conqueror
Is likely to beget more conquerors
If with a lady of so high resolve
As is fair Margaret he be link'd in love
Then yield my lords and here conclude with me
That Margaret shall be queen and none but she

King Whether it be through force of your
report
My noble Lord of Suffolk or for that 80
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming love
I cannot tell but this I am assured
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear
As I am sick with working of my thoughts
Take therefore shipping post my lord to
France
Agree to any covenants and procure
That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England and be crown'd 90
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen
For your expenses and sufficient charge
Among the people gather up a tenth
Be gone I say for till you do return
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares
And you good uncle banish all offence
If you do censure me by what you were,
Not what you are I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will
And so conduct me where from company 100
I may revolve and ruminate my grief [*Exit*

Glou Ay grief I fear me both at first and last
[*Exeunt* GLOUCESTER *and* EXETER

Suf Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd and thus he
goes
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece
With hope to find the like event in love
But prosper better than the Trojan did
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king
But I will rule both her the king and realm
[*Exit*

The Second Part of KING HENRY THE SIXTH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

King Henry the Sixth
Humphrey Duke of Gloucester *his uncle*
Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester *great uncle to the King*
Richard Plantagenet Duke of York
Edward | Richard — *sons of the Duke of York*
Duke of Somerset | William de la Pole Duke of Suffolk | Duke of Buckingham | Lord Clifford | Young Clifford *his son* — *King s Party*
Earl of Salisbury | Earl of Warwick — *York Faction*
Lord Scales
Lord Say
Sir Humphrey Stafford
William Stafford *his brother*
Sir John Stanley
Vaux
Sea-Captain
Master
Master s Mate
Walter Whitmore
Two Gentlemen *prisoners with Suffolk*
John Hume | John Southwell — *priests*
Bolingbroke *a conjurer*
Thomas Horner *an armourer*
Peter Thump *his man*
Clerk *of Chatham*
Mayor *of Saint Alban s*
Simpcox *an imposter*
Alexander Iden *a Kentish gentleman*
Jack Cade *a rebel*
George Bevis | John Holland | Dick *the butcher* | Smith *the weaver* | Michael — *followers of Cade*
Two Murderers
Five Messengers
Two Petitioners
Spirit
Beadle
Two Prentices
Three Neighbors to Horner
Servant *to Gloucester*
Sheriff
Herald
A Post
Commons
A Citizen
A Soldier

Margaret *Queen to King Henry*
Eleanor, *Duchess of Gloucester*
Margaret Jourdain *a witch*
Wife *to Simpcox*

Non-Speaking *Mathew Goffe Petitioners Guards Servants Attendants Citizens Prentices Officers of the Sheriff Lords Ladies and Soldiers*

Scene *England*



ACT I

Scene I *London The palace*

Flourish of trumpets then hautboys Enter the king, duke of gloucester salisbury warwick *and* cardinal beaufort, *on the one side, the* queen, suffolk york somerset *and* buckingham *on the other*

Suf As by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France
As procurator to your Excellence
To marry Princess Margaret for your Grace
So in the famous ancient city Tours
In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil
The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber Bretagne and
Alençon,
Seven earls twelve barons and twenty reverend
bishops,
I have perform d my task and was espoused
And humbly now upon my bended knee, 10
In sight of England and her lordly peers
Deliver up my title in the Queen
To your most gracious hands that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave
The fairest queen that ever king received
King Suffolk arise Welcome Queen Margaret
I can express no kinder sign of love
Than this kind kiss O Lord that lends me
life
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness! 20
For thou hast given me in this beauteous face
A world of earthly blessings to my soul
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts

Queen Great King of England and my gracious lord
The mutual conference that my mind hath had
By day by night waking and in my dreams
In courtly company or at my beads
With you mine alder liefest sovereign
Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms such as my wit affords 30
And over joy of heart doth minister
King Her sight did ravish but her grace in speech
Her words y clad with wisdom s majesty
Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys
Such is the fulness of my heart s content
Lords with one cheerful voice welcome my love
All [*kneeling*] Long live Queen Margaret Eng land s happiness!
Queen We thank you all [*Flourish*
Suf My Lord Protector so it please your Grace
Here are the articles of contracted peace 40
Between our sovereign and the French King Charles
For eighteen months concluded by consent
Glou [*Reads*] *Imprimis* It is agreed between the French king Charles and William de la Pole Marquess of Suffolk ambassador for Henry King of England that the said Henry shall espouse the Lady Margaret daughter unto Reignier King of Naples Sicilia and Jerusalem and crown her Queen of England ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing *Item* that the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine shall be released and delivered to the king her father —[*Lets the paper fall*
King Uncle how now!
Glou Pardon me gracious lord
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart
And dimm d mine eyes that I can read no fur ther
King Uncle of Winchester I pray read on
Car [*Reads*] *Item* It is further agreed between them that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father and she sent over of the King of England s own proper cost and charges without having any dowry
King They please us well Lord Marquess kneel down
We here create thee the first Duke of Suffolk
And gird thee with the sword Cousin of York
We here discharge your Grace from being regent
I the parts of France till term of eighteen months
Be full expired Thanks uncle Winchester
Gloucester York Buckingham Somerset
Salisbury and Warwick 70
We thank you all for this great favour done
In entertainment to my princely queen
Come let us in and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform d
[*Exeunt* KING QUEEN *and* SUFFOLK
Glou Brave peers of England pillars of the state
To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief
Your grief the common grief of all the land
What did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour coin and people in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field 80
In winter s cold and summer s parching heat
To conquer France his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourselves Somerset Buckingham,
Brave York Salisbury and victorious Warwick
Received deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself
With all the learned council of the realm
Studied so long sat in the council house 90
Early and late debating to and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe
And had his highness in his infancy
Crowned in Paris in despite of foes?
And shall these labours and these honours die?
Shall Henry s conquest Bedford s vigilance
Your deeds of war and all our counsel die?
O peers of England shameful is this league!
Fatal this marriage cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory 100
Razing the characters of your renown
Defacing monuments of conquer d France
Undoing all as all had never been!
Car Nephew what means this passionate dis course
This peroration with such circumstance?
For France tis ours and we will keep it still
Glou Ay uncle we will keep it if we can
But now it is impossible we should
Suffolk the new made duke that rules the roast
Hath given the duchy of Anjou and Maine 110
Unto the poor King Reignier whose large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse
Sal Now by the death of Him that died for all
These counties were the keys of Normandy
But wherefore weeps Warwick my valiant son?
War For grief that they are past recovery
For were there hope to conquer them again
My sword should shed hot blood mine eyes no tears
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer
And are the cities that I got with wounds 121

Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?
Mort Dieu!
York For Suffolk's duke may he be suffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league
I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold and dowries with their wives
And our King Henry gives away his own 130
To match with her that brings no vantages
Glou A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth
For costs and charges in transporting her!
She should have stay'd in France and starved in
France,
Before—
Car My Lord of Gloucester now ye grow too
hot
It was the pleasure of my lord the King
Glou My Lord of Winchester I know your
mind,
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike, 140
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye
Rancour will out proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury if I longer stay
We shall begin our ancient bickerings
Lordings, farewell and say when I am gone,
I prophesied France will be lost ere long [*Exit*
Car So there goes our Protector in a rage
'Tis known to you he is mine enemy,
Nay, more an enemy unto you all
And no great friend I fear me to the King 150
Consider, lords he is the next of blood
And heir apparent to the English crown
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west
There's reason he should be displeased at it
Look to it, lords let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts be wise and circumspect
What though the common people favour him
Calling him 'Humphrey, the good Duke of
Gloucester, 159
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice,
"Jesu maintain your royal Excellence!
With God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!"
I fear me lords for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector
Buck Why should he then, protect our sover-
eign
He being of age to govern of himself?
Cousin of Somerset join you with me
And all together, with the Duke of Suffolk
We'll quickly hoise Duke Humphrey from his
seat
Car This weighty business will not brook de-
lay, 170
I'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently [*Exit*
Som Cousin of Buckingham, though Hum-
phrey's pride
And greatness of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beside
If Gloucester be displaced he'll be Protector
Buck Or thou or I, Somerset, will be Protector,
Despite Duke Humphrey or the Cardinal 179
[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM *and* SOMERSET
Sal Pride went before ambition follows him
While these do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm
I never saw but Humphrey Duke of Gloucester
Did bear him like a noble gentleman
Oft have I seen the haughty Cardinal,
More like a soldier than a man o' the church,
As stout and proud as he were lord of all
Swear like a ruffian and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a commonweal
Warwick my son, the comfort of my age, 190
Thy deeds thy plainness, and thy housekeeping,
Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey
And brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil discipline,
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the
people
Join we together for the public good
In what we can to bridle and suppress 200
The pride of Suffolk and the Cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition,
And as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's
deeds
While they do tend the profit of the land
War So God help Warwick as he loves the
land
And common profit of his country!
York [*Aside*] And so says York for he hath
greatest cause
Sal Then let's make haste away and look unto
the main
War Unto the main! O father, Maine is lost,
That Maine which by main force Warwick did
win, 210
And would have kept so long as breath did last!
Main chance, father, you meant, but I meant
Maine
Which I will win from France or else be slain
[*Exeunt* WARWICK *and* SALISBURY
York Anjou and Maine are given to the French,
Paris is lost the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone

Suffolk concluded on the articles
The peers agreed and Henry was well pleased
To change two dukedoms for a duke s fair daughter
I cannot blame them all what is t to them? 220
Tis thine they give away and not their own
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage
And purchase friends and give to courtezans
Still revelling like lords till all be gone
While as the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them and wrings his hapless hands
And shake his head and trembling stands aloof
While all is shared and all is borne away
Ready to starve and dare not touch his own
So York must sit and fret and bite his tongue 230
While his own lands are bargain d for and sold
Methinks the realms of England France and Ireland
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood
As did the fatal brand Althæa burn d
Unto the Prince s heart of Calydon
Anjou and Maine both given unto the French!
Cold news for me for I had hope of France
Even as I have of fertile England s soil
A day will come when York shall claim his own
And therefore I will take the Nevils parts 240
And make a show of love to proud Duke Humphrey
And when I spy advantage claim the crown
For that s the golden mark I seek to hit
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist
Nor wear the diadem upon his head
Whose church like humours fits not for a crown
Then York be still awhile till time do serve
Watch thou and wake when others be asleep
To pry into the secrets of the state 250
Till Henry surfeiting in joys of love
With his new bride and England s dear bought queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall n at jars
Then will I raise aloft the milk white rose
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfumed
And in my standard bear the arms of York
To grapple with the house of Lancaster
And force perforce I ll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull d fair England down [Exit

SCENE II *The Duke of Gloucester s house*

Enter DUKE HUMPHREY *and his wife* ELEANOR

Duch Why droops my lord like over ripen d corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres plenteous load?
Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his brows
As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fix d to the sullen earth
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
What seest thou there? King Henry s diadem
Enchased with all the honours of the world?
If so gaze on and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the same 10
Put forth thy hand reach at the glorious gold
What is t too short? I ll lengthen it with mine
And having both together heav ed it up
We ll both together lift our heads to heaven,
And never more abase our sight so low
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground
Glou O Nell sweet Nell if thou dost love thy lord
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts
And may that thought when I imagine ill
Against my king and nephew virtuous Henry 20
Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
My troublous dream this night doth make me sad
Duch What dream d my lord? tell me and I ll requite it
With sweet rehearsal of my morning s dream
Glou Methought this staff mine office badge in court
Was broke in twain by whom I have forgot
But as I think it was by the Cardinal
And on the pieces of the broken wand
Were placed the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerset
And William de la Pole first Duke of Suffolk 30
This was my dream what it doth bode God knows
Duch Tut this was nothing but an argument
That he that breaks a stick of Gloucester s grove
Shall lose his head for his presumption
But list to me my Humphrey my sweet duke
Methought I sat in seat of majesty
In the cathedral church of Westminster
And in that chair where kings and queens are crown d
Where Henry and dame Margaret kneel d to me
And on my head did set the diadem 40
Glou Nay Eleanor then must I chide outright
Presumptuous dame ill nurtured Eleanor
Art thou not second woman in the realm
And the Protector s wife beloved of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery
To tumble down thy husband and thyself
From top of honour to d sgrace s feet?

Away from me, and let me hear no more! 50
Duch What, what my lord! are you so choleric
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd
Glou Nay, be not angry, I am pleased again

Enter MESSENGER

Mess My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highness' pleasure
You do prepare to ride unto Saint Alban s
Where as the King and Queen do mean to hawl
Glou I go Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?
Duch Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently
[*Exeunt* GLOUCESTER *and* MESSENGER
Follow I must I cannot go before 61
While Gloucester bears this base and humble mind
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood
I would remove these tedious stumbling blocks
And smooth my way upon their headless necks,
And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in Fortune s pageant
Where are you there? Sir John! nay fear not, man,
We are alone, here s none but thee and I

Enter HUME

Hume Jesus preserve your royal majesty! 70
Duch What say'st thou? majesty! I am but Grace
Hume But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice
Your Grace's title shall be multiplied
Duch What say st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd
With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,
With Roger Bolingbroke the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?
Hume This they have promised, to show your highness
A spirit raised from depth of under ground
That shall make answer to such questions 80
As by your Grace shall be propounded him
Duch It is enough, I ll think upon the questions
When from Saint Alban s we do make return,
We ll see these things effected to the full
Here Hume, take this reward, make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause
[*Exit*
Hume Hume must make merry with the Duchess gold
Marry, and shall But, how now Sir John Hume!
Seal up your lips and give no words but mum
The business asketh silent secrecy 90
Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil
Yet have I gold flies from another coast,
I dare not say from the rich Cardinal
And from the great and new made Duke of Suffolk
Yet I do find it so, for, to be plain,
They, knowing Dame Eleanor s aspiring humour,
Have hired me to undermine the Duchess
And buz these conjurations in her brain
They say, "A crafty knave does need no broker",
Yet am I Suffolk and the Cardinal's broker 101
Hume if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves
Well so it stands, and thus, I fear, at last
Hume s knavery will be the Duchess wreck,
And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall
Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all [*Exit*

SCENE III *The palace*

Enter three or four PETITIONERS, PETER *the Armourer s man being one*

1st Petit My masters, let's stand close my Lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill
2nd Petit Marry the Lord protect him, for he's a good man! Jesu bless him!

Enter SUFFOLK *and* QUEEN

Peter Here a comes, methinks, and the Queen with him I ll be the first sure
2nd Petit Come back, fool this is the Duke of Suffolk and not my Lord Protector 10
Suf How now, fellow! wouldst any thing with me?
1st Petit I pray, my lord pardon me, I took ye for my Lord Protector
Queen [*Reading*] 'To my Lord Protector!' Are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them what is thine?
1st Petit Mine is, an't please your Grace against John Goodman my Lord Cardinal s man for keeping my house, and lands and wife, and all, from me 21
Suf Thy wife too! that s some wrong indeed What s yours? What s here! [*Reads*] Against the Duke of Suffoll for enclosing the commons of Melford How now sir knave!
2nd Petit Alas sir I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township
Peter [*Giving his petition*] Against my master Thomas Horner, for saying that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown 30
Queen What say st thou? did the Duke of York say he was rightful heir to the crown?
Peter That my master was? no, forsooth my

master said that he was and that the King was an usurper

Suf Who is there? [*Enter Servant*] Take this fellow in and send for his master with a pursuivant presently we ll hear more of your matter before the King [*Exit Servant with* PETER

Queen And as for you that love to be protected
Under the wings of our Protector s grace 41
Begin your suits anew and sue to him [*Tears the supplications*]
Away base cullions! Suffolk let them go

All Come let s be gone [*Exeunt*

Queen My Lord of Suffolk say is this the guise
Is this the fashion in the court of England?
Is this the government of Britain s isle
And this the royalty of Albion s king?
What shall King Henry be a pupil still
Under the surly Gloucester s governance? 50
Am I a queen in title and in style
And must be made a subject to a duke?
I tell thee Pole when in the city Tours
Thou ran st a tilt in honour of my love
And stolest away the ladies hearts of France
I thought King Henry had resembled thee
In courage courtship and proportion
But all his mind is bent to holiness
To number Ave Maries on his beads
His champions are the prophets and apostles 60
His weapons holy saws of sacred writ
His study is his tilt yard and his loves
Are brazen images of canonized saints
I would the college of the cardinals
Would choose him Pope and carry him to Rome,
And set the triple crown upon his head
That were a state fit for his holiness

Suf Madam be patient as I was cause
Your Highness came to England so will I
In England work your Grace s full content 70

Queen Beside the haughty Protector have we Beaufort
The imperious churchman, Somerset Buckingham
And grumbling York and not the least of these
But can do more in England than the King

Suf And he of these that can do most of all
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers

Queen Not all these lords do vex me half so much
As that proud dame the Lord Protector s wife
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies 80
More like an empress than Duke Humphrey s wife
Strangers in court do take her for the Queen
She bears a duke s revenues on her back
And in her heart she scorns our poverty
Shall I not live to be avenged on her?
Contemptuous base born callet as she is
She vaunted mongst her minions t other day
The very train of her worst wearing gown
Was better worth than all my father s lands 89
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter

Suf Madam myself have limed a bush for her
And placed a quire of such enticing birds
That she will light to listen to the lays
And never mount to trouble you again
So let her rest and madam list to me
For I am bold to counsel you in this
Although we fancy not the Cardinal
Yet must we join with him and with the lords,
Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace
As for the Duke of York this late complaint 100
Will make but little for his benefit
So one by one we ll weed them all at last
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm

Sound a sennet Enter the KING DUKE HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER, CARDINAL BEAUFORT BUCKINGHAM YORK SOMERSET SALISBURY WARWICK *and the* DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER

King For my part noble lords I care not which
Or Somerset or York all s one to me

York If York have ill demean d himself in France
Then let him be denay d the regentship

Som If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent I will yield to him 109

War Whether your Grace be worthy yea or no
Dispute not that York is the worthier

Car Ambitious Warwick let thy betters speak

War The Cardinal s not my better in the field

Buck All in this presence are thy betters Warwick

War Warwick may live to be the best of all

Sal Peace son! and show some reason Buckingham
Why Somerset should be preferr d in this

Queen Because the King forsooth will have it so

Glou Madam the King is old enough himself
To give his censure these are no women s matters

Queen If he be old enough what needs your Grace 121
To be Protector of his Excellence?

Glou Madam I am Protector of the realm
And at his pleasure will resign my place

Suf Resign it then and leave thine insolence
Since thou wert king—as who is king but thou?—
The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck

The Dauphin hath prevail d bey ond the seas,
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty *130*
Car The commons hast thou rack'd, the clergy's bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions
Som Thy sumptuous buildings and thy wife's attire
Have cost a mass of public treasury
Buck Thy cruelty in execution
Upon offenders hath exceeded law
And left thee to the mercy of the law
Queen Thy sale of offices and towns in France,
If they were known as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head
[*Exit* GLOUCESTER *The* QUEEN *drops her fan*
Give me my fan what, minion! can ye not? *141*
She gives the DUCHESS *a box on the ear*
I cry you mercy madam, was it you?
Duch Was't I! yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I ld set my ten commandments in your face
King Sweet aunt be quiet, twas against her will
Duch Against her will! good King, look to't in time,
She ll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby
Though in this place most master wear no breeches
She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unrevenged
[*Exit*
Buck Lord Cardinal, I will follow Eleanor
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds
She's tickled now, her fume needs no spurs
She ll gallop far enough to her destruction [*Exit*

Re-enter GLOUCESTER

Glou Now, lords, my choler being over blown
With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs
As for your spiteful false objections
Prove them, and I lie open to the law
But God in mercy so deal with my soul *160*
As I in duty love my king and country!
But to the matter that we have in hand
I say my sovereign York is meetest man
To be your regent in the realm of France
Suf Before we make election give me leave
To show some reason of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man
York I ll tell thee Suffolk why I am unmeet
First for I cannot flatter thee in pride
Next if I be appointed for the place, *170*
My Lord of Somerset will keep me here
Without discharge money, or furniture,
Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands
Last time I danced attendance on his will
Till Paris was besieged, famish'd and lost
War That can I witness and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit
Suf Peace headstrong Warwick!
War Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter HORNER, *the Armourer, and his man* PETER, *guarded*

Suf Because here is a man accused of treason
Pray God the Duke of York excuse himself! *181*
York Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?
King What mean'st thou, Suffolk tell me, what are these?
Suf Please it your Majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason
His words were these that Richard Duke of York
Was rightful heir unto the English crown
And that your majesty was an usurper
King Say, man, were these thy words?
Hor An t shall please your Majesty I never said nor thought any such matter God is my witness, I am falsely accused by the villain
Pet By these ten bones, my lords he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my Lord of York s armour
York Base dunghill villain and mechanical
I ll have thy head for this thy traitor s speech
I do beseech your royal Majesty
Let him have all the rigour of the law *199*
Hor Alas, my lord hang me if ever I spake the words My accuser is my prentice, and when I did correct him for his fault the other day he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me I have good witness of this therefore I beseech your Majesty do not cast away an honest man for a villain s accusation
King Uncle what shall we say to this in law?
Glou This doom my lord if I may judge
Let Somerset be regent o er the French
Because in York this breeds suspicion *210*
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat in convenient place
For he hath witness of his servant s malice
This is the law and this Duke Humphrey s doom
Som I humbly thank your royal Majesty
Hor And I accept the combat willingly
Pet Alas my lord I cannot fight for God s sake pity my case The spite of man prevaileth against me O Lord have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow O Lord my heart!
Glou Sirrah or you must fight, or else be hang d

King Away with them to prison and the day of combat shall be the last of the next month
Come Somerset we ll see thee sent away
[*Flourish Exeunt*

SCENE IV *Gloucester s garden*

Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN HUME SOUTHWELL *and* BOLINGBROKE

Hume Come my masters the Duchess I tell you expects performance of your promises
Boling Master Hume we are therefore provided will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?
Hume Ay what else? fear you not her courage
Boling I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit but it shall be convenient Master Hume that you be by her aloft while we be busy below and so I pray you, go in God s name and leave us [*Exit* HUME] Mother Jourdain be you prostrate and grovel on the earth John Southwell read you and let us to our work

Enter DUCHESS *aloft* HUME *following*

Duch Well sai my masters and welcome all
To this gear the sooner the better
Boling Patience good lady wizards know their times
Deep night dark night the silent of the night
The time of night when Troy was set on fire 20
The time when screech-owls cry and ban dogs howl
And spirits walk and ghosts break up their graves
That time best fits the work we have in hand
Madam sit you and fear not whom we raise
We will make fast within a hallow d verge
Here they do the ceremonies belonging and make the circle BOLINGBROKE *or* SOUTHWELL *reads* Conjuro te &c *It thunders and lightens terribly then the Spirit riseth*
Spir Adsum
M Jourd Asmath
By the eternal God whose name and power
Thou tremblest at answer that I shall ask
For till thou speak thou shalt not pass from hence 30
Spir Ask what thou wilt That I had said and done!
Boling [*Reading out of a paper*] First of the king what shall of him become?
Spir The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose
But him outlive and die a violent death
As the Spirit speaks SOUTHWELL *writes the answer*
Boling What fates await the Duke of Suffolk?
Spir By water shall he die and take his end
Boling What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?
Spir Let him shun castles
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
Than where castles mounted stand 40
Have done for more I hardly can endure
Boling Descend to darkness and the burning lake!
False fiend avoid!
[*Thunder and lightning Exit* SPIRIT

Enter the DUKE OF YORK *and the* DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM *with their guard and break in*

York Lay hands upon these traitors and their trash
Beldam I think we watch d you at an inch
What madam are you there? the King and commonweal
Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains
My Lord Protector will I doubt it not
See you well guerdon d for these good deserts
Duch Not half so bad as thine to England s king 50
Injurious duke that threatest where s no cause
Buck True, madam none at all what call you this?
Away with them! let them be clapp d up close
And kept asunder You madam shall with us
Stafford take her to thee
[*Exeunt above* DUCHESS *and* HUME, *guarded*
We ll see your trinkets here all forthcoming
All away!
[*Exeunt guard with* JOURDAIN SOUTHWELL, &c
York Lord Buckingham methinks you watch d her well
A pretty plot well chosen to build upon!
Now pray my lord let s see the devil s writ 60
What have we here? [*Reads*]
The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose
But him outlive and die a violent death
Why this is just
Aio te Æacida Romanos vincere posse
Well to the rest
Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?
By water shall he die and take his end
What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?
Let him shun castles 70
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
Than where castles mounted stand
Come come my lords
These oracles are hardly attain d
And hardly understood
The King is now in progress towards Saint Alban s
With him the husband of this lovely lady

Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them
A sorry breakfast for my Lord Protector
Buck Your grace shall give me leave, my Lord of York, 80
To be the post, in hope of his reward
York At your pleasure, my good lord Who's within there, ho!

Enter a Servingman

Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick
To sup with me to-morrow night Away!
[*Exeunt*

ACT II

SCENE I *Saint Alban's*

Enter the KING QUEEN, GLOUCESTER CARDINAL, *and* SUFFOLK, *with* FALCONERS *halloing*

Queen Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,
I saw not better sport these seven years' day
Yet, by your leave the wind was very high,
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out
King But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!
To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yea man and birds are fain of climbing high
Suf No marvel an it like your Majesty
My Lord Protector's hawks do tower so well, 10
They know their master loves to be aloft
And bears his thoughts above his falcon s pitch
Glou My lord 'tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar
Car I thought as much he would be above the clouds
Glou Ay, my Lord Cardinal? how think you by that?
Were it not good your Grace could fly to heaven?
King The treasury of everlasting joy
Car Thy heaven is on earth, thine eyes and thoughts
Beat on a crown the treasure of thy heart 20
Pernicious Protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth st it so with king and commonweal!
Glou What, Cardinal is your priesthood grown peremptory?
Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?
Churchmen so hot? good uncle hide such malice,
With such holiness can you do it?
Suf No malice, sir, no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel and so bad a peer
Glou As who my lord?
Suf Why as you my lord
An't like your lordly Lord protectorship 30
Glou Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence
Queen And thy ambition, Gloucester
King I prithee, peace good queen,
And whet not on these furious peers,
For blessed are the peacemakers on earth
Car Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud Protector with my sword!
Glou [*Aside to* CARDINAL] Faith holy uncle, would 'twere come to that!
Car [*Aside to* GLOUCESTER] Marry, when thou darest
Glou [*Aside to* CARDINAL] Make up no factious numbers for the matter, 40
In thine own person answer thy abuse
Car [*Aside to* GLOUCESTER] Ay where thou darest not peep an if thou darest,
This evening, on the east side of the grove
King How now my lords!
Car Believe me, cousin Gloucester,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly
We had had more sport [*Aside to* GLOUCESTER] Come with thy two-hand sword
Glou True, uncle
Car [*Aside to* GLOUCESTER] Are ye advised? the east side of the grove?
Glou [*Aside to* CARDINAL] Cardinal, I am with you
King Why, how now, uncle Gloucester!
Glou Talking of hawking, nothing else, my lord 50
[*Aside to* CARDINAL] Now, by God s mother, priest, I ll shave your crown for this,
Or all my fence shall fail
Car [*Aside to* GLOUCESTER] *Medice teipsum*—
Protector see to t well protect yourself
King The winds grow high, so do your stomachs lords
How irksome is this music to my heart!
When such strings jar what hope of harmony?
I pray, my lords let me compound this strife

Enter a TOWNSMAN *of Saint Alban's, crying* "A miracle!

Glou What means this noise?
Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim? 60
Towns A miracle! a miracle!
Suf Come to the King and tell him what miracle
Towns Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,
Within this half hour hath received his sight,
A man that ne er saw in his life before
King Now, God be praised that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness comfort in despair!

Enter the MAYOR *of Saint Alban s and his brethren Leaving* SIMPCOX *between two in a chair* SIMPCOX S WIFE *following*

Car Here com s the townsmen on procession,
To present your highness with the man

King Great is his comfort in this earthly vale
Although by his sight his sin be multiplied 71

Glou Stand by my masters bring him near the king
His highness pleasure is to talk with him

King Good fellow tell us here the circumstance
That we for thee may glorify the Lord
What hast thou been long blind and now restored?

Simp Born blind an t please your Grace

Wife Ay indeed was he

Suf What woman is this?

Wife His wife an t like your worship 80

Glou Hadst thou been his mother thou couldst have better told

King Where wert thou born?

Simp At Berwick in the north an t like your Grace

King Poor soul God s goodness hath been great to thee
Let never day nor night unhallow d pass
But still remember what the Lord hath done

Queen Tell me good fellow camest thou here by chance
Or of devotion to this holy shrine?

Simp God knows of pure devotion being call d
A hundred times and oftener in my sleep 90
By good Saint Alban who said Simpcox come
Come offer at my shrine and I will help thee

Wife Most true forsooth and many time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so

Car What art thou lame?

Simp Ay God Almighty help me!

Suf How camest thou so?

Simp A fall off of a tree

Wife A plum tree master

Glou How long hast thou been blind?

Simp O born so master

Glou What and wouldst climb a tree?

Simp But that in all my life when I was a youth

Wife Too true and bought his climbing very dear 100

Glou Mass thou lovedst plums well, that wouldst venture so

Simp Alas good master my wife desired some damsons
And made me climb with danger of my life

Glou A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve
Let me see thine eyes wink now now open them
In my opinion yet thou see st not well

Simp Yes master clear as day I thank God and Saint Alban

Glou Say st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of

Simp Red master red as blood 110

Glou Why that s well said What colour is my gown of?

Simp Black forsooth coal black as jet

King Why then thou know st what colour jet is of?

Suf And yet I think jet did he never see

Glou But cloaks and gowns before this day a many

Wife Never before this day in all his life

Glou Tell me sirrah what's my name?

Simp Alas master I know not

Glou What s his name?

Simp I know not 120

Glou Not his?

Simp No indeed master

Glou What s thine own name?

Simp Saunder Simpcox and if it please you master

Glou Then Saunder sit there the lyingest knave in Christendom If thou hadst been born blind thou mightst as well have known all our names as thus to name the several colours we do wear Sight may distinguish of colours but suddenly to nominate them all it is impossible My lords Saint Alban here hath done a miracle and would ye not think his cunning to be great that could restore this cripple to his legs again?

Simp O master that you could!

Glou My masters of Saint Alban s have you not beadles in your own and things called whips?

May Yes my lord if it please your Grace

Glou Then send for one presently

May Sirrah, to fetch the beadle hither straight
[*Exit an Attendant* 141

Glou Now fetch me a stool hither by and by
Now sirrah if you mean to save yourself from whipping leap me over this stool and run away

Simp Alas master I am not able to stand alone
You go about to torture me in vain

Enter a BEADLE *with whips*

Glou Well sir we must have you find your

legs Sirrah, beadle whip him till he leap over that same stool

Bead I will, my lord Come on, sirrah, off with your doublet quickly

Simp Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand

After the BEADLE *hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool and runs away, and they follow and cry, "A miracle!"*

King O God seest Thou this, and bearest so long?

Queen It made me laugh to see the villain run

Glou Follow the knave, and take this drab away

Wife Alas, sir, we did it for pure need

Glou Let them be whipped through every market town, till they come to Berwick, from whence they came 160

[*Exeunt* WIFE BEADLE, MAYOR *&c*

Car Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day

Suf True, made the lame to leap and fly away

Glou But you have done more miracles than I,
You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly

Enter BUCKINGHAM

King What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

Buck Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold
A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of Lady Eleanor, the Protector's wife
The ringleader and head of all this rout, 170
Have practised dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches and with conjurers
Whom we have apprehended in the fact,
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
Demanding of King Henry s life and death
And other of your Highness privy council,
As more at large your Grace shall understand

Car [*Aside to* GLOUCESTER] And so my Lord Protector, by this means
Your lady is forthcoming yet at London
This news, I think hath turn'd your weapon's edge 180
'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour

Glou Ambitious churchman leave to afflict my heart
Sorrow and grief have vanquish d all my powers,
And vanquish d as I am I yield to thee
Or to the meanest groom

King O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones,
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

Queen Gloucester, see here the tainture of thy nest
And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best

Glou Madam for myself, to heaven I do appeal 190
How I have loved my king and commonweal
And for my wife, I know not how it stands,
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard
Noble she is, but if she have forgot
Honour and virtue and conversed with such
As like to pitch, defile nobility,
I banish her my bed and company
And give her as a prey to law and shame,
That hath dishonour d Gloucester's honest name

King Well, for this night we will repose us here 200
To morrow toward London back again
To look into this business thoroughly
And call these foul offenders to their answers
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails [*Flourish Exeunt*

SCENE II *London The Duke of York s garden*

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK

York Now my good Lords of Salisbury and Warwick
Our simple supper ended give me leave
In this close walk to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title
Which is infallible to England s crown

Sal My Lord I long to hear it at full

War Sweet York, begin and if thy claim be good
The Nevils are thy subjects to command

York Then thus
Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons 10
The first Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales
The second William of Hatfield, and the third
Lionel Duke of Clarence next to whom
Was John of Gaunt the Duke of Lancaster
The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York,
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester,
William of Windsor was the seventh and last
Edward the Black Prince died before his father
And left behind him Richard his only son
Who after Edward the Third s death reign d as king, 20
Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown d by the name of Henry the Fourth
Seized on the realm deposed the rightful king
Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,
And him to Pomfret where as all you know
Harmless Richard was murder d traitorously

War Father the Duke hath told the truth
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown
York Which now they hold by force and not by
right 30
For Richard the first son s heir being dead
The issue of the next son should have reign d
Sal But William of Hatfield died without an
heir
York The third son Duke of Clarence from
whose line
I claim the crown had issue Philippe a daughter
Who married Edmund Mortimer Earl of March
Edmund had issue Ro er Earl of March
Roger had issue Edmund Anne and Eleanor
Sal This Edmund in the rei n of Bolingbroke
As I have read laid claim unto the crown 40
And but for Owen Glendower had been king
Who kept him in captivity till he died
But to the rest
York His eldest sister Anne
My mother bein heir unto the crown
Married Richard Earl of Cambridge who was
son
To Edmund Langley Edward the Third s fifth
son
By her I claim the kingdom she was heir
To Roger Earl of March who was the son
Of Edmund Mortimer who married Philippe
Sole daughter unto Lionel Duke of Clarence 50
So if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger I am king
War What plain proceeding is more plain than
this?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt
The fourth son York cla ms it from the third
Till Lionel s issue fails his should not reign
It fails not yet but flourishes in thee
And in thy sons fair slips of such a stock
Then father Salisbury kneel we together
And in this private plot be we the first 60
That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birthr ght to the crown
Both Long life our sovereign Richard Eng
land s king!
York We thank you lord But I am not your
king
Till I be cro vn d and that my sword be stain d
With hear blood of the house of Lancaster
And that s not suddenly to be p rform d
But with advice and silent secrecy
Do you as I do in thes dan erous day
Wink at the Duke of Suffolk s in olence 70
At Beaufort's pride at Somerset s ambition
At Buckingham and all the cre v of them
Till they have snared the shepherd of the flock
That virtuous princ the good Duke Humphrey
Tis that they seek and they in seeking that
Shall find their deaths if York can prophesy
Sal My lord break we off we kno v your
mind at full
War My heart assures me that the Earl of
Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of York a king
York And Nevil this I do assure my self
Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England but the king
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III *A hall of justice*

Sound trumpets Enter the KING *the* QUEEN GLOUCESTER YORK SUFFOLK *and* SALISBURY *the* DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER MARGERY JOURDAIN SOUTHWELL HUME *and* BOLINGBROKE *under guard*

King Stand forth Dame Eleanor Cobham
Gloucester s wife
In sight of God and us your guilt is great
Receive the sentence of the law for sins
Such as by God s book are adjudged to death
You four from hence to prison back again
From thence unto the place of execution
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn d to ashes
And you thr e shall be strangled on the gallows
You madam for you are more nobly born
Despoiled of your honour in your life 10
Shall after three days open penance done
Live in your country here in banishment
With Sir John Stanley in the Isle of Man.
Duch Welcome is banishment welcome were
my death
Glou Eleanor the law thou see st hath
judged thee
I cannot justify whom the law condemns
[*Exeunt* DUCHESS *and other prisoners guarded*
Mine eyes are full of tears my heart of grief
Ah Humphrey this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground!
I be eech your Majesty give me leave to go 20
Sorrow would solace and mine age would ease
King Stay Humphrey Duke of Gloucester
ere thou go
Give up thy staff Henry will to himself
Protector be and God shall be my hope
My stay my guide and lantern to my feet
And go in peace Humphrey no less beloved
Than when thou wert Protector to thy king
Queen I see no reason why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child
God and King Henry govern England s realm 30
Give up your staff sir and the King his realm
Glou My staff? here noble Henry is my staff
As willingly do I the same resign

As e er thy father Henry made it mine,
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it
As others would ambitiously receive it
Farewell, good king when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne! [*Exit*

Queen Why, now is Henry l ing, and Margaret queen,
And Humphrey Dul e of Gloucester scarce himself 40
That bears so shrewd a maim, two pulls at once,
His lady banish'd and a limb lopp'd off
This staff of honour raught, there let it stand
Where it best fits to be in Henry s hand

Suf Thus droops this lofty pine and hangs his sprays,
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days

York Lords let him go Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat
And ready are the appellant and defendant
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists, 50
So please your Highness to behold the fight

Queen Ay, good my lord, for purposely therefore
Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried

King O God s name, see the lists and all things fit
Here let them end it and God defend the right!

York I never saw a fellow worse bested,
Or more afraid to fight than is the appellant
The servant of this armourer, my lords

Enter at one door, HORNER, *the Armourer, and his* NEIGHBOURS *drinking to him so much that he is drunk, and he enters with a drum before him and his staff with a sand bag fastened to it, and at the other door* PETER, *his man, with a drum and sand-bag and* 'PRENTICES *drinking to him*

1st Neigh Here neighbour Horner I drink to you in a cup of sack and fear not neighbour you shall do well enough 61

2nd Neigh And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco

3rd Neigh And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour drink, and fear not your man

Hor Let it come, i faith and I ll pledge you all, and a fig for Peter!

1st 'Pren Here, Peter, I drinl to thee and be not afraid

2nd 'Pren Be merry, Peter and fear not thy master fight for credit of the prentices 71

Peter I thank you all drinl and pray for me I pray you, for I think I have taken my last draught in this world Here Robin an if I die I give thee my apron and Will thou shall have my hammer and here Tom take all the money that I have O Lord bless me! I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already

Sal Come leave your drinking and fall to blows Sirrah what's thy name? 81

Peter Peter, forsooth

Sal Peter! what more?

Peter Thump

Sal Thump! then see thou thump thy master well

Hor Masters I am come hither as it were upon my man s instigation to prove him a knave and myself an honest man and touching the Duke of York I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the King, nor the Queen and therefore Peter, have at thee with a downright blow!

York Dispatch this knave s tongue begins to double
Sound trumpets alarum to the combatants!

Alarum They fight, and PETER *strikes him down*

Hor Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason [*Dies*

York Take away his weapon Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master s way 99

Peter O God have I overcome mine enemy in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right!

King Go take hence that traitor from our sight,
For by his death we do perceive his guilt
And God in justice hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murder d wrongfully
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward

[*So ind a flourish Exeunt*

SCENE IV *A street*

Enter GLOUCESTER *and his* SERVINGMEN, *in mourning cloaks*

Glou Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud,
And after summer evermore succeeds
Barren winter with his wrathful nipping cold
So cares and joys abound as seasons fleet
Sirs, what's o clock?

Serv Ten my lord

Glou Ten is the hour that was appointed me
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess
Uneath may she endure the flinty streets
To tread them with her tender feeling feet
Sweet Nell ill can thy noble mind abrook 10
The abject people gazing on thy face,
With envious looks laughing at thy shame
That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels

When thou didst ride in triumph through the
streets
Bu soft! I think she comes and I ll prepare
My tear stain d eyes to see her miseries

Enter the DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER *in a white sheet and a taper burn in her hand with* SIR JOHN STANLEY *the* SHERIFF *and Officers*

Serv So please your Grace we ll take her from the sheriff
Glou No stir not for your lives let her pass by
Duch Come you my lord to see my open shame?
Now thou dost penance too Look how they ga e!
See how the giddy multitude do point 21
And nod their head and throw their eyes on
thee
Ah Gloucester hide thee from their hateful
looks
And in thy closet pent up rue my shame
And ban thine enemies both mine and thine!
Glou Be patient gentle Nell forget this grief
Duch Ah Gloucester teach me to forget my
elf!
For whilst I think I am thy married wife
And thou a prince Protector of this land
Methinks I should not thus be l d along 30
Mail d up in shame with papers on my back
And follow d with a rabble that rejoice
To see my tears and hear my deep-fet groans
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet
And when I start the en ious people lau h
And bid me be advis d ho v I tread
Ah Humphrey can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trow st thou that e er I ll look upon the world
Or count them happy that enjoy th sun?
No dark shall be my light and night my day 40
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell
Sometime I ll say I am Duke Humphrey s wife
And he a prince and ruler of the land
Yet so he ruled and such a prince he was
As he stood by whilst I his forlorn duchess
Was made a wonder and a pointing stock
To every idle rascal follower
But be thou mild and blush not at my shame
Nor stir at nothing till the ax of death
Hang over thee as sure it shortly will 50
For Suffolk he that can do all in all
With her that hateth thee and hates us all
And York and imp ous Beaufort that false priest
Have all limed bushes to betray thy wings
And, fly thou how thou canst they ll tangle thee
But fear not thou until thy foo be snared
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes
Glou Ah Nell forbear! thou aimest all awry
I must offend before I be atta nted
And had I twenty times so many foes 60
And each of them had twenty times their power
All these could not procure me any scathe
So long as I am loyal tru and crimeless
Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?
Why yet thy scandal were not wiped away
But I in danger for the breach of law
Thy greatest help is quiet gentle Nell
I pray thee sort thy heart to patience
These few days wonder will be quickly worn

Enter a HERALD

Her I summon your Grace to his Majesty s
parliament 70
Holden at Bury the first of this next month
Glou And my consent ne er ask d herein be
fore!
Th s is close dealing Well I will be there
[*Exit* HERALD
My Nell I take my leave and master sheriff
Let not her penance exceed the King's commis
sion
Sher An t please your Grace here my commis-
sion stays
And Sir John Stanley is appointed now
To take her with him to the Isle of Man
Glou Must you Sir John, protect my lady here?
Stan So am I given in charge may t please your
Grace 80
Glou Entreat her not the worse in that I pray
You use her well the world may laugh again
And I may l ve to do you kindness if
You do it her and so Sir John farewell!
Duch What gone my lord, and bid me not
farewell
Glou Witness my tears I cannot stay to speak
[*Exeunt* GLOUCESTER *and* SERVINGMEN
Duch Art thou gone too? all comfort go with
thee!
For none abides with me my joy is death
Death at whose name I oft have been afear d,
Becau e I wish d this world s eternity 90
Stanley I prithee go and take me hence
I care not whither for I beg no favour
Only convey me where thou art commanded
Stan Why madam that is to the Isle of Man
There to be used according to your state
Duch Tha s bad enough for I am but re-
proach
And shall I then be used reproachfully?
Stan Like to a duchess and Duke Hum-
phrey s lady
Accord ng to that state you shall be used 99
Duch Sheriff farewell and better than I fare
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame
Sher It is my office and madam pardon me

Duch Ay, ay farewell, thy office is discharged
Come, Stanley, shall we go?
Stan Madam, your penance done, throw off
this sheet
And go we to attire you for our journey
Duch My shame will not be shifted with my
sheet
No it will hang upon my richest robes
And show itself, attire me how I can
Go, lead the way I long to see my prison 110
[*Exeunt*

ACT III

SCENE I *The Abbey at Bury St Edmund's*

Sound a sennet Enter the KING *the* QUEEN, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK YORK BUCKINGHAM SALISBURY *and* WARWICK *to the Parliament*

King I muse my Lord of Gloucester is not
come
Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate er occasion keeps him from us now
Queen Can you not see? or will ye not observe
The strangeness of his alter d countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself
How insolent of late he is become
How proud, how peremptory and unlike himself?
We know the time since he was mild and affable
And if we did but glance a far off look, 10
Immediately he was upon his knee
That all the court admired him for submission
But meet him now, and be it in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow and shows an angry eye
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs
Small curs are not regarded when they grin
But great men tremble when the lion roars,
And Humphrey is no little man in England 20
First note that he is near you in descent
And should you fall he is the next will mount
Me seemeth then it is no policy,
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears
And his advantage following your decease
That he should come about your royal person
Or be admitted to your Highness' council
By flattery hath he won the commons hearts,
And when he please to make commotion
'Tis to be fear d they all will follow him 30
Now tis the spring and weeds are shallow-
rooted
Suffer them now and they ll o'ergrow the garden
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry
The reverent care I bear unto my lord
Made me collect these dangers in the Duke
If it be fond call it a woman s fear
Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe and say I wrong d the Duke
My Lord of Suffoll Buckingham, and York,
Reprove my allegation, if you can, 40
Or else conclude my words effectual
Suf Well hath your Highness seen into this
duke,
And had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think I should have told your Grace s tale
The Duchess by his subornation,
Upon my life began her devilish practices
Or if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet by reputing of his high descent
As next the King he was successive heir,
And such high vaunts of his nobility, 50
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick Duchess
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep,
And in his simple show he harbours treason
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb
No, no my sovereign Gloucester is a man
Unsounded yet and full of deep deceit
Car Did he not contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?
York And did he not in his protectorship 60
Levy great sums of money through the realm
For soldiers pay in France and never sent it?
By means whereof the towns each day revolted
Buck Tut these are petty faults to faults
unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke
Humphrey
King My lords at once the care you have of
us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise but, shall I speak my con
science
Our kinsman Gloucester is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person 70
As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove
The Duke is virtuous mild and too well given
To dream on evil or to work my downfall
Queen Ah, what s more dangerous than this
fond affiance!
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he s disposed as the hateful raven
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
For he s inclined as is the ravenous wolf
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?
Take heed my lord the welfare of us all 80
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudful man

Enter SOMERSET

Som All health unto my gracious sovereign!

King Welcome Lord Somerset What news from France?
Som That all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you all is lost
King Cold news Lord Somerset but God s will be done!
York [*Aside*] Cold news for me for I had hope of France
As firmly as I hope for fertile England
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud
And caterpillars eat my leaves away 90
But I will remedy this gear ere long
Or sell my title for a glorious grave
Enter GLOUCESTER
Glou All happiness unto my lord the king!
Pardon my liege that I have stay d so long
Suf Nay Gloucester know that thou art come too soon
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art
I do arrest thee of high treason here
Glou Well Suffolk thou shalt not see me blush
Nor change my countenance for this arrest
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted 100
The purest spring is not so free from mud
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?
York Tis thought my lord that you took bribes of France
And being Protector stay d the soldiers pay
By means whereof his Highness hath lost France
Glou Is it but thought so? what are they that think it?
I never robb d the soldiers of their pay
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France
So help me God as I have watch d the night 110
Ay night by night in studying good for England
That doit that e er I wrested from the king
Or any groat I hoarded to my use
Be brought against me at my trial-day!
No many a pound of mine own proper store
Because I would not tax the needy commons
Have I d spursed to the garrisons
And never ask d for restitution
Car It serves you well my lord to say so much
Glou I say no more than truth so help me God! 1 0
York In your protectorship you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders never heard of
That England was defamed by tyranny
Glou Why tis well known that whiles I was Protector
Pity was all the fault that was in me
For I should melt at an offender s tears
And lowly words were ransom for their fault
Unless it were a bloody murderer
Or foul felonious thief that fleeced poor passengers
I never gave them condign punishment 130
Murder indeed that bloody sin I tortured
Above the felon or what trespass else
Suf My lord these faults are easy quickly answer d
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself
I do arrest you in his Highness name
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinal
To keep until your further time of trial
King My Lord of Gloucester tis my special hope
That you will clear yourself from all suspect 140
My conscience tells me you are innocent
Glou Ah gracious lord these days are dangerous
Virtue is choked with foul ambition
And charity chased hence by rancour s hand
Foul subornation is predominant
And equity exiled your Highness land
I know their complot is to have my life
And if my death might make this island happy
And prove the period of their tyranny
I would expend it with all willingness 150
But mine is made the prologue to their play
For thousands more that yet suspect no peril
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy
Beaufort s red sparkling eyes blab his heart s malice
And Suffolk s cloudy brow his stormy hate
Sharp Buckingham unburthens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart
And dogged York that reaches at the moon
Whose overweening arm I have pluck d back
By false accuse doth level at my life 160
And you my sovereign lady with the rest
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head
And with your best endeavour have stirr d up
My liefest liege to be mine enemy
Ay all of you have laid your heads together—
Myself had notice of your conventicles—
And all to make away my guiltless life
I shall not want false witness to condemn me
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt
The ancient proverb will be well effected 170
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog
Car My liege his railing is intolerable
If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason s secret knife and traitors rage
Be thus upbraided chid and rated at
And the offender granted scope of speech
Twill make them cool in zeal unto your Grace

Suf Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here
With ignominious words though clerkly couch'd,
As if she had suborned some to swear 180
False allegations to o'erthrow his state?
Queen But I can give the loser leave to chide
Glou Far truer spoke than meant I lose, indeed,
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false!
And well such losers may have leave to speak
Buck He'll wrest the sense and hold us here all day
Lord Cardinal, he is your prisoner
Car Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him sure
Glou Ah! thus King Henry throws away his crutch
Before his legs be firm to bear his body 190
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first
Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear
[*Exit guarded*
King My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,
Do or undo, as if ourself were here
Queen What, will your Highness leave the parliament?
King Ay, Margaret, my heart is drown'd with grief
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes,
My body round engirt with misery, 200
For what's more miserable than discontent?
Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
The map of honour truth and loyalty
And yet good Humphrey is the hour to come
That e'er I proved thee false or fear'd thy faith
What louring star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords and Margaret our queen
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
Thou never didst them wrong nor no man wrong,
And as the butcher takes away the calf 210
And binds the wretch and beats it when it strays,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter house,
Even so remorseless have they borne him hence
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss
Even so myself bewails good Gloucester's case
With sad unhelpful tears and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him and cannot do him good
So mighty are his vowed enemies 220
His fortunes I will weep and 'twixt each groan
Say "Who's a traitor? Gloucester he is none"
[*Exeunt all but* QUEEN CARDINAL BEAUFORT SUFFOLK, *and* YORK, SOMERSET *remains apart*

Queen Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams
Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity and Gloucester's show
Beguiles him as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers,
Or as the snake roll'd in a flowering bank
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child
That for the beauty thinks it excellent 230
Believe me, lords were none more wise than I—
And yet herein I judge mine own wit good—
This Gloucester should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him
Car That he should die is worthy policy,
But yet we want a colour for his death
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law
Suf But in my mind that were no policy
The King will labour still to save his life,
The commons haply rise, to save his life, 240
And yet we have but trivial argument
More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death
York So that, by this, you would not have him die
Suf Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I!
York 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death
But my Lord Cardinal, and you, my Lord of Suffolk,
Say as you think and speak it from your souls,
Were't not all one, an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place Duke Humphrey for the King's Protector? 250
Queen So the poor chicken should be sure of death
Suf Madam, 'tis true and were't not madness, then
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who being accused a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed
No, let him die in that he is a fox
By nature proved an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,
As Humphrey proved by reasons to my liege
And do not stand on quillets how to slay him 261
Be it by gins, by snares by subtlety
Sleeping or waking 'tis no matter how
So he be dead for that is good deceit
Which mates him first that first intends deceit
Queen Thrice noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke
Suf Not resolute except so much were do[ne]
For things are often spoke and seldom mean[t]

But that my heart accordeth with my ton rue,
Seeing the deed is meritorious 270
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe
Say but the word and I will be his priest
Car But I would have him dead my Lord of Suffolk
Ere you can take due orders for a priest
Say you consent and censure well the deed
And I ll provide his executioner
I tender so the safety of my liege
Suf Here is my hand the deed is worthy doing
Queen And so say I
York And I and now we three have spoke it 280
It skills not greatly who impugns our doom

Enter a POST

Post Great lords from Ireland am I come amain
To signify that rebels there are up
And put the Englishmen unto the sword
Send succours lords and stop the rage betime
Before the wound do grow uncurable
For being green there is great hope of help
Car A breach that craves a quick expedient stop!
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?
York That Somerset be sent as regent thither
'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ d 291
Witness the fortune he hath had in France
Som If York with all his far fet policy
Had been the regent there instead of me
He never would have stay d in France so long
York No not to lose it all as thou hast done
I rather would have lost my life betimes
Than bring a burthen of d shonour home
By staying there so long till all were lost
Show me one scar character d on thy skin 300
Men s flesh preserved so whole do seldom win
Queen Nay then, this spark will prove a raging fire
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with
No more good York sweet Somerset be still
Thy fortune York hadst thou been regent there
Might happily have proved far worse than his
York What worse than nought? nay then a shame take all!
Som And, in the number thee that wishest shame!
Car My Lord of York try what your fortune is
The uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms 310
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen
To Ireland will you lead a band of men
Collected choicely from each county some
And try your hap against the Irishmen?

York I will my lord so please his Majesty
Suf Why our authority is his consent
And what we do establish he confirms
Then, noble York take thou this task in hand
York I am content provide me soldiers lords
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs 320
Suf A charge Lord York that I will see perform d
But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey
Car No more of him for I will deal with him
That henceforth he shall trouble us no more
And so break off the day is almost spent
Lord Suffolk you and I must talk of that event
York My Lord of Suffolk within fourteen days
At Bristol I expect my soldiers
For there I ll ship them all for Ireland
Suf I ll see it truly done my Lord of York
[*Exeunt all but* YORK
York Now York or never steel thy fearful thoughts 331
And change misdoubt to resolution
Be that thou hopest to be or what thou art
Resign to death it is not worth the enjoying
Let pale faced fear keep with the mean born man
And find no harbour in a royal heart
Faster than spring time showers comes thought on thought
And not a thought but thinks on dignity
My brain more busy than the labouring spider
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies 340
Well nobles well tis politicly done
To send me packing, with an host of men
I fear me you but warm the starved snake
Who cherish d in your breasts will sting your hearts
Twas men I lack d and you will give them me
I take it kindly yet be well assured
You put sharp weapons in a madman s hands
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band
I will stir up in England some black storm
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage 351
Until the golden circuit on my head
Like to the glorious sun s transparent beams
Do calm the fury of this mad bred flaw
And for a minister of my intent
I have seduced a headstrong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford
To make commotion as full well he can
Under the title of John Mortimer
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade 360
Oppose himself against a troop of kerns
And fought so long till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill d porpentine
And in the end being rescued I have seen
Him caper upright like a wild Morisco

Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells
Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kern,
Hath he conversed with the enemy,
And undiscover'd come to me again
And given me notice of their villainies 370
This devil here shall be my substitute,
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech he doth resemble
By this I shall perceive the commons mind,
How they affect the house and claim of York
Say he be taken, rack'd and tortured,
I know no pain they can inflict upon him
Will make him say I moved him to those arms
Say that he thrive, as 'tis great like he will
Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow d, 381
For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be
And Henry put apart, the next for me [*Exit*

SCENE II *Bury St Edmund s A room of state*

Enter certain MURDERERS, *hastily*

1st Mur Run to my Lord of Suffolk let him know
We have dispatch d the Duke as he commanded
2nd Mur O that it were to do! What have we done?
Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter SUFFOLK

1st Mur Here comes my lord
Suf Now sirs have you dispatch'd this thing?
1st Mur Ay, my good lord, he s dead
Suf Why, that s well said Go, get you to my house,
I will reward you for this venturous deed
The King and all the peers are here at hand 10
Have you laid fair the bed? Is all things well,
According as I gave directions?
1st Mur 'Tis, my good lord
Suf Away! be gone [*Exeunt* MURDERERS

Sound trumpets Enter the KING *the* QUEEN CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SOMERSET *with Attendants*

King Go, call our uncle to our presence straight,
Say we intend to try his Grace to-day,
If he be guilty as tis published
Suf I'll call him presently my noble lord [*Exit*
King Lords, take your places, and, I pray you all,
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloucester
Than from true evidence of good esteem 21
He be approved in practice culpable
Queen God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion!
King I thank thee, Meg, these words content me much

Re enter SUFFOLK

How now! why look st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our uncle? what s the matter, Suffolk?
Suf Dead in his bed my lord, Gloucester is dead
Queen Marry, God forfend! 30
Car God s secret judgement I did dream to-night
The Duke was dumb and could not speak a word

The KING *swoons*

Queen How fares my lord? Help lords! the King is dead
Som Rear up his body wring him by the nose
Queen Run, go, help help! O Henry, ope thine eyes!
Suf He doth revive again madam, be patient
King O heavenly God!
Queen How fares my gracious lord?
Suf Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!
King What, doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort me?
Came he right now to sing a raven s note, 40
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers,
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren
By crying comfort from a hollow breast
Can chase away the first conceived sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar d words
Lay not thy hands on me, forbear, I say
Their touch affrights me as a serpent s sting
Thou baleful messenger out of my sight!
Upon thy eye balls murderous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty to fright the world 50
Look not upon me for thine eyes are wounding
Yet do not go away come basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight
For in the shade of death I shall find joy
In life but double death, now Gloucester s dead
Queen Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk thus?
Although the Duke was enemy to him
Yet he most Christian like laments his death
And for myself foe as he was to me
Might liquid tears or heart-offending groans 60
Or blood consuming sighs recall his life
I would be blind with weeping sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble Duke alive
What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known we were but hollow friends
It may be judged I made the Duke away

So shall my name with slander s tongue be wounded
And princes courts be fill d with my reproach
This get I by his death ay me, unhappy! 70
To be a queen, and crown d with infamy!

King Ah woe is me for Gloucester wretched man

Queen Be woe for me more wretched than he is
What dost thou turn away and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper look on me
What! art thou, like the adder waxen deaf?
Be poisonous too and kill thy forlorn queen
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloucester s tomb?
Why then Dame Margaret was ne er thy joy
Erect his statua and worship it 80
And make my image but an alehouse sign
Was I for this nigh wreck d upon the sea
And twice by awkward wind from England s bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this but well forewarning wind
Did seem to say 'Seek not a scorpion s nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore ?
What did I then, but cursed the gentle gusts
And he that loosed them forth their brazen caves
And bid them blow towards England s blessed shore 90
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
Yet Æolus would not be a murderer
But left that hateful office unto thee
The pretty vaulting sea refused to drown me
Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown d on shore
With tears as salt as sea through thy unkindness
The splitting rocks cower d in the sinking sands
And would not dash me with their ragged sides
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they
Might in thy palace perish Margaret 100
As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs
When from thy shore the tempest beat us back
I stood upon the hatches in the storm
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land s view
I took a costly jewel from my neck
A heart it was bound in with diamonds
And threw it towards thy land the sea received it
And so I wish d thy body might my heart
And even with this I lost fair England s view 110
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart
And call d them blind and dusky spectacles
For losing ken of Albion s wished coast
How often have I tempted Suffolk s tongue,
The agent of thy foul inconstancy
To sit and witch me as Ascanius did
When he to madding Dido would unfold
His father s acts commenced in burning Troy!
Am I not witch d like her? or thou not false like him?
Ay me I can no more! die, Margaret! 120
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long

Noise within Enter WARWICK SALISBURY *and many* COMMONS

War It is reported mighty sovereign
That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is murder d
By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort s means
The commons like an angry hive of bees
That want their leader scatter up and down
And care not who they sting in his revenge
Myself have calm d their spleenful mutiny
Until they hear the order of his death

King That he is dead, good Warwick tis too true 130
But how he died God knows not Henry
Enter his chamber view his breathless corpse
And comment then upon his sudden death

War That shall I do my liege Stay Salisbury
With the rude multitude till I return [*Exit*

King O Thou that judgest all things stay my thoughts
My thoughts that labour to persuade my soul
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey s life!
If my suspect be false forgive me God
For judgement only doth belong to thee 140
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling
But all in vain are these mean obsequies
And to survey his dead and earthly image
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

Re-enter WARWICK *and others bearing Gloucester s body on a bed*

War Come hither gracious sovereign, view this body

King That is to see how deep my grave is made 150
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace
For seeing him I see my life in death

War As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King that took our state upon him
To free us from his father s wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke

Suf A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow?
War See how the blood is settled in his face
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost, 161
Of ashy semblance meagre, pale and bloodless
Being all descended to the labouring heart
Who in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy,
Which with the heart there cools and ne er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again
But see, his face is black and full of blood,
His eye balls further out than when he lived
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man, 170
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretched with struggling,
His hands abroad display'd as one that grasp'd
And tugg d for life and was by strength subdued
Look, on the sheets his hair, you see is sticking,
His well proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodged
It cannot be but he was murder'd here,
The least of all these signs were probable
Suf Why Warwick, who should do the Duke to death?
Myself and Beaufort had him in protection 180
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers
War But both of you were vow'd Duke Humphrey s foes
And you, forsooth had the good Duke to keep
'Tis like you would not feast him like a friend,
And 'tis well seen he found an enemy
Queen Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death
War Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe
But will suspect twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock s nest 191
But may imagine how the bird was dead
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy
Queen Are you the butcher, Suffolk? Where's your knife?
Is Beaufort term d a kite? Where are his talons?
Suf I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men,
But here's a vengeful sword rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart 199
That slanders me with murder s crimson badge
Say, if thou darest proud Lord of Warwickshire
That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey s death
[*Exeunt* CARDINAL, SOMERSET *and others*

War What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?
Queen He dares not calm his contumelious spirit
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times
War Madam, be still, with reverence may I say,
For every word you speak in his behalf
Is slander to your royal dignity
Suf Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!
If ever lady wrong d her lord so much, 211
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor d churl and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip whose fruit thou art
And never of the Nevils' noble race
War But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild 219
I would false murderous coward on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech
And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy,
And after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious blood sucker of sleeping men!
Suf Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou darest go with me
War Away even now, or I will drag thee hence
Unworthy though thou art I ll cope with thee 230
And do some service to Duke Humphrey s ghost
[*Exeunt* SUFFOLK *and* WARWICK
King What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted!
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked though lock d up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted
A noise within
Queen What noise is this?

Re-enter SUFFOLK *and* WARWICK, *with their weapons drawn*

King Why, how now, lords! your wrathful weapons drawn
Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?
Why what tumultous clamour have we here?
Suf The traitorous Warwick with the men of Bury 240
Set all upon me mighty sovereign
Sal [*To the* COMMONS *entering*] Sirs, stand apart the King shall know your mind
Dread lord the commons send you word by me,
Unless Lord Suffolk straight be done to death,

Or banished fair England s territories
They will by violence tear him from your palace
And torture him with grievous lingering death
They say by him the good Duke Humphrey died
They say in him they fear your Highness death
And mere instinct of love and loyalty 250
Free from a stubborn opposite intent
As being thought to contradict your liking
Makes them thus forward in his banishment
They say in care of your most royal person
That if your Highness should intend to sleep
And charge that no man should disturb your rest
In pain of your dislike or pain of death
Yet notwithstanding such a strait edict
Were there a serpent seen with forked tongue
That slily glided towards your Majesty 260
It were but necessary you were waked
Lest being suffer d in that harmful slumber
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal
And therefore do they cry though you forbid
That they will guard you whether you will or no
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is
With whose envenomed and fatal sting
Your loving uncle twenty times his worth
They say is shamefully bereft of life

Commons [*Within*] An answer from the King my Lord of Salisbury! 270

Suf Tis like the commons rude unpolish d hinds
Could send such message to their sovereign
But you my lord were glad to be employ d
To show how quaint an orator you are
But all the honour Salisbury hath won
Is that he was the lord ambassador
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the King

Commons [*Within*] An answer from the King or we will all break in!

King Go Salisbury and tell them all from me
I thank them for their tender loving care 280
And had I not been cited so by them
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat
For sure my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk s means
And therefore by His majesty I swear
Whose far unworthy deputy I am
He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer on the pain of death

[*Exit* SALISBURY

Queen O Henry let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

King Ungentle queen to call him gentle Suffolk!
No more I say if thou dost plead for him 290
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath
Had I but said, I would have kept my word,
But when I swear it is irrevocable
If after three days space thou here be st found
On any ground that I am ruler of
The world shall not be ransom for thy life
Come Warwick come good Warwick go with me
I have great matters to impart to thee

[*Exeunt all but* QUEEN *and* SUFFOLK

Queen Mischance and sorrow go along with you! 300
Heart s discontent and sour affliction
Be playfellows to keep you company!
There s two of you the devil make a third!
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

Suf Cease gentle queen, these execrations
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave

Queen Fie coward woman and soft hearted wretch!
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?

Suf A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?
Would curses kill as doth the mandrake s groan
I would invent as bitter searching terms 311
As curst as harsh and horrible to hear
Deliver d strongly through my fixed teeth
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean faced Envy in her loathsome cave
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint
Mine hair be fix d on end as one distract
Ay every joint should seem to curse and ban
And even now my burthen d heart would break
Should I not curse them Poison be their drink! 321
Gall worse than gall the daintiest that they taste!
Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees!
Their chiefest prospect murdering basilisks!
Their softest touch as smart as lizards stings!
Their music frightful as the serpent s hiss
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark seated hell—

Queen Enough sweet Suffolk thou torment st thyself
And these dread curses like the sun gainst glass
Or like an overcharged gun, recoil 331
And turn the force of them upon thyself

Suf You bade me ban and will you bid me leave?
Now by the ground that I am banish d from
Well could I curse away a winter s night
Though standing naked on a mountain top
Where biting cold would never let grass grow
And think it but a minute spent in sport

Queen O let me entreat thee cease Give me thy hand

That I may dew it with my mournful tears, *340*
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woful monuments
O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
That thou mightst think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breathed
for thee!
So get thee gone, that I may know my grief,
'Tis but surmised whiles thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits thinking on a want
I will repeal thee or, be well assured
Adventure to be banished myself *350*
And banished I am, if but from thee
Go, speak not to me, even now be gone
O go not yet! Even thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace and kiss and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die
Yet now farewell and farewell life with thee!

Suf Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee
'Tis not the land I care for wert thou thence,
A wilderness is populous enough, *360*
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world,
And where thou art not, desolation
I can no more live thou to joy thy life,
Myself no joy in nought but that thou livest

Enter VAUX

Queen Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news,
I prithee?

Vaux To signify unto his Majesty
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death,
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him, *370*
That makes him gasp and stare and catch the air,
Blaspheming God and cursing men on earth
Sometime he talks as if Duke Humphrey s ghost
Were by his side sometime he calls the King
And whispers to his pillow as to him
The secrets of his overcharged soul
And I am sent to tell his Majesty
That even now he cries aloud for him

Queen Go tell this heavy message to the King
[*Exit* VAUX
Ay me! what is this world! what news are these!
But wherefore grieve I at an hour s poor loss, *381*
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul s treasure?
Why only, Suffolk mourn I not for thee
And with the southern clouds contend in tears
Theirs for the earth s increase mine for my
sorrows?
Now get thee hence the King, thou know st, is
coming
If thou be found by me thou art but dead

Suf If I depart from thee I cannot live,
And in thy sight to die, what were it else
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap? *390*
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe
Dying with mother s dug between its lips
Where from thy sight I should be raging mad
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth,
So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it lived in sweet Elysium
To die by thee were but to die in jest, *400*
From thee to die were torture more than death
O let me stay befall what may befall!

Queen Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive
It is applied to a deathful wound
To France sweet Suffolk let me hear from thee,
For wheresoe er thou art in this world s globe,
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out

Suf I go

Queen And take my heart with thee

Suf A jewel lock d into the wofull st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth *410*
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we
This way fall I to death

Queen This way for me
[*Exeunt severally*

SCENE III *A bedchamber*

Enter the KING SALISBURY WARWICK, *to the* CARDINAL *in bed*

King How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to
thy sovereign

Car If thou be'st death, I ll give thee England s
treasure
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live and feel no pain

King Ah what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death s approach is seen so terrible!

War Beaufort it is thy sovereign speaks to thee

Car Bring me unto my trial when you will
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, whether they will or no? *10*
O torture me no more! I will confess
Alive again? then show me where he is
I ll give a thousand pound to look upon him
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them
Comb down his hair, look, look! it stands upright
Like lime twigs set to catch my winged soul
Give me some drink and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him

King O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch! *20*
O beat away the busy meddling fiend

That lays strong siege unto this wretch s soul
And from his bosom purge this black despair!
War See how the pangs of death do make him grin!
Sal Disturb him not let him pass peaceably
King Peace to his soul if God s good pleasure be!
Lord Cardinal if thou think st on hea en s bliss
Hold up thy hand make signal of thy hope
He dies and makes no sign O God forgive him!
War So bad a death argues a monstrous life 29
King Forbear to jud e for we are sinners all
Close up his eyes and draw the curtain close
And let u all to meditation [*Exeunt*

ACT IV

SCENE I *The coast of Kent*

Al rum Fight at sea Ordnance goes off Enter a CAPTAIN *a* MASTER *a* MASTER S-MATE WALTER WHITMORE *and others with them* SUFFOLK *dis guised and other gentlemen prisoners*

Cap The gaudy blabbing and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea
And now loud howling wolves arouse the jades
That dra the tragic melancholy night
Who with their drowsy slow and fla ging wings
Clip dead men s graves and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air
Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize
For whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs
Here hall they make their ransom on the sand 10
Or with their blood stain th s discolour d shore
Master this pri oner freely give I thee
And thou that art his mate make boot of this
The other Walter Whitmore is thy share
1st Gent What is my ransom master? let me know
Mast A thousand crowns or else lay down your head
Mate And so much shall you give or off goes yours
Cap What think you much to pay two thou sand crowns
And bear the name and port of gen lemen?
Cut both the villains throats for die you shall
The lives of those which we have lost in fight
Be counterpoi ed with such a petty sum! 21
1st Gent I ll give it sir and therefore spare my life
2nd Gent And so will I and wri e home for it straight
Whit I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard
And therefore to revenge it shalt thou die
[*To* SUFFOLK
And so should these if I might have my will
Cap Be not so rash take ransom let him live
Suf Look on my George I am a gentleman
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid 30
Whit And so am I my name is Walter Whit more
How now! why start st thou? what doth death affright?
Suf Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death
A cunning man did calculate my birth
And told me that by water I should die
Yet let not this make thee be bloody minded
Thy name is Gaultier being rightly sounded
Whit Gaultier or Walter which it is I care not
Never yet did base dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword we wiped away the blot 40
Therefore when merchant like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword my arms torn and defaced,
And I proclaim d a coward through the world!
Suf Stay Whitmore for thy prisoner is a prince
The Duke of Suffolk William de la Pole
Whit The Duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags!
Suf Ay but these rags are no part of the duke
Jove sometime went disguised and why not I?
Cap But Jove was never slain as thou shalt be
Suf Obscure and lowly swain King Henry s blood 50
The honourable blood of Lancaster
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom
Hast thou not kiss d thy hand and held my stir rup?
Bare headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
How often hast thou waited at my cup
Fed from my trencher kneel d down at the board
When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?
Remember it and let it make thee crest fall n, 60
Ay and allay this thy abortive pride
How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood
And duly waited for my coming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue
Whit Speak captain hall I stab the forlorn swain?
Cap First let my words stab him as he hath me
Suf Base slave thy words are blunt and so art thou

Cap Convey him hence and on our long boat's side
Strike off his head
Suf Thou darest not, for thy own
Cap Yes, Pole
Suf Pole!
Cap Pool! Sir Pool! lord! 70
Ay, kennel, puddle, sink, whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth
For swallowing the treasure of the realm
Thy lips that kiss'd the queen shall sweep the ground,
And thou that smiled at good Duke Humphrey's death
Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affy a mighty lord 80
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject wealth, nor diadem
By devilish policy art thou grown great
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorged
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart
By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France,
The false revolting Normans thorough thee
Disdain to call us lord and Picardy
Hath slain their governors surprised our forts
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home 90
The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,
As hating thee, are rising up in arms
And now the house of York, thrust from the crown
By shameful murder of a guiltless king
And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,
Burns with revenging fire, whose hopeful colours
Advance our half faced sun, striving to shine
Under the which is writ "*Invitis nubibus*"
The commons here in Kent are up in arms 100
And, to conclude, reproach and beggary
Is crept into the palace of our king
And all by thee Away! convey him hence
Suf O that I were a god to shoot forth thunder
Upon these paltry, servile abject drudges!
Small things make base men proud this villain here,
Being captain of a pinnace threatens more
Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate
Drones suck not eagles blood but rob bee hives
It is impossible that I should die 110
By such a lowly vassal as thyself
Thy words move rage and not remorse in me
I go of message from the Queen to France,
I charge thee waft me safely cross the Channel
Capt Walter,—
Whit Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death
Suf *Gelidus timor occupat artus*, it is thee I fear
Whit Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave thee
What are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?
1st Gent My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair 120
Suf Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Used to command, untaught to plead for favour
Far be it we should honour such as these
With humble suit no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any
Save to the God of heaven and to my king,
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole
Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom
True nobility is exempt from fear
More can I bear than you dare execute 130
Cap Hale him away, and let him talk no more
Suf Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,
That this my death may never be forgot!
Great men oft die by vile bezonians
A Roman sworder and banditto slave
Murder'd sweet Tully, Brutus' bastard hand
Stabb'd Julius Cæsar, savage islanders
Pompey the Great and Suffolk dies by pirates
[*Exeunt* WHITMORE *and others with* SUFFOLK
Cap And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart 140
Therefore come you with us and let him go
[*Exeunt all but the* FIRST GENTLEMAN

Re-enter WHITMORE *with* SUFFOLK'S *body*

Whit There let his head and lifeless body lie
Until the queen his mistress bury it [*Exit*
1st Gent O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the King
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends,
So will the Queen that living held him dear
[*Exit with the body*

SCENE II *Blackheath*

Enter GEORGE BEVIS *and* JOHN HOLLAND

Bevis Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath they have been up these two days
Holl They have the more need to sleep now, then
Bevis I tell thee Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth and turn it and set a new nap upon it
Holl So he had need for 'tis threadbare Well, I say it was never merry world in England since gentlemen came up 10

Bevis O miserable age! virtue is not regarded in handicrafts-men

Holl The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons

Bevis Nay more the King s council are no good workmen

Holl True and yet it is said, Labour in thy vocation which is as much to say as Let the magistrates be labouring men and therefore should we be magistrates 20

Bevis Thou hast hit it for there s no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand

Holl I see them! I see them! There s Best s son, the tanner of Wingham—

Bevis He shall have the skins of our enemies to make dog s leather of

Holl And Dick the Butcher—

Bevis Then is sin struck down like an ox and iniquity s throat cut like a calf

Holl And Smith the weaver— 30

Bevis Argo their thread of life is spun

Holl Come come let s fall in with them

Drum Enter CADE DICK *the Butcher* SMITH *the Weaver and a Sawyer with infinite numbers*

Cade We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father—

Dick [*Aside*] Or rather of stealing a cade of herrings

Cade For our enemies shall fall before us inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes—Command silence

Dick Silence! 40

Cade My father was a Mortimer—

Dick [*Aside*] He was an honest man and a good bricklayer

Cade My mother a Plantagenet—

Dick [*Aside*] I knew her well she was a midwife

Cade My wife descended of the Lacies—

Dick [*Aside*] She was indeed a pedler s daughter and sold many laces 49

Smith [*Aside*] But now of late not able to travel with her furred pack she washes bucks here at home

Cade Therefore am I of an honourable house

Dick [*Aside*] Ay by my faith the field is honourable and there was he born under a hedge for his father had never a house but the cage

Cade Valiant I am

Smith [*Aside*] A must needs for beggary is valiant

Cade I am able to endure much 60

Dick [*Aside*] No question of that for I have seen him whipped three market-days together

Cade I fear neither sword nor fire

Smith [*Aside*] He need not fear the sword for his coat is of proof

Dick [*Aside*] But methinks he should stand in fear of fire being burnt i the hand for stealing of sheep

Cade Be brave then for your captain is brave and vows reformation There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny the three hooped pot shall have ten hoops and I will make it felony to drink small beer all the realm shall be in common and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass and when I am king as king I will be—

All God save your majesty!

Cade I thank you good people there shall be no money all shall eat and drink on my score and I will apparel them all in one livery that they may agree like brothers and worship me their lord

Dick The first thing we do let s kill all the lawyers

Cade Nay that I mean to do Is not this a lamentable thing that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment being scribbled o er should undo a man? Some say the bee stings but I say tis the bee s wax for I did but seal once to a thing and I was never mine own man since How now! who s there? 91

Enter some bringing forward the CLERK OF CHATHAM

Smith The clerk of Chatham he can write and read and cast accomp

Cade O monstrous!

Smith We took him setting of boys copies

Cade Here s a villain!

Smith Has a book in his pocket with red letters in t

Cade Nay then, he is a conjurer

Dick Nay he can make obligations and write court hand 101

Cade I am sorry for t the man is a proper man of mine honour unless I find him guilty he shall not die Come hither sirrah I must examine thee what is thy name?

Clerk Emmanuel

Dick They use to write it on the top of letters twill go hard with you

Cade Let me alone Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself like an honest plain dealing man? 111

Clerk Sir I thank God I have been so well brought up that I can write my name

All He hath confessed away with him! he s a villain and a traitor

Cade Away with him, I say! hang him with his

pen and ink horn about his neck
[*Exit one with the* CLERK

Enter MICHAEL

Mich Where's our general?
Cade Here I am, thou particular fellow 119
Mich Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the King's forces
Cade Stand, villain stand, or I'll fell thee down He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself he is but a knight, is a'?
Mich No
Cade To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently [*Kneels*] Rise up Sir John Mortimer [*Rises*] Now have at him!

Enter SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD *and* WILLIAM STAFFORD, *his Brother, with drum and soldiers*

H Staf Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent, 130
Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down,
Home to your cottages, forsake this groom
The King is merciful, if you revolt
W Staf But angry, wrathful, and inclined to blood,
If you go forward, therefore yield, or die
Cade As for these silken coated slaves, I pass not
It is to you, good people, that I speak
Over whom, in time to come I hope to reign,
For I am rightful heir unto the crown
H Staf Villain, thy father was a plasterer, 140
And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not?
Cade And Adam was a gardener
W Staf And what of that?
Cade Marry this Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March,
Married the Duke of Clarence' daughter, did he not?
H Staf Ay, sir
Cade By her he had two children at one birth
W Staf That's false
Cade Ay, there's the question, but I say, 'tis true
The elder of them, being put to nurse, 150
Was by a beggar-woman stolen away,
And ignorant of his birth and parentage
Became a bricklayer when he came to age
His son am I, deny it, if you can
Dick Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he shall be king
Smith Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it, therefore deny it not
H Staf And will you credit this base drudge's words,
That speaks he knows not what? 160
All Ay, marry, will we, therefore get ye gone
W Staf Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this
Cade [*Aside*] He lies, for I invented it myself
Go to, sirrah, tell the King from me that for his father's sake, Henry the Fifth in whose time boys went to span counter for French crowns, I am content he shall reign, but I'll be Protector over him
Dick And furthermore, we'll have the Lord Say's head for selling the dukedom of Maine 170
Cade And good reason, for thereby is England mained, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up Fellow kings I tell you that that Lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth, and made it an eunuch and more than that, he can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor
H Staf O gross and miserable ignorance!
Cade Nay answer if you can the Frenchmen are our enemies, go to, then I ask but this can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counsellor, or no?
All No no, and therefore we'll have his head
W Staf Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail
Assail them with the army of the King
H Staf Herald away and throughout every town
Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade,
That those which fly before the battle ends
May, even in their wives and children's sight
Be hang'd up for example at their doors 190
And you that be the King's friends, follow me
[*Exeunt the* TWO STAFFORDS *and soldiers*
Cade And you that love the commons, follow me
Now show yourselves men, 'tis for liberty
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman
Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon,
For they are thrifty honest men and such
As would but that they dare not, take our parts
Dick They are all in order and march toward us
Cade But then are we in order when we are most out of order Come, march forward 200
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III *Another part of Blackheath*

Alarums to the fight wherein both the STAFFORDS *are slain Enter* CADE *and the rest*

Cade Where's Dick the butcher of Ashford?
Dick Here, sir
Cade They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house therefore thus will

I reward thee the Lent shall be as long again as it is and thou shalt have a licence to kill for a hundred lacking one

Dick I desire no more 10

Cade And to speak truth thou deservest no less This monument of the victory will I bear [*putting on Sir Humphrey s brigandine*] and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse heels till I do come to London where we will have the mayor s sword borne before us

Dick If we mean to thrive and do good break open the gaols and let out the prisoners

Cade Fear not that I warrant thee Come let s march towards London [*Exeunt* 20

SCENE IV *London The palace*

Enter the KING *with a supplication and the* QUEEN *with Suffolk s head the* DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM *and the* LORD SAY

Queen Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind
And makes it fearful and degenerate
Think therefore on revenge and cease to weep
But who can cease to weep and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast
But where s the body that I should embrace?

Buck What answer makes your grace to the rebel s supplication?

King I ll send some holy bishop to entreat
For God forbid so many simple souls 10
Should perish by the sword! And I myself
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short
Will parley with Jack Cade their general
But stay I ll read it over once again

Queen Ah barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
Ruled like a wandering planet over me
And could it not enforce them to relent
That were unworthy to behold the same?

King Lord Say Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head

Say Ay but I hope your Highness shall have his 20

King How now madam!
Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolk s death?
I fear me love if that I had been dead
Thou wouldest not have mourn d so much for me

Queen No my love I should not mourn, but die for thee

Enter a MESSENGER

King How now what news? why comest thou in such haste?

Mess The rebels are in Southwark fly my lord!
Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer
Descended from the Duke of Clarence house
And calls your Grace usurper openly 30
And vows to crown himself in Westminster
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants rude and merciless
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother s death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed
All scholars lawyers courtiers gentlemen,
They call false caterpillars and intend their death

King O graceless men! they know not what they do

Buck My gracious lord retire to Killingworth
Until a power be raised to put them down 40

Queen Ah were the Duke of Suffolk now alive
These Kentish rebels would be soon appeased!

King Lord Say the traitors hate thee
Therefore away with us to Killingworth

Say So might your Grace s person be in danger
The sight of me is odious in their eyes
And therefore in this city will I stay
And live alone as secret as I may

Enter another MESSENGER

Mess Jack Cade hath gotten London bridge
The citizens fly and forsake their houses 50
The rascal people thirsting after prey
Join with the traitor and they jointly swear
To spoil the city and your royal court

Buck Then linger not my lord away take horse

King Come Margaret God our hope will succour us

Queen My hope is gone now Suffolk is deceased

King Farewell my lord trust not the Kentish rebels

Buck Trust nobody for fear you be betray d

Say The trust I have is in mine innocence
And therefore am I bold and resolute 60
[*Exeunt*

SCENE V *London The Tower*

Enter LORD SCALES *upon the Tower walking Then enter two or three* CITIZENS *below*

Scales How now! is Jack Cade slain?

1st Cit No my lord nor likely to be slain for they have won the bridge killing all those that withstand them the Lord Mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower to defend the city from the rebels

Scales Such aid as I can spare you shall command
But I am troubled here with them myself
The rebels have assay d to win the Tower
But get you to Smithfield and gather head 10
And thither I will send you Matthew Goffe
Fight for your King your country and your lives

And so, farewell for I must hence again
[*Exeunt*

SCENE VI *London Cannon Street*

Enter JACK CADE *and the rest, and strikes his staff on London stone*

Cade Now is Mortimer lord of this city And here, sitting upon London stone, I charge and command that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign And now henceforward it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer

Enter a SOLDIER, *running*

Sold Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade Knock him down there [*They kill him*]

Smith If this fellow be wise he'll never call ye Jack Cade more I think he hath a very fair warning

Dick My lord there's an army gathered together in Smithfield

Cade Come, then, let's go fight with them but first, go and set London bridge on fire and if you can, burn down the Tower too Come let's away [*Exeunt*

SCENE VII *London Smithfield*

Alarums MATTHEW GOFFE *is slain and all the rest Then enter* JACK CADE, *with his company*

Cade So, sirs now go some and pull down the Savoy others to the inns of court down with them all

Dick I have a suit unto your lordship

Cade Be it a lordship thou shalt have it for that word

Dick Only that the laws of England may come out of your mouth

Holl [*Aside*] Mass 'twill be sore law then for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear and 'tis not whole yet 11

Smith [*Aside*] Nay, John it will be stinking law for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese

Cade I have thought upon it it shall be so Away burn all the records of the realm my mouth shall be the parliament of England

Holl [*Aside*] Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out

Cade And henceforward all things shall be in common 21

Enter a MESSENGER

Mess My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the Lord Say which sold the towns in France he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound the last subsidy

Enter GEORGE BEVIS *with the* LORD SAY

Cade Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal What canst thou answer to my Majesty for giving up of Normandy unto Mounsieur Basimecu the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school and whereas before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally thou hast caused printing to be used, and, contrary to the King, his crown and dignity thou hast built a paper mill It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer Moreover, thou hast put them in prison, and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them, when, indeed only for that cause they have been most worthy to live Thou dost ride in a foot cloth, dost thou not?

Say What of that?

Cade Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak when honester men than thou go in their hose and doublets

Dick And work in their shirt too, as myself for example, that am a butcher

Say You men of Kent—

Dick What say you of Kent? 60

Say Nothing but this, 'tis *bona terra, mala gens*

Cade Away with him away with him! he speaks Latin

Say Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will

Kent in the *Commentaries* Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle
Sweet is the country because full riches
The people liberal valiant active, wealthy
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy, 70
Yet, to recover them would lose my life.
Justice with favour have I always done
Prayers and tears have moved me, gifts could never
When have I aught exacted at your hands
But to maintain the King the realm and you?
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerk
Because my book preferr'd me to the King,

And seeing ignorance is the curse of God
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven
Unless you be possess d with devilish spirits 80
You cannot but forbear to murder me
This tongue hath parley d unto foreign kings
For your behoof—
Cade Tut when struck st thou one blow in the field?
Say Great men have reaching hands oft have I struck
Those that I never saw and struck them dead
Geo O monstrous coward? what to come behind folks?
Say These cheeks are pale for watching for your good 90
Cade Give him a box o the ear and that will make em red again
Say Long sitting to determine poor men s causes
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases
Cade Ye shall have a hempen caudle then and the help of hatchet
Dick Why dost thou quiver man?
Say The palsy and not fear provokes me
Cade Nay he nods at us as who should say I ll be even with you I ll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole or no Take him away and behead him
Say Tell me wherein have I offended most?
Have I affected wealth or honour? speak
Are my chests fill d up with extorted gold?
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injured that ye seek my death?
These hands are free from guiltless blood shedding
This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts
O let me live! 110
Cade [*Aside*] I feel remorse in myself with his words but I ll bridle it he shall die an it be but for pleading so well for his life Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue he speaks not o God s name Go take him away I say and strike off his head presently and then break into his son in law s house Sir James Cromer and strike off his head and bring them both upon two poles hither
All It shall be done 120
Say Ah countrymen! if when you make your prayers
God should be so obdurate as yourselves
How would it fare with your departed souls?
And therefore yet relent and save my life
Cade Away with him! and do as I command ye
[*Exeunt some with* LORD SAY
The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders unless he pay me tribute there shall not a maid be married but she shall pay to me her maidenhead ere they have it men shall hold of me *in capite* and we charge and command that their wives be as free as heart can wish or tongue can tell
Dick My lord when shall we go to Cheapside and take up commodities upon our bills?
Cade Marry presently
All O brave

Re-enter one with the heads

Cade But is not this braver? Let them kiss one another for they loved well when they were alive Now part them again lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France Soldiers defer the spoil of the city until night for with these borne before us instead of of maces will we ride through the streets and at every corner have them kiss Away! [*Exeunt*

SCENE VIII *Southwark*

Alarum and retreat Enter CADE *and all his rabblement*

Cade Up Fish Street! down Saint Magnus Corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames! [*Sound a parley*] What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley when I command them kill?

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and old* CLIFFORD *attended*

Buck Ay here they be that dare and will disturb thee
Know Cade we come ambassadors from the king
Unto the commons whom thou hast misled
And here pronounce free pardon to them all
That will forsake thee and go home in peace 10
Clif What say ye countrymen? will ye relent
And yield to mercy whilst tis offer d you
Or let a rebel lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the king and will embrace his pardon
Fling up his cap and say God save his Majesty!
Who hateth him and honours not his father
Henry the Fifth that made all France to quake
Shake he his weapon at us and pass by
All God save the King! God save the King!
Cade What Buckingham and Clifford are ye so brave? And you base peasants do ye believe him? will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I thought ye would never have given out these arms till you had recovered your ancient free

dom but you are all recreants and dastards and delight to live in slavery to the nobility Let them break your backs with burthens take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces for me, I will make shift for one and so God's curse light upon you all!

All We ll follow Cade, we ll follow Cade!

Clif Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth
That thus you do exclaim you ll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to 40
Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil
Unless by robbing of your friends and us
Were t not a shame, that whilst you live at jar
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
Should make a start o er seas and vanquish you?
Methinks already in this civil broil
I see them lording it in London streets
Crying '*Villiago!*' unto all they meet
Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry 49
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy
To France, to France and get what you have lost
Spare England for it is your native coast
Henry hath money you are strong and manly
God on our side, doubt not of victory

All A Clifford! a Clifford! we ll follow the King and Clifford

Cade Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro as this multitude? The name of Henry the Fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs and makes them leave me desolate I see them lay their heads together to surprise me My sword make way for me, for here is no staying In despite of the devils and hell through the very middest of you! and heavens and honour be witness that no want of resolution in me but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to my heels [*Exit*

Buck What is he fled? Go some, and follow him,
And he that brings his head unto the King
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward 70
[*Exeunt some of them*
Follow me, soldiers we ll devise a mean
To reconcile you all unto the King [*Exeunt*

SCENE IX *Kenilworth Castle*

Sound trumpets Enter KING QUEEN *and* SOMERSET *on the terrace*

King Was ever king that joy d an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle
But I was made a king at nine months old
Was never subject long d to be a king
As I do long and wish to be a subject

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and old* CLIFFORD

Buck Health and glad tidings to your Majesty!

King Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surprised?
Or is he but retired to make him strong?

Enter, below multitudes with halters about their necks

Clif He is fled my lord, and all his powers do yield 10
And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
Expect your Highness doom of life or death

King Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!
Soldiers this day have you redeem d your lives
And show d how well you love your prince and country
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be infortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind
And so, with thanks and pardon to you all, 20
I do dismiss you to your several countries

All God save the King! God save the King!

Enter a MESSENGER

Mess Please it your grace to be advertised
The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puissant and a mighty power
Of gallowglasses and stout kerns
Is marching hitherward in proud array,
And still proclaimeth as he comes along
His arms are only to remove from thee
The Duke of Somerset whom he terms a traitor

King Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distress d 31
Like to a ship that having 'scaped a tempest
Is straightway calm d and boarded with a pirate
But now is Cade driven back, his men dispersed,
And now is York in arms to second him
I pray thee, Buckingham go and meet him
And ask him what s the reason of these arms
Tell him I ll send Duke Edmund to the Tower,
And Somerset we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismiss d from him 40

Som My lord,
I ll yield myself to prison willingly
Or unto death to do my country good

King In any case, be not too rough in terms
For he is fierce and cannot brook hard language

Buck I will my lord and doubt not so to deal
As all things shall redound unto your good

King Come wife let s in and learn to govern better
For yet may England curse my wretched reign
[*Flourish Exeunt*

SCENE X *Kent Iden s garden*

Enter CADE

Cad Fie on ambition! fie on myself that have a sword and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid me in these woods and durst not peep out for all the country is laid for me but now am I so hungry that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years I could stay no longer Wherefore on a brick wall have I climbed into this garden to see if I can eat grass or pick a sallet another while which is not amiss to cool a man s stomach this hot weather And I think this word sallet was born to do me good for many a time but for a sallet my brain pan had been cleft with a brown bill and many a time, when I have been dry and bravely marching it hath served me instead of a quart pot to drink in and now the word sallet must serve me to feed on

Enter IDEN

Iden Lord who would live turmoiled in the court
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance my father left me 20
Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy
I seek not to wax great by others waning
Or gather wealth I care not with what envy
Sufficeth that I have maintains my state
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate

Cade Here s the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray for entering his fee simple without leave Ah villain thou wilt betray me and get a thousand crowns of the King by carrying my head to him but I ll make thee eat iron like an ostrich and swallow my sword like a great pin ere thou and I part

Iden Why rude companion, whatsoe er thou be
I know thee not why then should I betray thee?
Is t not enough to break into my garden
And like a thief to come to rob my grounds
Climb ng my walls in spite of me the owner
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade Brave thee ay by the best blood that ever was broached and beard thee too Look on me well I have eat no meat these five days yet come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door nail I pray God I may never eat grass more

Iden Nay it shall ne er be said while England stands
That Alexander Iden an esquire of Kent
Took odds to combat a poor famish d man
Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks
Set limb to limb and thou art far the lesser 50
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist
Thy leg a stick compared with this truncheon
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast
And if mine arm be heaved in the air
Thy grave is digg d already in the earth
As for words whose greatness answers words
Let this my sword report what speech forbears

Cade By my valour the most complete champion that ever I heard! Steel if thou turn the edge or cut not out the burly boned clown in chines of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath I beseech God on my knees thou mayst be turned to hobnails [*Here they fight* CADE *falls*]
O I am slain! famine and no other hath slain me let ten thousand devils come against me and give me but the ten meals I have lost and I ld defy them all Wither garden and be henceforth a burying place to all that do dwell in this house because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled 70

Iden Is t Cade that I have slain that monstrous traitor?
Sword I will hallow thee for this thy deed
And hang thee o er my tomb when I am dead
Ne er shall this blood be wiped from thy point
But thou shalt wear it as a herald s coat
To emblaze the honour that thy master got

Cade Iden, farewell and be proud of thy victory Tell Kent from me she hath lost her best man and exhort all the world to be cowards for I that never feared any am vanquished by famine not by valour [*Dies* 81

Iden How much thou wrong st me heaven be my judge
Die damned wretch the curse of her that bare thee
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword
So wish I I might thrust thy soul to hell
Hence w ll I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill which shall be thy grave
And there cut off thy most ungracious head
Which I will bear in triumph to the King 89
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon [*Exit*

ACT V

SCENE I *Fields between Dartford and Blackheath*

Enter YORK *and his army of Irish with drum and colours*

York From Ireland thus comes York to claim his r ght

And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head
Ring bells, aloud, burn, bonfires, clear and
bright,
To entertain great England's lawful king
Ah! *sancta majestas* who would not buy thee
dear?
Let them obey that know not how to rule,
This hand was made to handle nought but gold
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a sword or sceptre balance it
A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul 10
On which I'll toss the flower-de luce of France

Enter BUCKINGHAM

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb
me?
The King hath sent him sure I must dissemble
Buck York if thou meanest well, I greet thee
well
York Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy
greeting
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?
Buck A messenger from Henry our dread liege,
To know the reason of these arms in peace
Or why thou being a subject as I am,
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn 20
Should raise so great a power without his leave,
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court
York [*Aside*] Scarce can I speak, my choler is
so great
O I could hew up rocks and fight with flint,
I am so angry at these abject terms,
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury
I am far better born than is the King
More like a king more kingly in my thoughts
But I must make fair weather yet a while 30
Till Henry be more weak and I more strong —
Buckingham I prithee, pardon me
That I have given no answer all this while,
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy
The cause why I have brought this army hither
Is to remove proud Somerset from the King
Seditious to his Grace and to the state
Buck That is too much presumption on thy
part
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The King hath yielded unto thy demand 40
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower
York Upon thine honour is he prisoner?
Buck Upon mine honour he is prisoner
York Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my
powers
Soldiers I thank you all disperse yourselves,
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field
You shall have pay and everything you wish
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love, 50
I'll send them all as willing as I live
Lands, goods horse, armour, any thing I have,
Is his to use, so Somerset may die
Buck York, I commend this kind submission
We twain will go into his Highness tent

Enter KING *and Attendants*

King Buckingham, doth York intend no harm
to us
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?
York In all submission and humility
York doth present himself unto your Highness
King Then what intends these forces thou dost
bring? 60
York To heave the traitor Somerset from hence,
And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited

Enter IDEN, *with Cade's head*

Iden If one so rude and of so mean condition
May pass into the presence of a king
Lo I present your Grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade whom I in combat slew
King The head of Cade! Great God, how just
art Thou!
O let me view his visage, being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew
him? 71
Iden I was, an't like your Majesty
King How art thou call'd and what is thy de-
gree?
Iden Alexander Iden, that's my name
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king
Buck So please it you, my lord 'twere not amiss
He were created knight for his good service
King Iden kneel down [*He kneels*] Rise up a
knight
We give thee for reward a thousand marks,
And will that thou henceforth attend on us 90
Iden May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege! [*Rises*]

Enter QUEEN *and* SOMERSET

King See, Buckingham Somerset comes with
the Queen
Go bid her hide him quickly from the Duke
Queen For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his
head
But boldly stand and front him to his face
York How now! is Somerset at liberty?
Then York, unloose thy long [illegible]
thoughts,

And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset? 90
False King! why hast thou broken faith with me
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
King did I call thee? no thou art not King
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes
Which darest not no nor canst not rule a traitor
That head of thine doth not become a crown
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer s staff
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre
That gold must round engirt these brows of mine
Whose smile and frown like to Achilles spear
Is able with the change to kill and cure 101
Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up
And with the same to act controlling laws
Give place by heaven thou shalt rule no more
O er him whom heaven created for thy ruler

Som O monstrous traitor! I arrest thee York
Of capital treason gainst the King and crown
Obey audacious traitor kneel for grace

York Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask of these
If they can brook I bow a knee to man 110
Sirrah call in my sons to be my bail

[*Exit Attendant*

I know ere they will have me go to ward
They ll pawn their swords for my enfranchise ment

Queen Call hither Clifford bid him come amain
To say if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM

York O blood bespotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples England s bloody scourge!
The sons of York thy betters in their birth
Shall be their father s bail and bane to those 120
That for my surety will refuse the boys!

Enter EDWARD *and* RICHARD

See where they come I ll warrant they ll make it good

Enter old CLIFFORD *and his* SON

Queen And here comes Clifford to deny their bail

Clif Health and all happiness to my lord the King! [*Kneels*]

York I thank thee Clifford say what news with thee?
Nay do not fright us with an angry look
We are thy sovereign Clifford kneel again
For thy mistaking so we pardon thee

Clif This is my king York I do not mistake
But thou mistakest me much to think I do 130
To Bedlam with him is the man grown mad?

King Ay Clifford a bedlam and ambitious humour
Makes him oppose himself against his king

Clif He is a traitor let him to the Tower
And chop away that factious pate of his

Queen He is arrested but will not obey
His sons he says shall give their words for him

York Will you not sons?

Edw Ay noble father if our words will serve

Rich And if words will not then our weapons shall 140

Clif Why what a brood of traitors have we here!

York Look in a glass and call thy image so
I am thy king and thou a false heart traitor
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears
That with the very shaking of their chains
They may astonish these fell lurking curs
Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me

Enter the EARLS OF WARWICK *and* SALISBURY

Clif Are these thy bears? we ll bait thy bears to death
And manacle the bear ward in their chains
If thou darest bring them to the baiting place 150

Rich Oft have I seen a hot o erweening cur
Run back and bite because he was withheld
Who being suffer d with the bear s fell paw
Hath clapp d his tail between his legs and cried
And such a piece of service will you do
If you oppose yourselves to match Lord War wick

Clif Hence heap of wrath foul indigested lump
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

York Nay we shall heat you thoroughly anon

Clif Take heed lest by your heat you burn yourselves 160

King Why Warwick hath thy knee forgot to bow?
Old Salisbury shame to thy silver hair
Thou mad misleader of thy brain sick son!
What wilt thou on thy death bed play the ruffian
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?
O where is faith? O where is loyalty?
If it be banish d from the frosty head
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war
And shame thine honourable age with blood? 170
Why art thou old and want st experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it if thou hast it?
For shame in duty bend thy knee to me
That bows unto the grave with mickle age

Sal My lord I have consider d with myself
The title of this most renowned duke
And in my conscience do repute his Grace

The rightful heir to England's royal seat
King Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?
Sal I have 180
King Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?
Sal It is great sin to swear unto a sin,
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right,
And have no other reason for this wrong
But that he was bound by a solemn oath? 190
Queen A subtle traitor needs no sophister
King Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself
York Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast
I am resolved for death or dignity
Clif The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true
War You were best to go to bed and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field
Clif I am resolved to bear a greater storm
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day,
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet, 200
Might I but know thee by thy household badge
War Now by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,
As on a mountain top the cedar shows
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm
Even to affright thee with the view thereof
Clif And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear
And tread it under foot with all contempt
Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear 210
Y Clif And so to arms victorious father,
To quell the rebels and their complices
Rich Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night
Y Clif Foul stigmatic, that's more than thou canst tell
Rich If not in heaven you'll surely sup in hell
[*Exeunt severally*

SCENE II *Saint Alban's*

Alarums to the battle Enter WARWICK

War Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear
Now when the angry trumpet sounds alarum
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air
Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me
Proud northern lord Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms

Enter YORK

How now, my noble lord! what, all afoot?
York The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed
But match to match I have encounter'd him 10
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he loved so well

Enter old CLIFFORD

War Of one or both of us the time is come
York Hold Warwick, seek thee out some other chase,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death
War Then, nobly, York, 'tis for a crown thou fight'st
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd [*Exit*
Clif What seest thou in me York? why dost thou pause?
York With thy brave bearing should I be in love, 20
But that thou art so fast mine enemy
Clif Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
But that 'tis shown ignobly and in treason
York So let it help me now against thy sword
As I in justice and true right express it
Clif My soul and body on the action both!
York A dreadful lay! Address thee instantly
They fight, and CLIFFORD *falls*
Clif *La fin couronne les œuvres* [*Dies*
York Thus war hath given thee peace for thou art still
Peace with his soul, Heaven if it be thy will! 30
[*Exit*

Enter YOUNG CLIFFORD

Y Clif Shame and confusion! all is on the rout,
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard O war, thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance! Let no soldier fly
He that is truly dedicate to war
Hath no self love, nor he that loves himself
Hath not essentially but by circumstance
The name of valour [*Seeing his dead father*]
O let the vile world end 40
And the premised flames of the last day
Knit earth and heaven together!
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease! Wast thou ordain'd dear father

To lose thy youth in peace and to achieve
The silver livery of advised age
And in thy reverence thy chair-days thus
To die in ruffian battle? Even at this sight 49
My heart is turn d to stone and while tis
mine,
It shall be stony York not our old men spares
No more will I their babes tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire
And beauty that the tyrant oft reclaims
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity
Meet I an infant of the house of York
Into as many gobbets will I cut it
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did
In cruelty will I seek out my fame 60
Come thou new ruin of old Clifford s house
As did Æneas old Anchises bear
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders
But then Æneas bare a living load
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine
[*Exit bearing off his father*

Enter RICHARD *and* SOMERSET *to fight*
SOMERSET *is kill d*

Rich So lie thou there
For underneath an alehouse paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Alban s Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death 69
Sword hold thy temper heart be wrathful
still
Priests pray for enemies but princes kill [*Exit*

Fight Excursions Enter KING QUEEN *and*
others

Queen Away my lord you are slow for shame
away!
King Can we outrun the heavens? good Mar
garet stay
Queen What are you made of? you ll not fight
nor fly
Now is it manhood wisdom and defence
To give the enemy way and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly
Alarum afar off
If you be ta en we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes but if we haply scape
As well we may if not through your neglect 80
We shall to London get where you are loved
And where this breach now in our fortunes
made
May readily be stopp d

Re enter YOUNG CLIFFORD

Y Clif But that my heart s on future mischief
set
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly
But fly you must uncurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts
Away for your relief! and we will live
To see their day and them our fortune give
Away my lord away! [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *Fields near St Alban s*

Alarum Retreat Enter YORK RICHARD WARWICK
and Soldiers with drum and colours

York Of Salisbury who can report of him
That winter lion who in rage forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time,
And like a gallant in the brow of youth
Repairs him with occasion? This happy day
Is not itself nor have we won one foot
If Salisbury be lost
Rich My noble father
Three times to-day I holp him to his horse
Three times bestrid him thrice I led him off
Persuaded him from any further act 10
But still where danger was still there I met him
And like rich hangings in a homely house
So was his will in his old feeble body
But noble as he is look where he comes

Enter SALISBURY

Sal Now by my sword well hast thou fought
to-day
By the mass so did we all I thank you Richard
God knows how long it is I have to live
And it hath pleased him that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death
Well lords we have not got that which we have
Tis not enough our foes are this time fled 21
Being opposites of such repairing nature
York I know our safety is to follow them
For as I hear the King is fled to London
To call a present court of parliament
Let us pursue him ere the writs go forth
What says Lord Warwick? shall we after them?
War After them! nay before them if we can
Now by my faith lords twas a glorious day
Saint Alban s battle won by famous York 30
Shall be eternized in all age to come
Sound drums and trumpets and to London all
And more such days as these to us befall!
[*Exeunt*

The Third Part of KING HENRY THE SIXTH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY THE SIXTH
EDWARD PRINCE OF WALES *his son*
LEWIS XI *King of France*
DUKE OF SOMERSET
DUKE OF EXETER
EARL OF OXFORD
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND
EARL OF WESTMORELAND
LORD CLIFFORD
RICHARD PLANTAGENET DUKE OF YORK
EDWARD *Earl of March afterwards* KING EDWARD IV | *his sons*
EDMUND, *Earl of Rutland* | *his sons*
GEORGE, *afterwards* DUKE OF CLARENCE | *his sons*
RICHARD, *afterwards* DUKE OF GLOUCESTER | *his sons*
DUKE OF NORFOLK
MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE
EARL OF WARWICK
EARL OF PEMBROKE
LORD HASTINGS
LORD STAFFORD
SIR JOHN MORTIMER | *uncles to the Duke of York*
SIR HUGH MORTIMER | *uncles to the Duke of York*
LORD RIVERS, *brother to Lady Grey*
SIR WILLIAM STANLEY
SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY
SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE
TUTOR TO RUTLAND
MAYOR OF YORK
LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER
NOBLEMAN
TWO KEEPERS
HUNTSMAN
SON *that has killed his father*
FATHER *that has killed his son*
SEVEN MESSENGERS
POST
SOLDIER

QUEEN MARGARET
ELIZABETH WOODVILLE LADY GREY *afterwards* QUEEN *to Edward IV*
BONA, *sister to the French Queen*

NON-SPEAKING *Henry, Earl of Richmond, Mayor of Coventry Admiral called Bourbon, Nurse, Aldermen, Soldiers, Attendants*

SCENE *England and France*

ACT I

SCENE I *London The Parliament house*

Alarum Enter the DUKE OF YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, *and Soldiers*

War I wonder how the King escaped our hands
York While we pursued the horsemen of the north,
He slily stole away and left his men
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat
Cheer'd up the drooping army, and himself
Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford, all abreast,
Charged our main battle's front and breaking in
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain
Edw. Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham 10
Is either slain or wounded dangerously,
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow
That this is true father behold his blood
Mont And brother here's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood,
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd
Rich Speak thou for me and tell them what I did [*Throwing down the Duke of Somerset's head*]
York Richard hath best deserved of all my sons
But is your Grace dead my Lord of Somerset?
Norf Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!
Rich Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head 20
War And so do I Victorious Prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps
I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close
This is the palace of the fearful king,
And this the regal seat possess it York
For this is thine and not King Henry's heirs
York Assist me then, sweet Warwick and I will
For hither we have broken in by force 29
Norf We'll all assist you, he that flies shall die
York Thanks, gentle Norfolk stay by me, my lords,

And soldiers stay and lodge by me this night
[*They go up*

War And when the King comes offer him no violence
Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce

York The Queen this day here holds her parliament
But little thinks we shall be of her council
By words or blows here let us win our right

Rich Arm d as we are let s stay within this house

War The bloody parliament shall this be call d
Unless Plantagenet Duke of York be king 40
And bashful Henry deposed whose cowardice
Hath made us by words to our enemies

York Then leave me not my lords be resolute
I mean to take possession of my right

War Neither the King nor he that loves him best
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster
Dares stir a wing if Warwick shake his bells
I ll plant Plantagenet root him up who dares
Resolve thee Richard claim the English crown

Flourish Enter KING HENRY CLIFFORD NORTHUMBERLAND WESTMORELAND EXETER *and the rest wearing red roses*

K Hen My lords look where the sturdy rebel sits 50
Even in the chair of state belike he means
Back d by the power of Warwick that false peer
To aspire unto the crown and reign as king
Earl of Northumberland he slew thy father
And thine Lord Clifford and you both have vow d revenge
On him his sons his favourites and his friends

North If I be not heavens be revenged on me!

Clif The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel

West What shall we suffer this? let s pluck him down
My heart for anger burns I cannot brook it 60

K Hen Be patient gentle Earl of Westmoreland

Clif Patience is for poltroons such as he
He durst not sit there, had your father lived
My gracious lord here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York

North Well hast thou spoken cousin be it so

K Hen Ah know you not the city favours them
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

Exe But when the Duke is slain they ll quickly fly

K Hen Far be the thought of this from Henry s heart 70
To make a shambles of the parliament house!
Cousin of Exeter frowns words and threats
Shall be the war that Henry means to use
Thou factious Duke of York descend my throne
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet
I am thy sovereign

York I am thine

Exe For shame come down he made thee Duke of York

York Twas my inheritance as the earldom was

Exe Thy father was a traitor to the crown

War Exeter thou art a traitor to the crown
In following this usurping Henry 81

Clif Whom should he follow but his natural king?

War True Clifford and that s Richard Duke of York

K Hen And shall I stand and thou sit in my throne?

York It must and shall be so content thyself

War Be Duke of Lancaster let him be king

West He is both King and Duke of Lancaster
And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall maintain

War And Warwick shall disprove it You forget 89
That we are those which chased you from the field
And slew your fathers and with colours spread
March d through the city to the palace gates

North Yes Warwick I remember it to my grief
And by his soul thou and thy house shall rue it

West Plantagenet of thee and these thy sons
Thy kinsmen and thy friends I ll have more lives
Than drops of blood were in my father s veins

Clif Urge it no more lest that instead of words
I send thee Warwick such a messenger
As shall revenge his death before I stir 100

War Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!

York Will you we show our title to the crown?
If not our swords shall plead it in the field

K Hen What title hast thou traitor to the crown?
Thy father was as thou art Duke of York
Thy grandfather Roger Mortimer Earl of March
I am the son of Henry the Fifth
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop
And seized upon their towns and provinces

War Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all 110
K Hen The Lord Protector lost it, and not I
When I was crown'd I was but nine months old
Rich You are old enough now, and yet, methinks you lose
Father, tear the crown from the usurper s head
Edw Sweet father, do so, set it on your head
Mont Good brother, as thou lovest and honourest arms,
Let s fight it out and not stand cavilling thus
Rich Sound drums and trumpets, and the King will fly
York Sons, peace!
K Hen Peace, thou! and give King Henry leave to speak 120
War Plantagenet shall speak first hear him, lords,
And be you silent and attentive too
For he that interrupts him shall not live
K Hen Think st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,
Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?
No first shall war unpeople this my realm,
Ay, and their colours often borne in France,
And now in England to our heart's great sorrow,
Shall be my winding sheet Why faint you, lords?
My title s good and better far than his 130
War Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be King
K Hen Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown
York 'Twas by rebellion against his king
K Hen [*Aside*] I know not what to say, my title s weak —
Tell me may not a king adopt an heir?
York What then?
K Hen An if he may, then am I lawful king,
For Richard in the view of many lords
Resign d the crown to Henry the Fourth
Whose heir my father was and I am his 140
York He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce
War Suppose, my lords he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown?
Exe No for he could not so resign his crown
But that the next heir should succeed and reign
K Hen Art thou against us Duke of Exeter?
Ex His is the right and therefore pardon me
York Why whisper you my lords and answer not?
Exe My conscience tells me he is lawful king
K Hen [*Aside*] All will revolt from me and turn to him 151
North Plantagenet for all the claim thou lay st,
Think not that Henry shall be so deposed
War Deposed he shall be in despite of all
North Thou art deceived 'tis not thy southern power
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the Duke up in despite of me
Clif King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence 160
May that ground gape and swallow me alive
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!
K Hen O Clifford how thy words revive my heart!
York Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown
What mutter you, or what conspire you lords?
War Do right unto this princely Duke of York,
Or I will fill the house with armed men
And over the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood
[*He stamps with his foot, and the Soldiers show themselves*
K Hen My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one word 170
Let me for this my life time reign as king
York Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou livest
King I am content Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease
Clif What wrong is this unto the Prince your son!
War What good is this to England and himself!
West Base fearful and despairing Henry!
Clif How hast thou injured both thyself and us!
West I cannot stay to hear these articles
North Nor I 181
Clif Come, cousin, let us tell the Queen these news
West Farewell, faint hearted and degenerate king,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides
North Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!
Clif In dreadful war may st thou be overcome,
Or live in peace abandon d and despised!
[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND CLIFFORD, *and* WESTMORELAND
War Turn this way Henry and regard them not
Exe They seek revenge and therefore will not yield 190
K Hen Ah Exeter!
War Why should you sigh my lord?
K Hen Not for myself Lord Warwick but my son
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit
But be it as it may I here entail
The crown to thee and to thine heirs for eve

Conditionally that here thou take an oath
To cease this civil war and whilst I live
To honour me as thy king and sovereign,
And neither by treason nor hostility
To seek to put me down and reign thyself 200

York This oath I willingly take and will perform

War Long live King Henry! Plantagenet embrace him

K Hen And long live thou and these thy forward sons

York Now York and Lancaster are reconciled

Exe Accursed be he that seeks to make them foes!

Sennet Here they come down

York Farewell my gracious lord I ll to my castle

War And I ll keep London with my soldiers

Nor f And I to Norfolk with my followers

Mont And I unto the sea from whence I came

[*Exeunt* YORK *and his Sons* WARWICK NORFOLK MONTAGUE *their Soldiers and Attendants*

K Hen And I with grief and sorrow to the court 210

Enter QUEEN MARGARET *and the* PRINCE OF WALES

Exe Here comes the Queen, whose looks bewray her anger
I ll steal away

K Hen Exeter so will I

Q Mar Nay go not from me I will follow thee

K Hen Be patient gentle queen and I will stay

Q Mar Who can be patient in such extremes?
Ah wretched man would I had died a maid
And never seen thee never borne thee son
Seeing thou hast proved so unnatural a father!
Hath he deserved to lose his birthright thus?
Hadst thou but loved him half so well as I 20
Or felt that pain which I did for him once
Or nourish d him as I did with my blood
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart blood there
Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir
And disinherited thine only son

Prince Father you cannot disinherit me
If you be king why should not I succeed?

K Hen Pardon me Margaret pardon me sweet son
The Earl of Warwick and the Duke enforced me

Q Mar Enforced thee! art thou king and wilt be forced? 230
I shame to hear thee speak Ah, timorous wretch!
Thou hast undone thyself thy son, and me
And given unto the house of York such head
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it but to make thy sepulchre
And creep into it far before thy time?
Warwick is chancellor and the lord of Calais
Stern Falconbridge commands the narrow seas
The Duke is made Protector of the realm 240
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
The trembling lamb environed with wolves
Had I been there which am a silly woman
The soldiers should have toss d me on their pikes
Before I would have granted to that act
But thou preferr st thy life before thine honour
And seeing thou dost I here divorce myself
Both from thy table Henry and thy bed
Until that act of parliament be repeal d
Whereby my son is disinherited 250
The northern lords that have forsworn thy colours
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread
And spread they shall be to thy foul disgrace
And utter ruin of the house of York
Thus do I leave thee Come son let s away
Our army is ready come we ll after them

K Hen Stay gentle Margaret and hear me speak

Q Mar Thou hast spoke too much already get thee gone

K Hen Gentle son Edward thou wilt stay with me?

Q Mar Ay to be murder d by his enemies

Prince When I return with victory from the field 261
I ll see your Grace till then I ll follow her

Q Mar Come, son away we may not linger thus

[*Exeunt* QUEEN MARGARET *and the* PRINCE

K Hen Poor queen! how love to me and to her son
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
Revenged may she be on that hateful duke
Whose haughty spirit winged with desire
Will cost my crown and like an empty eagle
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son
The loss of those three lords torments my heart
I ll write unto them and entreat them fair 271
Come cousin, you shall be the messenger

Exe And I I hope shall reconcile them all

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Sandal Castle*

Enter RICHARD EDWARD *and* MONTAGUE

Rich Brother though I be youngest give me leave

Edw No, I can better play the orator
Mont But I have reasons strong and forcible

Enter the DUKE OF YORK

York Why, how now, sons and brother! at a strife?
What is your quarrel? how began it first?
Edw No quarrel, but a slight contention
York About what?
Rich About that which concerns your Grace and us
The crown of England, father, which is yours 9
York Mine, boy? not till King Henry be dead
Rich Your right depends not on his life or death
Edw Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will outrun you, father, in the end
York I took an oath that he should quietly reign
Edw But for a kingdom any oath may be broken
I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year
Rich No, God forbid your Grace should be forsworn
York I shall be if I claim by open war
Rich I ll prove the contrary, if you ll hear me speak 20
York Thou canst not, son it is impossible
Rich An oath is of no moment being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority over him that swears
Henry had none, but did usurp the place
Then seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your oath my lord is vain and frivolous
Therefore, to arms! And, father do but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,
Within whose circuit is Elysium 30
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest
Until the white rose that I wear be dyed
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart
York Richard, enough, I will be King or die
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet on Warwick to this enterprise
Thou Richard shalt to the Duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent
You Edward shall unto my Lord Cobham 40
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise
In them I trust for they are soldiers,
Witty, courteous, liberal full of spirit
While you are thus employ'd what resteth more,
But that I seek occasion how to rise
And yet the King not privy to my drift
Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter a MESSENGER

But stay what news? Why comest thou in such post?
Mess The Queen with all the northern earls and lords
Intend here to besiege you in your castle 50
She is hard by with twenty thousand men,
And therefore fortify your hold my lord
York Ay, with my sword What! think st thou that we fear them?
Edward and Richard you shall stay with me,
My brother Montague shall post to London
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
Whom we have left protectors of the King,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry nor his oaths 59
Mont Brother I go, I ll win them, fear it not
And thus most humbly I do take my leave [*Exit*

Enter SIR JOHN MORTIMER *and* SIR HUGH MORTIMER

York Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles,
You are come to Sandal in a happy hour,
The army of the Queen mean to besiege us
Sir John She shall not need, we'll meet her in the field
York What with five thousand men?
Rich Ay, with five hundred father for a need
A woman s general, what should we fear?
A march afar off
Edw I hear their drums let's set our men in order,
And issue forth and bid them battle straight 70
York Five men to twenty! though the odds be great,
I doubt not uncle, of our victory
Many a battle have I won in France
When as the enemy hath been ten to one
Why should I not now have the like success?
[*Alarum Exeunt*

SCENE III *Field of battle betwixt Sandal Castle and Wakefield*

Alarums Enter RUTLAND *and his* TUTOR

Rut Ah whither shall I fly to scape their hands?
Ah tutor look where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter CLIFFORD *and Soldiers*

Clif Chaplain away! thy priesthood saves thy life
As for the brat of this accursed duke
Whose father slew my father he shall die
Tut And I my lord, will bear him company

Clif Soldiers away with him!
Tut Ah Clifford murder not this innocent child
Lest thou be hated both of God and man!
[*Exit dragged off by Soldiers*
Clif How now! is he dead already? or is it fear 10
That makes him close his eyes? I ll open them
Rut So looks the pent up lion o er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws
And so he walks insulting o er his prey
And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder
Ah gentle Clifford kill me with thy sword
And not with such a cruel threatening look
Sweet Clifford hear me speak before I die
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath
Be thou revenged on men and let me live 20
Clif In vain thou speak st poor boy my father s blood
Hath stopp d the passage where thy words should enter
Rut Then let my father s blood open it again
He is a man and Clifford cope with him
Clif Had I thy brethren here their lives and thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me
No if I dig d up thy forefathers graves
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains
It could not slake mine ire nor ease my heart
The sight of any of the house of York 30
Is as a fury to torment my soul
And till I root out their accursed line
And leave not one alive I live in hell
Therefore— [*Lifting his hand*]
Rut O let me pray before I take my death!
To thee I pray sweet Clifford pity me!
Clif Such pity as my rapier s point affords
Rut I never did thee harm why wilt thou slay me?
Clif Thy father hath
Rut But twas ere I was born
Thou hast one son for his sake pity me 40
Lest in revenge thereof sith God is just
He be as miserably slain as I
Ah let me live in prison all my days
And when I give occasion of offence
Then let me die for now thou hast no cause
Clif No cause!
Thy father slew my father therefore die [*Stabs him*]
Rut *Di faciant laudis summa sit ista tuæ!* [*Dies*
Clif Plantagenet! I come Plantagenet!
And this thy son s blood cleaving to my blade 50
Shall rust upon my weapon till thy blood
Congeal d with this do make me wipe off both
[*Exit*

SCENE IV *Another part of the field*

Alarum Enter RICHARD DUKE OF YORK

York The army of the Queen hath got the field
My uncles both are slain in rescuing me
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back and fly like ships before the wind
Or lambs pursued by hunger starved wolves
My sons God know what hath bechanced them
But this I know they have demean d themselves
Like men born to renown by life or death
Three times did Richard make a lane to me
And thrice cried Courage father! fight it out!
And full as oft came Edward to my side 11
With purple falchion painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter d him
And when the hardiest warriors did retire
Richard cried Charge! and give no foot of ground!
And cried A crown or else a glorious tomb!
A sceptre or an earthly sepulchre!
With this we charged again but out alas!
We bodged again as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide 20
And spend her strength with over matching waves [*A short alarum within*]
Ah hark! the fatal followers do pursue
And I am faint and cannot fly their fury
And were I strong I would not shun their fury
The sands are number d that make up my life
Here must I stay and here my life must end

Enter QUEEN MARGARET CLIFFORD NORTHUMBERLAND *the* PRINCE OF WALES *and Soldiers*

Come bloody Clifford rough Northumberland
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage
I am your butt and I abide your shot 29
North Yield to our mercy proud Plantagenet
Clif Ay to such mercy as his ruthless arm
With downright payment show d unto my father
Now Phaethon hath tumbled from his car
And made an evening at the noontide prick
York My ashes as the phœnix may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven
Scorning whate er you can afflict me with
Why come you not? what! multitudes and fear?
Clif So cowards fight when they can fly no further 40
So doves do peck the falcon s piercing talons
So desperate thieves all hopeless of their lives
Breathe out invectives gainst the officers
York O Clifford but bethink thee once again
And in thy thought o er run my former time
And if thou canst for blushing view this face

And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with
cowardice
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere
this!
Clif I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one *50*
Q Mar Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand
causes
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life
Wrath makes him deaf speak thou, Northum-
berland
North Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so
much
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart
What valour were it when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages,
And ten to one is no impeach of valour *60*
They lay hands on YORK, *who struggles*
Clif Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the
gin
North So doth the cony struggle in the net
York So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd
booty,
So true men yield, with robbers so o ermatch'd
North What would your grace have done unto
him now?
Q Mar Brave warriors, Clifford and Northum
berland,
Come, make him stand upon this molehill here
That raught at mountains with outstretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand
What! was it you that would be England s king?
Was t you that revell d in our parliament *71*
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
And where's that valiant crook back prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York I stain'd this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford with his rapier s point, *80*
Made issue from the bosom of the boy
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal
Alas poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state
I prithee grieve, to make me merry, York
What hath thy fiery heart so parch d thine en-
trails
That not a tear can fall for Rutland s death?
Why art thou patient man? thou shouldst be
mad
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus *90*
Stamp, rave and fret, that I may sing and dance
Thou wouldst be fee'd I see to make me sport
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown
A crown for York! and, lords bow low to him
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on
Putting a paper crown on his head
Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!
Ay, this is he that took King Henry s chair,
And this is he was his adopted heir
But how is it that great Plantagenet
Is crown d so soon and broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me you should not be King *101*
Till our King Henry had shook hands with death
And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
O 'tis a fault too too unpardonable!
Off with the crown, and with the crown, his
head
And, whilst we breathe take time to do him dead
Clif That is my office for my father s sake
Q Mar Nay, stay, let's hear the orisons he
makes *110*
York She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves
of France,
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's
tooth!
How ill beseeming is it in thy sex
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!
But that thy face is visard like unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush
To tell thee whence thou camest of whom de
rived,
Were shame enough to shame thee wert thou
not shameless *120*
Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils and Jerusalem,
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not nor it boots thee not proud queen,
Unless the adage must be verified
That beggars mounted run their horse to death
'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud
But God he knows thy share thereof is small
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired
The contrary doth make thee wonder d at *131*
'Tis government that makes them seem divine,
The want thereof makes thee abominable
Thou art as opposite to every good
As the Antipodes are unto us
Or as the south to the septentrion
O tiger s heart wrapt in a woman s hide!
How couldst thou drain the life blood of the
child,

To bid the father wipe his eyes withal
And yet be seen to bear a woman s face? 140
Women are soft mild pitiful and flexible
Thou stern obdurate flinty rough remorseless
Bid st thou me rage? why now thou hast thy wish
Wouldst have me weep? why now thou hast thy will
For raging wind blows up incessant showers
And when the rage allays the rain begins
These tears are my sweet Rutland s obsequies
And every drop cries vengeance for his death
Gainst thee fell Clifford and thee false French woman

North Beshrew me but his passion moves me so 150
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears

York That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch d would not have stain d with blood
But you are more inhuman more inexorable
O ten times more than tigers of Hyrcania
See ruthless queen a hapless father s tears
This cloth thou dip dst in blood of my sweet boy
And I with tears do wash the blood away
Keep thou the napkin and go boast of this
And if thou tell st the heavy story right 160
Upon my soul the hearers will shed tears
Yea even my foes will shed fast fall ng tears
And say Alas it was a piteous deed
There take the crown and with the crown my curse
And in thy need such comfort come to thee
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!
Hard hearted Clifford take me from the world
My soul to heaven my blood upon your heads!

North Had he been slaughter man to all my kin
I should not for my life but weep with him 170
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul

Q Mar What weeping ripe my Lord Northumberland?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears

Clif Here s for my oath here s for my father s death [*Stabbing him*]

Q Mar And here's to right our gentle hearted king [*Stabbing him*]

York Open Thy gate of mercy gracious God
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out Thee [*Dies*

Q Mar Off with his head and set it on York gates
So York may overlook the town of York 180
[*Flourish Exeunt*

ACT II

SCENE I *A plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire*

A march Enter EDWARD RICHARD *and their power*

Edw I wonder how our princely father scaped
Or whether he be scaped away or no
From Clifford s and Northumberland s pursuit
Had he been ta en we should have heard the news
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news
Or had he scaped methinks we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Rich I cannot joy until I be resolved
Where our right valiant father is become 10
I saw him in the battle range about
And watch d him how he singled Clifford forth
Methought he bore him in the thickest troop
As doth a lion in a herd of neat
Or as a bear encompass d round with dogs
Who having pinch d a few and made them cry
The rest stand all aloof and bark at him
So fared our father with his enemies
So fled his enemies my warlike father
Methinks tis prize enough to be his son 20
See how the morning opes her golden gates
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth
Trimm d like a younker prancing to his love!

Edw Dazzle mine eyes or do I see three suns?

Rich Three glorious suns each one a perfect sun
Not separated with the racking clouds
But sever d in a pale clear shining sky
See see! they join embrace and seem to kiss
As if they vow d some league inviolable 30
Now are they but one lamp one light one sun
In this the heaven figures some event

Edw Tis wondrous strange the like yet never heard of
I think it cites us brother to the field
That we the sons of brave Plantagenet
Each one already blazing by our meeds
Should notwithstanding join our lights together
And over shine the earth as this the world
Whate er it bodes henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair shining suns 40

Rich Nay bear three daughters by your leave I speak it
You love the breeder better than the male

Enter a MESSENGER

But what art thou whose heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?
Mess Ah one that was a woeful looker-on
When as the noble Duke of York was slain
Your princely father and my loving lord!
Edw O, speak no more, for I have heard too much
Rich Say how he died, for I will hear it all
Mess Environed he was with many foes, 50
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks that would have enter'd Troy
But Hercules himself must yield to odds,
And many strokes, though with a little axe
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber d oak
By many hands your father was subdued,
But only slaughter d by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford and the Queen,
Who crown d the gracious Duke in high despite,
Laugh d in his face, and when with grief he wept
The ruthless Queen gave him to dry his cheeks 61
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain
And after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e er I view d
Edw Sweet Duke of York our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no staff no stay
O Clifford, boisterous Clifford! thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry, 71
And treacherously hast thou vanquish d him,
For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd thee
Now my soul s palace is become a prison
Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body
Might in the ground be closed up in rest!
For never henceforth shall I joy again
Never, O never shall I see more joy!
Rich I cannot weep, for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart
Nor can my tongue unload my heart s great burthen 81
For selfsame wind that I should speak withal
Is kindling coals that fires all my breast
And burns me up with flames that tears would quench
To weep is to make less the depth of grief
Tears then for babes blows and revenge for me
Richard I bear thy name I ll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it

Edw His name that valiant duke hath left with thee,
His dukedom and his chair with me is left 90
Rich Nay, if thou be that princely eagle s bird,
Show thy descent by gazing gainst the sun
For chair and dukedom throne and kingdom say,
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his

March Enter WARWICK MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE, *and their army*

War How now fair lords! What fare? what news abroad?
Rich Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our baleful news, and at each word s deliverance
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told
The words would add more anguish than the wounds
O valiant lord the Duke of York is slain! 100
Edw O Warwick Warwick! that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly as his soul s redemption,
Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death
War Ten days ago I drown d these news in tears,
And now to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith then befall n
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breathed his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss and his depart 110
I, then in London keeper of the King,
Muster d my soldiers gather d flocks of friends,
And very well appointed as I thought
March'd toward Saint Alban s to intercept the Queen
Bearing the King in my behalf along
For by my scouts I was advertised
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament
Touching King Henry s oath and your succession
Short tale to make we at Saint Alban s met 120
Our battles join d and both sides fiercely fought
But whether twas the coldness of the King
Who look d full gently on his warlike Queen
That robb d my soldiers of their heated spleen
Or whether twas report of her success
Or more than common fear of Clifford s rigour
Who thunders to his captives blood and death
I cannot judge but to conclude with truth
Their weapons like to lightning came and went
Our soldiers like the night-owl s lazy flight 130
Or like an idle thresher with a flail
Fell gently down as if they struck their friends
I cheer d them up with justice of our cause
With promise of high pay and great rewards

But all in vain they had no heart to fight
And we in them no hope to win the day
So that we fled the King unto the Queen
Lord George your brother Norfolk and myself
In haste post haste are come to join with you
For in the marches here we heard you were 140
Making another head to fight again
Edw Where is the Duke of Norfolk gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?
War Some six miles off the Duke is with the soldiers
And for your brother he was lately sent
From your kind aunt Duchess of Burgundy
With aid of soldiers to this needful war
Rich Twas odds belike, when valiant Warwick fled
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit
But ne er till now his scandal of retire 150
War Nor now my scandal Richard dost thou hear
For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry s head
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist
Were he as famous and as bold in war
As he is famed for mildness peace and prayer
Rich I know it well Lord Warwick blame me not
'Tis love I bear thy glories makes me speak
But in this troublous time what s to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel 160
And wrap our bodie in black mourning gowns
Numbering our Ave Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last say ay and to it lords
War Why therefore Warwick came to seek you out
And therefore comes my brother Montague
Attend me lords The proud insulting Queen,
With Clifford and the haught Northumberland
And of their feather many moe proud birds 170
Have wrought the easy melting King like wax
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament
And now to London all the crew are gone
To frustrate both his oath and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster
Their power I think is thirty thousand strong
Now if the help of Norfolk and myself
With all the friends that thou bra e Earl of March
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure 180
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand
Why Via! to London will we march amain,
And once again bestride our foaming steeds
And once again cry Charge upon our foes!
But never once again turn back and fly
Rich Ay now methinks I hear great Warwick speak
Ne er may he live to see a sunshine day
That cries Retire, if Warwick bid him stay
Edw Lord Warwick on thy shoulder will I lean 189
And when thou fail st—as God forbid the hour—
Must Edward fall which peril heaven forfend!
War No longer Earl of March but Duke of York
The next degree is England s royal throne
For King of England shalt thou be proclaim d
In every borough as we pass along
And he that throws not up his cap for joy
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head
King Edward valiant Richard Montague,
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown
But sound the trumpets and about our task 200
Rich Then Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel
As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds
I come to pierce it or to give thee mine
Edw Then strike up drums God and Saint George for us!

Enter a SECOND MESSENGER

War How now! what news?
2nd Mess The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me
The Queen is coming with a puissant host
And craves your company for speedy counsel
War Why then it sorts brave warriors let s away [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Before York*

Flourish Enter KING HENRY QUEEN MARGARET *the* PRINCE OF WALES CLIFFORD *and* NORTHUMBERLAND *with drum and trumpets*

Q Mar Welcome my lord to this brave town of York
Yonder s the head of that arch-enemy
That sought to be encompass d with your crown
Doth not the object cheer your heart my lord?
K Hen Ay as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck
To see this sight it irks my very soul
Withhold revenge dear God! tis not my fault
Nor wittingly have I infringed my vow
Clif My gracious liege this too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside 10
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?

Not to the beast that would usurp their den
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his that spoils her young before her face
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent s mortal sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back
The smallest worm will turn being trodden on
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou smiling while he knit his angry brows 20
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue, like a loving sire,
Thou, being a king, blest with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
Which argued thee a most unloving father
Unreasonable creatures feed their young
And though man s face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones
Who hath not seen them even with those wings
Which sometime they have used with fearful flight 30
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young s defence?
For shame my liege, make them your precedent!
Were it not pity that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,
And long hereafter say unto his child,
"What my great grandfather and grandsire got
My careless father fondly gave away ?
Ah what a shame were this! Look on the boy,
And let his manly face, which promiseth 40
Successful fortune steel thy melting heart
To hold thine own and leave thine own with him

K Hen Full well hath Clifford play d the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force
But Clifford tell me didst thou never hear
That things ill got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?
I ll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind,
And would my father had left me no more! 50
For all the rest is held at such a rate
As brings a thousand fold more care to keep
Than in possession any jot of pleasure
Ah cousin York! would thy best friends did know
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Q Mar My lord cheer up your spirits our foes are nigh
And this soft courage makes your followers faint
You promised knighthood to our forward son
Unsheathe your sword and dub him presently 60
Edward kneel down

K Hen Edward Plantagenet arise a knight
And learn this lesson draw thy sword in right

Prince My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I ll draw it as apparent to the crown
And in that quarrel use it to the death

Clif Why that is spoken like a toward prince

Enter a MESSENGER

Mess Royal commanders be in readiness
For with a band of thirty thousand men
Comes Warwick backing of the Duke of York,
And in the towns as they do march along, 70
Proclaims him king and many fly to him
Darraign your battle for they are at hand

Clif I would your Highness would depart the field
The Queen hath best success when you are absent

Q Mar Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune

K Hen Why, that's my fortune too therefore I'll stay

North Be it with resolution then to fight

Prince My royal father cheer these noble lords
And hearten those that fight in your defence
Unsheathe your sword, good father cry 'Saint George!' 80

March Enter EDWARD GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE *and Soldiers*

Edw Now perjured Henry! wilt thou kneel for grace
And set thy diadem upon my head
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

Q Mar Go rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms
Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king?

Edw I am his king and he should bow his knee,
I was adopted heir by his consent
Since when his oath is broke for as I hear
You that are king though he do wear the crown,
Have caused him by new act of parliament 91
To blot out me and put his own son in

Clif And reason too
Who should succeed the father but the son?

Rich Are you there, butcher? O I cannot speak!

Clif Ay, crook back here I stand to answer thee
Or any he the proudest of thy sort

Rich Twas you that kill d young Rutland was it not?

Clif Ay and old York and yet not satisfied

Rich For God s sake, lords give signal to the fight 100

War What say st thou Henry wilt thou yield the crown?

Q Mar Why how now long tongued Warwick! dare you speak?
When you and I met at Saint Alban s last
Your legs did better service than your hands

War Then twas my turn to fly and now tis thine

Clif You said so much before and yet you fled

War Twas not your valour Clifford drove me thence

North No nor your manhood that durst make you stay

Rich Northumberland, I hold thee reverently
Break off the parley for scarce I can refrain 110
The execution of my big swoln heart
Upon that Clifford that cruel child killer

Clif I slew thy father call st thou him a child?

Rich Ay like a dastard and a treacherous coward
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland
But ere sunset I ll make thee curse the deed

K Hen Have done with words my lords and hear me speak

Q Mar Defy them then or else hold close thy lips

K Hen I prithee give no limits to my tongue
I am a king and privileged to speak 120

Clif My liege the wound that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cured by words therefore be still

Rich Then executioner unsheathe thy sword
By him that made us all I am resolved
That Clifford s manhood lies upon his tongue

Edw Say Henry shall I have my right or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day
That ne er shall dine unless thou yield the crown

War If thou deny their blood upon thy head
For York in justice puts his armour on 130

Prince If that be right which Warwick says is right
There is no wrong but every thing is right

Rich Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands
For well I wot thou hast thy mother s tongue

Q Mar But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam
But like a foul mis shapen stigmatic,
Mark d by the destinies to be avoided
As venom toads or lizards dreadful stings

Rich Iron of Naples hid with English gilt
Whose father bears the title of a king— 140
As if a channel should be call d the sea—
Shamest thou not knowing whence thou art extraught
To let thy tongue detect thy base born heart?

Edw A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns
To make this shameless callet know herself
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou
Although thy husband may be Menelaus
And ne er was Agamemnon s brother wrong d
By that false woman, as this King by thee
His father revell d in the heart of France, 150
And tamed the King and made the Dauphin stoop
And had he match d according to his state
He might have kept that glory to this day
But when he took a beggar to his bed
And graced thy poor sire with his bridal-day
Even then that sunshine brew d a shower for him
That wash d his father s fortunes forth of France
And heap d sedition on his crown at home
For what hath broach d this tumult but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek our title still had slept
And we in pity of the gentle king 161
Had slipp d our claim until another age

Geo But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring
And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root
And though the edge hath something hit our selves
Yet know thou since we have begun to strike
We ll never leave till we have hewn thee down
Or bathed thy growing with our heated bloods

Edw And in this resolution I defy thee 170
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deniest the gentle king to speak
Sound trumpets! let our bloody colours wave!
And either victory or else a grave

Q Mar Stay Edward

Edw No wrangling woman, we ll no longer stay
These words will cost ten thousand lives this day
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III *A field of battle between Towton and Saxton in Yorkshire*

Alarum Excursions Enter WARWICK

War Forspent with toil as runners with a race
I lay me down a little while to breathe
For strokes received and many blows repaid
Have robb d my strong knit sinews of their strength,
And spite of spite needs must I rest awhile

Enter EDWARD *running*

Edw Smile gentle heaven! or strike ungentle death!
For this world frowns and Edward s sun is clouded.

War How now, my lord! what hap? what hope of good?

Enter GEORGE

Geo Our hap is loss our hope but sad despair,
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us 10
What counsel give you? whither we fly?
Edw Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings,
And weak we are and cannot shun pursuit

Enter RICHARD

Rich Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
Thy brother s blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford s lance,
And in the very pangs of death he cried,
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,
"Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!"
So underneath the belly of their steeds, 20
That stain d their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost
War Then let the earth be drunken with our blood
I ll kill my horse, because I will not fly
Why stand we like soft hearted women here,
Wailing our losses whiles the foe doth rage,
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were play d in jest by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above
I ll never pause again never stand still, 30
Till either death hath closed these eyes of mine
Or fortune given me measure of revenge
Edw O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine,
And in this vow do chain my soul to thine!
And, ere my knee rise from the earth s cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou setter up and plucker down of kings,
Beseeching thee, if with thy will it stands
That to my foes this body must be prey
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope, 40
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!
Now, lords take leave until we meet again,
Where er it be in heaven or in earth
Rich Brother give me thy hand and gentle Warwick
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms
I that did never weep now melt with woe
That winter should cut off our spring time so
War Away away! Once more sweet lords farewell
Geo Yet let us all together to our troops
And give them leave to fly that will not stay 50
And call them pillars that will stand to us,
And if we thrive, promise them such rewards
As victors at the Olympian games
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts,
For yet is hope of life and victory
Forslow no longer, make we hence amain
[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *Another part of the field*

Excursions Enter RICHARD *and* CLIFFORD

Rich Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone
Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York
And this for Rutland, both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ d with a brazen wall
Clif Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone
This is the hand that stabb d thy father York
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland
And here's the heart that triumphs in their death
And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother
To execute the like upon thyself, 10
And so have at thee!
They fight WARWICK *comes*, CLIFFORD *flies*
Rich Nay Warwick, single out some other chase
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death
[*Exeunt*

SCENE V *Another part of the field*

Alarum Enter KING HENRY *alone*

King This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
Forced by the tide to combat with the wind,
Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea
Forced to retire by fury of the wind
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind,
Now one the better then another best 10
Both tugging to be victors breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered
So is the equal poise of this fell war
Here on this molehill will I sit me down
To whom God will there be the victory!
For Margaret my queen and Clifford too
Have chid me from the battle swearing both
They prosper best of all when I am thence
Would I were dead! if God s good will were so,
For what is in this world but grief and woe? 20
O God! methinks it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely swain,
To sit upon a hill as I do now
To carve out dials quaintly point by point
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,

How many make the hour full complete
How many hours bring about the day
How many days will finish up the year
How many years a mortal man may live
When this is known then to divide the times 30
So many hours must I tend my flock
So many hours must I take my rest
So many hours must I contemplate
So many hours must I sport myself
So many days my ewes have been with young
So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece
So minutes hours days months and years
Pass d over to the end they were created
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave 40
Ah what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep
Than doth a rich embroider d canopy
To kings that fear their subjects treachery?
O yes it doth a thousand fold it doth
And to conclude the shepherd s homely curds
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree s shade
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys 50
Is far beyond a prince s delicates
His viands sparkling in a golden cup
His body couched in a curious bed
When care mistrust and treason waits on him

Alarum Enter a SON *that has killed his father dragging in the dead body*

Son Ill blows the wind that profits nobody
This man whom hand to hand I slew in fight
May be possessed with some store of crowns
And I that haply take them from him now
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else as this dead man doth me 60
Who s this? O God it is my father s face
Whom in this conflict I unawares have kill d
O heavy times begetting such events!
From London by the King was I pres d forth
My father being the Earl of Warwick s man
Came on the part of York press d by his master
And I who at his hands received my life
Have by my hands of life bereaved him
Pardon me God I knew not what I did!
And pardon father for I knew not thee! 70
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks
And no more words till they have flow d their fill

K Hen O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
Whiles lions war and battle for their dens
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity
Weep wretched man, I ll aid thee tear for tear
And let our hearts and eyes like civil war
Be blind with tears and break o ercharged with grief

Enter a FATHER *that has killed his son bringing in the body*

Fath Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold if thou hast any gold 80
For I have bought it with an hundred blows
But let me see is this our foeman s face?
Ah no no no it is mine only son!
Ah boy if any life be left in thee
Throw up thine eye! see see what showers arise
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart
Upon thy wounds that kill mine eye and heart!
O pity God this miserable age!
What stratagems how fell how butcherly
Erroneous mutinous and unnatural 90
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!
O boy thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!

K Hen Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
O that my death would stay these ruthful deeds!
O pity pity gentle heaven pity!
The red rose and the white are on his face
The fatal colours of our striving houses
The one his purple blood right well resembles
The other his pale cheeks methinks presenteth
Wither one rose and let the other flourish 100
If you contend a thousand lives must wither

Son How will my mother for a father s death
Take on with me and ne er be satisfied!

Fath How will my wife for slaughter of my son
Shed seas of tears and ne er be satisfied!

K Hen How will the country for these woful chances
Misthink the King and not be satisfied!

Son Was ever son so rued a father s death?

Fath Was ever father so bemoan d his son?

K Hen Was ever king so grieved for subjects woe? 110
Much is your sorrow mine ten times so much

Son I ll bear thee hence where I may weep my fill [*Exit with the body*

Fath These arms of mine shall be thy winding sheet
My heart sweet boy shall be thy sepulchre
For from my heart thine image ne er shall go
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell
And so obsequious will thy father be,
Even for the loss of thee having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons 120
I ll bear thee hence and let them fight that will
For I have murdered where I should not kill
[*Exit with the body*

K Hen Sad hearted men much overgone with care,
Here sits a king more woeful than you are

Alarums excursions Enter QUEEN MARGARET, *the* PRINCE OF WALES, *and* EXETER

Prince Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit
Q Mar Mount you, my lord towards Berwick post amain
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
Having the fearful flying hare in sight, *130*
With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp d in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs, and therefore hence amain
Exe Away! for vengeance comes along with them
Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed
Or else come after I ll away before
K Hen Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the Queen intends Forward, away!
[*Exeunt*

SCENE VI *Another part of the field*

A loud alarum Enter CLIFFORD *wounded*

Clif Here burns my candle out, ay, here it dies,
Which, whiles it lasted, gave King Henry light
O Lancaster, I fear thy overthrow
More than my body's parting with my soul!
My love and fear glued many friends to thee
And now I fall, thy tough commixture melts
Impairing Henry, strengthening misproud York,
The common people swarm like summer flies,
And whither fly the gnats but to the sun?
And who shines now but Henry s enemies? *10*
O Phœbus hadst thou never given consent
That Phaethon should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorch d the earth!
And Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
Or as thy father and his father did
Giving no ground unto the house of York
They never then had sprung like summer flies
I and ten thousand in this luckless realm
Had left no mourning widows for our death
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air? *21*
And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity?
Bootless are plaints and cureless are my wounds
No way to fly nor strength to hold out flight
The foe is merciless, and will not pity
For at their hands I have deserved no pity
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint
Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest,
I stabb d your fathers' bosoms, split my breast
[*He faints*]

Alarum and retreat Enter EDWARD GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, *and Soldiers*

Edw Now breathe we, lords good fortune bids us pause, *31*
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks
Some troops pursue the bloody minded Queen,
That led calm Henry though he were a king,
As doth a sail fill d with a fretting gust,
Command an argosy to stem the waves
But think you lords that Clifford fled with them?
War No 'tis impossible he should escape
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark d him for the grave
And wheresoe er he is he s surely dead *41*
[CLIFFORD *groans, and dies*
Edw Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?
Rich A deadly groan, like life and death's departing
Edw See who it is and, now the battle s ended,
If friend or foe, let him be gently used
Rich Revoke that doom of mercy for 'tis Clifford
Who not contented that he lopp d the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murdering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,
I mean our princely father Duke of York *51*
War From off the gates of York fetch down the head
Your father s head which Clifford placed there,
Instead whereof let this supply the room
Measure for measure must be answered
Edw Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house
That nothing sung but death to us and ours
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound
And his ill boding tongue no more shall speak
War I think his understanding is bereft *60*
Speak Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?
Dark cloudy death o ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees nor hears us what we say
Rich O would he did! and so perhaps he doth
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,

Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our father
Geo If so thou think st vex him with eager words
Rich Clifford ask mercy and obtain no grace
Edw Clifford repent in bootless penitence 70
War Clifford devise excuses for thy faults
Geo While we devise fell tortures for thy faults
Rich Thou didst love York and I am son to York
Edw Thou pitied st Rutland I will pity thee
Geo Where s Captain Margaret to fence you now?
War They mock thee, Clifford swear as thou wast wont
Rich What not an oath? nay then the world goes hard
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath
I know by that he s dead and by my soul
If this right hand would buy two hours life 80
That I in all despite might rail at him
This hand should chop it off and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain whose unstanched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy
War Ay but he s dead off with the traitor s head
And rear it in the place your father s stands
And now to London with triumphant march
There to be crowned England s royal king
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen 90
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together
And having France thy friend thou shalt not dread
The scatter d foe that hopes to rise again
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt
Yet look to have them buzz to offend thine ears
First will I see the coronation
And then to Brittany I ll cross the sea
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord
Edw Even as thou wilt sweet Warwick let it be
For in thy shoulder do I build my seat 100
And never will I undertake the thing
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting
Richard I will create thee Duke of Gloucester
And George of Clarence Warwick as ourself
Shall do and undo as him pleaseth best
Rich Let me be Duke of Clarence George of Gloucester
For Gloucester s dukedom is too ominous
War Tut that s a foolish observation
Richard be Duke of Gloucester Now to London,
To see these honours in possession 110
[*Exeunt*

ACT III

SCENE I *A forest in the north of England*

Enter TWO KEEPERS *with cross bows in their hands*

1st Keep Under this thick-grown brake we ll shroud ourselves
For through this laund anon the deer will come
And in this covert will we make our stand
Culling the principal of all the deer
2nd Keep I ll stay above the hill so both may shoot
1st Keep That cannot be the noise of thy cross bow
Will scare the herd and so my shoot is lost
Here stand we both and aim we at the best
And for the time shall not seem tedious
I ll tell thee what befel me on a day 10
In this self place where now we mean to stand
2nd Keep Here comes a man let s stay till he be past

Enter KING HENRY *disguised with a prayerbook*

K Hen From Scotland am I stol n even of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight
No Harry Harry tis no land of thine
Thy place is fill d thy sceptre wrung from thee
Thy balm wash d off wherewith thou wast anointed
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now
No humble suitors press to speak for right
No not a man comes for redress of thee 20
For how can I help them and not myself?
1st Keep Ay here s a deer whose skin s a keeper s fee
This is the quondam king let s seize upon him
K Hen Let me embrace thee sour adversity
For wise men say it is the wisest course
2nd Keep Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him
1st Keep Forbear awhile we ll hear a little more
K Hen My queen and son are gone to France for aid
And as I hear the great commanding Warwick
Is thither gone to crave the French King s sister
To wife for Edward if this news be true 31
Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost
For Warwick is a subtle orator
And Lewis is a prince soon won with moving words

By this account then Margaret may win him,
For she s a woman to be pitied much
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast,
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart
The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn,
And Nero will be tainted with remorse 40
To hear and see her plaints her brinish tears
Ay, but she s come to beg, Warwick to give,
She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry,
He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward
She weeps and says her Henry is deposed,
He smiles, and says his Edward is install'd,
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more,
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
And in conclusion wins the King from her, 50
With promise of his sister, and what else
To strengthen and support King Edward s place
O Margaret, thus 'twill be, and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn!

2nd Keep Say, what art thou that talk st of kings and queens?

K Hen More than I seem, and less than I was born to
A man at least, for less I should not be,
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

2nd Keep Ay, but thou talk st as if thou wert a king

K Hen Why, so I am in mind, and that s enough 60

2nd Keep But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

K Hen My crown is in my heart not on my head,
Not deck d with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen my crown is called content
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy

2nd Keep Well, if you be a king crown d with content
Your crown content and you must be contented
To go along with us, for as we think
You are the king King Edward hath deposed,
And we his subjects sworn in all allegiance 70
Will apprehend you as his enemy

K Hen But did you never swear and break an oath?

2nd Keep No never such an oath nor will not now

K Hen Where did you dwell when I was King of England?

2nd Keep Here in this country where we now remain

K Hen I was anointed king at nine months old
My father and my grandfather were kings
And you were sworn true subjects unto me
And tell me then have you not broke your oaths?

1st Keep No 80
For we were subjects but while you were king

K Hen Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?
Ah, simple men you know not what you swear!
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust,
Such is the lightness of you common men
But do not break your oaths, for of that sin 90
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty
Go where you will the king shall be commanded
And be you kings, command and I ll obey

1st Keep We are true subjects to the King King Edward

K Hen So would you be again to Henry,
If he were seated as King Edward is

1st Keep We charge you, in God s name, and the King's,
To go with us unto the officers

K Hen In God s name, lead, your king s name be obey'd
And what God will that let your king perform,
And what he will, I humbly yield unto 101
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II *London The palace*

Enter KING EDWARD GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, *and* LADY GREY

K Edw Brother of Gloucester, at Saint Alban's field
This lady s husband Sir Richard Grey, was slain
His lands then seized on by the conqueror
Her suit is now to repossess those lands,
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
Thy worthy gentleman did lose his life

Glou Your highness shall do well to grant her suit
It were dishonour to deny it her

K Edw It were no less but yet I ll make a pause 10

Glou [*Aside to* CLARENCE] Yea is it so?
I see the lady hath a thing to grant
Before the King will grant her humble suit

Clar [*Aside to* GLOUCESTER] He knows the game how true he keeps the wind!

Glou [*Aside to* CLARENCE] Silence!

K Edw Widow we will consider of your suit,
And come some other time to know our mind

L Gr y Right gracious lord I cannot brook delay
May it please your H ghness to resolve me now
And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me 20
Glou [*Aside to* CLARENCE] Ay widow? then I ll warrant you all your lands
An if what pleases him shall pleasure you
Fight closer or good faith you ll catch a blow
Clar [*Aside to* GLOUCESTER] I fear her not unless she chance to fall
Glou [*Aside to* CLARENCE] God forbid that! for he ll take vantages
K Edw How many children hast thou widow? tell me
Cla [*Aside to* GLOUCESTER] I think he means to beg a child of her
Glou [*Aside to* CLARENCE] Nay wh p me then he ll rather give her two
L Gr y Three my most gracious lord
Glou [*Aside to* CLARENCE] You shall have four if you ll be ruled by him 30
K Edw Twere pity they should lose their father s lands
L Gr y Be p tiful dread lord and grant it then
K Edw Lords give us leave I ll try this widow s wit
Glou [*Aside to* CLARENCE] Ay good leave have you for you will have leave
Till youth take leave and leave you to the crutch
[GLOUCESTER *and* CLARENCE *retire*
K Edw Now tell me madam do you love your children?
L Grey Ay full as dearly as I love my self
K Edw And would you not do much to do them good?
L Grey To do them good I would sustain some harm
K Edw Then get your husband s lands to do them good 40
L Grey Therefore I came unto your Majesty
K Edw I ll tell you how these lands are to be got
L Grey So shall you bind me to your Highness service
K Edw What service wilt thou do me if I give them?
L Gr y What you command that rests in me to do
K Edw But you will take exceptions to my boon
L Gr y No gracious lord except I cannot do it
K Edw Ay but thou canst do what I mean to ask
L Gr y Why then I w ll do what your grace commands
Glou [*Aside to* CLARENCE] He plies her hard and much rain wears the marble 50
Clar [*Aside to* GLOUCESTER] As red as fire! nay then her wax must melt
L Grey Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?
K Edw An easy task tis but to love a king
L Grey That s soon perform d because I am a subject
K Edw Why then thy husband s lands I freely give thee
L Grey I take my leave with many thousand thanks
Glou [*Aside to* CLARENCE] The match is made she seals it with a curtsy
K Edw But stay thee tis the fruits of love I mean
L Grey The fruits of love I mean my loving liege
K Edw Ay but I fear me in another sense 60
What love, think st thou I sue so much to get?
L Grey My love till death my humble thanks my prayers
That love which virtue begs and virtue grants
K Edw No by my troth I did not mean such love
L G y Why then you mean not as I thought you did
K Edw But now you partly may perceive my mind
L Grey My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your Highness aims at if I aim aright
K Edw To tell thee plain I aim to lie with thee
L Grey To tell you plain I had rather lie in prison 70
K Edw Why then thou shalt not have thy husband s lands
L G y Why then mine honesty shall be my dower
For by that loss I will not purchase them
K Edw Therein thou wrong st thy children mightily
L Grey Herein your Highness wrongs both them and me
But mighty lord this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness of my suit
Please you d smiss me either with ay or no
K Edw Ay if thou wilt say ay to my request
No if thou dost say no to my demand 80
L G y Then no my lord My suit is at an end
Glou [*Aside to* CLARENCE] The widow likes him not she knits her brows

Clar [*Aside to* GLOUCESTER] He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom
K Edw [*Aside*] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty,
Her words do show her wit incomparable,
All her perfections challenge sovereignty
One way or other, she is for a king,
And she shall be my love or else my queen —
Say that King Edward take thee for his queen?
L Grey 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord *90*
I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign
K Edw Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee
I speak no more than what my soul intends,
And that is to enjoy thee for my love
L Grey And that is more than I will yield unto
I know I am too mean to be your queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine
K Edw You cavil, widow I did mean, my queen
L Grey 'Twill grieve your Grace my sons should call you father *100*
K Edw No more than when my daughters call thee mother
Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children,
And, by God s mother, I being but a bachelor
Have other some why, 'tis a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons
Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen
Glou [*Aside to* CLARENCE] The ghostly father now hath done his shrift
Clar [*Aside to* GLOUCESTER] When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift
K Edw Brothers you muse what chat we two have had
Glou The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad *110*
K Edw You ld think it strange if I should marry her
Clar To whom, my lord?
K Edw Why Clarence to myself
Glou That would be ten days' wonder at the least
Clar That s a day longer than a wonder lasts
Glou By so much is the wonder in extremes
K Edw Well jest on brothers I can tell you both
Her suit is granted for her husband s lands

Enter a NOBLEMAN

Nob My gracious lord Henry your foe is taken
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate
K Edw See that he be convey d unto the Tower *120*
And go we, brothers to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension
Widow, go you along Lords use her honourably [*Exeunt all but* GLOUCESTER
Glou Ay, Edward will use women honourably
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring
To cross me from the golden time I look for!
And yet, between my soul s desire and me—
The lustful Edward s title buried— *129*
Is Clarence Henry and his son young Edward,
And all the unlook d for issue of their bodies
To take their rooms ere I can place myself
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty
Like one that stands upon a promontory
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying he'll lade it dry to have his way
So do I wish the crown being so far off *140*
And so I chide the means that keeps me from it,
And so I say I ll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities
My eye s too quick my heart o erweens too much
Unless my hand and strength could equal them
Well say there is no kingdom then for Richard,
What other pleasure can the world afford?
I ll make my heaven in a lady s lap
And deck my body in gay ornaments
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks
O miserable thoughts! and more unlikely *151*
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!
Why, love forswore me in my mother s womb
And for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe,
To shrink mine arm up like a wither d shrub
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body,
To shape my legs of an unequal size,
To disproportion me in every part *160*
Like to a chaos or an unlick d bear whelp
That carries no impression like the dam
And am I then a man to be beloved?
O monstrous fault to harbour such a thought!
Then since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command to check to o erbear such
As are of better person than myself
I ll make my heaven to dream upon the crown
And whiles I live to account this world but hell,
Until my mis shaped trunk that bears this head
Be round impaled with a glorious crown *171*
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home
And I—like one lost in a thorny wood

That rends the thorns and is rent with the thorns
Seeking a way and straying from the way
Not knowing how to find the open air
But toiling desperately to find it out—
Torment myself to catch the English crown
And from that torment I will free myself 180
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe
Why I can smile and murder whiles I smile
And cry Content to that which grieves my heart
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears
And frame my face to all occasions
I ll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall
I ll slay more gazers than the basilisk
I ll play the orator as well as Nestor
Deceive more slily than Ulysses could
And like a Sinon take another Troy 190
I can add colours to the chameleon
Change shapes with Proteus for advantages
And set the murderous Machiavel to school
Can I do this and cannot get a crown?
Tut were it farther off I ll pluck it down [*Exit*

SCENE III *France The King s palace*

Flourish Enter LEWIS *the French King his sister* BONA *his Admiral call d Bourbon* PRINCE EDWARD QUEEN MARGARET *and the* EARL OF OXFORD LEWIS *sits and riseth up again*

K Lew Fair Queen of England worthy Margaret
Sit down with us it ill befits thy state
And birth that thou shouldst stand while Lewis doth sit

Q Mar No mighty King of France now Margaret
Must strike her sail and learn awhile to serve
Where kings command I was I must confess
Great Albion s queen in former golden days
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune 10
And to my humble seat conform myself

K Lew Why say fair queen, whence springs this deep despair?

Q Mar From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears
And stops my tongue while heart is drown d in cares

K Lew Whate er it be be thou still like thy self
And sit thee by our side [*Seats her by him*] yield not thy neck
To fortune s yoke but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance
Be plain Queen Margaret and tell thy grief
It shall be eased if France can yield relief 20

Q Mar Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts
And give my tongue tied sorrows leave to speak
Now therefore be it known to noble Lewis
That Henry sole possessor of my love
Is of a king become a banish d man
And forced to live in Scotland a forlorn
While proud ambitious Edward Duke of York
Usurps the regal title and the seat
Of England s true anointed lawful king
This is the cause that I poor Margaret 30
With this my son Prince Edward Henry s heir
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid
And if thou fail us all our hope is done
Scotland hath will to help but cannot help
Our people and our peers are both misled
Our treasure seized our soldiers put to flight
And as thou seest ourselves in heavy plight

K Lew Renowned queen with patience calm the storm
While we bethink a means to break it off

Q Mar The more we stay the stronger grows our foe

K Lew The more I stay the more I ll succour thee

Q Mar O but impatience waiteth on true sorrow
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow!

Enter WARWICK

K Lew What s he approacheth boldly to our presence?

Q Mar Our Earl of Warwick Edward s greatest friend

K Lew Welcome brave Warwick! What brings thee to France?

He descends She ariseth

Q Mar Ay now begins a second storm to rise
For this is he that moves both wind and tide

War From worthy Edward King of Albion
My lord and sovereign and thy vowed friend 50
I come in kindness and unfeigned love
First to do greetings to thy royal person
And then to crave a league of amity
And lastly to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous Lady Bona thy fair sister
To England s king in lawful marriage

Q Mar [*Aside*] If that go forward Henry s hope is done

War [*To* BONA] And gracious madam in our king s behalf
I am commanded with your leave and favour 60
Humbly to kiss your hand and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign s heart
Where fame late entering at his heedful ears

Hath placed thy beauty's image and thy virtue
Q Mar King Lewis and Lady Bona, hear me speak
Before you answer Warwick His demand
Springs not from Edward s well-meant honest love,
But from deceit bred by necessity,
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance? 70
To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,
That Henry liveth still, but were he dead,
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son
Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour,
For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs
War Injurious Margaret!
Prince And why not Queen?
War Because thy father Henry did usurp
And thou no more art prince than she is queen 80
Oxf Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain,
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest,
And after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France
From these our Henry lineally descends
War Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,
You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten? 90
Methinks these peers of France should smile at that
But for the rest, you tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years, a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom s worth
Oxf Why Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,
Whom thou obeyed st thirty and six years
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?
War Can Oxford that did ever fence the right
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree? 99
For shame! leave Henry, and call Edward king
Oxf Call him my king by whose injurious doom
My elder brother the Lord Aubrey Vere
Was done to death? and more than so my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow d years
When nature brought him to the door of death?
No Warwick no while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster
War And I the house of York

K Lew Queen Margaret, Prince Edward and Oxford
Vouchsafe, at our request to stand aside, 110
While I use further conference with Warwick
They stand aloof
Q Mar Heavens grant that Warwick's words bewitch him not!
K Lew Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,
Is Edward your true king? for I were loath
To link with him that were not lawful chosen
War Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour
K Lew But is he gracious in the people s eye?
War The more that Henry was unfortunate
K Lew Then further, all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love 120
Unto our sister Bona
War Such it seems
As may beseem a monarch like himself
Myself have often heard him say and swear
That this his love was an eternal plant
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground
The leaves and fruit maintain d with beauty s sun,
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain
K Lew Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve 129
Bona Your grant or your denial shall be mine
[*To* WARWICK] Yet I confess that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king s desert recounted
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire
K Lew Then, Warwick, thus our sister shall be Edward s,
And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must make
Which with her dowry shall be counterpoised
Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness
That Bona shall be wife to the English king 139
Prince To Edward, but not to the English king
Q Mar Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit
Before thy coming Lewis was Henry s friend
K Lew And still is friend to him and Margaret
But if your title to the crown be weak
As may appear by Edward s good success
Then tis but reason that I be released
From giving aid which late I promised
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand
That your estate requires and mine can yield 150
War Henry now lives in Scotland at his ease,
Where having nothing nothing can he lose
And as for you yourself, our quondam queen
You have a father able to maintain you,
And better twere you troubled him than France

Q Mar Peace impudent and shameless War wick peace,
Proud setter up and puller down of kings!
I will not hence till with my talk and tears
Both full of truth I make King Lewis behold
Thy sly conveyance and thy lord s false love 160
For both of you are birds of selfsame feather

Post blows a horn within

K Lew Warwick this is some post to us or thee

Enter a POST

Post [*To* WARWICK] My lord ambassador these letters are for you
Sent from your brother Marquess Montague
[*To Lewis*] These from our king unto your majesty
[*To* MARGARET] And madam these for you from whom I know not

They all read their letters

Oxf I like it well that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news while Warwick frowns at his

Prince Nay mark how Lewis stamps as he were nettled
I hope all s for the best 170

K Lew Warwick what are thy news? and yours fair queen?

Q Mar Mine, such as fill my heart with unhoped joys

War Mine full of sorrow and heart s discontent

K Lew What! has your king married the Lady Grey?
And now to soothe your forgery and his
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Q Mar I told your Majesty as much before
This proveth Edward s love and Warwick s honesty 180

War King Lewis I here protest in sight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward s
No more my king for he d shonours me,
But most himself if he could see his shame
Did I forget that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right? 190
And am I guerdon d at the last with shame?
Shame on himself! for my desert is honour
And to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him and return to Henry
My noble queen let former grudges pass
And henceforth I am thy true servitor
I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona
And replant Henry in his former state

Q Mar Warwick these words have turn d my hate to love
And I forgive and quite forget old faults 200
And joy that thou becomest King Henry s friend

War So much his friend ay his unfeigned friend
That if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers
I ll undertake to land them on our coast
And force the tyrant from his seat by war
Tis not his new made bride shall succour him
And as for Clarence as my letters tell me
He s very likely now to fall from him 209
For matching more for wanton lust than honour
Or than for strength and safety of our country

Bona Dear brother how shall Bona be revenged
But by thy help to this distressed queen?

Q Mar Renowned prince how shall poor Henry live
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona My quarrel and this English queen s are one

War And mine, fair lady Bona joins with yours

K Lew And mine with hers and thine and Margaret s
Therefore at last I firmly am resolved
You shall have aid 220

Q Mar Let me give humble thanks for all at once

K Lew Then England s messenger return in post
And tell false Edward thy supposed king
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers
To revel it with him and his new bride
Thou seest what s past go fear thy king withal

Bona Tell him in hope he ll prove a widower shortly
I ll wear the willow garland for his sake

Q Mar Tell him my mourning weeds are laid aside
And I am ready to put armour on 230

War Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong
And therefore I ll uncrown him ere t be long
There s thy reward be gone [*Exit* POST

K Lew But Warwick
Thou and Oxford with five thousand men
Shall cross the seas and bid false Edward battle
And as occasion serves this noble queen
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply
Yet ere thou go but answer me one doubt

What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty? 239
War This shall assure my constant loyalty,
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join mine eldest daughter and my joy
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands
Q Mar Yes I agree, and thank you for your motion
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick,
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick s daughter shall be thine
Prince Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it,
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand 250
He gives his hand to WARWICK
K Lew Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied,
And thou Lord Bourbon our high admiral,
Shalt waft them over with our royal fleet
I long till Edward fall by war s mischance
For mocking marriage with a dame of France
[*Exeunt all but* WARWICK
War I came from Edward as ambassador
But I return his sworn and mortal foe
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand
Had he none else to make a stale but me? 260
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow
I was the chief that raised him to the crown
And I ll be chief to bring him down again
Not that I pity Henry's misery
But seek revenge on Edward s mockery [*Exit*

ACT IV

SCENE I *London The palace*

Enter GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, *and* MONTAGUE

Glou Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?
Clar Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to France,
How could he stay till Warwick made return?
Som My lords forbear this talk, here comes the king
Glou And his well-chosen bride
Clar I mind to tell him plainly what I think

Flourish Enter KING EDWARD, *attended*, LADY GREY *as Queen*, PEMBROKE, STAFFORD HASTINGS *and others Four stand on one side, and four on the other*

K Edw Now brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,
That you stand pensive as half malcontent? 10
Clar As well as Lewis of France, or the Earl of Warwick
Which are so weak of courage and in judgement
That they ll take no offence at our abuse
K Edw Suppose they take offence without a cause
They are but Lewis and Warwick I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick s and must have my will
Glou And shall have your will because our king
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well
K Edw Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?
Glou Not I 20
No God forbid that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join d together, ay, and twere pity
To sunder them that yoke so well together
K Edw Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,
Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey
Should not become my wife and England s queen
And you too Somerset and Montague,
Speak freely what you think
Clar Then this is mine opinion that King Lewis
Becomes your enemy for mocking him 30
About the marriage of the Lady Bona
Glou And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage
K Edw What if both Lewis and Warwick be appeased
By such invention as I can devise?
Mont Yet to have join d with France in such alliance
Would more have strengthen d this our common wealth
'Gainst foreign storms than any home bred marriage
Hast Why knows not Montague that of itself
England is safe if true within itself? 40
Mont But the safer when tis back d with France
Hast Tis better using France than trusting France
Let us be back d with God and with the seas
Which He hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves
In them and in ourselves our safety lies
Clar For this one speech Lord Hastings well deserves
To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford

K Edw Ay what of that? it was my will and grant
And for this once my will shall stand for law 50
Glou And yet methinks your Grace hath not done well
To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride
She better would have fitted me or Clarence
But in your bride you bury brotherhood
Clar Or else you would not have bestow d the heir
Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife s son
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere
K Edw Alas poor Clarence! is it for a wife
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee 60
Clar In choosing for yourself you show d your judgement
Which being shallow you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you
K Edw Leave me or tarry Edward will be king
And not be tied unto his brother s will
Q El My lords before it pleased his Majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen
Do me but right and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent 70
And meaner than myself have had like fortune
But as this title honours me and mine
So your dislike to whom I would be pleasing
Doth cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow
K Edw My love forbear to fawn upon their frowns
What danger or what sorrow can befall thee
So long as Edward is thy constant friend
And their true sovereign whom they must obey?
Nay whom they shall obey and love thee too
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands 80
Which if they do yet will I keep thee safe
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath
Glou [*And*] I hear yet say not much but think the more

Enter a POST

K Edw Now messenger what letters or what news
From France?
Post My sovereign liege no letters and few words
But such as I without your special pardon
Dare not relate
K Edw Go to we pardon thee therefore in brief
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them 90
What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters?
Post At my depart these were his very words
Go tell false Edward thy supposed king
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers
To revel it with him and his new bride
K Edw Is Lewis so brave? belike he thinks me Henry
But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?
Post These were her words utter d with mild disdain
Tell him in hope he ll prove a widower shortly
I ll wear the willow garland for his sake 100
K Edw I blame not her she could say little less
She had the wrong But what said Henry s queen?
For I have heard that she was there in place
Post Tell him quoth she my mourning weeds are done
And I am ready to put armour on
K Edw Belike she minds to play the Amazon
But what said Warwick to these injuries?
Post He more incensed against your Majesty
Than all the rest discharged me with these words
Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong 110
And therefore I ll uncrown him ere t be long
K Edw Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?
Well I will arm me being thus forewarn d
They shall have wars and pay for their presumption
But say is Warwick friends with Margaret?
Post Ay gracious sovereign they are so link d in friendship
That young Prince Edward marries Warwick s daughter
Clar Belike the elder Clarence will have the younger
Now brother king farewell and sit you fast 119
For I will hence to Warwick s other daughter
That though I want a kingdom yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself
You that love me and Warwick follow me
[*Exit* CLARENCE *and* SOMERSET *follows*
Glou [*Aside*] Not I
My thoughts aim at a further matter I
Stay not for the love of Edward but the crown
K Edw Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!
Yet am I arm d against the worst can happen
And haste is needful in this desperate case
Pembroke and Stafford you in our behalf 130
Go levy men and make prepare for war
They are already or quickly will be landed

Myself in person will straight follow you

[*Exeunt* PEMBROKE *and* STAFFORD

But, ere I go, Hastings and Montague,
Resolve my doubt You twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick by blood and by alliance
Tell me if you love Warwick more than me?
If it be so, then both depart to him,
I rather wish you foes than hollow friends
But if you mind to hold your true obedience, *140*
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect

Mont So God help Montague as he proves true!

Hast And Hastings as he favours Edward's cause!

K Edw Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

Glou Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you

K Edw Why, so! then am I sure of victory
Now therefore let us hence, and lose no hour,
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II *A plain in Warwickshire*

Enter WARWICK *and* OXFORD, *with French soldiers*

War Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well,
The common people by numbers swarm to us

Enter CLARENCE *and* SOMERSET

But see where Somerset and Clarence comes!
Speak suddenly my lords, are we all friends?

Clar Fear not that, my lord

War Then gentle Clarence welcome unto Warwick,
And welcome Somerset I hold it cowardice
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn d an open hand in sign of love
Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother *10*
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings
But welcome, sweet Clarence, my daughter shall be thine
And now what rests but in night s coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp d
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a simple guard
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy
That as Ulysses and stout Diomede *19*
With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds
So we, well cover'd with the night s black mantle,
At unawares may beat down Edward s guard
And seize himself, I say not, slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprise him
You that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the name of Henry with your leader

They all cry, 'Henry!'

Why then, let s on our way in silent sort
For Warwick and his friends God and Saint George!

[*Exeunt*

SCENE III *Edward s camp near Warwick*

Enter THREE WATCHMEN *to guard the King s tent*

1st Watch Come on, my masters each man take his stand
The King by this is set him down to sleep

2nd Watch What will he not to bed?

1st Watch Why, no, for he hath made a solemn vow
Never to lie and take his natural rest
Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd

2nd Watch To-morrow then belike shall be the day,
If Warwick be so near as men report

3rd Watch But say, I pray what nobleman is that
That with the King here resteth in his tent? *10*

1st Watch 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the King's chiefest friend

3rd Watch O is it so? But why commands the King
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him
While he himself keeps in the cold field?

2nd Watch 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous

3rd Watch Ay, but give me worship and quietness
I like it better than a dangerous honour
If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
'Tis to be doubted he would waken him

1st Watch Unless our halberds did shut up his passage *20*

2nd Watch Ay, wherefore else guard we his royal tent,
But to defend his person from night foes?

Enter WARWICK CLARENCE, OXFORD SOMERSET *and French soldiers, silent all*

War This is his tent and see where stand his guard
Courage my masters! honour now or never!
But follow me and Edward shall be ours

1st Watch Who goes there?

2nd Watch Stay or thou diest!

Warwick and the rest cry all 'Warwick

Warwick! *and set upon the Guard who fly crying* Arm! arm! *Warwick and the rest following them*

The drum playing and trumpet sounding re-enter WARWICK SOMERSET *and the rest bringing the* KING *out in his gown sitting in a chair* RICHARD *and* HASTINGS *fly over the stage*

Som What are they that fly there?

War Richard and Hastings let them go here is
The Duke

K Edw The Duke Why Warwick when we parted 30
Thou call dst me king

War Ay but the case is alter d
When you disgraced me in my embassade
Then I degraded you from being king
And come now to create you Duke of York
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom
That know not how to use ambassadors
Nor how to be contented with one wife
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly
Nor how to study for the people s welfare
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies? 40

K Edw Yea brother of Clarence art thou here too?
Nay then I see that Edward needs must down
Yet Warwick in despite of all mischance
Of thee thyself and all thy complices
Edward will always bear himself as king
Though fortune s malice overthrow my state
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel

War Then for his mind be Edward England s king [*Takes off his crown*
But Henry now shall wear the English crown
And be true king indeed thou but the shadow 50
My Lord of Somerset at my request
See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey d
Unto my brother Archbishop of York
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows
I ll follow you and tell what answer
Lewis and the Lady Bona send to him
Now for a while farewell good Duke of York
[*They lead him out forcibly*

K Edw What fates impose that men must needs abide
It boots not to resist both wind and tide
[*Exit guarded*

Oxf What now remains my lords for us to do 60
But march to London with our soldiers?

War Ay that s the first thing that we have to do
To free King Henry from imprisonment
And see him seated in the regal throne [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *London The palace*

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH *and* RIVERS

Riv Madam what makes you in this sudden change?

Q Eli Why brother Rivers are you yet to learn
What late misfortune is befall n King Edward?

Riv What! loss of some pitch d battle against Warwick?

Q Eli No but the loss of his own royal person

Riv Then is my sovereign slain?

Q Eli Ay almost slain for he is taken prisoner
Either betray d by falsehood of his guard
Or by his foe surprised at unawares
And as I further have to understand 10
Is new committed to the Bishop of York
Fell Warwick s brother and by that our foe

Riv These news I must confess are full of grief
Yet gracious madam bear it as you may
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day

Q Eli Till then fair hope must hinder life s decay
And I the rather wean me from despair
For love of Edward s offspring in my womb
This is it that makes me bridle passion
And bear with mildness my misfortune s cross
Ay ay for this I draw in many a tear 21
And stop the rising of blood sucking sighs
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward s fruit true heir to the English crown

Riv But madam where is Warwick then become?

Q Eli I am inform d that he comes towards London
To set the crown once more on Henry s head
Guess thou the rest King Edward s friends must down
But to prevent the tyrant s violence—
For trust not him that hath once broken faith—
I ll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary 31
To save at least the heir of Edward s right
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud
Come therefore let us fly while we may fly
If Warwick take us we are sure to die [*Exeunt*

SCENE V *A park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire*

Enter GLOUCESTER LORD HASTINGS *and* SIR WILLIAM STANLEY

Glou Now my Lord Hastings and Sir William Stanley
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither
Into the chiefest thicket of the park

Thus stands the case you know our king my brother,
Is prisoner to the Bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty
And often but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself
I have advertised him by secret means
That if about this hour he make this way 10
Under the colour of his usual game
He shall here find his friends with horse and men
To set him free from his captivity

Enter KING EDWARD *and a* HUNTSMAN *with him*

Hunt This way, my lord, for this way lies the game

K Edw Nay, this way, man see where the huntsmen stand
Now, brother of Gloucester Lord Hastings and the rest,
Stand you thus close to steal the Bishop's deer?

Glou Brother, the time and case requireth haste
Your horse stands ready at the park corner

K Edw But whither shall we then?

Hast To Lynn, my lord, 20
And ship from thence to Flanders

Glou Well guess'd, believe me, for that was my meaning

K Edw Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness

Glou But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk

K Edw Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?

Hunt Better do so than tarry and be hang d

Glou Come then, away let s ha no more ado

K Edw Bishop farewell shield thee from Warwick s frown,
And pray that I may repossess the crown

[*Exeunt*

SCENE VI *London The Tower*

Flourish Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, *young* RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE *and* LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER

K Hen Master lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat
And turn d my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope my sorrows unto joys
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Lieu Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns,
But if an humble prayer may prevail
I then crave pardon of your Majesty

K Hen For what, lieutenant? for well using me? 9
Nay, be thou sure I'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds,
Conceive when after many moody thoughts
At last by notes of household harmony
They quite forget their loss of liberty
But Warwick, after God thou set st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee,
He was the author thou the instrument
Therefore that I may conquer Fortune s spite
By living low where Fortune cannot hurt me, 20
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish d with my thwarting stars,
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds

War Your Grace hath still been famed for virtuous
And now may seem as wise as virtuous
By spying and avoiding Fortune s malice,
For few men rightly temper with the stars
Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace, 30
For choosing me when Clarence is in place

Clar No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heavens in thy nativity
Adjudged an olive branch and laurel crown,
As likely to be blest in peace and war,
And therefore I yield thee my free consent

War And I choose Clarence only for Protector

K Hen Warwick and Clarence give me both your hands
Now join your hands and with your hands your hearts
That no dissension hinder government 40
I make you both Protectors of this land,
While I myself will lead a private life
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin s rebuke and my Creator s praise

War What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

Clar That he consents if Warwick yield consent
For on thy fortune I repose myself

War Why, then though loath yet must I be content
We ll yoke together like a double shadow
To Henry s body and supply his place 50
I mean in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour and his ease
And Clarence now then it is more than needful
Forthwith that Edward be pronounced a traitor
And all his lands and goods be confiscate

Clar What else? and that succession be determined

War Ay therein Clarence shall not want his part

K Hen But with the first of all your chief affairs
Let me entreat for I command no more 59
That Margaret your queen and my son Edward
Be sent for to return from France with speed
For till I see them here by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclipsed

Clar It shall be done my sovereign with all speed

K Hen My Lord of Somerset what youth is that
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

Som My liege it is young Henry Earl of Richmond

K Hen Come hither England s hope [*Lays his hand on his head*] If secret powers
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts
This pretty lad will prove our country s bliss 70
His looks are full of peaceful majesty
His head by nature framed to wear a crown
His hand to wield a sceptre and himself
Likely in time to bless a regal throne
Make much of him my lords for this is he
Must help you more than you are hurt by me

Enter a POST

War What news my friend?

Post That Edward is escaped from your brother
And fled as he hears since to Burgundy

War Unsavoury news! but how made he escape? 80

Post He was convey d by Richard Duke of Gloucester
And the Lord Hastings who attended him
In secret ambush on the forest side
And from the Bishop s huntsmen rescued him
For hunting was his daily exercise

War My brother was too careless of his charge
But let us hence my sovereign to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide

[*Exeunt all but* SOMERSET RICHMOND *and* OXFORD

Som My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's
For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help 90
And we shall have more wars before t be long
As Henry s late presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond
So doth my heart misgive me in these conflicts
What may befall him, to his harm and ours
Therefore Lord Oxford to prevent the worst
Forthwith we ll send him hence to Brittany
Till storms be past of civil enmity

Oxf Ay for if Edward repossess the crown,
Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall down

Som It shall be so he shall to Brittany 101
Come therefore let s about it speedily [*Exeunt*

SCENE VII *Before York*

Flourish Enter KING EDWARD GLOUCESTER HASTINGS *and soldiers*

K Edw Now brother Richard Lord Hastings and the rest
Yet thus far Fortune maketh us amends
And says that once more I shall interchange
My waned state for Henry s regal crown
Well have we pass d and now repass d the seas
And brought desired help from Burgundy
What then remains we being thus arrived
From Ravenspurgh haven before the gates of York
But that we enter as into our dukedom?

Glou The gates made fast! Brother I like not this 10
For many men that stumble at the threshold
Are well foretold that danger lurks within

K Edw Tush man abodements must not now affright us
By fair or foul means we must enter in
For hither will our friends repair to us

Hast My liege I ll knock once more to summon them

Enter on the walls the MAYOR OF YORK *and his Brethren*

May My lords we were forewarned of your coming
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry

K Edw But master mayor if Henry be your king 20
Yet Edward at the least is Duke of York

May True my good lord I know you for no less

K Edw Why and I challenge nothing but my dukedom
As being well content with that alone

Glou [*Aside*] But when the fox hath once got in his nose
He ll soon find means to make the body follow

Hast Why master mayor why stand you in a doubt?
Open the gates we are King Henry s friends

May Ay say you so? the gates shall then be open d [*They descend*

Glou A wise stout captain and soon persuaded!

Hast The good old man would fain that all were well 31
So twere not long of him but being enter d
I doubt not I but we shall soon persuade

Both him and all his brothers unto reason

Enter the MAYOR *and two Aldermen, below*

K Edw So master mayor these gates must not be shut
But in the night or in the time of war
What! fear not man, but yield me up the keys,
[*Takes his keys*]
For Edward will defend the town and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me

March Enter MONTGOMERY, *with drum and soldiers*

Glou Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend unless I be deceived 41
K Edw Welcome, Sir John! But why come you in arms?
Mont To help King Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do
K Edw Thanks, good Montgomery, but we now forget
Our title to the crown and only claim
Our dukedom till God please to send the rest
Mont Then fare you well, for I will hence again
I came to serve a king and not a duke
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away 50
The drum begins to march
K Edw Nay, stay, Sir John, awhile, and we'll debate
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd
Mont What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king
I'll leave you to your fortune and be gone
To keep them back that come to succour you
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?
Glou Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?
K Edw When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim
Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning 60
Hast Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule
Glou And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns
Brother we will proclaim you out of hand
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends
K Edw Then be it as you will, for 'tis my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem
Mont Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself
And now will I be Edward's champion
Hast Sound trumpet, Edward shall be here proclaim'd
Come fellow soldier, make thou proclamation
Giving him a paper Flourish 70
Sold [*Reads*] 'Edward the Fourth by the grace of God, king of England and France, and lord of Ireland,' &c
Mont And whoso'er gainsays King Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight
Throws down his gauntlet
All Long live Edward the Fourth!
K Edw Thanks brave Montgomery, and thanks unto you all
If fortune serve me I'll requite this kindness
Now, for this night let's harbour here in York,
And when the morning sun shall raise his car 80
Above the border of this horizon
We'll forward towards Warwick and his mates,
For well I wot that Henry is no soldier
Ah, froward Clarence! how evil it beseems thee,
To flatter Henry and forsake thy brother!
Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick
Come on, brave soldiers doubt not of the day,
And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay
[*Exeunt*

SCENE VIII *London The palace*

Flourish Enter KING HENRY WARWICK, MONTAGUE CLARENCE, EXETER *and* OXFORD

War What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London,
And many giddy people flock to him
K Hen Let's levy men and beat him back again
Clar A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.
War In Warwickshire I have true hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war 10
Those will I muster up and thou son Clarence,
Shalt stir up in Suffolk Norfolk and in Kent
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee
Thou brother Montague, in Buckingham
Northampton and in Leicestershire shalt find
Men well inclined to hear what thou command'st
And thou brave Oxford wondrous well beloved
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends
My sovereign with the loving citizens
Like to his island girt in with the ocean 20
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs
Shall rest in London till we come to him
Fair lords take leave and stand not to reply
Farewell my sovereign

K Hen Farewell my Hector and my Troy s true hope
Clar In sign of truth I kiss your Highness hand
K Hen Well minded Clarence be thou fortunate!
Mont Comfort my lord and so I take my leave
Oxf And thus I seal my truth and bid adieu
K Hen Sweet Oxford and my loving Montague 30
And all at once once more a happy farewell
War Farewell sweet lords let s meet at Coventry
[*Exeunt all but* KING HENRY *and* EXETER
K Hen Here at the palace will I rest awhile
Cousin of Exeter what thinks your lordship?
Methinks the power that Edward hath in field
Should not be able to encounter mine
Exe The doubt is that he will seduce the rest
K Hen That s not my fear my meed hath got me fame
I have not stopp d mine ears to their demands
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays 40
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds
My mildness hath allay d their swelling griefs
My mercy dried their water flowing tears
I have not been desirous of their wealth
Nor much oppress d them with great subsidies
Nor forward of revenge though they much err d
Then why should they love Edward more than me?
No Exeter these graces challenge grace
And when the lion fawns upon the lamb
The lamb will never cease to follow him 50
Shout within A Lancaster! A Lancaster!
Exe Hark hark my lord what shouts are these?

Enter KING EDWARD GLOUCESTER *and soldiers*

K Edw Seize on the shame faced Henry bear him hence
And once again proclaim us King of England
You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow
Now stops thy spring my sea shall suck them dry
And swell so much the higher by their ebb
Hence with him to the Tower let him not speak
[*Exeunt some with* KING HENRY
And lords towards Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains
The sun shines hot and if we use delay 60
Cold biting winter mars our hoped for hay

Glou Away betimes before his forces join,
And take the great grown traitor unawares
Brave warriors march amain towards Coventry
[*Exeunt*

ACT V

Scene I Coventry

Enter WARWICK *the Mayor of Coventry two* MESSENGERS *and others upon the walls*

War Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?
How far hence is thy lord mine honest fellow?
1st Mess By this at Dunsmore marching hitherward
War How far off is our brother Montague?
Where is the post that came from Montague?
2nd Mess By this at Daintry with a puissant troop

Enter SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE

War Say Somerville what says my loving son?
And by thy guess how nigh is Clarence now?
Som At Southam I did leave him with his forces
And do expect him here some two hours hence
Drum heard
War Then Clarence is at hand I hear his drum
Som It is not his my lord here Southam lies
The drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick
War Who should that be? belike unlook d for friends
Som They are at hand and you shall quickly know

March flourish Enter KING EDWARD GLOUCESTER, *and soldiers*

K Edw Go trumpet to the walls and sound a parle
Glou See how the surly Warwick mans the wall!
War O unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?
Where slept our scouts or how are they seduced
That we could hear no news of his repair? 20
K Edw Now Warwick wilt thou ope the city gates
Speak gentle words and humbly bend thy knee
Call Edward king and at his hands beg mercy?
And he shall pardon thee these outrages
War Nay rather wilt thou draw thy forces hence
Confess who set thee up and pluck d thee down
Call Warwick patron and be penitent?
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York
Glou I thought at least he would have said the King

Or did he make the jest against his will? 30
War Is not a dukedom, sir a goodly gift?
Glou Ay, by my faith for a poor earl to give
I ll do thee service for so good a gift
War 'Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother
K Edw Why then tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift
War Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight
And weakling Warwick takes his gift again,
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject
K Edw But Warwick's king is Edward s prisoner
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this 40
What is the body when the head is off?
Glou Alas that Warwick had no more forecast
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was slily finger d from the deck!
You left poor Henry at the Bishop's palace,
And, ten to one you'll meet him in the Tower
K Edw 'Tis even so, yet you are Warwick still
Glou Come Warwick, take the time kneel down kneel down
Nay, when? strike now or else the iron cools
War I had rather chop this hand off at a blow 50
And with the other fling it at thy face
Than bear so low a sail to strike to thee
K Edw Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend,
This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall whiles thy head is warm and new cut off
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood
"Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more"

Enter OXFORD *with drum and colours*

War O cheerful colours! see where Oxford comes!
Oxf Oxford Oxford for Lancaster!
He and his forces enter the city
Glou The gates are open let us enter too 60
K Edw So other foes may set upon our backs
Stand we in good array, for they no doubt
Will issue out again and bid us battle
If not the city being but of small defence,
We ll quickly rouse the traitors in the same
War O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help

Enter MONTAGUE, *with drum and colours*

Mont Montague Montague for Lancaster!
He and his forces enter the city
Glou Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear
K Edw The harder match d the greater victory 70
My mind presageth happy gain and conquest

Enter SOMERSET, *with drum and colours*

Som Somerset Somerset, for Lancaster!
He and his forces enter the city
Glou Two of thy name both Dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York,
And thou shalt be the third if this sword hold

Enter CLARENCE, *with drum and colours*

War And lo where George of Clarence sweeps along
Of force enough to bid his brother battle
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails
More than the nature of a brother s love!
Come Clarence come, thou wilt if Warwick call 80
Clar Father of Warwick know you what this means?
Taking his red rose out of his hat
Look here I throw my infancy at thee
I will not ruinate my father s house,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,
And set up Lancaster Why trow st thou Warwick
That Clarence is so harsh so blunt unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother and his lawful king?
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath
To keep that oath were more impiety 90
Than Jephthah's when he sacrificed his daughter
I am so sorry for my trespass made
That to deserve well at my brother s hands
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe
With resolution wheresoe er I meet thee—
As I will meet thee if thou stir abroad—
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me
And so proud hearted Warwick I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends 100
And Richard do not frown upon my faults
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant
K Edw Now welcome more and ten times more beloved
Than if thou never hadst deserved our hate
Glou Welcome, good Clarence, this is brother-like
War O passing traitor perjured and unjust!
K Edw What Warwick wilt thou leave the town and fight?
Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?
War Alas I am not coop d here for defence!

I will away towards Barnet presently 110
And bid thee battle Edward if thou darest
K Edw Yes Warwick Edward dares and leads the way
Lords to the field Saint George and victory!
[*Exeunt* KING EDWARD *and his company March* WARWICK *and his company follow*

SCENE II *A field of battle near Barnet*

Alarum and excursions Enter KING EDWARD *bringing forth* WARWICK *wounded*

K Edw So lie thou there die thou and die our fear
For Warwick was a bug that fear d us all
Now Montague sit fast I seek for thee
That Warwick s bones may keep thine company
[*Exit*
War Ah who is nigh? come to me friend or foe
And tell me who is victor York or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows
My blood my want of strength my sick heart shows
That I must yield my body to the earth
And by my fall the conquest to my foe 10
Thus yields the cedar to the axe s edge
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept
Whose top-branch overpeer d Jove s spreading tree
And kept low shrubs from winter s powerful wind
These eyes that now are dimm d with death s black veil
Have been as piercing as the mid day sun
To search the secret treasons of the world
The wrinkles in my brows now fill d with blood
Were liken d oft to kingly sepulchres 20
For who lived king but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo now my glory smear d in dust and blood!
My parks my walks my manors that I had
Even now forsake me, and of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body s length
Why what is pomp rule reign, but earth and dust?
And live we how we can yet die we must

Enter OXFORD *and* SOMERSET

Som Ah, Warwick Warwick! wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loss again 30
The Queen from France hath brought a puissant power
Even now we heard the news ah couldst thou fly!
War Why then I would not fly Ah Montague
If thou be there sweet brother take my hand
And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile!
Thou lovest me not for brother if thou didst
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood
That glues my lips and will not let me speak
Come quickly Montague or I am dead
Som Ah Warwick! Montague hath breathed his last 40
And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick
And said Commend me to my valiant brother
And more he would have said and more he spoke
Which sounded like a clamour in a vault
That mought not be distinguish d but at last
I well might hear deliver d with a groan
O farewell Warwick!
War Sweet rest his soul! Fly lords and save yourselves
For Warwick bids you all farewell to meet in heaven [*Dies*
Oxf Away away to meet the Queen s great power! [*Here they bear away his body*
Exeunt

SCENE III *Another part of the field*

Flourish Enter KING EDWARD *in triumph with* GLOUCESTER CLARENCE, *and the rest*

K Edw Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course
And we are graced with wreaths of victory
But in the midst of this bright shining day
I spy a black suspicious threatening cloud
That will encounter with our glorious sun
Ere he attain his easeful western bed
I mean my lords those powers that the Queen
Hath raised in Gallia have arrived our coast
And as we hear march on to fight with us 9
Clar A little gale will soon disperse that cloud
And blow it to the source from whence it came
The very beams will dry those vapours up
For every cloud engenders not a storm
Glou The Queen is valued thirty thousand strong
And Somerset with Oxford, fled to her
If she have time to breathe be well assured
Her faction will be full as strong as ours
K Edw We are advertised by our loving friends
That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury
We having now the best at Barnet field 20
Will thither straight for willingness rids way
And as we march our strength will be augmented

In every county as we go along
Strike up the drum, cry "Courage!" and away
[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *Plains near Tewksbury*

March Enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, *and soldiers*

Q Mar Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms
What though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still Is t meet that he
Should leave the helm and like a fearful lad
With tearful eyes add water to the sea
And give more strength to that which hath too much, 9
Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have saved?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say Warwick was our anchor, what of that?
And Montague our topmast, what of him?
Our slaughter d friends the tackles, what of these?
Why is not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow d the skilful pilot s charge? 20
We will not from the helm to sit and weep
But keep our course though the rough wind say no
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck
As good to chide the waves as speak them fair
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark
Say you can swim alas, tis but a while!
Tread on the sand, why there you quickly sink
Bestride the rock the tide will wash you off 31
Or else you famish that's a threefold death
This speak I, lords to let you understand
If case some one of you would fly from us
That there s no hoped for mercy with the brothers
More than with ruthless waves with sands and rocks
Why, courage then! what cannot be avoided
'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear
Prince Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit
Should if a coward heard her speak these words
Infuse his breast with magnanimity 41
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms
I speak not this as doubting any here,
For did I but suspect a fearful man
He should have leave to go away betimes,
Lest in our need he might infect another
And make him of like spirit to himself
If any such be here—as God forbid!—
Let him depart before we need his help 49
Oxf Women and children of so high a courage,
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame
O brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee long mayst thou live
To bear his image and renew his glories!
Som And he that will not fight for such a hope
Go home to bed and like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock d and wonder d at
Q Mar Thanks, gentle Somerset sweet Oxford thanks
Prince And take his thanks that yet hath nothing else

Enter a MESSENGER

Mess Prepare you, lords for Edward is at hand, 60
Ready to fight, therefore be resolute
Oxf I thought no less it is his policy
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided
Som But he s deceived we are in readiness
Q Mar This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness
Oxf Here pitch our battle, hence we will not budge

Flourish and march Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER CLARENCE, *and soldiers*

K Edw Brave followers yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which by the heavens assistance and your strength
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night
I need not add more fuel to your fire, 70
For well I wot ye blaze to burn them out
Give signal to the fight and to it, lords!
Q Mar Lords, knights, and gentlemen what I should say
My tears gainsay for every word I speak
Ye see I drink the water of mine eyes
Therefore no more but this Henry your sovereign
Is prisoner to the foe his state usurp d
His realm a slaughter house, his subjects slain
His statutes cancell d and his treasure spent
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil 80
You fight in justice then in God s name, lords,
Be valiant and give signal to the fight
[*Alarum Retreat Excursions Exeunt*

SCENE V *Another part of the field*

Flourish Enter KING EDWARD GLOUCESTER CLARENCE *and soldiers with* QUEEN MARGARET OXFORD *and* SOMERSET *prisoners*

K Edw Now here a period of tumultuous broils
Away with Oxford to Hames Castle straight
For Somerset off with his guilty head
Go bear them hence I will not hear them speak

Oxf For my part I ll not trouble thee with words

Som Not I but stoop with patience to my fortune

[Exeunt OXFORD *and* SOMERSET *guarded*

Q Mar So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem

K Edw Is proclamation made that who finds Edward
Shall have a h h reward and he his life? 10

Glou It is and lo where youthful Edward comes

E ter sold ers with PRINCE EDWARD

K Edw Bring forth the gallant let us hear him speak
What' can so young a thorn begin to prick?
Edward what satisfaction canst thou make
For bearing arms for stirring up my subjects
And all the trouble thou hast turn d me to?

Prince Speak like a subject proud ambitious York'
Suppose that I am now my father s mouth
Resign thy chair and where I stand kneel thou
Whilst I propose the selfsame words to thee 20
Which traitor thou wouldst have me answer to

Q Mar Ah that thy father had been so resolved'

Glou That you might still have worn the petticoat
And ne er have stol n the breech f om Lancaster

Pr nc Let Æsop fable in a winter s n ght
His currish riddles sort not with th s place

Glou By heaven brat I ll plague ye for that word

Q Mar Ay thou wast born to be a plague to men

Glou For God s sake take away this captive scold

Prince Nay take away th s scolding crookback rather 30

K Edw Peace wilful boy or I will charm your tongue

Cla Untutor d lad thou art too malapert

Prince I know my duty you are all undutiful
Lascivious Edward and thou perjured George
And thou mis shapen Dick I tell ye all
I am your better traitors as ye are
And thou usurp st my father s right and mine

K Edw Take that thou likeness of this railer here *[Stabs him]*

Glou Sprawl st thou? take that to end thy agony *[Stabs him]*

Clar And there s for twitting me with perjury *[Stabs him]* 40

Q Mar O kill me too'

Glou Marry and shall *[Offers to kill her]*

K Edw Hold Richard hold for we have done too much

Glou Why should she live to fill the world with words?

K Edw What doth she swoon? use means for her recovery

Glou Clarence excuse me to the King my brother
I ll hence to London on a serious matter
Ere ye come there be sure to hear some news

Clar What? what?

Glou The Tower the Tower *[Exit* 50

Q Mar O Ned sweet Ned' speak to thy mother boy'
Canst thou not speak? O traitors' murderers'
They that stabb d Cæ ar shed no blood at all
Did not offend nor were not worthy blame
If this foul deed were by to equal it
He was a man this in respect a child
And men ne er spend their fury on a child
What s worse than murderer that I may name it?
No no my heart will burst an if I speak
And I will speak that so my heart may burst 60
Butchers and villains' bloody cannibals'
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp d'
You have no children butchers' if you had
The thought of them would have stirr d up remorse
But if you ever chance to have a child
Look in his youth to have him cut off
As deathsmen you have rid this sweet young prince'

K Edw Away with her go bear her hence perforce

Q Mar Nay never bear me hence dispatch me here
Here sheathe thy sword I ll pardon thee my death
What wilt thou not? then Clarence do it thou

Clar By heaven I will not do thee so much ease

Q Mar Good Clarence do sweet Clarence do thou do it

Clar Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?
Q Mar Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself
'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity
What, wilt thou not? Where is that devil s butcher,
Hard favour'd Richard? Richard where art thou?
Thou art not here murder is thy alms deed,
Petitioners for blood thou ne er put st back 80
K Edw Away, I say, I charge ye, bear her hence
Q Mar So come to you and yours, as to this prince! [*Exit led out forcibly*
K Edw Where s Richard gone?
Clar To London all in post, and as I guess
To make a bloody supper in the Tower
K Edw He s sudden, if a thing comes in his head
Now march we hence discharge the common sort
With pay and thanks, and let s away to London
And see our gentle queen how well she fares
By this I hope, she hath a son for me 90
[*Exeunt*

SCENE VI *London The Tower*

Enter KING HENRY *and* GLOUCESTER, *with the* LIEUTENANT, *on the walls*

Glou Good day, my lord What, at your book so hard?
K Hen Ay, my good lord —my lord, I should say rather,
'Tis sin to flatter "good was little better
"Good Gloucester' and "good devil were alike,
And both preposterous, therefore not 'good lord
Glou Sirrah, leave us to ourselves we must confer [*Exit* LIEUTENANT
K Hen So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf
So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece
And next his throat unto the butcher s knife
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act? 10
Glou Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind,
The thief doth fear each bush an officer
K Hen The bird that hath been limed in a bush
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush
And I the hapless male to one sweet bird
Have now the fatal object in my eye
Where my poor young was limed was caught and kill d
Glou Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete
That taught his son the office of a fowl! 19
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown d
K Hen I, Dædalus, my poor boy, Icarus
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course
The sun that sear d the wings of my sweet boy
Thy brother Edward, and thyself the sea
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life
Ah, kill me with thy weapon not with words!
My breast can better brook thy dagger s point
Than can my ears that tragic history
But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?
Glou Think st thou I am an executioner? 30
K Hen A persecutor I am sure, thou art
If murdering innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner
Glou Thy son I kill d for his presumption
K Hen Hadst thou been kill d when first thou didst presume
Thou hadst not lived to kill a son of mine
And thus I prophesy that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,
And many an old man s sigh and many a widow's
And many an orphan s water standing eye— 40
Men for their sons wives for their husbands
And orphans for their parents timeless death—
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born
The owl shriek'd at thy birth an evil sign,
The night-crow cried aboding luckless time,
Dogs howl d and hideous tempest shook down trees,
The raven rook'd her on the chimney s top
And chattering pies in dismal discords sung
Thy mother felt more than a mother s pain
And yet brought forth less than a mother s hope,
To wit, an indigested and deformed lump 51
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born
To signify thou camest to bite the world
And if the rest be true which I have heard
Thou camest—
Glou I ll hear no more die, prophet in thy speech [*Stabs him*]
For this amongst the rest was I ordain d
K Hen Ay, and for much more slaughter after this
O God forgive my sins and pardon thee! [*Dies*
Glou What will the aspiring blood of Lancaster 61
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted
See how my sword weeps for the poor king s death!
O may such purple tears be alway shed
From those that wish the downfall of our house!
If any spark of life be yet remaining
Down down to hell and say I sent thee thither
[*Stabs him again*]

I that have neither pity love nor fear
Indeed tis true that Henry told me of
For I have often heard my mother say 70
I came into the world with my legs forward
Had I not reason think ye to make haste
And seek their ruin that usurp d our right?
The midwife wonder d and the women cried
O Jesus bless us he is born with teeth
And so I was which plainly signified
That I should snarl and bite and play the dog
Then since the heavens have shaped my body so
Let hell make crook d my mind to answer it
I have no brother I am like no brother 80
And this word love which greybeards call
divine
Be resident in men like one another
And not in me I am myself alone
Clarence beware thou keep st me from the
light
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee
For I will buz abroad such prophecies
That Edward shall be fearful of his life
And then to purge his fear I ll be thy death
King Henry and the Prince his son are gone
Clarence thy turn is next and then the rest 90
Counting myself but bad till I be best
I ll throw thy body in another room
And triumph Henry in thy day of doom
[Exit with the body

SCENE VII *London The palace*

Flourish Enter KING EDWARD QUEEN ELIZABETH CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER HASTINGS *a Nurse with the young Prince Edward and Attendants*

K Edw Once more we sit in England s royal
throne,
Re purchased with the blood of enemies
What valiant foemen like to autumn s corn
Have we mow d down in tops of all their pride!
Three Dukes of Somerset threefold renown d
For hardy and undoubted champions
Two Cliffords as the father and the son
And two Northumberlands two braver men
Ne er spurr d their coursers at the trumpet s
sound
With them the two brave bears Warwick and
Montague 10
That in their chains fetter d the kingly lion
And made the forest tremble when they roar d
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat
And made our footstool of security
Come hither Bess and let me kiss my boy
Young Ned for thee thine uncles and myself
Have in our armours watch d the winter s night
Went all afoot in summer s scalding heat
That thou mightst repossess the crown in
peace
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain 20
Glou [*Aside*] I ll blast his harvest if your head
were laid
For yet I am not look d on in the world
This shoulder was ordain d so thick to heave
And heave it shall some weight or break my
back
Work thou the way —and thou shalt execute
K Edw Clarence and Gloucester love my
lovely queen
And kiss your princely nephew brothers both
Clar The duty that I owe unto your Majesty
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe
Q Eliz Thanks noble Clarence worthy broth
er thanks 30
Glou And that I love the tree from whence
thou sprang st
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit
[*Aside*] To say the truth so Judas kiss d his
master
And cried All hail! when as he meant all
harm
K Edw Now am I seated as my soul delights
Having my country s peace and brothers loves
Cla What will your Grace have done with
Margaret?
Reignier her father to the King of France
Hath pawn d the Sicils and Jerusalem
And hither have they sent it for her ransom
K Edw Away with her and waft her hence to
France
And now what rests but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs mirthful comic shows
Such as befits the pleasure of the court?
Sound drums and trumpets! farewell sour annoy!
For here I hope begins our lasting joy
[Exeunt

The Tragedy of KING RICHARD THE THIRD

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH
EDWARD PRINCE OF WALES *afterwards* KING EDWARD V *later as a* GHOST — *sons to the King*
RICHARD DUKE OF YORK *later as a* GHOST — *sons to the King*
GEORGE DUKE OF CLARENCE *later as a* GHOST — *brothers to the King*
RICHARD DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, *afterwards* KING RICHARD III — *brothers to the King*
EDWARD EARL OF WARWICK *son of Clarence*
HENRY, EARL OF RICHMOND *afterwards* KING HENRY VII
CARDINAL BOURCHIER ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY
THOMAS ROTHERHAM ARCHBISHOP OF YORK
JOHN MORTON BISHOP OF ELY
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM *later as a* GHOST
DUKE OF NORFOLK
EARL OF SURREY, *his son*
EARL RIVERS *brother to Elizabeth later as a* GHOST
MARQUIS OF DORSET — *sons to Elizabeth*
LORD GREY *later as a* GHOST — *sons to Elizabeth*
EARL OF OXFORD
LORD HASTINGS *later as a* GHOST
LORD STANLEY *later* EARL OF DERBY
LORD LOVEL
SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN *later as a* GHOST
SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF
SIR WILLIAM CATESBY
SIR JAMES TYRREL
SIR JAMES BLUNT
SIR WALTER HERBERT
SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY *Lieutenant of the Tower*
CHRISTOPHER URSWICK *a priest*
LORD MAYOR OF LONDON
SHERIFF OF WILTSHIRE
GENTLEMAN MOURNER
TWO MURDERERS
THREE CITIZENS
SIX MESSENGERS
PURSUIVANT
PRIEST
SCRIVENER
PAGE *to Richard III*
GHOSTS OF KING HENRY VI
LORDS

ELIZABETH *queen to King Edward IV*
MARGARET *widow of King Henry VI*
DUCHESS OF YORK *mother to King Edward IV*
LADY ANNE *widow of Edward Prince of Wales son to King Henry VI afterwards married to Richard, later as a* GHOST
MARGARET PLANTAGENET *daughter of Clarence*

NON-SPEAKING *Lords and other attendants Two Bishops Sir William Brandon Citizens Soldiers*

SCENE *England*

ACT I

SCENE 1 *London a street*

Enter RICHARD, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, *solus*

Glou Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures
Grim visaged War hath smooth'd his wrinkled front
And now instead of mounting barbed steeds 10
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute
But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks
Nor made to court an amorous looking glass,
I that am rudely stamp'd and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph
I that am curtail'd of this fair proportion
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd unfinish'd sent before my time 20
Into this breathing world scarce half made up
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them
Why I in this weak piping time of peace
Have no delight to pass away the time
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun
And descant on mine own deformity
And therefore since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain
And hate the idle pleasures of these days 30
Plots have I laid inductions dangerous

By drunken prophecies libels and dreams
To set my brother Clarence and the King
In deadly hate the one against the other
And if King Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle false and treacherous
This day should Clarence closely be mew d up
About a prophecy which says that G
Of Edward s heirs the murderer shall be 40
Dive thoughts down to my soul here Clarence
comes

Enter CLARENCE, *guarded and* BRAKENBURY

Brother good day what means this armed guard
That waits upon your Grace?
Clar His majesty
Tendering my person s safety hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower
Glou Upon what cause?
Clar Because my name is George
Glou Alack my lord that fault is none of
yours
He should for that commit your godfathers
O belike his Majesty hath some intent 49
That you shall be new-christen d in the Tower
But what s the matter Clarence? may I know?
Clar Yea Richard when I know for I protest
As yet I do not but as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams
And from the cross row plucks the letter G
And says a wizard told him that by G
His issue disinherited should be
And for my name of George begins with G
It follows in his thought that I am he
These as I learn and such like toys as these 60
Have moved his Highness to commit me now
Glou Why this it is when men are ruled by
women
'Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower
My Lady Grey his wife Clarence tis she
That tempers him to this extremity
Was it not she and that good man of worship
Anthony Woodville her brother there
That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower
From whence this present day he is deliver d?
We are not safe Clarence we are not safe 70
Cla By heaven, I think there s no man is secure
But the Queen s kindred and night walking
heralds
That trudge betwixt the King and Mistress Shore.
Heard ye not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?
Glou Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my Lord Chamberlain his liberty
I ll tell you what I think it is our way
If we will keep in favour with the King
To be her men and wear her livery 80
The jealous o erworn widow and herself
Since that our brother dubb d them gentlewomen
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy
Brak I beseech your Graces both to pardon
me
His Majesty hath straitly given in charge
That no man shall have private conference
Of what degree soever with his brother
Glou Even so an t please your worship
Brakenbury
You may partake of any thing we say
We speak no treason man we say the King 90
Is wise and virtuous and his noble queen
Well struck in years fair and not jealous
We say that Shore s wife hath a pretty foot
A cherry lip a bonny eye a passing pleasing
tongue
And that the Queen s kindred are made gentle
folks
How say you sir? can you deny all this?
Brak With this my lord myself have nought
to do
Glou Naught to do with Mistress Shore! I
tell thee fellow
He that doth naught with her excepting one
Were best he do it secretly alone 100
Brak What one my lord?
Glou Her husband knave wouldst thou
betray me?
Brak I beseech your Grace to pardon me
and withal
Forbear your conference with the noble Duke
Clar We know thy charge Brakenbury and
will obey
Glou We are the Queen s abjects and must
obey
Brother farewell I will unto the King
And whatsoever you will employ me in
Were it to call King Edward s widow sister
I will perform it to enfranchise you 110
Meantime this deep disgrace in brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine
Clar I know it pleaseth neither of us well
Glou Well *your imprisonment shall not be
long*
I will deliver you or else lie for you
Meantime have patience
Clar I must perforce Farewell
[*Exeunt* CLARENCE BRAKENBURY *and Guard*
Glou Go tread the path that thou shalt ne er
return
Simple plain Clarence! I do love thee so
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands 120
But who comes here? the new deliver d Hast
ings?

Enter LORD HASTINGS

Hast Good time of day unto my gracious lord!
Glou As much unto my good Lord Chamberlain!
Well are you welcome to the open air
How hath your lordship brook d imprisonment?
Hast With patience noble lord as prisoners must
But I shall live, my lord to give them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment
Glou No doubt, no doubt, and so shall Clarence too,
For they that were your enemies are his, 130
And have prevail d as much on him as you
Hast More pity that the eagle should be mew'd,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty
Glou What news abroad?
Hast No news so bad abroad as this at home
The King is sickly weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily
Glou Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad indeed
O he hath kept an evil diet long
And overmuch consumed his royal person 140
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon
What, is he in his bed?
Hast, He is
Glou Go you before, and I will follow you
[*Exit* HASTINGS
He cannot live, I hope and must not die
Till George be pack'd with post horse up to heaven
I ll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence
With lies well steel d with weighty arguments,
And if I fail not in my deep intent
Clarence hath not another day to live 150
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!
For then I ll marry Warwick s youngest daughter
What though I kill d her husband and her father?
The readiest way to make the wench amends
Is to become her husband and her father
The which will I, not all so much for love
As for another secret close intent
By marrying her which I must reach unto 160
But yet I run before my horse to market
Clarence still breathes Edward still lives and reigns
When they are gone then must I count my gains
[*Exit*

SCENE II *The same another street*

Enter the corpse of King Henry the Sixth GENTLEMEN *with halberds to guard it among them* TRESSEL *and* BERKELEY, LADY ANNE *being the mourner*

Anne Set down, set down your honourable load
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,
Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster
The coffin is set down
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be it lawful that I invocate thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward to thy slaughter d son 10
Stabb d by the selfsame hand that made these wounds!
Lo in these windows that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes
Cursed be the hand that made these fatal holes!
Cursed be the heart that had the heart to do it!
Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch
That makes us wretched by the death of thee
Than I can wish to adders spiders toads
Or any creeping venom d thing that lives! 20
If ever he have child abortive be it
Prodigious and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view,
And that be heir to his unhappiness!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
As miserable by the death of him
As I am made by my poor lord and thee!
Come now towards Chertsey with your holy load
Taken from Paul s to be interred there 30
And still as you are weary of the weight
Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry s corse

Enter GLOUCESTER

Glou Stay, you that bear the corse and set it down
Anne What black magician conjures up this fiend
To stop devoted charitable deeds?
Glou Villains set down the corse or by Saint Paul
I ll make a corse of him that disobeys
Gent My lord stand back and let the coffin pass
Glou Unmanner d dog! stand thou when I command

Advance thy halberd higher than my breast 40
Or by Saint Paul I ll strike thee to my foot
And spurn upon thee beggar for thy boldness
Anne What do you tremble? are you all
afraid?
Alas I blame you not for you are mortal
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil
Avaunt thou dreadful minister of hell
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body
His soul thou canst not have therefore be gon
Glou Sweet saint for charity be not so curst
Anne Foul devil for God s sake hence and
trouble u not
Fo thou hast made the happy earth thy hell 50
Fill d it with cursing cries and deep exclaims
If thou del ght to view thy heinous deeds
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries
O gentlemen see see! dead Henry s wounds
Open their congeal d mouths and bleed afresh!
Blush blush thou lump of foul deformity
For tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins where no blood
dwells
Thy deed inhuman and unnatural 60
Provokes this deluge most unnatural
O God which this blood madest revenge his
death!
O earth which this blood drink st revenge his
death!
Either heaven with l ghtning strike the murderer
dead
Or earth gape open wide and eat him quick
As thou dost swallow up this good king s blood,
Which his hell gov ern d arm hath butchered
Glou Lady you know no rules of charity
Which renders good for bad blessings for curses
Anne Villain, thou know st no law of God
nor man
No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity 70
Glou But I know none and therefore am no
beast
Anne O wonderful when devils tell the truth!
Glou More wonderful when angels are so
angry
Vouchsafe divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils to give me leave
By circumstance but to acqu t myself
Anne Vouchsafe defused infection of a man,
For these known evils but to give me leave
By circumstance to curse thy cursed self 80
Glou Fa rer than tongue can name thee let
me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself
Anne Fouler than heart can think thee thou
canst make
No excuse current b t to hang thyself

Glou By such despair I should accuse myself
Anne And by despairing should st thou stand
excused
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself
Which didst unworthy slaughter upon others
Glou Say that I slew them not?
Anne Why then they are not dead
But dead they are and devilish slave by thee
Glou I did not kill your husband 91
Anne Why then he is alive
Glou Nay he is dead and slain by Edward s
hand
Anne In thy foul throat thou liest Queen
Margaret saw
Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood
The which thou once didst bend against her
breast
But that thy brothers beat aside the point
Glou I was provoked by her slanderous tongue
Which laid their guilt upon my guiltless
shoulders
Anne Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind
Which never dreamt on aught but butcheries 100
Didst thou not kill this king?
Glou I grant ye
Anne Dost grant me hedgehog? then, God
grant me too
Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed!
O he was gentle mild and virtuous!
Glou The fitter for the King of heaven that
hath him
Anne He is in heaven, where thou shalt
never come
Glou Let him thank me that holp to send
him thither
For he was fitter for that place than earth
Anne And thou unfit for any place but hell
Glou Yes one place else if you will hear me
name it 110
Anne Some dungeon
Glou Your bed chamber
Anne Ill rest betide the chamber where thou
liest!
Glou So will it madam till I lie with you
Anne I hope so
Glou I know so But gentle Lady Anne
To leave this keen encounter of our wits
And fall somewhat into a slower method,
Is not the causer of the timele s deaths
Of these Plantagenets Henry and Edward
As blameful as the executioner?
Anne Thou art the cause and most accursed
effect 120
Glou Your beauty was the cause of that effect
Your beauty which d d haunt me in my sleep
To undertake the death of all the world,

So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom
Anne If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks
Glou These eyes could never endure sweet beauty s wreck,
You should not blemish it if I stood by
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that, it is my day, my life *130*
Anne Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!
Glou Curse not thyself, fair creature, thou art both
Anne I would I were, to be revenged on thee
Glou It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be revenged on him that loveth you
Anne It is a quarrel just and reasonable
To be revenged on him that slew my husband
Glou He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband
Did it to help thee to a better husband
Anne His better doth not breathe upon the earth *140*
Glou He lives that loves thee better than he could
Anne Name him
Glou Plantagenet
Anne Why that was he
Glou The selfsame name but one of better nature
Anne Where is he?
Glou Here [*She spitteth at him*]
Why dost thou spit at me?
Anne Would it were mortal poison for thy sake!
Glou Never came poison from so sweet a place
Anne Never hung poison on a fouler toad
Out of my sight! thou dost infect my eyes
Glou Thine eyes, sweet lady have infected mine *150*
Anne Would they were basilisks to strike thee dead!
Glou I would they were, that I might die at once
For now they kill me with a living death
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears
Shamed their aspect with store of childish drops
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear
No when my father York and Edward wept
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made
When black faced Clifford shook his sword at him
Nor when thy warlike father like a child *160*
Told the sad story of my father s death
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep
That all the standers by had wet their cheeks
Like trees bedash d with rain in that sad time
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear,
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath and made them blind with weeping
I never sued to friend nor enemy,
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing words
But, now thy beauty is proposed my fee *170*
My proud heart sues and prompts my tongue to speak [*She looks scornfully at him*]
Teach not thy lips such scorn for they were made
For kissing lady not for such contempt
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword,
Which if thou please to hide in this true bosom,
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke
And humbly beg the death upon my knee
He lays his breast open she offers at it with his sword
Nay, do not pause, for I did kill King Henry
But twas thy beauty that provoked me *181*
Nay, now dispatch, 'twas I that stabb d young Edward,
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on
Here she lets fall the sword
Take up the sword again, or take up me
Anne Arise, dissembler though I wish thy death
I will not be the executioner
Glou Then bid me kill myself and I will do it
Anne I have already
Glou Tush that was in thy rage
Speak it again and even with the word
That hand which for thy love, did kill thy love,
Shall for thy love, kill a far truer love *191*
To both their deaths thou shalt be accessary
Anne I would I knew thy heart
Glou 'Tis figured in my tongue
Anne I fear me both are false
Glou Then never man was true
Anne Well well put up your sword
Glou Say then my peace is made.
Anne That shall you know hereafter
Glou But shall I live in hope? *200*
Anne All men, I hope live so
Glou Vouchsafe to wear this ring
Anne To take is not to give
Glou Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart
Wear both of them for both of them are thine
And if thy poor devoted suppliant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever

Anne What is it? 210
Glou That it would please thee leave these sad designs
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner
And presently repair to Crosby Place
Where after I have solemnly interr d
At Chertsey monastery this noble king
And wet his grave with my repentant tears
I will with all expedient duty see you
For divers unknown reasons I beseech you
Grant me this boon
Anne With all my heart and much it joys me too 220
To see you are become so penitent
Tressel and Berkeley go along with me
Glou Bid me farewell
Anne Tis more than you deserve
But since you teach me how to flatter you
Imagine I have said farewell already
[*Exeunt* LADY ANNE TRESSEL *and* BERKELEY
Glou Sirs take up the corse
Gent Towards Chertsey noble lord?
Glou No to White Friars there attend my coming [*Exeunt all but* GLOUCESTER
Was ever woman in this humour woo d?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I ll have her but I will not keep her long 230
What! I that kill d her husband and his father
To take her in her heart s extremest hate
With curses in her mouth tears in her eyes
The bleeding witness of her hatred by
Having God her conscience and these bars against me,
And I nothing to back my suit at all
But the plain devil and dissembling looks
And yet to win her all the world to nothing!
Ha!
Hath she forgot already that brave prince 240
Edward her lord whom I some three months since
Stabb d in my angry mood at Tewksbury?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
Framed in the prodigality of nature
Young valiant wise and no doubt right royal
The spacious world cannot again afford
And will she yet debase her eyes on me
That cropp d the golden prime of this sweet prince
And made her widow to a woeful bed?
On me whose all not equals Edward s moiety?
On me, that halt and am unshapen thus? 251
My dukedom to a beggarly denier
I do mistake my person all this while
Upon my life she finds although I cannot
Myself to be a marvellous proper man
I ll be at charges for a looking-glass
And entertain some score or two of tailors
To study fashions to adorn my body
Since I am crept in favour with myself
I will maintain it with some little cost 260
But first I ll turn yon fellow in his grave
And then return lamenting to my love
Shine out fair sun till I have bought a glass
That I may see my shadow as I pass [*Exit*

SCENE III *The palace*

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH LORD RIVERS *and* LORD GREY

Riv Have patience madam there s no doubt his Majesty
Will soon recover his accustom d health
Grey In that you brook it ill it makes him worse
Therefore for God s sake entertain good comfort
And cheer his Grace with quick and merry words
Q Eli If he were dead what would betide of me?
Riv No other harm but loss of such a lord
Q Eli The loss of such a lord includes all harm
Grey The heavens have bless d you with a goodly son
To be your comforter when he is gone 10
Q Eli Oh he is young and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloucester
A man that loves not me nor none of you
Riv Is it concluded he s ll be Protector?
Q Eli It is determined not concluded yet
But so it must be if the King miscarry

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and* LORD STANLEY EARL OF DERBY

Grey Here come the lords of Buckingham and Derby
Buck Good time of day unto your royal Grace!
Stan God make your Majesty joyful as you have been!
Q Eli The Countess Richmond good my Lord of Derby 20
To your good prayers will scarcely say amen
Yet Derby notwithstanding she s your wife
And loves not me be you good lord assured
I hate not you for her proud arrogance
Stan I do beseech you either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers
Or if she be accused in true report
Bear with her weakness which I think proceeds
From wayward sickness and no grounded malice
Riv Saw you the King to-day my Lord of Derby? 30
Stan But now the Duke of Buckingham and I

Are come from visiting his majesty

Q Eliz What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck Madam, good hope, his Grace speaks cheerfully

Q Eliz God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

Buck Madam we did he desires to make atonement
Betwixt the Duke of Gloucester and your brothers
And betwixt them and my Lord Chamberlain,
And sent to warn them to his royal presence

Q Eliz Would all were well! but that will never be 40
I fear our happiness is at the highest

Enter GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, *and* DORSET

Glou They do me wrong, and I will not endure it
Who are they that complain unto the King
That I, forsooth, am stern and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his Grace but lightly
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours
Because I cannot flatter and speak fair,
Smile in men s faces, smooth deceive and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy 50
Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abused
By silken sly, insinuating Jacks?

Riv To whom in all this presence speaks your Grace?

Glou To thee that hast nor honesty nor grace
When have I injured thee? when done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee? or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal person—
Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while 60
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints

Q Eliz Brother of Gloucester you mistake the matter
The King, of his own royal disposition
And not provoked by any suitor else
Aiming belike at your interior hatred
Which in your outward actions shows itself
Against my kindred brothers and myself
Makes him to send that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill will and so remove it

Glou I cannot tell the world is grown so bad 70
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch
Since every Jack became a gentleman
There s many a gentle person made a Jack

Q Eliz Come come we know your meaning, brother Gloucester,
You envy my advancement and my friends'
God grant we never have need of you!

Glou Meantime, God grants that we have need of you
Our brother is imprison d by your means,
Myself disgraced, and the nobility
Held in contempt whilst many fair promotions
Are daily given to ennoble those 81
That scarce some two days since were worth a noble

Q Eliz By Him that raised me to this careful height
From that contented hap which I enjoy d
I never did incense his Majesty
Against the Duke of Clarence but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him
My lord you do me shameful injury
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects

Glou You may deny that you were not the cause 90
Of my Lord Hastings late imprisonment

Riv She may, my lord for—

Glou She may Lord Rivers! why, who knows not so?
She may do more sir than denying that
She may help you to many fair preferments
And then deny her aiding hand therein
And lay those honours on your high deserts
What may she not? She may yea marry, may she—

Riv What marry, may she?

Glou What marry may she! marry with a king 100
A bachelor a handsome stripling too
I wis your grandam had a worser match

Q Eliz My Lord of Gloucester, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs
By heaven I will acquaint his Majesty
With those gross taunts I often have endured
I had rather be a country servant maid
Than a great queen with this condition
To be thus taunted scorn d and baited at

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, *behind*

Small joy have I in being England s queen 110

Q Mar And lessen d be that small God I beseech thee!
Thy honour state and seat is due to me

Glou What! threat you me with telling of the King?
Tell him and spare not look what I have said
I will avouch in presence of the King

I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower
Tis time to speak my pains are quite forgot
Q Mar Out devil! I remember them too
well
Thou slewest my husband Henry in the Tower
And Edward my poor son at Tewksbury 120
Glou Ere you were queen yea or your
husband king
I was a pack horse in his great affairs
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries
A liberal rewarder of his friend
To royalise his blood I spilt mine own
Q Mar Yea and much better blood than his
or thine
Glou In all which time you and your husband
Grey
Were factious for the house of Lancaster
And Rivers so were you Was not your husband
In Margaret s battle at Saint Alban s slain? 130
Let me put in your minds if you forget
What you have been ere now and what you are
Withal what I have been and what I am
Q Mar A murderous villain and so still
thou art
Glou Poor Clarence did forsake his father
Warwick
Yea and forswore himself—which Jesu
pardon —
Q Mar Which God revenge!
Glou To fight on Edward s party for the
crown
And for his meed poor lord he is mew d up
I would to God my heart were flint like
Edward s 140
Or Edward s soft and pitiful like mine
I am too childish foolish for this world
Q Mar Hie thee to hell for shame and leave
the world
Thou cacodemon! there thy kingdom is
Riv My Lord of Gloucester in those busy
days
Which here you urge to prove us enemies
We follow d then our lord our lawful king
So should we you, if you should be our king
Glou If I should be I had rather be a pedlar
Far be it from my heart the thought of it 150
Q Eli As little joy my lord as you suppose
You should enjoy were you this country s king
As little joy may you suppose in me
That I enjoy being the queen thereof
Q Mar A little joy enjoys the queen thereof
For I am she and altogether joyless
I can no longer hold me patient [*Advancing*]
Hear me you wrangling pirates that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill d from me!
Which of you trembles not that looks on me? 160
If not that I being queen you bow like subjects
Yet that by you deposed you quake like rebels?
O gentle villain do not turn away!
Glou Foul wrinkled witch what makest thou
in my sight?
Q Mar But repetition of what thou hast
marr d
That will I make before I let thee go
Glou Wert thou not banished on pain of death?
Q Mar I was but I do find more pain in
banishment
Than death can yield me here by my abode
A husband and a son thou owest to me 170
And thou a kingdom all of you allegiance
The sorrow that I have by right is yours
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine
Glou The curse my noble father laid on thee
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with
paper
And with thy scorns drew st rivers from his eyes
And then to dry them gavest the Duke a clout
Steep d in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland—
His curses then from bitterness of soul 179
Denounced against thee are all fall n upon thee
And God not we hath plagued thy bloody deed
Q Eli So just is God to right the innocent
Hast O twas the foulest deed to slay that
babe
And the most merciless that e er was heard of!
Riv Tyrants themselves wept when it was
reported
Dor No man but prophesied revenge for it
Buck Northumberland then present wept
to see it
Q Mar What! were you snarling all before I
came
Ready to catch each other by the throat
And turn you all your hatred now on me? 190
Did York s dread curse prevail so much with
heaven
That Henry s death my lovely Edward s death
Their kingdom s loss my woeful banishment
Could all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?
Why then, give way dull clouds to my quick
curses!
If not by war by surfeit die your king
As ours by murder to make him a king!
Edward thy son, which now is Prince of Wales
For Edward my son which was Prince of Wales
Die in his youth by like untimely violence! 201
Thyself a queen for me that was a queen
Outlive thy glory like my wretched self!
Long mayst thou live to wail thy children s loss
And see another as I see thee now
Deck d in thy rights as thou art stall d in mine!

Long die thy happy days before thy death,
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's Queen!
Rivers and Dorset, you were standers by, *210*
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers: God, I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Glou Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag!

Q Mar And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.
If heaven have any grievous plague in store
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation *220*
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou livest,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be whilst some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature and the son of hell! *230*
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour! thou detested—

Glou Margaret.

Q Mar Richard!

Glou Ha!

Q Mar I call thee not.

Glou I cry thee mercy then, for I had thought
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

Q Mar Why, so I did, but look'd for no reply.
O, let me make the period to my curse!

Glou 'Tis done by me, and ends in 'Margaret.'

Q Eliz Thus have you breathed your curse against yourself. *240*

Q Mar Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune!
Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.
The time will come when thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse that poisonous bunch-back'd toad.

Hast False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

Q Mar Foul shame upon you! you have all moved mine.

Riv Were you well served, you would be taught your duty. *250*

Q Mar To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects:
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty!

Dor Dispute not with her, she is lunatic.

Q Mar Peace, master marquess, you are malapert:
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.
O, that your young nobility could judge
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!
They that stand high have many blasts to shake them, *259*
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Glou Good counsel, marry: learn it, learn it, marquess.

Dor It toucheth you, my lord, as much as me.

Glou Yea, and much more: but I was born so high,
Our aery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind and scorns the sun.

Q Mar And turns the sun to shade, alas! alas!
Witness my son, now in the shade of death,
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your aery buildeth in our aery's nest. *270*
O God, that seest it, do not suffer it;
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!

Buck Have done! for shame, if not for charity.

Q Mar Urge neither charity nor shame to me:
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame;
And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage!

Buck Have done, have done.

Q Mar O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy hand, *280*
In sign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befal thee and thy noble house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q Mar I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
[*Aside to* BUCKINGHAM.]
O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog!
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and when he bites, *290*
His venom tooth will rankle to the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him,

And all their ministers attend on him
Glou What doth she say my Lord of Buckingham?
Buck Nothing that I respect my gracious lord
Q Mar What dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?
And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?
O but remember this another day
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow
And say poor Margaret was a prophetess! 301
Live each of you the subjects to his hate
And he to yours and all of you to God s [*Exit*
Hast My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses
Ri And so doth mine I muse why she s at liberty
Glou I cannot blame her by God s holy mother
She hath had too much wrong and I repent
My part thereof that I have done to her
Q Eli I never did her any to my knowledge
Glou But you have all the vantage of her wrong 310
I was too hot to do somebody good
That is too cold in thinking of it now
Marry as for Clarence he is well repaid
He is frank d up to fatting for his pains
God pardon them that are the cause of it!
Ri A virtuous and a Christian like conclusion
To pray for them that have done scathe to us
Glou So do I ever [*Aside*] being well advised
For had I cursed now I had cursed myself

Enter CATESBY

Cates Madam his Majesty doth call for you 320
And for your Grace and you my noble lords
Q Eli Catesby we come Lords will you go with us?
Ri Madam we will attend your Grace
[*Exeunt all but* GLOUCESTER
Glou I do the wrong and first begin to brawl
The secret mischiefs that I set abroach
I lay unto the grievous charge of others
Clarence whom I indeed have laid in darkness
I do beweep to many simple gulls
Namely to Hastings Derby Buckingham
And say it is the Queen and her allies 330
That stir the King against the Duke my brother
Now they believe it and withal whet me
To be revenged on Rivers Vaughan Grey
But then I sigh and with a piece of scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With old odd ends stolen out of holy writ
And seem a saint when most I play the devil

Enter TWO MURDERERS

But soft! here come my executioners
How now my hardy stout resolved mates! 340
Are you now going to dispatch this deed?
1st Murd We are my lord and come to have the warrant
That we may be admitted where he is
Glou Well thought upon I have it here about me [*Gives the warrant*
When you have done repair to Crosby Place
But sirs be sudden in the execution
Withal obdurate do not hear him plead
For Clarence is well spoken and perhaps
May move your hearts to pity if you mark him
1st Murd Tush! 350
Fear not my lord we will not stand to prate
Talkers are no good doers be assured
We come to use our hands and not our tongues
Glou Your eyes drop millstones when fools eyes drop tears
I like you lads about your business straight
Go go dispatch
1st Murd We will my noble lord [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *London the Tower*

Enter CLARENCE *and* BRAKENBURY

Brak Why looks your Grace so heavily to-day?
Clar O I have pass d a miserable night
So full of ugly sights of ghastly dreams
That as I am a Christian faithful man
I would not spend another such a night
Though twere to buy a world of happy days
So full of dismal terror was the time!
Brak What was your dream? I long to hear you tell it
Clar Methoughts that I had broken from the Tower
And was embark d to cross to Burgundy 10
And in my company my brother Gloucester
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches thence we look d toward England
And cited up a thousand fearful times
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall n us As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches
Methought that Gloucester stumbled and in falling
Struck me that thought to stay him overboard
Into the tumbling billows of the main 20
Lord Lord! methought what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks

Ten thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon,
Wedges of gold great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea
Some lay in dead men's skulls and, in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems 31
Which woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by

Brak Had you such leisure in the time of death
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

Clar Methought I had, and often did I strive
To yield the ghost but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wandering air,
But smother'd it within my panting bulk, 40
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea

Brak Awaked you not with this sore agony?

Clar O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life,
O, then began the tempest to my soul,
Who pass'd methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night
The first that there did greet my stranger soul
Was my great father-in law, renowned Warwick,
Who cried aloud "What scourge for perjury 50
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"
And so he vanish'd then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood, and he squeak'd out aloud,
"Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury,
Seize on him, Furies take him to your torments!"
With that, methoughts, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me about and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries that with the very noise 60
I trembling waked and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell
Such terrible impression made the dream

Brak No marvel, my lord, though it affrighted you,
I promise you I am afraid to hear you tell it

Clar O Brakenbury I have done those things,
Which now bear evidence against my soul
For Edward's sake, and see how he requites me!
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee
But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds, 70
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone
O spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!
I pray thee gentle keeper stay by me
My soul is heavy and I fain would sleep

Brak I will my lord God give your Grace good rest! [*Clarence sleeps*]

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon tide night
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil
And for unfelt imagination, 80
They often feel a world of restless cares
So that betwixt their titles and low names,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame

Enter the TWO MURDERERS

1st Murd Ho! who's here?

Brak In God's name what are you, and how came you hither?

1st Murd I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs

Brak Yea are you so brief?

2nd Murd O sir it is better to be brief than tedious Shew him our commission, talk no more

[*Brakenbury reads it*

Brak I am in this commanded to deliver
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning
Here are the keys, there sits the Duke asleep
I'll to the King, and signify to him
That thus I have resign'd my charge to you

1st Murd Do so it is a point of wisdom fare you well [*Exit* BRAKENBURY 100

2nd Murd What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1st Murd No then he will say 'twas done cowardly when he wakes

2nd Murd When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake till the judgement-day

1st Murd Why, then he will say we stabbed him sleeping

2nd Murd The urging of that word "judgement" hath bred a kind of remorse in me 110

1st Murd What art thou afraid?

2nd Murd Not to kill him having a warrant for it but to be damned for killing him, from which no warrant can defend us

1st Murd I thought thou hadst been resolute

2nd Murd So I am to let him live

1st Murd Back to the Duke of Gloucester, tell him so 119

2nd Murd I pray thee stay a while I hope my holy humour will change 'twas wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty

1st Murd How dost thou feel thyself now?

2nd Murd 'Faith some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me

1st Murd Remember our reward, when the deed is done

2nd Murd Zounds he dies I had forgot the reward 1 9
1st Murd Where is thy conscience now?
2nd Murd In the Duke of Gloucester s purse
1st Murd So when he opens his purse to give us our reward thy conscience flies out
2nd Murd Let it go there s few or none will entertain it
1st Murd How if it come to thee again?
2nd Murd I ll not meddle with it it is a dangerous thing it makes a man a coward a man cannot steal but it accuseth him he cannot swear but it checks him he cannot lie with his neighbour s wife but it detects him tis a blushing shamefast spirit that mutinies in a man s bosom it fills one full of obstacles it made me once restore a purse of gold that I found it beggars any man that keeps it it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing and every man that means to live well endeavours to trust himself and to live without it
1st Murd Zounds it is even now at my elbow persuading me not to kill the Duke 150
2nd Murd Take the devil in thy mind and believe him not he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh
1st Murd Tut I am strong framed he cannot prevail with me I warrant thee
2nd Murd Spoke like a tall fellow that respects his reputation Come shall we to this gear?
1st Murd Take him over the costard with the hilts of thy sword and then we will chop him in the malmsey butt in the next room 161
2nd Murd O excellent device! make a sop of him
1st Murd Hark! he stirs shall I strike?
2nd Murd No first let s reason with him
Clar Where art thou keeper? give me a cup of wine
2nd Murd You shall have wine enough my lord anon
Clar In God s name what art thou?
2nd Murd A man, as you are 170
Clar But not as I am royal
2nd Murd Nor you as we are loyal
Clar Thy voice is thunder but thy looks are humble
2nd Murd My voice is now the King s my looks mine own
Clar How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak!
Your eyes do menace me why look you pale?
Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?
Both To to to—
Clar To murder me?
Both Ay ay
Clar You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so 180
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it
Wherein my friends have I offended you?
1st Murd Offended us you have not but the King
Clar I shall be reconciled to him again
2nd Murd Never my lord therefore prepare to die
Clar Are you call d forth from out a world of men
To slay the innocent? What is my offence?
Where are the evidence that do accuse me?
What lawful quest have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounced 190
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence death?
Before I be convict by course of law
To threaten me with death is most unlawful
I charge you as you hope to have redemption
By Christ s dear blood shed for our grievous sins
That you depart and lay no hands on me
The deed you undertake is damnable
1st Murd What we will do we do upon command
2nd Murd And he that hath commanded is the King
Clar Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings 200
Hath in the tables of his law commanded
That thou shalt do no murder and wilt thou then,
Spurn at his edict and fulfil a man s?
Take heed for he holds vengeance in his hands
To hurl upon their heads that break his law
2nd Murd And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,
For false forswearing and for murder too
Thou didst receive the holy sacrament
To fight in quarrel of the house of Lancaster
1st Murd And like a traitor to the name of God 210
Didst break that vow and with thy treacherous blade
Unrip dst the bowels of thy sovereign s son
2nd Murd Whom thou wert sworn to cherish and defend
1st Murd How canst thou urge God s dreadful law to us
When thou hast broke it in so dear degree?
Clar Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward for my brother for his sake
Why sirs
He sends ye not to murder me for this
For in this sin he is as deep as I 220
If God will be revenged for this deed
O know you yet he doth it publicly

Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm,
He needs no indirect nor lawless course
To cut off those that have offended him

1st Murd Who made thee, then, a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

Clar My brother s love, the devil and my rage

1st Murd Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault 230
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee

Clar Oh, if you love my brother hate not me,
I am his brother and I love him well
If you be hired for meed go back again
And I will send you to my brother Gloucester,
Who shall reward you better for my life
Than Edward will for tidings of my death

2nd Murd You are deceived, your brother Gloucester hates you

Clar O, no he loves me and he holds me dear
Go you to him from me

Both Ay, so we will 240

Clar Tell him when that our princely father York
Bless d his three sons with his victorious arm
And charged us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship
Bid Gloucester think of this, and he will weep

1st Murd Ay, millstones, as he lesson'd us to weep

Clar O, do not slander him, for he is kind

1st Murd Right,
As snow in harvest Thou deceivest thyself
'Tis he that sent us hither now to slaughter thee

Clar It cannot be, for when I parted with him
He hugg d me in his arms and swore, with sobs
That he would labour my delivery

2nd Murd Why, so he doth now he delivers thee
From this world s thraldom to the joys of heaven

1st Murd Make peace with God, for you must die my lord

Clar Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul
To counsel me to make my peace with God
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me?
Ah sirs consider, he that set you on 261
To do this deed will hate you for the deed

2nd Murd What shall we do?

Clar Relent and save your souls

1st Murd Relent! 'tis cowardly and womanish

Clar Not to relent is beastly savage, devilish
Which of you if you were a prince s son
Being pent from liberty as I am now
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,
Would not entreat for life?
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks, 270
O if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my distress
A begging prince what beggar pities not?

2nd Murd Look behind you my lord

1st Murd Take that, and that if all this will not do [*Stabs him*]
I ll drown you in the malmsey-butt within
[*Exit, with the body*

2nd Murd A bloody deed and desperately dispatch d!
How fain like Pilate would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done! 280

Re-enter FIRST MURDERER

1st Murd How now! what mean st thou, that thou help st me not?
By heavens, the Duke shall know how slack thou art!

2nd Murd I would he knew that I had saved his brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say,
For I repent me that the Duke is slain [*Exit*

1st Murd So do not I go coward as thou art
Now must I hide his body in some hole
Until the Duke take order for his burial
And when I have my meed I must away,
For this will out, and here I must not stay 290

ACT II

SCENE I *London the palace*

Flourish Enter KING EDWARD *sick*, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DORSET RIVERS HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, *and others*

K Edw Why, so now have I done a good day s work
You peers continue this united league
I every day expect an embassage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence,
And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have set my friends at peace on earth
Rivers and Hastings take each other s hand
Dissemble not your hatred swear your love

Riv By heaven, my heart is purged from grudging hate
And with my hand I seal my true heart s love 10

Hast So thrive I as I truly swear the like!

K Edw Take heed you dally not before your king
Lest he that is the supreme King of kings
Confound your hidden falsehood and award
Either of you to be the other s end

Hast So prosper I as I swear perfect love!

Riv And I as I love Hastings with my heart!

K *Edw* Madam yourself are not exempt in this
Nor your son Dorset Buckingham nor you
You have been factious one against the other 20
Wife love Lord Hastings let him kiss your hand
And what you do do it unfeignedly

Q Eli Here Hastings I will never more remember
Our former hatred so thrive I and mine!

K *Edw* Dorset embrace him Hastings love lord marquess

Dor This interchange of love I here protest
Upon my part shall be inviolable

Hast And so swear I my lord

They embrace

K *Edw* Now princely Buckingham seal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife s allies 30
And make me happy in your unity

Buck Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
On you or yours [*to the* QUEEN] but with all duteous love
Doth cherish you and yours God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend
And most assured that he is a friend
Deep hollow treacherous and full of guile,
Be he unto me! this do I beg of God,
When I am cold in zeal to you or yours 40

They embrace

K *Edw* A pleasing cord al princely Buckingham
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart
There wanteth now our brother Gloucester here,
To make the perfect period of this peace

Buck And in good time here comes the noble Duke

Enter GLOUCESTER

Glou Good morrow to my sovereign king and queen
And princely peers a happy time of day!

K *Edw* Happy indeed as we have spent the day
Brother we have done deeds of charity
Made peace of enmity fair love of hate 50
Between these swelling wrong incensed peers

Glou A blessed labour my most sovereign liege
Amongst this princely heap if any here
By false intelligence or wrong surmise
Hold me a foe
If I unwittingly or in my rage
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace
Tis death to me to be at enmity 60
I hate it and desire all good men s love
First madam I entreat true peace of you
Which I will purchase with my duteous service
Of you my noble cousin Buckingham
If ever any grudge were lodged between us
Of you Lord Rivers and Lord Grey of you
That all without desert have frown d on me
Dukes earls lords gentlemen indeed of all
I do not know that Englishman alive
With whom my soul is any jot at odds 70
More than the infant that is born to-night
I thank my God for my humility

Q Eli A holy day shall this be kept hereafter
I would to God all strifes were well compounded
My sovereign liege, I do beseech your Majesty
To take our brother Clarence to your grace

Glou Why madam have I offer d love for this
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not that the noble Duke is dead?

They all start

You do him injury to scorn his corse 80

Riv Who knows not he is d ad! who knows he is?

Q Eli All seeing heaven what a world is this!

Buck Look I so pale Lord Dorset as the rest?

Dor Ay my good lord and no one in this presence
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks

K *Edw* Is Clarence dead? the order was reversed

Glou But he poor soul by your first order died
And that a winged Mercury did bear
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand
That came too lag to see him buried 90
God grant that some less noble and less loyal
Nearer in bloody thoughts but not in blood
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did
And yet go current from suspicion!

Enter STANLEY

Stan *A boon my sovereign for my service done!*

K *Edw* I pray thee peace my soul is full of sorrow

Stan I will not rise unless your Highness grant

K *Edw* Then speak at once what is it thou demand st

Stan The forfeit sovereign of my servant s life
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman 100
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk

K *Edw* Have I a tongue to doom my brother s death,
And shall the same give pardon to a slave?

My brother slew no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was cruel death
Who sued to me for him? who, in my rage,
Kneel'd at my feet and bade me be advised?
Who spake of brotherhood? who spake of love?
Who told me how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick and did fight for me? *110*
Who told me, in the field by Tewksbury,
When Oxford had me down he rescued me
And said, "Dear brother, live, and be a king"?
Who told me, when we both lay in the field
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his own garments, and gave himself
All thin and naked to the numb cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind *120*
But when your carters or your waiting vassals
Have done a drunken slaughter and defaced
The precious image of our dear Redeemer
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon,
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you
But for my brother not a man would speak,
Nor I, ungracious speak unto myself
For him poor soul The proudest of you all
Have been beholding to him in his life,
Yet none of you would once plead for his life *130*
O God, I fear thy justice will take hold
On me and you and mine and yours for this!
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet Oh poor Clarence!

[*Exeunt some with* KING *and* QUEEN

Glou This is the fruit of rashness! Mark'd you not
How that the guilty kindred of the Queen
Look'd pale when they did hear of Clarence' death?
O, they did urge it still unto the King!
God will revenge it But come let us in
To comfort Edward with our company

Buck We wait upon your grace [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *The palace*

Enter the DUCHESS OF YORK *with the two children of* CLARENCE, EDWARD EARL OF WARWICK *and* MARGARET PLANTAGENET

War Tell me good grandam, is our father dead?

Duch No, boy

War Why do you wring your hands and beat your breast,
And cry "O Clarence my unhappy son!"

Mar Why do you look on us and shake your head
And call us wretches orphans, castaways
If that our noble father be alive?

Duch My pretty cousins, you mistake me much,
I do lament the sickness of the King
As loath to lose him, not your father's death, *10*
It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost

War Then, grandam you conclude that he is dead
The King my uncle is to blame for this
God will revenge it, whom I will importune
With daily prayers all to that effect

Mar And so will I

Duch Peace, children, peace! the King doth love you well
Incapable and shallow innocents
You cannot guess who caused your father's death

War Grandam we can, for my good uncle Gloucester *20*
Told me the King provoked by the Queen,
Devised impeachments to imprison him
And when my uncle told me so he wept
And hugg'd me in his arm and kindly kiss'd my cheek
Bade me rely on him as on my father
And he would love me dearly as his child

Duch Oh, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes
And with a virtuous vizard hide foul guile!
He is my son, yea and therein my shame,
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit *30*

War Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam?

Duch Ay, boy

War I cannot think it Hark! what noise is this?

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, *with her hair about her ears,* RIVERS *and* DORSET *after her*

Q Eliz Oh, who shall hinder me to wail and weep
To chide my fortune and torment myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy

Duch What means this scene of rude impatience?

Q Eliz To make an act of tragic violence
Edward my lord your son our king, is dead *40*
Why grow the branches now the root is wither'd?
Why wither not the leaves the sap being gone?
If you will live, lament if die, be brief
That our swift winged souls may catch the King's,
Or, like obedient subjects follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest

Duch Ah so much interest have I in thy sorrow

As I had title in thy noble husband!
I have bewept a worthy husband s death
And lived by looking on his images 50
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack d in pieces by malignant death
And I for comfort have but one false glass
Which grieves me when I see my shame in him
Thou art a widow yet thou art a mother
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee
But death hath snatch d my husband from mine
arms
And pluck d two crutches from my feeble limbs
Edward and Clarence O what cause have I
Thine being but a moiety of my grief 60
To overgo thy plaints and drown thy cries!
War Good aunt you wept not for our father s
death
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?
Mar Our fatherless distress was left unmoan d
Your widow dolour likewise be unwept!
Q Eli Give me no help in lamentation
I am not barren to bring forth complaints
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes
That I being govern d by the watery moon
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the
world! 70
Oh for my husband for my dear lord Edward!
War and Mar Oh for our father for our dear
lord Clarence!
Duch Alas for both both mine Edward and
Clarence!
Q Eli What stay had I but Edward? and he s
gone
War and Mar What stay had we but Clarence?
and he s gone
Duch What stays had I but they? and they are
gone
Q Eli Was never widow had so dear a loss!
War and Mar Were never orphans had so dear
a loss
Duch Was never mother had so dear a loss!
Alas I am the mother of these moans! 80
Their woes are parcell d mine are general
She for an Edward weeps and so do I
I for a Clarence weep so doth not she
These babes for Clarence weep and so do I
I for an Edward weep so do not they
Alas you three, on me threefold distress d
Pour all your tears I am your sorrow s nurse
And I will pamper it with lamentations
Dor Comfort dear mother God is much
displeased
That you take with unthankfulness his doing 90
In common worldly things tis call d ungrateful
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent
Much more to be thus opposite with heaven
For it requires the royal debt it lent you
Riv Madam bethink you like a careful
mother
Of the young prince your son send straight for
him
Let him be crown d in him your comfort lives
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward s grave
And plant your joys in living Edward s
throne 100

Enter GLOUCESTER BUCKINGHAM DERBY
HASTINGS *and* RATCLIFF

Glou Madam have comfort all of us have
cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star
But none can cure their harms by wailing them
Madam my mother I do cry you mercy
I did not see your Grace humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing
Duch God bless thee and put meekness in thy
mind
Love charity obedience and true duty!
Glou [*Aside*] Amen and make me die a good
old man!
That is the butt end of a mother s blessing 110
I marvel why her Grace did leave it out
Buck You cloudy princes and heart sorrowing
peers
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan
Now cheer each other in each other s love
Though we have spent our harvest of this king
We are to reap the harvest of his son
The broken rancour of your high swoln hearts
But lately splinter d knit and join d together
Must gently be preserved cherish d and kept
Me seemeth good that with some little train
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince
be fetch d 121
Hither to London to be crown d our king
Riv Why with some little train my Lord of
Buckingham?
Buck Marry my lord lest by a multitude
The new heal d wound of malice should break
out
Which would be so much the more dangerous
By how much the estate is green and yet
ungovern d
Where every horse bears his commanding rein
And may direct his course as please himself
As well the fear of harm as harm apparent 130
In my opinion ought to be prevented
Glou I hope the King made peace with all of us
And the compact is firm and true in me
Riv And so in me and so I think in all
Yet since it is but green it should be put

To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which haply by much company might be urged
Therefore I say with noble Buckingham
That it is meet so few should fetch the Prince
Hast And so say I 140
Glou Then be it so, and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow
Madam, and you, my mother, will you go
To give your censures in this weighty business?
Q Eliz } With all our hearts
Duch }

[*Exeunt all but* BUCKINGHAM *and* GLOUCESTER

Buck My Lord, whoever journeys to the Prince,
For God s sake let not us two be behind,
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk d of,
To part the Queen's proud kindred from the King 150
Glou My other self my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet! My dear cousin,
I like a child, will go by thy direction
Towards Ludlow then for we ll not stay behind [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *London a street*

Enter TWO CITIZENS, *meeting*

1st Cit Neighbour, well met whither away so fast?
2nd Cit I promise you, I scarcely know myself
Hear you the news abroad?
1st Cit Ay, that the King is dead
2nd Cit Bad news, by r lady, seldom comes the better
I fear, I fear twill prove a troublous world

Enter THIRD CITIZEN

3rd Cit Neighbours, God speed!
1st Cit Give you good morrow, sir
3rd Cit Doth this news hold of good King Edward s death?
2nd Cit Ay, sir, it is too true, God help the while!
3rd Cit Then masters, look to see a troublous world
1st Cit No, no by God s good grace his son shall reign 10
3rd Cit Woe to that land that s govern d by a child!
2nd Cit In him there is a hope of government,
That in his nonage council under him
And in his full and ripen'd years himself,
No doubt shall then and till then govern well
1st Cit So stood the state when Henry the Sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old
3rd Cit Stood the state so? No, no good friends God wot,
For then this land was famously enrich d
With politic grave counsel then the King 20
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace
1st Cit Why, so hath this both by the father and mother
3rd Cit Better it were they all came by the father,
Or by the father there were none at all
For emulation now, who shall be nearest
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not
O full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester!
And the Queen s sons and brothers haught and proud
And were they to be ruled and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before 30
1st Cit Come, come, we fear the worst all shall be well
3rd Cit When clouds appear, wise men put on their cloaks,
When great leaves fall, the winter is at hand,
When the sun sets who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth
All may be well but, if God sort it so
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect
2nd Cit Truly, the souls of men are full of dread
Ye cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily and full of fear 40
3rd Cit Before the times of change, still is it so
By a divine instinct men s minds mistrust
Ensuing dangers as by proof, we see
The waters swell before a boisterous storm
But leave it all to God Whither away?
2nd Cit Marry we were sent for to the justices
3rd Cit And so was I I ll bear you company
[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *London the palace*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK *the young* DUKE OF YORK QUEEN ELIZABETH, *and the* DUCHESS OF YORK

Arch Last night, I hear, they lay at Northampton
At Stony Stratford will they be to-night
To-morrow or next day, they will be here
Duch I long with all my heart to see the Prince
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him
Q Eliz But I hear no they say my son of York
Hath almost overta en him in his growth
York Ay mother, but I would not have it so
Duch Why my young cousin it is good to grow
York Grandam one night, as we did sit at supper,

My uncle Rivers talk d how I did grow
More than my brother Ay quoth my uncle Gloucester
Small herbs have grace great weeds do grow apace
And since, methinks I would not grow so fast
Because sweet flowers are slow and weeds make haste

Duch Good faith good faith the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee
He was the wretched st thing when he was young
So long a-growing and so leisurely
That if this rule were true he should be gracious

Arch Why madam so no doubt he is 21

Duch I hope he is but yet let mothers doubt

York Now by my troth if I had been remember d
I could have given my uncle s Grace a flout
To touch his growth nearer than he touch d mine

Duch How my pretty York? I pray thee let me hear it

York Marry they say my uncle grew so fast
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old
Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth
Grandam this would have been a biting jest 30

Duch I pray thee pretty York who told thee this?

York Grandam his nurse

Duch His nurse! why she was dead ere thou wert born

York If twere not she I cannot tell who told me

Q Eli A parlous boy go to you are too shrewd

Arch Good madam be not angry with the child

Q Eli Pitchers have ears

Enter a MESSENGER

Arch Here comes a messenger What news?

Mess Such news my lord as grieves me to unfold

Q Eliz How fares the Prince?

Mess Well madam and in health 40

Duch What is thy news then?

Mess Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to Pomfret
With them Sir Thomas Vaughan prisoners

Duch Who hath committed them?

Mess The mighty dukes
Gloucester and Buckingham

Q Eliz For what offence?

Mess The sum of all I can I have disclosed
Why or for what these nobles were committed
Is all unknown to me my gracious lady

Q Eli Ay me, I see the downfall of our house!
The tiger now hath seized the gentle hind 50
Insulting tyranny begins to jet
Upon the innocent and aweless throne
Welcome destruction death and massacre!
I see as in a map the end of all

Duch Accursed and unquiet wrangling days
How many of you have mine eyes beheld!
My husband lost his life to get the crown
And often up and down my sons were toss d
For me to joy and weep their gain and loss
And being seated and domestic broils 60
Clean over blown themselves the conquerors
Make war upon themselves blood against blood
Self against self O preposterous
And frantic outrage end thy damned spleen
Or let me die to look on death no more!

Q Eli Come come my boy we will to sanctuary
Madam fare well

Duch I ll go along with you

Q Eli You have no cause

Arch My gracious lady go
And thither bear your treasure and your goods
For my part I ll resign unto your Grace 70
The seal I keep and so betide to me
As well I tender you and all of yours!
Come I ll conduct you to the sanctuary

[*Exeunt*

ACT III

SCENE I *London a street*

The trumpets sound Enter the young PRINCE *the Dukes of* GLOUCESTER *and* BUCKINGHAM CARDINAL BOURCHIER CATESBY *and others*

Buck Welcome sweet prince to London to your chamber

Glou Welcome dear cousin my thoughts sovereign
The weary way hath made you melancholy

Prince No uncle but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious wearisome and heavy
I want more uncles here to welcome me

Glou Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet dived into the world s deceit
Nor more can you distinguish of a man
Than of his outward show which, God he knows
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart 11
Those uncles which you want were dangerous
Your Grace attended to their sugar d words
But look d not on the poison of their hearts
God keep you from them and from such false friends!

Prince God keep me from false friends! but
they were none
Glou My lord, the Mayor of London comes to
greet you

Enter the LORD MAYOR, *and his train*

May God bless your Grace with health and
happy days!
Prince I thank you, good my lord, and thank
you all
I thought my mother and my brother York, 20
Would long ere this have met us on the way
Fie, what a slug is Hastings that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come or no!

Enter LORD HASTINGS

Buck And, in good time here comes the
sweating lord
Prince Welcome my lord what, will our
mother come?
Hast On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The Queen your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken sanctuary the tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your
Grace
But by his mother was perforce withheld 30
Buck Fie, what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers! Lord Cardinal will your Grace
Persuade the Queen to send the Duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny, Lord Hastings go with him
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce
Card My Lord of Buckingham if my weak
oratory
Can from his mother win the Duke of York,
Anon expect him here but if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties God in heaven forbid 40
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin
Buck You are too senseless obstinate, my
lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional
Weigh it but with the grossness of his age
You break not sanctuary in seizing him
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserved the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place
This prince hath neither claim d it nor deserved it,
And therefore in mine opinion cannot have it
Then taking him from thence that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men
But sanctuary children ne'er till now
Card My lord, you shall o er rule my mind
for once
Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?
Hast I go my lord
Prince Good lords make all the speedy haste
you may 60
[*Exeunt* CARDINAL *and* HASTINGS
Say uncle Gloucester, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?
Glou Where it seems best unto your royal self
If I may counsel you some day or two
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower
Then where you please, and shall be thought
most fit
For your best health and recreation
Prince I do not like the Tower of any place
Did Julius Cæsar build that place my lord?
Buck He did, my gracious lord, begin that
place, 70
Which, since, succeeding ages have re edified
Prince Is it upon record or else reported
Successively from age to age he built it?
Buck Upon record my gracious lord
Prince But say, my lord it were not register'd,
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail d to all posterity
Even to the general all ending day
Glou [*Aside*] So wise so young they say, do
never live long
Prince What say you uncle? 80
Glou I say without characters fame lives long
[*Aside*] Thus, like the formal vice Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word
Prince That Julius Cæsar was a famous man,
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror,
For now he lives in fame though not in life
I'll tell you what my cousin Buckingham—
Buck What my gracious lord? 90
Prince An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I lived a king
Glou [*Aside*] Short summers lightly have a
forward spring

Enter young YORK HASTINGS *and the* CARDINAL

Buck Now in good time here comes the
Duke of York
Prince Richard of York! how fares our loving
brother?
York Well my dread lord, so must I call you
now
Prince Ay brother to our grief as it is yours
Too late he died that might have kept that title
Which by his death hath lost much majesty 100
Glou How fares our cousin noble Lord of
York?

York I thank you gentle uncle O my lord
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far
Glou He hath my lord
York And therefore is he idle?
Glou O my fair cousin I must not say so
York Then he is more beholding to you than I
Glou He may command me as my sovereign
But you have power in me as in a kinsman
York I pray you uncle give me this dagger
Glou My dagger little cousin? with all my heart 111
Prince A beggar brother?
York Of my kind uncle that I know will give
And being but a toy which is no grief to give
Glou A greater gift than that I ll give my cousin
York A greater gift! O that s the sword to it
Glou Ay gentle cousin were it light enough
York O then, I see you will part but with light gifts
In weightier things you ll say a beggar nay
Glou It is too heavy for your Grace to wear
York I weigh it lightly were it heavier 121
Glou What would you have my weapon little lord?
York I would that I might thank you as you call me
Glou How?
York Little
Prince My Lord of York will still be cross in talk
Uncle your Grace knows how to bear with him
York You mean, to bear me not to bear with me
Uncle my brother mocks both you and me
Because that I am little like an ape 130
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders
Buck [*Aside to* HASTINGS] With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle
He prettily and aptly taunts himself
So cunning and so young is wonderful
Glou My lord will t please you pass along?
Myself and my good cousin Buckingham
Will to your mother to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower and welcome you
York What will you go unto the Tower my lord? 140
Prince My Lord Protector needs will have it so
York I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower
Glou Why what should you fear?
York Marry my uncle Clarence angry ghost
My grandam told me he was murder d there
Prince I fear no uncles dead
Glou Nor none that live I hope
Prince An if they live I hope I need not fear
But come my lord and with a heavy heart
Thinking on them go I unto the Tower 150
[*A Sennet Exeunt all but* GLOUCESTER BUCKINGHAM *and* CATESBY
Buck Think you my lord this little prating York
Was not incensed by his subtle mother
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?
Glou No doubt no doubt O tis a parlous boy
Bold quick ingenious forward capable
He is all the mother s from the top to toe
Buck Well let them rest Come hither Catesby
Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend
As closely to conceal what we impart
Thou know st our reasons urged upon the way
What think st thou? is it not an easy matter 161
To make William Lord Hastings of our mind
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?
Cate He for his father s sake so loves the Prince
That he will not be won to aught against him
Buck What think st thou then of Stanley? what will he?
Cate He will do all in all as Hastings doth
Buck Well then no more but this go gentle Catesby
And as it were far off sound thou Lord Hastings
How he doth stand affected to our purpose 171
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower
To sit about the coronation
If thou dost find him tractable to us
Encourage him and show him all our reasons
If he be leaden icy-cold unwilling
Be thou so too and so break off your talk
And give us notice of his inclination
For we to-morrow hold divided councils
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ d 180
Glou Commend me to Lord William tell him Catesby
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret castle
And bid my friend for joy of this good news
Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more
Buck Good Catesby go effect this business soundly
Cate My good lords both with all the heed I may
Glou Shall we hear from you Catesby ere we sleep?
Cate You shall my lord
Glou At Crosby Place there shall you find us both [*Exit* CATESBY 190

Buck Now, my lord, what shall we do if we
perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?
Glou Chop off his head, man somewhat we
will do
And, look, when I am king claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables
Whereof the King my brother stood possess'd
Buck I'll claim that promise at your Grace s
hands
Glou And look to have it yielded with all
willingness
Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form 200
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Before Lord Hastings house*

Enter a MESSENGER

Mess What ho! my lord!
Hast [*Within*] Who knocks at the door?
Mess A messenger from the Lord Stanley

Enter LORD HASTINGS

Hast What is t o'clock?
Mess Upon the stroke of four
Hast Cannot thy master sleep these tedious
nights?
Mess So it should seem by that I have to say
First, he commends him to your noble lordship
Hast And then?
Mess And then he sends you word 10
He dreamt to-night the boar had razed his helm
Besides, he says there are two councils held,
And that may be determined at the one
Which may make you and him to rue at the
other
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's
pleasure,
If presently you will take horse with him
And with all speed post with him toward the
north
To shun the danger that his soul divines
Hast Go, fellow, go return unto thy lord
Bid him not fear the separated councils 20
His honour and myself are at the one
And at the other is my servant Catesby
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us
Whereof I shall not have intelligence
Tell him his fears are shallow wanting instance
And for his dreams I wonder he is so fond
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers
To fly the boar before the boar pursues
Were to incense the boar to follow us
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase
Go bid thy master rise and come to me 31
And we will both together to the Tower
Where he shall see the boar will use us kindly
Mess My gracious lord I ll tell him what
you say [*Exit*

Enter CATESBY

Cate Many good morrows to my noble lord!
Hast Good morrow Catesby, you are early
stirring
What news what news, in this our tottering
state?
Cate It is a reeling world indeed my lord,
And I believe twill never stand upright
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm 40
Hast How! wear the garland! dost thou mean
the crown?
Cate Ay my good lord
Hast I ll have this crown of mine cut from my
shoulders
Ere I will see the crown so foul misplaced
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?
Cate Ay, on my life, and hopes to find you
forward
Upon his party for the gain thereof
And thereupon he sends you this good news,
That this same very day your enemies 49
The kindred of the Queen must die at Pomfret
Hast Indeed I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still mine enemies
But, that I ll give my voice on Richard s side,
To bar my master s heirs in true descent,
God knows I will not do it, to the death
Cate God keep your lordship in that gracious
mind!
Hast But I shall laugh at this a twelve month
hence,
That they who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy
I tell thee, Catesby— 60
Cate What, my lord?
Hast Ere a fortnight make me elder,
I ll send some packing that yet think not on it
Cate Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepared and look not for it
Hast O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls
it out
With Rivers, Vaughan Grey and so twill do
With some men else who think themselves as
safe
As thou and I who as thou know st are dear
To princely Richard and to Buckingham 70
Cate The Princes both make high account of
you
[*Aside*] For they account his head upon the
bridge
Hast I know they do and I have well deserved
It

Enter LORD STANLEY

Come on come on where is your boar spear man?
Fear you the boar and go so unprovided?
Stan My lord good morrow good morrow Catesby
You may jest on but by the holy rood
I do not like these several councils I
Hast My lord
I hold my life as dear as you do yours 80
And never in my life I do protest
Was it more precious to me than tis now
Think you but that I know our state secure
I would be so triumphant as I am?
Stan The lords at Pomfret when they rode from London
Were jocund and supposed their state was sure
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust
But yet you see how soon the day o ercast
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt
Pray God I say I prove a needless coward! 90
What shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent
Hast Come come have with you Wot you what my lord?
To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded
Stan They for their truth might better wear their heads
Than some that have accused them wear their hats
But come my lord let us away

Enter a PURSUIVANT

Hast Go on before I ll talk with this good fellow [*Exeunt* STANLEY *and* CATESBY
How now sirrah how goes the world with thee?
Purs The better that your lordship please to ask 99
Hast I tell thee man, tis better with me now
Than when I met thee last where now we meet
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower
By the suggestion of the Queen s allies
But now I tell thee—keep it to thyself—
This day those enemies are put to death
And I in better state than e er I was
Purs God hold it to your honour s good content
Hast Gramercy fellow there drink that for me [*Throws him his purse*]
Purs God save your lordship! [*Exit*

Enter a PRIEST

Priest Well met my lord I am glad to see your honour 110
Hast I thank thee good Sir John with all my heart
I am in your debt for your last exercise
Come the next Sabbath and I will content you
He whispers in his ear

Enter BUCKINGHAM

Buck What talking with a priest Lord Chamberlain?
Your friends at Pomfret they do need the priest
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand
Hast Good faith and when I met this holy man
Those men you talk of came into my mind
What go you toward the Tower?
Buck I do my lord but long I shall not stay
I shall return before your lordship thence 121
Hast Tis like enough for I stay dinner there
Buck [*Aside*] And supper too although thou know st it not
Come will you go?
Hast I ll wait upon your lordship [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *Pomfret Castle*

Enter SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF *with halberds carrying* RIVERS GREY *and* VAUGHAN *to death*

Rat Come bring forth the prisoners
Riv Sir Richard Ratcliff let me tell thee this
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die
For truth for duty and for loyalty
Grey God keep the Prince from all the pack of you!
A knot you are of damned blood suckers
Vaug You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter
Rat Dispatch the limit of your lives is out
Riv O Pomfret Pomfret! O thou bloody prison
Fatal and ominous to noble peers! 10
Within the guilty closure of thy walls
Richard the Second here was hack d to death
And for more slander to thy dismal seat
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink
Grey Now Margaret s curse is fall n upon our heads
For standing by when Richard stabb d her son
Riv Then cursed she Hastings then cursed she Buckingham
Then cursed she Richard O remember God
To hear her prayers for them as now for us!
And for my sister and her princely sons 20
Be satisfied dear God with our true blood
Which as thou know st unjustly must be spilt
Rat Make haste the hour of death is expiate
Riv Come Grey come Vaughan let us all embrace

And take our leave, until we meet in heaven
[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *The Tower of London*

Enter BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *the* BISHOP OF ELY RATCLIFF, LOVEL, *with others, and take their seats at a table*

Hast My lords, at once the cause why we are met
Is to determine of the coronation
In God s name speak when is the royal day?
Buck Are all things fitting for that royal time?
Stan It is, and wants but nomination
Ely To-morrow, then I judge a happy day
Buck Who knows the Lord Protector s mind herein?
Who is most inward with the noble Duke?
Ely Your Grace, we think, should soonest know his mind
Buck Who, I, my lord! we know each other s faces 10
But for our hearts, he knows no more of mine,
Than I of yours,
Nor I no more of his, than you of mine
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love
Hast I thank his Grace, I know he loves me well,
But for his purpose in the coronation
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein
But you my noble lords may name the time,
And in the Duke's behalf I ll give my voice, 20
Which, I presume, he ll take in gentle part

Enter GLOUCESTER

Ely Now in good time, here comes the Duke himself
Glou My noble lords and cousins all good morrow
I have been long a sleeper but, I hope
My absence doth neglect no great designs
Which by my presence might have been concluded
Buck Had not you come upon your cue, my lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounced your part—
I mean your voice—for crowning of the King
Glou Than my Lord Hastings no man might be bolder, 30
His lordship knows me well and loves me well
Hast I thank your Grace
Glou My lord of Ely!
Ely My lord?
Glou When I was last in Holborn
I saw good strawberries in your garden there
I do beseech you send for some of them
Ely Marry, and will, my lord with all my heart [*Exit*
Glou Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you
Drawing him aside
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
As he will lose his head ere give consent 40
His master s son as worshipful he terms it
Shall lose the royalty of England s throne
Buck Withdraw you hence, my lord, I ll follow you
[*Exit* GLOUCESTER, BUCKINGHAM *following*
Stan We have not yet set down this day of triumph
To-morrow, in mine opinion, is too sudden
For I myself am not so well provided
As else I would be were the day prolong d

Re-enter BISHOP OF ELY

Ely Where is my Lord Protector? I have sent for these strawberries
Hast His Grace looks cheerfully and smooth to-day 50
There s some conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with such a spirit
I think there's never a man in Christendom
That can less hide his love or hate than he,
For by his face straight shall you know his heart
Stan What of his heart perceive you in his face
By any likelihood he show d to-day?
Hast Marry that with no man here he is offended,
For were he he had shown it in his looks
Stan I pray God he be not, I say 60

Re-enter GLOUCESTER *and* BUCKINGHAM

Glou I pray you all tell me what they deserve
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft and that have prevail d
Upon my body with their hellish charms?
Hast The tender love I bear your Grace my lord
Makes me most forward in this noble presence
To doom the offenders whatsoever they be
I say my lord they have deserved death
Glou Then be your eyes the witness of this ill
See how I am bewitch d behold mine arm 70
Is like a blasted sapling wither d up
And this is Edward s wife, that monstrous witch
Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me
Hast If they have done this thing my gracious lord—

Glou If! thou protector of this damned strumpet
Tellest thou me of ifs ? Thou art a traitor
Off with his head! Now by Saint Paul I swear
I will not dine until I see the same
Lovel and Ratcliff look that it be done 80
The rest that love me rise and follow me

[*Exeunt all but* HASTINGS RATCLIFF *and* LOVEL

Hast Woe woe for England! not a whit for me
For I too fond might have prevented this
Stanley did dream the boar did raze his helm
But I disdain d it and did scorn to fly
Three times to-day my foot cloth horse did stumble
And startled when he look d upon the Tower
As loath to bear me to the slaughter house
O now I want the priest that spake to me
I now repent I told the pursuivant 90
As twere triumphing at mine enemies
How they at Pomfret bloodily were butcher d
And I myself secure in grace and favour
O Margaret Margaret now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings wretched head!

Rat Dispatch my lord the Duke would be at dinner
Make a short shrift he longs to see your head

Hast O momentary grac of mortal men
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hopes in air of your good looks
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast 101
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep

Lov Come come dispatch tis bootless to exclaim

Hast O bloody Richard! miserable England!
I prophesy the fearfull st time to thee
That ever wretched age hath look d upon
Come lead me to the block bear him my head
They smile at me that shortly shall be dead

[*Exeunt*

SCENE V *The Tower-walls*

Enter GLOUCESTER *and* BUCKINGHAM *in rotten arm ur marvellous ill fa voured*

Glou Come cousin canst thou quake and change thy colour
Murder thy breath in middle of a word
And then begin again, and stop again
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror?

Buck Tut I can counterfe t the deep tra edian
Speak and look back and pry on every side
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw
Intend ng deep suspicion ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced sm les
And both are ready in their offices 10
At any time to grace my stratagems
But what is Catesby gone?

Glou He is and see he brings the Mayor along

Enter the MAYOR *and* CATESBY

Buck Lord mayor—

Glou Look to the drawbridge there!

Buck Hark! a drum

Glou Catesby o erlook the walls

Buck Lord Mayor the reason we have sent—

Glou Look back defend thee here are enemies

Buck God and our innocency defend and guard us! 20

Glou Be patient they are friends Ratcliff and Lovel

Enter LOVEL *and* RATCLIFF *with* HASTINGS *head*

Lov Here is the head of that ignoble traitor
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings

Glou So dear I loved the man that I must weep
I took him for the plainest harmless creature
That breathed upon this earth a Christian
Made him my book wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts
So smooth he daub d his vice with show of virtue
That his apparent open guilt omitted 30
I mean his conversation with Shore s wife
He lived from all attainder of suspect

Buck Well well he was the covert st shelter d traitor
That ever lived
Would you imagine or almost believe
Were t not that by great preservation
We live to tell it you the subtle traitor
This day had plotted in the council house
To murder me and my good Lord of Gloucester?

May What had he so? 40

Glou What think you we are Turks or infidels?
Or that we would against the form of law
Proceed thus rashly to the villain s death
But that the extreme peril of the case
The peace of En land and our persons safety
Enforced us to this execution?

May Now fair befall you! he deserved his death
And you my good lords both have well proceeded
To warn false traitors from the like attempts
I never look d for better at his hands 50
After he once fell in with Mistress Shore

Glou Yet had not we determined he should die
Until your lordship came to see his death
Which now the loving haste of these our friends
Somewhat against our meaning have prevented
Because my lord we would have had you heard
The traitor speak and timorously confess

The manner and the purpose of his treason,
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens who haply may 60
Misconstrue us in him and wail his death

May But, my good lord, your Grace's word shall serve
As well as I had seen and heard him speak
And doubt you not, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this cause

Glou And to that end we wish'd your lordship here
To avoid the carping censures of the world

Buck But since you come too late of our intents,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend 70
And so, my good Lord Mayor, we bid farewell
[*Exit* MAYOR

Glou Go, after after, cousin Buckingham
The Mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post
There at your meet'st advantage of the time
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children
Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen
Only for saying he would make his son
Heir to the crown, meaning indeed his house,
Which by the sign thereof, was termed so
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury, 80
And bestial appetite in change of lust
Which stretched to their servants daughters, wives,
Even where his lustful eye or savage heart,
Without control listed to make his prey
Nay for a need thus far come near my person
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that unsatiate Edward noble York
My princely father then had wars in France,
And by just computation of the time
Found that the issue was not his begot, 90
Which well appeared in his lineaments
Being nothing like the noble Duke my father
But touch this sparingly as 'twere far off
Because you know, my lord my mother lives

Buck Fear not my lord I'll play the orator
As if the golden fee for which I plead
Were for myself and so my lord adieu

Glou If you thrive well bring them to Baynard's Castle,
Where you shall find me well accompanied 99
With reverend fathers and well learned bishops

Buck I go and towards three or four o'clock
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords
[*Exit*

Glou Go Lovel with all speed to Doctor Shaw
[*To* CATESBY] Go thou to Friar Penker, bid them both
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle
[*Exeunt all but* GLOUCESTER
Now will I in, to take some privy order,
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight,
And to give notice that no manner of person
At any time have recourse unto the princes [*Exit*

SCENE VI *The same a street*

Enter a SCRIVENER, *with a paper in his hand*

Scriv This is the indictment of the good Lord Hastings,
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd
That it may be this day read o'er in Paul's
And mark how well the sequel hangs together
Eleven hours I spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it brought me,
The precedent was full as long a doing
And yet within these five hours lived Lord Hastings
Untainted unexamined free, at liberty
Here's a good world the while! Why who's so gross 10
That seeth not this palpable device?
Yet who's so blind but says he sees it not?
Bad is the world, and all will come to nought
When such bad dealing must be seen in thought
[*Exit*

SCENE VII *Baynard's Castle*

Enter GLOUCESTER *and* BUCKINGHAM, *at several doors*

Glou How now, my lord what say the citizens?

Buck Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum and speak not a word

Glou Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?

Buck I did with his contract with Lady Lucy
And his contract by deputy in France,
The insatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city wives
His tyranny for trifles his own bastardy,
As being got your father then in France 10
And his resemblance being not like the duke
Withal I did infer your lineaments
Being the right idea of your father
Both in your form and nobleness of mind,
Laid open all your victories in Scotland
Your discipline in war wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue fair humility,
Indeed left nothing fitting for the purpose
Untouch'd or slightly handled in discourse
And when mine oratory grew to an end 20
I bid them that did love their country's good
Cry 'God save Richard England's royal king!'

Glou Ah! and did they so?

Buck No so God help me they spake not a word
But like dumb statuas or breathing stones
Gazed each on other and look d deadly pale
Which when I saw I reprehended them
And ask d the Mayor what meant this wilful silence
His answer was the people were not wont
To be spoke to but by the Recorder 30
Then he was urged to tell my tale again
Thus saith the Duke thus hath the Duke inferr d
But nothing spake in warrant from himself
When he had done some followers of mine own,
At the lower end of the hall hurl d up their caps
And some ten voices cried God save King Richard!
And thus I took the vantage of those few
Thanks gentle citizens and friends quoth I
This general applause and loving shout 39
Argues your wisdoms and your love to Richard
And even here brake off and came away
Glou What tongueless blocks were they! would they not speak?
Buck No by my troth my lord
Glou Will not the Mayor then and his brethren come?
Buck The Mayor is here at hand intend some fear
Be not you spoke with but by mighty suit
And look you get a prayer book in your hand
And stand betwixt two churchmen good my lord
For on that ground I ll build a holy descant
And be not easily won to our request 50
Play the maid s part still answer nay and take it
Glou I go and if you plead as well for them
As I can say nay to thee for myself
No doubt we ll bring it to a happy issue
Buck Go go up to the leads the lord Mayor knocks [*Exit* GLOUCESTER

Enter the MAYOR *and Citizens*

Welcome my lord I dance attendance here
I think the Duke will not be spoke withal

Enter CATESBY

Here comes his servant how now Catesby
What says he?
Cate My lord he doth entreat your Grace
To visit him to-morrow or next day 60
He is within, with two right reverend fathers
Divinely bent to meditation
And in no worldly suit would he be moved
To draw him from his holy exercise
Buck Return good Catesby to thy lord again
Tell him, myself the Mayor and citizens
In deep designs and matters of great moment
No less importing than our general good
Are come to have some conference with his Grace
Cate I ll tell him what you say my lord 70 [*Exit*
Buck Ah ha my lord this prince is not an Edward!
He is not lolling on a lewd day bed
But on his knees at meditation
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans
But meditating with two deep divines
Not sleeping to engross his idle body
But praying to enrich his watchful soul
Happy were England would this gracious prince
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof
But sure I fear we shall ne er win him to it 80
May Marry God forbid his Grace should say us nay!
Buck I fear he will

Re-enter CATESBY

How now Catesby what says your lord?
Cate My lord
He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to speak with him
His Grace not being warn d thereof before
My lord he fears you mean no good to him
Buck Sorry I am my noble cousin should
Suspect me that I mean no good to him
By heaven I come in perfect love to him 90
And so once more return and tell his Grace [*Exit* CATESBY
When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads tis hard to draw them thence
So sweet is zealous contemplation

Enter GLOUCESTER *aloft between two* BISHOPS
CATESBY *returns*

May See where he stands between two clergymen!
Buck Two props of virtue for a Christian prince
To stay him from the fall of vanity
And see a book of prayer in his hand
True ornaments to know a holy man
Famous Plantagenet most gracious prince 100
Lend favourable ears to our request
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal
Glou My lord there needs no such apology
I rather do beseech you pardon me
Who earnest in the service of my God
Neglect the visitation of my friends
But leaving this what is your Grace s pleasure?
Buck Even that I hope which pleaseth God above

And all good men of this ungovern'd isle 110
Glou I do suspect I have done some offence
That seems disgracious in the city s eyes,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance
Buck You have my lord would it might
please your Grace,
At our entreaties to amend that fault!
Glou Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian
land?
Buck Then know, it is your fault that you
resign
The supreme seat the throne majestical,
The scepter d office of your ancestors
Your state of fortune and your due of birth, 120
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish d stock
Whilst in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
Which here we waken to our country s good,
This noble isle doth want her proper limbs,
Her face defaced with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder d in the swallowing gulf
Of blind forgetfulness and dark oblivion
Which to recure we heartily solicit 130
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land,
Not as protector, steward substitute,
Or lowly factor for another s gain
But as successively from blood to blood
Your right of birth, your empery, your own
For this consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation
In this just suit come I to move your Grace 140
Glou I know not whether to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof
Best fitteth my degree or your condition
If not to answer, you might haply think
Tongue tied ambition not replying yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me,
If to reprove you for this suit of yours
So season d with your faithful love to me
Then on the other side I check d my friends
Therefore to speak and to avoid the first 151
And then in speaking not to incur the last,
Definitively thus I answer you
Your love deserves my thanks but my desert
Unmeritable shuns your high request
First, if all obstacles were cut away
And that my path were even to the crown
As my ripe revenue and due by birth
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit
So mighty and so many my defects 160
As I had rather hide me from my greatness,
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother d
But, God be thanked, there s no need of me,
And much I need to help you if need were,
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make no doubt, us happy by his reign 170
On him I lay what you would on me
The right and fortune of his happy stars,
Which God defend that I should wring from him!
Buck My lord, this argues conscience in your
Grace
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considered
You say that Edward is your brother s son
So say we too but not by Edward s wife,
For first he was contract to Lady Lucy—
Your mother lives a witness to that vow— 180
And afterward by substitute betroth'd
To Bona sister to the King of France
These both put by a poor petitioner,
A care crazed mother of a many children,
A beauty waning and distressed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days
Made prize and purchase of his lustful eye,
Seduced the pitch and height of all his thoughts
To base declension and loathed bigamy
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got 190
This Edward, whom our manners term the
Prince
More bitterly could I expostulate
Save that for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue
Then good my lord take to your royal self
This proffer d benefit of dignity
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing times
Unto a lineal true-derived course 200
May Do, good my lord, your citizens entreat
you
Buck Refuse not, mighty lord this proffer'd
love
Cate O make them joyful grant their lawful
suit!
Glou Alas, why would you heap these cares
on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty
I do beseech you take it not amiss
I cannot nor I will not yield to you
Buck If you refuse it—as in love and zeal
Loath to depose the child your brother s son,
As well we know your tenderness of heart 210
And gentle kind effeminate remorse
Which we have noted in you to your kin,

And egally indeed to all estates—
Yet whether you accept our suit or no
Your brother s son shall never reign our king
But we will plant some other in the throne
To the disgrace and downfall of your house
And in this resolution here we leave you
Come citizens zounds! I ll entreat no more
Glou O do not swear my lord of Buckingham
[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM *with the Citizens*
Cate Call them again my lord and accept their suit 221
Another Do good my lord lest all the land do rue it
Glou Would you enforce me to a world of care?
Well call them again I am not made of stones
But penetrable to your kind entreats
Albeit against my conscience and my soul

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM *and the rest*

Cousin of Buckingham and you sage grave men
Since you will buckle fortune on my back
To bear her burthen whether I will or no
I must have patience to endure the load 230
But if black scandal or foul faced reproach
Attend the sequel of your imposition
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof
For God he knows and you may partly see
How far I am from the desire thereof
May God bless your Grace! we see it and will say it
Glou In saying so you shall but say the truth
Buck Then I salute you with this kingly title
Long live Richard England s royal king! 240
May and Cit Amen
Buck To-morrow will it please you to be crown d?
Glou Even when you please since you will have it so
Buck To-morrow then we will attend your Grace
And so most joyfully we take our leave
Glou Come let us to our holy task again
Farewell good cousin farewell gentle friends
[*Exeunt*

ACT IV

SCENE I *Before the Tower*

Enter on one side QUEEN ELIZABETH DUCHESS OF YORK *and* MARQUESS OF DORSET *on the other* ANNE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER *leading* LADY MARGARET PLANTAGENET *Clarence s young Daughter*

Duch Who meets us here? my niece Plantagenet
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloucester?
Now for my life she s wandering to the Tower
On pure heart s love to greet the tender princes
Daughter well met
Anne God give your Graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!
Q Eliz As much to you good sister! Whither away?
Anne No farther than the Tower and as I guess
Upon the like devotion as yourselves
To gratulate the gentle princes there 10
Q Eli Kind sister thanks we ll enter all together

Enter BRAKENBURY

And in good time here the lieutenant comes
Master lieutenant pray you by your leave
How doth the Prince and my young son of York?
Brak Right well dear madam By your patience
I may not suffer you to visit them
The King hath straitly charged the contrary
Q Eli The King! why who s that?
Brak I cry you mercy I mean the Lord Protector
Q Eli The Lord protect him from that kingly title! 20
Hath he set bounds betwixt their love and me?
I am their mother who should keep me from them?
Duch I am their father s mother I will see them
Anne Their aunt I am in law in love their mother
Then bring me to their sights I ll bear thy blame
And take thy office from thee on my peril
Brak No madam no I may not leave it so
I am bound by oath and therefore pardon me
[*Exit*

Enter LORD STANLEY

Stan Let me but meet you ladies one hour hence
And I ll salute your Grace of York as mother 30
And reverend looker on of two fair queens
[*To Anne*] Come madam you must straight to Westminster
There to be crowned Richard s royal queen
Q Eli O cut my lace in sunder that my pent heart
May have some scope to beat or else I swoon
With this dead killing news!
Anne Despiteful tidings! O unpleasing news!

Dor Be of good cheer mother, how fares your Grace?
Q Eliz O Dorset, speak not to me get thee hence!
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels, 40
Thy mother's name is ominous to children
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell
Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead
And make me die the thrall of Margaret s curse
Nor mother, wife nor England s counted queen
Stan Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam
Take all the swift advantage of the hours,
You shall have letters from me to my son 50
To meet you on the way and welcome you
Be not ta en tardy by unwise delay
Duch O ill-dispersing wind of misery!
O my accursed womb, the bed of death!
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavoided eye is murderous
Stan Come, madam, come, I in all haste was sent
Anne And I in all unwillingness will go
I would to God that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal that must round my brow 60
Were red hot steel to sear me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom
And die ere men can say, 'God save the Queen!'
Q Eliz Go, go, poor soul I envy not thy glory,
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm
Anne No! why? When he that is my husband now
Came to me as I follow d Henry's corse
When scarce the blood was well wash d from his hands
Which issued from my other angel husband
And that dead saint which then I weeping follow d
O when I say I look d on Richard s face 71
This was my wish "Be thou ' quoth I "accursed,
For making me so young so old a widow!
And when thou wed st let sorrow haunt thy bed
And be thy wife—if any be so mad—
As miserable by the life of thee
As thou hast made me by my dear lord s death! '
Lo ere I can repeat this curse again
Even in so short a space my woman s heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words 80
And proved the subject of my own soul s curse
Which ever since hath kept my eyes from rest
For never yet one hour in his bed
Have I enjoy'd the golden dew of sleep
But have been waked by his timorous dreams
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me
Q Eliz Poor heart, adieu! I pity thy complaining
Anne No more than from my soul I mourn for yours
Q Eliz Farewell, thou woeful welcomer of glory! 90
Anne Adieu, poor soul that takest thy leave of it!
Duch [*To* DORSET] Go thou to Richmond and good fortune guide thee!
[*To* ANNE] Go thou to Richard, and good angels guard thee!
[*To* QUEEN ELIZABETH] Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee!
I to my grave where peace and rest lie with me!
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen
And each hour s joy wreck d with a week of teen
Q Eliz Stay, yet look back with me unto the Tower
Pity you ancient stones those tender babes
Whom envy hath immured within your walls!
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones! 101
Rude ragged nurse old sullen playfellow
For tender princes use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II *London the palace*

Sennet Enter RICHARD *in pomp crowned,* BUCKINGHAM CATESBY *a* PAGE *and others*

K Rich Stand all apart Cousin of Buckingham!
Buck My gracious sovereign?
K Rich Give me thy hand [*Here he ascendeth his throne*] Thus high by thy advice
And thy assistance is King Richard seated
But shall we wear these honours for a day?
Or shall they last and we rejoice in them?
Buck Still live they and for ever may they last!
K Rich O Buckingham now do I play the touch
To try if thou be current gold indeed
Young Edward lives think now what I would say 10
Buck Say on my loving lord
K Rich Why Buckingham I say I would be king
Buck Why so you are, my thrice renowned liege
K Rich Ha! am I king? tis so but Edward lives
Buck True noble prince
K Rich O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live! ' True, noble prince!

Cousin thou wert not wont to be so dull
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead
And I would have it suddenly perform d
What sayest thou? speak suddenly be brief *20*
Buck Your Grace may do your pleasure
K Rich Tut tut thou art all ice thy kindness
freezeth
Say have I thy consent that they shall die?
Buck Give me some breath some little pause,
my lord
Before I positively speak herein
I will resolve your Grace immediately [*Exit*
Cate [*Aside to a stander by*] The King is angry
see he bites the lip
K Rich I will converse with iron witted fools
And unrespective boys none are for me
That look into me with considerate eyes *30*
High reaching Buckingham grows circumspect
Boy
Page My lord?
K Rich Know st thou not any whom
corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?
Page My lord I know a discontented gentleman
Whose humble means match not his haughty
mind
Gold were as good as twenty orators
And will no doubt tempt him to any thing
K Rich What is his name? *40*
Page His name my lord is Tyrrel
K Rich I partly know the man go call him
hither [*Exit* PAGE
The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsel
Hath he so long held out with me untired
And stops he now for breath?

Enter STANLEY

How now what news with you?
Stan My lord I hear the Marquis Dorset s fled
To Richmond, in those parts beyond the sea
Where he abides [*Stands apart*
K Rich Catesby!
Cate My lord? *50*
K Rich Rumour it abroad
That Anne, my wife is sick and like to die
I will take order for her keeping close
Inquire me out some mean born gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence
daughter
The boy is foolish and I fear not him
Look how thou dream st! I say again give out
That Anne my wife is sick and like to die
About it for it stands me much upon *59*
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me
[*Exit* CATESBY
I must be married to my brother s daughter
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass
Murder her brothers and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood that sin will pluck on sin
Tear falling pity dwells not in this eye

Re enter PAGE *with* TYRREL

Is thy name Tyrrel?
Tyr James Tyrrel and your most obedient
subject
K Rich Art thou indeed?
Tyr Prove me my gracious sovereign
K Rich Darest thou resolve to kill a friend
of mine? *70*
Tyr Ay my lord
But I had rather kill two enemies
K Rich Why there thou hast it two deep
enemies
Foes to my rest and my sweet sleep s disturbers
Are they that I would have thee deal upon
Tyrrel I mean those bastards in the Tower
Tyr Let me have open means to come to them
And soon I ll rid you from the fear of them
K Rich Thou sing st sweet music Hark come
hither Tyrrel
Go by this token rise and lend thine ear *80*
[*Whispers*
There is no more but so say it is done
And I will love thee and prefer thee too
Tyr Tis done my gracious lord
K Rich Shall we hear from thee Tyrrel ere
we sleep?
Tyr Ye shall my lord [*Exit*

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM

Buck My lord I have consider d in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in
K Rich Well let that pass Dorset is fled to
Richmond
Buck I hear that news my lord
K Rich Stanley he is your wife s son well
look to it *90*
Buck My lord I claim your gift my due by
promise
For which your honour and your faith is pawn d
The earldom of Hereford and the moveables
The which you promised I should possess
K Rich Stanley look to your wife if she
convey
Letters to Richmond you shall answer it
Buck What says your Highness to my just
demand?
K Rich As I remember Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king
When Richmond was a little peevish boy *100*

A king perhaps, perhaps—
Buck My lord!
K Rich How chance the prophet could not at that time
Have told me, I being by that I should kill him?
Buck My lord, your promise for the earldom—
K Rich Richmond! When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle
And call'd it Rougemont at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond *110*
Buck My lord!
K Rich Ay, what s o'clock?
Buck I am thus bold to put your Grace in mind
Of what you promised me
K Rich Well but what s o clock?
Buck Upon the stroke of ten
K Rich Well, let it strike
Buck Why let it strike?
K Rich Because that like a Jack thou keep st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation
I am not in the giving vein to-day
Buck Why, then resolve me whether you will or no *120*
K Rich Tut tut,
Thou troublest me, I am not in the vein
[*Exeunt all but* BUCKINGHAM
Buck Is it even so? rewards he my true service
With such deep contempt? made I him king for this?
O let me think on Hastings, and be gone
To Brecknock while my fearful head is on!
[*Exit*

SCENE III *The same*

Enter TYRREL

Tyr The tyrannous and bloody deed is done,
The most arch act of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of
Dighton and Forrest whom I did suborn
To do this ruthless piece of butchery
Although they were flesh d villains bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and kind compassion
Wept like two children in their deaths sad stories
"Lo thus, quoth Dighton, "lay those tender babes
"Thus thus," quoth Forrest girdling one another
Within their innocent alabaster arms *11*
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk
Which in their summer beauty kiss d each other
A book of prayers on their pillow lay,
Which once,' quoth Forrest "almost changed my mind
But O! the devil —there the villain stopp d,
Whilst Dighton thus told on We smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature
That from the prime creation e er she framed "
Thus both are gone with conscience and remorse,
They could not speak and so I left them both,
To bring this tidings to the bloody King
And here he comes

Enter KING RICHARD

All hail, my sovereign liege!
K Rich Kind Tyrrel am I happy in thy news?
Tyr If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness be happy then,
For it is done, my lord
K Rich But didst thou see them dead?
Tyr I did, my lord
K Rich And buried gentle Tyrrel?
Tyr The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them
But how or in what place I do not know *30*
K Rich Come to me, Tyrrel soon at after supper,
And thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Meantime but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire
Farewell till soon [*Exit* TYRREL.
The son of Clarence have I pent up close,
His daughter meanly have I match d in marriage,
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham s bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night
Now for I know the Breton Richmond aims *40*
At young Elizabeth my brother s daughter
And by that knot looks proudly o er the crown,
To her I go, a jolly thriving wooer

Enter RATCLIFF

Rat My lord!
K Rich Good news or bad that thou comest in so bluntly?
Rat Bad news my lord Ely is fled to Richmond,
And Buckingham back d with the hardy Welshmen
Is in the field and still his power increaseth
K Rich Ely with Richmond troubles me more near
Than Buckingham and his rash levied army *50*
Come I have heard that fearful commenting
is leaden servitor to dull delay
Delay leads impotent and snail paced beggary
Then fiery expedition be my wing
Jove s Mercury, and herald for a king!

Come muster men my counsel is my shield
We must be brief when traitors brave the field
[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *Before the palace*

Enter QUEEN MARGARET

Q Mar So now prosperity begins to mellow
And drop into the rotten mouth of death
Here in these confines slily have I lurk d
To watch the waning of mine ad ersaries
A dire induction am I witness to
And will to France hoping the consequence
Will prove as bitter black and tragical
Withdraw thee wretched Margaret who comes here?

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH *and the* DUCHESS OF YORK

Q Eliz Ah my young princes! ah my tender babes!
My unblown flowers new appearing sweets! 10
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air
And be not fix d in doom perpetual
Hover about me with your airy wings
And hear your mother s lamentation!
Q Mar Hover about her say that right for right
Hath dimm d your infant morn to aged night
Duch So many miseries have crazed my voice
That my woe wearied tongue is mute and dumb
Edward Plantagenet why art thou dead?
Q Mar Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt 21
Q Eliz Wilt thou O God fly from such gentle lambs
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done?
Q Mar When holy Harry died and my sweet son
Duch Blind sight dead life poor mortal living ghost
Woe s scene world s shame grave s due by life usurp d
Brief abstract and record of tedious days
Rest thy unrest on England s lawful earth
Sitting down
Unlawfully made drunk with innocents blood!
Q Eliz O that thou wouldst as well afford a grave 31
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat
Then would I hide my bones not rest them here
O who hath any cause to mourn but I?
Sitting down by her
Q Mar If ancient sorrow be most reverend
Give mine the benefit of seniory
And let my woes frown on the upper hand
If sorrow can admit society
Sitting down with them
Tell o er your woes again by viewing mine
I had an Edward till a Richard kill d him 40
I had a Harry till a Richard kill d him
Thou hadst an Edward till a Richard kill d him
Thou hadst a Richard till a Richard kill d him
Duch I had a Richard too and thou didst kill him
I had a Rutland too thou holp st to kill him
Q Mar Thou hadst a Clarence too and Richard kill d him
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell hound that doth hunt us all to death
That dog that had his teeth before his eyes
To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood 50
That foul defacer of God s handiwork
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls
Thy womb let loose to chase us to our graves
O upright just and true-disposing God
How do I thank thee that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother s body
And makes her pew fellow with others moan!
Duch O Harry s wife triumph not in my woes!
God witness with me I have wept for thine 60
Q Mar Bear with me I am hungry for revenge
And now I cloy me with beholding it
Thy Edward he is dead that stabb d my Edward
Thy other Edward dead to quit my Edward
Young York he is but boot because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss
Thy Clarence he is dead that kill d my Edward
And the beholders of this tragic play
The adulterate Hastings Rivers Vaughan, Grey
Untimely smother d in their dusky graves 70
Richard yet lives hell s black intelligencer
Only reserved their factor to buy souls
And send them thither but at hand at hand
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end
Earth gapes hell burns fiends roar saints pray
To have him suddenly convey d away
Cancel his bond of life dear God I pray
That I may live to say The dog is dead
Q Eliz O thou didst prophesy the time would come
That I should wish for thee to help me curse 80
That bottled spider that foul bunch back d toad!
Q Mar I call d thee then vain flourish of my fortune
I call d thee then poor shadow painted queen
The presentation of but what I was
The flattering index of a direful pageant

One heaved a high to be hurl'd down below,
A mother only mock'd with two sweet babes
A dream of what thou wert, a breath a bubble,
A sign of dignity, a garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot, 90
A queen in jest only to fill the scene
Where is thy husband now? where be thy
brothers?
Where are thy children? wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues to thee and cries "God save the
Queen"?
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art
For happy wife, a most distressed widow,
For joyful mother, one that wails the name
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care 100
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues,
For one that scorn'd at me now scorn'd of me,
For one being fear'd of all now fearing one,
For one commanding all, obey'd of none
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time,
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art
Thou didst usurp my place and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow? 110
Now thy proud neck bears half my burthen'd
yoke,
From which even here I slip my weary neck,
And leave the burthen of it all on thee
Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad
mischance
These English woes will make me smile in
France

Q Eliz O thou well skill'd in curses, stay
awhile,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies!

Q Mar Forbear to sleep the nights, and fast
the days,
Compare dead happiness with living woe
Think that thy babes were fairer than they were
And he that slew them fouler than he is 121
Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse

Q Eliz My words are dull, O, quicken them
with thine!

Q Mar Thy woes will make them sharp and
pierce like mine [*Exit*

Duch Why should calamity be full of words?

Q Eliz Windy attorneys to their client woes
Airy succeeders of intestate joys
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope though what they do
impart 130
Help not at all yet do they ease the heart

Duch If so then be not tongue tied go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damned son which thy two sweet sons
smother'd
I hear his drum be copious in exclaims

Enter KING RICHARD, *marching, with drums and trumpets*

K Rich Who intercepts my expedition?

Duch O she that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast
done!

Q Eliz Hidest thou that forehead with a
golden crown, 140
Where should be graven, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that owed that
crown,
And the dire death of my two sons and brothers?
Tell me thou villain slave, where are my
children?

Duch Thou toad thou toad where is thy
brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet his son?

Q Eliz Where is kind Hastings Rivers,
Vaughan Grey?

K Rich A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum,
drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed strike I say! 150
Flourish Alarums
Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations

Duch Art thou my son?

K Rich Ay, I thank God my father, and
yourself

Duch Then patiently hear my impatience.

K Rich Madam I have a touch of your
condition
Which cannot brook the accent of reproof

Duch O let me speak!

K Rich Do then, but I'll not hear 159

Duch I will be mild and gentle in my speech

K Rich And brief good mother, for I am in
haste

Duch Art thou so hasty? I have stay'd for thee,
God knows in anguish pain and agony

K Rich And came I not at last to comfort you?

Duch No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it
well
Thou camest on earth to make the earth my hell
A grievous burthen was thy birth to me
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy
Thy school-days frightful desperate wild and
furious,

Thy prime of manhood daring bold and venturous 170
Thy age confirm d proud subtle bloody treacherous
More mild but yet more harmful kind in hatred
What comfortable hour canst thou name
That ever graced me in thy company?
K Rich Faith none but Humphrey Hour that call d your Grace
To breakfast once forth of my company
If I be so disgracious in your sight
Let me march on and not offend your Grace
Strike up the drum
Duch I prithee hear me speak
K Rich You speak too bitterly
Duch Hear me a word 180
For I shall never speak to thee again
K Rich So
Duch Either thou wilt die by God s just ordinance
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish
And never look upon thy face again
Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse
Which in the day of battle tire thee more
Than all the complete armour that thou wear st!
My prayers on the adverse party fight 190
And there the little souls of Edward s children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies
And promise them success and victory
Bloody thou art bloody will be thy end
Shame serves thy life and doth thy death attend [Exit
Q Eli Though far more cause yet much less spirit to curse
Abides in me I say amen to all
K Rich Stay madam I must speak a word with you
Q Eli I have no more sons of the royal blood 199
For thee to murder for my daughters Richard
They shall be praying nuns not weeping queens
And therefore level not to hit their lives
K Rich You have a daughter call d Elizabeth
Virtuous and fair royal and gracious
Q Eli And she must die for this? O let her live
And I ll corrupt her manners stain her beauty
Slander myself as false to Edward s bed
Throw over her the veil of infamy
So she may live unscarr d of bleeding slaughter
I will confess she was not Edward s daughter
K Rich Wrong not her birth she is of royal blood 211
Q Eli To save her life I ll say she is not so
K Rich Her life is only safest in her birth
Q Eli And only in that safety died her brothers
K Rich Lo at their births good stars were opposite
Q Eli No to their lives bad friends were contrary
K Rich All unavoided is the doom of destiny
Q Eli True when avoided grace makes destiny
My babes were destined to a fairer death
If grace had bless d thee with a fairer life 220
K Rich You speak as if that I had slain my cousins
Q Eli Cousins indeed and by their uncle cozen d
Of comfort kingdom kindred freedom life
Whose hand soever lanced their tender hearts
Thy head all indirectly gave direction
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt
Till it was whetted on thy stone hard heart
To revel in the entrails of my lambs
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys
Till that my nails were anchor d in thine eyes
And I in such a desperate bay of death
Like a poor bark of sails and tackling reft
Rush all to pieces on thy rock bosom
K Rich Madam so thrive I in my enterprise
And dangerous success of bloody wars
As I intend more good to you and yours
Than ever you or yours were by me wrong d!
Q Eli What good is cover d with the face of heaven
To be discover d that can do me good? 240
K Rich The advancement of your children gentle lady
Q Eli Up to some scaffold there to lose their heads?
K Rich No to the dignity and height of honour
The high imperial type of this earth s glory
Q Eli Flatter my sorrows with report of it
Tell me what state what dignity what honour
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?
K Rich Even all I have yea and myself and all
Will I withal endow a child of thine
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul 250
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest I have done to thee
Q Eli Be brief lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness date
K Rich Then know that from my soul I love thy daughter

Q Eliz My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul
K Rich What do you think?
Q Eliz That thou dost love my daughter from thy soul
So from thy soul's love didst thou love her brothers, 259
And from my heart s love I do thank thee for it
K Rich Be not so hasty to confound my meaning
I mean that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And mean to make her queen of England
Q Eliz Say then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?
K Rich Even he that makes her queen who should be else?
Q Eliz What, thou?
K Rich I even I what think *you* of it, madam?
Q Eliz How canst thou woo her?
K Rich That would I learn of you,
As one that are best acquainted with her humour
Q Eliz And wilt thou learn of me?
K Rich Madam with all my heart 270
Q Eliz Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers
A pair of bleeding hearts, thereon engrave
Edward and York, then haply she will weep
Therefore present to her—as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep d in Rutland s blood—
A handkerchief which, say to her did drain
The purple sap *from her sweet brother s body*
And bid her dry her weeping eyes therewith
If this inducement force her not to love
Send her a story of thy noble acts 280
Tell her thou madest away her uncle Clarence
Her uncle Rivers yea and, for her sake
Madest quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne
K Rich Come, come, you mock me this is not the way
To win your daughter
Q Eliz There is no other way,
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape
And not be Richard that hath done all this
K Rich Say that I did all this for love of her
Q Eliz Nay, then indeed she cannot choose but hate thee
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil
K Rich Look, what is done cannot be now amended 291
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes
Which after hours give leisure to repent
If I did take the kingdom from your sons
To make amends I ll give it to your daughter
If I have kill d the issue of your womb
To quicken your increase I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter
A grandam s name is little less in love
Than is the doting title of a mother 300
They are as children but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood,
Of all one pain, save for a night of groans
Endured of her, for whom you bid like sorrow
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age
The loss you have is but a son being king,
And by that loss your daughter is made queen
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can 310
Dorset your son that with a fearful soul
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter wife
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother,
Again shall you be mother to a king
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair d with double riches of content
What! we have many goodly days to see 320
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
Shall come again transform d to orient pearl,
Advantaging their loan with interest
Of ten times double gain of happiness
Go then my mother to thy daughter go,
Make bold her bashful *years* with your experience,
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer s tale
Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
Of golden sovereignty acquaint the princess
With the sweet *silent* hours of marriage joys
And when this arm of mine hath chastised 331
The petty rebel dull brain d Buckingham
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror s bed,
To whom I will retail my conquest won
And she shall be sole victress Cæsar s Cæsar
Q Eliz What were I best to say? her father s brother
Would be her lord? or shall I say her uncle?
Or he that slew her brothers and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee 340
That God the law my honour and her love
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?
K Rich Infer fair England s peace by this alliance
Q Eliz Which she shall purchase with still lasting war
K Rich Say that the king which may co
entreats

Q Eli That at her hands which the king s
king forbids
K Rich Say she shall be a high and mighty
queen
Q Eli To wail the title as her mother doth
K Rich Say I will love her everlastingly
Q Eli But how long shall that title ever
last? 350
K Rich Sweetly in force unto her fair life s end
Q Eli But how long fairly shall her sweet
life last?
K Rich So long as heaven and nature lengthens
it
Q Eli So long as hell and Richard likes of it
K Rich Say I her sovereign am her subject
love
Q Eli But she your subject loathes such
sovereignty
K Rich Be eloquent in my behalf to her
Q Eli An honest tale speeds best being
plainly told
K Rich Then in plain terms tell her my
loving tale
Q Eli Plain and not honest is too harsh a
style 360
K Rich Your reasons are too shallow and too
quick
Q Eli O no my reasons are too deep and
dead
Too deep and dead poor infants in their grave
K Rich Harp not on that string madam that
is past
Q Eli Harp on it still shall I till heartstrings
break
K Rich Now by my George my Garter and
my crown—
Q Eli Profaned dishonour d and the third
usurp d
K Rich I swear—
Q Eli By nothing for this is no oath
The George profaned hath lost his holy honour
The Garter blemish d pawn d his knightly
virtue 370
The crown usurp d disgraced his kingly glory
If something thou wilt swear to be believed,
Swear then by something that thou hast not
wrong d
K Rich Now by the world—
Q Eli Tis full of thy foul wrongs
K Rich My father s death—
Q Eli Thy life hath that dishonour d
K Rich Then, by myself—
Q Eli Thyself thyself misusest
K Rich Why then, by God—
Q Eli God s wrong is most of all
If thou hadst fear d to break an oath by Him,
The unity the king thy brother made
Had not been broken nor my brother slain 380
If thou hadst fear d to break an oath by Him
The imperial metal circling now thy brow
Had graced the tender temples of my child
And both the princes had been breathing here
Which now two tender playfellows for dust
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms
What canst thou swear by now?
K Rich The time to come
Q Eli That thou hast wronged in the time
o erpast
For I myself have many tears to wash 389
Hereafter time for time past wrong d by thee
The children live whose parents thou hast
slaughter d
Ungovern d youths to wail it in their age
The parents live whose children thou hast
butcher d
Old wither d plants to wail it with their age
Swear not by time to come for that thou hast
Misused ere used by time misused o erpast
K Rich As I intend to prosper and repent
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours! 400
Day yield me not thy light nor night thy rest!
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceedings if with pure heart s love
Immaculate devotion holy thoughts
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her consists my happiness and thine
Without her follows to this land and me
To thee herself and many a Christian soul
Death desolation ruin and decay
It cannot be avoided but by this 410
It will not be avoided but by this
Therefore good mother—I must call you so—
Be the attorney of my love to her
Plead what I will be not what I have been
Not my deserts but what I will deserve
Urge the necessity and state of times
And be not peevish fond in great designs
Q Eli Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?
K Rich Ay if the devil tempt thee to do good
Q Eli Shall I forget myself to be myself? 420
K Rich Ay if yourself's remembrance wrong
yourself
Q Eli But thou didst kill my children
K Rich But in your daughter s womb I bury
them
Where in that nest of spicery they shall breed
Selves of themselves to your recomforture
Q Eli Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?
K Rich And be a happy mother by the deed
Q Eli I go Write to me very shortly

And you shall understand from me her mind
K Rich Bear her my true love s kiss, and so, farewell [*Exit* QUEEN ELIZABETH 430
Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!

Enter RATCLIFF, CATESBY *following*

How now! what news?
Rat My gracious sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy to the shore
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm d, and unresolved to beat them back
'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral,
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore
K Rich Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of Norfolk 440
Ratcliff thyself or Catesby, where is he?
Cate Here, my lord
K Rich Fly to the Duke [*To* RATCLIFF] Post thou to Salisbury
When thou comest thither—[*To* CATESBY] Dull, unmindful villain
Why stand st thou still and go st not to the Duke?
Cate First mighty sovereign let me know your mind,
What from your Grace I shall deliver to him
K Rich O, true good Catesby bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me presently at Salisbury 450
Cate I go [*Exit*
Rat What is t your Highness pleasure I shall do
At Salisbury?
K Rich Why, what wouldst thou do there before I go?
Rat Your Highness told me I should post before
K Rich My mind is changed sir, my mind is changed

Enter LORD STANLEY

How now, what news with you?
Stan None good my lord to please you with the hearing
Nor none so bad but it may well be told
K Rich Hoy day, a riddle! neither good nor bad! 460
Why dost thou run so many mile about
When thou mayst tell thy tale a nearer way?
Once more what news?
Stan Richmond is on the seas
K Rich There let him sink and be the seas on him!
White liver d runagate, what doth he there?
Stan I know not mighty sovereign but by guess
K Rich Well sir, as you guess, as you guess?
Stan Stirr'd up by Dorset Buckingham and Ely,
He makes for England there to claim the crown
K Rich Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd? 470
Is the King dead? the empire unpossess'd?
What heir of York is there alive but we?
And who is England s king but great York's heir?
Then tell me what doth he upon the sea?
Stan Unless for that my liege I cannot guess
K Rich Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him I fear
Stan No mighty liege therefore mistrust me not
K Rich Where is thy power, then, to beat him back? 480
Where are thy tenants and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe conducting the rebels from their ships?
Stan No my good lord my friends are in the north
K Rich Cold friends to Richard what do they in the north
When they should serve their sovereign in the west?
Stan They have not been commanded mighty sovereign
Please it your majesty to give me leave
I ll muster up my friends and meet your Grace
Where and what time your Majesty shall please
K Rich Ay ay thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond
I will not trust you sir
Stan Most mighty sovereign
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful
I never was nor never will be false
K Rich Well
Go muster men but hear you leave behind
Your son George Stanley look your faith be firm
Or else his head s assurance is but frail
Stan So deal with him as I prove true to you [*Exit*

Enter a MESSENGER

Mess My gracious sovereign now in Devonshire 50[illegible]
As I by friends am well advertised
Sir Edward Courtney and the haughty prelate

Bishop of Exeter his brother there
With many moe confederates are in arms

Enter SECOND MESSENGER

2nd Mess My liege in Kent the Guildfords are in arms
And every hour more competitors
Flock to their aid and still their power increaseth

Enter THIRD MESSENGER

3rd Mess My lord the army of the Duke of Buckingham—
K Rich Out on you owls! nothing but songs of death? [He striketh him]
Take that until thou bring me better news 510
3rd Mess The news I have to tell your Majesty
Is that by sudden floods and fall of waters
Buckingham s army is dispersed and scatter d
And he himself wander d away alone
No man knows whither
K Rich I cry thee mercy
There is my purse to cure that blow of thine
Hath any well advised friend proclaim d
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?
3rd Mess Such proclamation hath been made my liege

Enter FOURTH MESSENGER

4th Mess Sir Thomas Lovel and Lord Marquis Dorset 520
'Tis said my liege in Yorkshire are in arms
Yet this good comfort bring I to your Grace
The Breton navy is dispersed by tempest
Richmond in Dorsetshire sent out a boat
Unto the shore to ask those on the banks
If they were his assistants yea or no
Who answer d him they came from Buckingham
Upon his party he mistrusting them
Hoised sail and made away for Brittany
K Rich March on march on since we are up in arms 530
If not to fight with foreign enemies
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home

Re-enter CATESBY

Cate My liege the Duke of Buckingham is taken
That is the best news that the Earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford
Is colder tidings yet they must be told
K Rich Away towards Salisbury! while we reason here
A royal battle might be won and lost
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury the rest march on with me 540
[*Flourish Exeunt*

SCENE V *Lord Stanley s house*

Enter STANLEY *and* SIR CHRISTOPHER URSWICK

Stan Sir Christopher tell Richmond this from me
That in the sty of this most bloody boar
My son George Stanley is frank d up in hold
If I revolt off goes young George s head
The fear of that withholds my present aid
But tell me where is princely Richmond now?
Chris At Pembroke or at Ha rford west in Wales
Stan What men of name resort to him?
Chris Sir Walter Herbert a renowned soldier
Sir Gilbert Talbot Sir William Stanley 10
Oxford redoubted Pembroke Sir James Blunt
And Rice ap Thomas with a valiant crew
And many moe of noble fame and worth
And towards London they do bend their course
If by the way they be not fought withal
Stan Return unto thy lord commend me to him
Tell him the Queen hath heartily consented
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter
These letters will resolve him of my mind
Farewell [*Exeunt* 20

ACT V

SCENE I *Salisbury an open place*

Enter the SHERIFF *and* BUCKINGHAM *with halberd led to execution*

Buck Will not King Richard let me speak with him?
Sher No my good lord therefore be patient
Buck Hastings and Edward s children Rivers Grey
Holy King Henry and thy fair son Edward
Vaughan and all that have miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul injustice
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour
Even for revenge mock my destruction!
This is All Souls day fellows is it not? 10
Sher It is my lord
Buck Why then All Souls day is my body s doomsday
This is the day that in King Edward s time
I wish d might fall on me when I was found
False to his children or his wife s allies
This is the day wherein I wish d to fall
By the false faith of him I trusted most
This this All Souls day to my fearful soul
Is the determined respite of my wrongs
That high All Seer that I dallied with 20
Hath turn d my feigned prayer on my head
And given in earnest what I begg d in jest

Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their masters bosoms
Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon my head,
"When he,' quoth she, "shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a prophetess "
Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *The camp near Tamworth*

Enter RICHMOND, OXFORD, BLUNT HERBERT, *and others with drum and colours*

Richm Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends
Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement
The wretched, bloody and usurping boar
That spoil d your summer fields and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your embowell d bosoms, this foul swine 10
Lies now even in the centre of this isle
Near to the town of Leicester as we learn
From Tamworth thither is but one day s march
In God s name, cheerly on courageous friends
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war
Oxf Every man s conscience is a thousand swords
To fight against that bloody homicide
Herb I doubt not but his friends will fly to us
Blunt He hath no friends but who are friends for fear 20
Which in his greatest need will shrink from him
Richm All for our vantage Then in God s name, march
True hope is swift and flies with swallow s wings,
Kings it makes gods and meaner creatures kings [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *Bosworth Field*

Enter KING RICHARD *in arms with* NORFOLK, *the* EARL OF SURREY *and others*

K Rich Here pitch our tents even here in Bosworth field
My Lord of Surrey why look you so sad?
Sur My heart is ten times lighter than my looks
K Rich My Lord of Norfolk—
Nor Here most gracious liege
K Rich Norfolk we must have knocks, ha! must we not?
Nor We must both give and take my gracious lord
K Rich Up with my tent there! here will I lie to-night,
But where to-morrow? Well, all's one for that
Who hath descried the number of the foe?
Nor Six or seven thousand is their utmost power 10
K Rich Why, our battalion trebles that account
Besides the King s name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse party want
Up with my tent there! Valiant gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the field
Call for some men of sound direction
Let s want no discipline make no delay,
For lords to-morrow is a busy day [*Exeunt*

Enter, on the other side of the field RICHMOND *Sir William Brandon* OXFORD DORSET, BLUNT *and others Some of the Soldiers pitch Richmond's tent*

Richm The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And by the bright track of his fiery car 20
Gives signal of a goodly day to-morrow
Sir William Brandon you shall bear my standard
Give me some ink and paper in my tent
I ll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge
And part in just proportion our small strength
My Lord of Oxford you Sir William Brandon,
And you Sir Walter Herbert stay with me
The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment
Good Captain Blunt bear my good night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning 31
Desire the Earl to see me in my tent
Yet one thing more good Blunt before thou go'st,
Where is Lord Stanley quarter d dost thou know
Blunt Unless I have mista en his colours much
Which well I am assured I have not done,
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the King
Richm If without peril it be possible 39
Good captain Blunt bear my good night to him,
And give him from me this most needful scroll
Blunt Upon my life, my lord I ll undertake it,
And so God give you quiet rest to-night!
Richm Good night good Captain Blunt
Come gentlemen,
Let us consult upon to-morrow s business
In to our tent, the air is raw and cold
[*They withdraw into the tent*

Enter to his tent KING RICHARD NORFOLK RATCLIFF CATESBY *and others*

K *Rich* What is t o clock?
Cate It s supper time, my lord
It s nine o clock
K *Rich* I will not sup to-night
Give me some ink and paper
What is my beaver easier than it was? 50
And all my armour laid into my tent?
Cate It is my liege and all things are in readiness
K *Rich* Good Norfolk hie thee to thy charge
Use careful watch choose trusty sentinels
Nor I go my lord
K *Rich* Stir with the lark to-morrow gentle Norfolk
Nor I warrant you my lord [*Exit*
K *Rich* Catesby!
Cate My lord?
K *Rich* Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley s regiment bid him bring his power
Before sunrising lest his son George fall 61
Into the blind cave of eternal night
[*Exit* CATESBY
Fill me a bowl of wine Give me a watch
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow
Look that my staves be sound and not too heavy
Ratcliff!
Rat My lord?
K *Rich* Saw st thou the melancholy Lord Northumberland?
Rat Thomas the Earl of Surrey and himself
Much about cock shut time from troop to troop
Went through the army cheering up the soldiers 71
K *Rich* So I am satisfied Give me a bowl of wine
I have not that alacrity of spirit
Nor cheer of mind that I was wont to have
Set it down Is ink and paper ready?
Rat It is my lord
K *Rich* Bid my guard watch leave me
Ratcliff about the mid of night come to my tent
And help to arm me Leave me I say
[*Exeunt* RATCLIFF *and other Attendants*

Enter STANLEY *to* RICHMOND *in his tent Lords and others attending*

Stan Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!
Richm All comfort that the dark night can afford 80
Be to thy person noble father in law!
Tell me how fares our loving mother?
Stan I by attorney bless thee from thy mother
Who prays continually for Richmond s good
So much for that The silent hours steal on
And flaky darkness breaks within the east
In brief—for so the season bids us be—
Prepare thy battle early in the morning
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes and mortal staring war 90
I as I may—that which I would I cannot—
With best advantage will deceive the time
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms
But on thy side I may not be too forward
Lest being seen thy brother tender George
Be executed in his father s sight
Farewell the leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love
And ample interchange of sweet discourse
Which so long sunder d friends should dwell upon
God give us leisure for these rites of love! 101
Once more adieu be valiant and speed well!
Richm Good lords conduct him to his regiment
I ll strive with troubled thoughts to take a nap
Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow
When I should mount with wings of victory
Once more good night kind lords and gentlemen
[*Exeunt all but* RICHMOND
O Thou whose captain I account myself
Look on my forces with a gracious eye
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath 110
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement
That we may praise thee in the victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful soul
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes
Sleeping and waking O defend me still!
[*Sleeps*

Enter the GHOST OF PRINCE EDWARD *son to* HENRY THE SIXTH

Ghost [*To* RICHARD] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
Think how thou stab dst me in my prime of youth
At Tewksbury despair therefore and die 120
[*To* RICHMOND] Be cheerful Richmond for the wronged souls
Of butcher d princes fight in thy behalf
King Henry s issue Richmond comforts thee

Enter the GHOST OF HENRY THE SIXTH

Ghost [*To* RICHARD] When I was mortal my anointed body
By thee was punched full of deadly holes
Think on the Tower and me despair and die!
Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die!

[*To* RICHMOND] Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!
Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king
Doth comfort thee in sleep live, and flourish!

Enter the GHOST OF CLARENCE

Ghost [*To* RICHARD] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow! *131*
I that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betrayed to death!
To-morrow in the battle think on me
And fall thy edgeless sword despair and die!
[*To* RICHMOND] Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,
The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee
Good angels guard thy battle! live, and flourish!

Enter the GHOSTS OF RIVERS GREY, *and* VAUGHAN

Ghost of R [*To* RICHARD] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to morrow
Rivers that died at Pomfret! despair, and die!
Ghost of G [*To* RICHARD] Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair! *141*
Ghost of V [*To* RICHARD] Think upon Vaughan and with guilty fear
Let fall thy lance despair and die!
All [*To* RICHMOND] Awake, and think our wrongs in Richard s bosom
Will conquer him! awake and win the day!

Enter the GHOST OF HASTINGS

Ghost [*To* RICHARD] Bloody and guilty guiltily awake
And in a bloody battle end thy days!
Think on Lord Hastings despair and die!
[*To* RICHMOND] Quiet untroubled soul awake awake!
Arm fight and conquer for fair England s sake!

Enter the GHOSTS OF THE TWO YOUNG PRINCES

Ghosts [*To* RICHARD] Dream on thy cousins smother d in the Tower *151*
Let us be lead within thy bosom Richard
And weigh thee down to ruin shame and death!
Thy nephews souls bid thee despair and die!
[*To* RICHMOND] Sleep Richmond sleep in peace and wake in joy
Good angels guard thee from the boar s annoy!
Live and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward s unhappy sons do bid thee flourish

Enter the GHOST OF LADY ANNE

Ghost [*To* RICHARD] Richard thy wife that wretched Anne thy wife
That never slept a quiet hour with thee *160*
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword despair, and die!
[*To* RICHMOND] Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep,
Dream of success and happy victory!
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee

Enter the GHOST OF BUCKINGHAM

Ghost [*To* RICHARD] The first was I that help d thee to the crown,
The last was I that felt thy tyranny
O in the battle think on Buckingham
And die in terror of thy guiltiness! *170*
Dream on dream on of bloody deeds and death
Fainting despair despairing yield thy breath!
[*To* RICHMOND] I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid
But cheer thy heart and be thou not dismay'd
God and good angels fight on Richmond s side,
And Richard falls in height of all his pride

[*The* GHOSTS *vanish* KING RICHARD *starts out of his dream*

K Rich Give me another horse bind up my wounds
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft! I did but dream
O coward conscience how dost thou afflict me!
The lights burn blue It is now dead midnight
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh
What do I fear? myself? there s none else by
Richard loves Richard that is, I am I
Is there a murderer here? No Yes I am
Then fly What from myself? Great reason why
Lest I revenge What myself upon myself?
Alack I love myself Wherefore? for any good
That I myself have done unto myself?
O no! alas, I rather hate myself
For hateful deeds committed by myself! *190*
I am a villain yet I lie I am not
Fool of thyself speak well fool do not flatter
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues
And every tongue brings in a several tale
And every tale condemns me for a villain
Perjury perjury in the high st degree
Murder stern murder in the direst degree
All several sins all used in each degree
Throng to the bar crying all 'Guilty! guilty!'
I shall despair There is no creature loves me
And if I die no soul shall pity me *201*
Nay wherefore should they since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself?
Methought the souls of all that I had murder d
Came to my tent and every one did threat
To-morrow s vengeance on the head of Richard

Enter RATCLIFF

Rat My lord!
K Rich Zounds! who is there?
Rat Ratcliff my lord 'tis I The early village cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn 210
Your friends are up and buckle on their armour
K Rich O Ratcliff I have dream'd a fearful dream!
What thinkest thou will our friends prove all true?
Rat No doubt my lord
K Rich O Ratcliff I fear I fear—
Rat Nay good my lord be not afraid of shadows
K Rich By the apostle Paul shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
Armed in proof and led by shallow Richmond
It is not yet near day Come go with me 220
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper
To see if any mean to shrink from me [*Exeunt*

Enter the LORDS *to* RICHMOND *sitting in his tent*

Lords Good morrow Richmond!
Richm Cry mercy lords and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here
Lords How have you slept my lord?
Richm The sweetest sleep and fairest boding dreams
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head
Have I since your departure had my lords
Methought their souls whose bodies Richard murder'd 230
Came to my tent and cried on victory
I promise you my soul is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream
How far into the morning is it lords?
Lords Upon the stroke of four
Richm Why then 'tis time to arm and give direction

HIS ORATION TO HIS SOLDIERS

More than I have said loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon yet remember this
God and our good cause fight upon our side 240
The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls
Like high-rear'd bulwarks stand before our faces
Richard except those whom we fight against
Had rather have us win than him they follow
For what is he they follow? truly gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant and a homicide
One raised in blood and one in blood establish'd
One that made means to come by what he hath
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him
A base foul stone made precious by the foil 250
Of England's chair where he is falsely set
One that hath ever been God's enemy
Then if you fight against God's enemy
God will in justice ward you as his soldiers
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down
You sleep in peace the tyrant being slain
If you do fight against your country's foes
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors
If you do free your children from the sword 261
Your children's children quit it in your age
Then in the name of God and all these rights
Advance your standards draw your willing swords
For me the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face
But if I thrive the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof
Sound drums and trumpets boldly and cheerfully
God and Saint George! Richmond and victory!
[*Exeunt* 270

Re-enter KING RICHARD RATCLIFF *Attendants and Forces*

K Rich What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?
Rat That he was never trained up in arms
K Rich He said the truth and what said Surrey then?
Rat He smiled and said The better for our purpose
K Rich He was in the right and so indeed it is [*Clock striketh*]
Tell the clock there Give me a calendar
Who saw the sun to-day?
Rat Not I my lord
K Rich Then he disdains to shine for by the book
He should have braved the east an hour ago
A black day will it be to somebody 280
Ratcliff!
Rat My lord?
K Rich The sun will not be seen to-day
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army
I would these dewy tears were from the ground
Not shine to-day! Why what is that to me
More than to Richmond? for the selfsame heaven
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him

Enter NORFOLK

Nor Arm, arm, my lord, the foe vaunts in the field

K Rich Come, bustle, bustle caparison my horse

Call up Lord Stanley bid him bring his power
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain, *291*
And thus my battle shall be ordered
My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot,
Our archers shall be placed in the midst
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of this foot and horse
They thus directed, we will follow
In the main battle, whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse *300*
This and Saint George to boot! What think st thou, Norfolk?

Nor A good direction warlike sovereign
This found I on my tent this morning

He sheweth him a paper

K Rich [*Reads*] Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold "
A thing devised by the enemy
Go gentlemen every man unto his charge
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devised at first to keep the strong in awe *310*
Our strong arms be our conscience swords our law
March on join bravely let us to t pell mell,
If not to heaven then hand in hand to hell

HIS ORATION TO HIS ARMY

What shall I say more than I have inferr d?
Remember whom you are to cope withal
A sort of vagabonds rascals and runaways
A scum of Bretons and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o er-cloyed country vomits forth
To desperate ventures and assured destruction
You sleeping safe they bring to you unrest, *320*
You having lands, and blest with beauteous wives
They would restrain the one distain the other
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother s cost?
A milk sop one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?
Let s whip these stragglers o er the seas again
Lash hence these overweening rags of France,
These famish'd beggars weary of their lives
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit, *330*
For want of means, poor rats, had hang d themselves
If we be conquer'd let men conquer us
And not these bastard Bretons whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten bobb d, and thump d
And in record left them the heirs of shame
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
Ravish our daughters? [*Drum afar off*] Hark! I hear their drum
Fight! gentlemen of England! fight bold yeomen!
Draw, archers draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard and ride in blood,
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves! *341*

Enter a MESSENGER

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

Mess My lord he doth deny to come

K Rich Off with his son George's head!

Nor My lord the enemy is past the marsh
After the battle let George Stanley die

K Rich A thousand hearts are great within my bosom
Advance our standards set upon our foes
Our ancient word of courage fair Saint George
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons! *350*
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms

[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *Another part of the field*

Alarum excursions Enter NORFOLK *and forces fighting, to him* CATESBY

Cate Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!
The King enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger
His horse is slain and all on foot he fights
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death
Rescue fair lord or else the day is lost!

Alarums Enter KING RICHARD

K Rich A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Cate Withdraw my lord I ll help you to a horse

K Rich Slave, I have set my life upon a cast
And I will stand the hazard of the die *10*
I think there be six Richmonds in the field
Five have I slain to-day instead of him
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

[*Exeunt*

SCENE V *Another part of the field*

Alarum Enter RICHARD *and* RICHMOND *they fight* RICHARD *is slain Retreat and flourish Re-enter* RICHMOND STANLEY *bearing the crown with divers other Lords*

Richm God and your arms be praised victorious friends
The day is ours the bloody dog is dead
Stan Courageous Richmond well hast thou acquit thee
Lo here this long usurped royalty
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck d off to grace thy brows withal
Wear it enjoy it and make much of it
Richm Great God of heaven say Amen to all!
But tell me is young George Stanley living?
Stan He is my lord and safe in Leicester town 10
Whither if it please you we may now withdraw us
Richm What men of name are slain on either side?
Stan John Duke of Norfolk Walter Lord Ferrers
Sir Robert Brakenbury and Sir William Brandon
Richm Inter their bodies as becomes their births
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled
That in submission will return to us
And then as we have taken the sacrament
We will unite the white rose and the red
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction 20
That long have frown d upon their enmity!
What traitor hears me and says not amen?
England hath long been mad and scarr d herself
The brother blindly shed the brother s blood
The father rashly slaughter d his own son
The son compell d been butcher to the sire
All this divided York and Lancaster
Divided in their dire division
O now let Richmond and Elizabeth
The true succeeders of each royal house 30
By God s fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs God if thy will be so
Enrich the time to come with smooth faced peace
With smiling plenty and fair prosperous days!
Abate the edge of traitors gracious Lord
That would reduce these bloody days again
And make poor England weep in streams of blood!
Let them not live to taste land s increase
That would with treason wound this fair land s peace!
Now civil wounds are stopp d, peace lives again
That she may long live here God say amen! 40
[*Exeunt*

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SOLINUS, DUKE OF EPHESUS
ÆGEON *a merchant of Syracuse*
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS | *twin brothers, and sons*
ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE | *of Ægeon and Æmilia*
DROMIO OF EPHESUS | *twin brothers and attend*
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE | *ants on the two Antipholuses*
BALTHAZAR *a merchant*
ANGELO *a goldsmith*
FIRST MERCHANT *friend to Antipholus of Syracuse*
SECOND MERCHANT *to whom Angelo is a debtor*
PINCH *a schoolmaster*

A SERVANT
A GAOLER
AN OFFICER

ÆMILIA *wife to Ægeon an abbess at Ephesus*
ADRIANA *wife to Antipholus of Ephesus*
LUCIANA *her sister*
LUCE *servant to Adriana*
A COURTEZAN

NON-SPEAKING *Officers and other Attendants*

SCENE *Ephesus*

ACT I

SCENE I *A hall in the Duke s palace*

Enter DUKE, ÆGEON, GAOLER, *Officers, and other Attendants*

Æge Proceed Solinus, to procure my fall
And by the doom of death end woes and all
Duke Merchant of Syracusa plead no more,
I am not partial to infringe our laws
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen
Who wanting guilders to redeem their lives
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks 10
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us
It hath in solemn synods been decreed
Both by the Syracusians and ourselves
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns
Nay, more
If any born at Ephesus be seen
At any Syracusian marts and fairs
Again if any Syracusian born
Come to the bay of Ephesus he dies 20
His goods confiscate to the Duke s dispose,
Unless a thousand marks be levied
To quit the penalty and to ransom him
Thy substance valued at the highest rate
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks
Therefore by law thou art condemn d to die
Æge Yet this my comfort when your words are done
My woes end likewise with the evening sun
Duke Well Syracusian say in brief the cause
Why thou departed'st from thy native home 30
And for what cause thou camest to Ephesus
Æge A heavier task could not have been imposed
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable
Yet that the world may witness that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I ll utter what my sorrow gives me leave
In Syracusa was I born and wed
Unto a woman happy but for me,
And by me had not our hap been bad
With her I lived in joy, our wealth increased 40
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum till my factor s death
And the great care of goods at random left
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse
From whom my absence was not six months old
Before herself almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear,
Had made provision for her following me
And soon and safe arrived where I was
There had she not been long but she became 50
A joyful mother of two goodly sons
And which was strange, the one so like the other
As could not be distinguish d but by names
That very hour and in the self same inn
A meaner woman was delivered
Of such a burden male twins both alike
Those for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought and brought up to attend my sons
My wife not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return 60
Unwilling I agreed, alas! too soon
We came aboard
A league from Epidamnum had we sail d,

Before the always wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm
But longer did we not retain much hope
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death
Which though myself would gladly have embraced
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife 71
Weeping before for what she saw must come
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes
That mourn d for fashion ignorant what to fear
Forced me to seek delays for them and me
And this it was for other means was none
The sailors sought for safety by our boat
And left the ship then sinking ripe to us
My wife more careful for the latter born
Had fasten d him unto a small spare mast 80
Such as seafaring men provide for storms
To him one of the other twins was bound
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other
The children thus disposed my wife and I
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix d
Fasten d ourselves at either end the mast
And floating straight obedient to the stream
Was carried towards Corinth as we thought
At length the sun gazing upon the earth
Dispersed those vapours that offended us 90
And by the benefit of his wished light
The seas wax d calm and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us
Of Corinth that of Epidaurus this
But ere they came—O let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before

Duke Nay forward old man do not break off so
For we may pity though not pardon thee

Æge O had the gods done so I had not now
Worthily term d them merciless to us! 100
For ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues
We were encounter d by a mighty rock
Which being violently borne upon
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst
So that in this unjust divorce of us
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in what to sorrow for
Her part poor soul seeming as burdened
With lesser weight but not with lesser woe
Was carried with more speed before the wind
And in our sight they three were taken up 111
By fishermen of Corinth as we thought
At length another ship had seized on us
And knowing whom it was their hap to save
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck d guests
And would have reft the fishers of their prey
Had not their bark been very slow of sail
And therefore homeward did they bend their course
Thus have you heard me sever d from my bliss
That by misfortunes was my life prolong d 120
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps

Duke And for the sake of them thou sorrowest for
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall n of them and thee till now

Æge My youngest boy and yet my eldest care
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother and importuned me
That his attendant—so his case was like
Reft of his brother but retain d his name—
Might bear him company in the quest of him
Whom whilst I labour d of a love to see 131
I hazarded the loss of whom I loved
Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia
And coasting homeward came to Ephesus
Hopeless to find yet loath to leave unsought
Or that or any place that harbours men
But here must end the story of my life
And happy were I in my timely death
Could all my travels warrant me they live 140

Duke Hapless Ægeon whom the fates have mark d
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now trust me were it not against our laws
Against my crown my oath my dignity
Which princes would they may not disannul
My soul should sue as advocate for thee
But though thou art adjudged to the death
And passed sentence may not be recall d
But to our honour s great disparagement
Yet I will favour thee in what I can 150
Therefore merchant I ll limit thee this day
To seek thy life by beneficial help
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus
Beg thou or borrow to make up the sum
And live if no then thou art doom d to die
Gaoler take him to thy custody

Gaol I will my lord

Æge Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon wend
But to procrastinate his lifeless end [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *The Mart*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE DROMIO OF SYRACUSE *and* FIRST MERCHANT

1st Mer Therefore give out you are of Epidamnum
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate
This very day a Syracusian merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here
And not being able to buy out his life

According to the statute of the town
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west
There is your money that I had to keep

Ant S Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee 10
Within this hour it will be dinner-time
Till that, I ll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return and sleep within mine inn
For with long travel I am stiff and weary
Get thee away

Dro S Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean [*Exit*

Ant S A trusty villain sir that very oft
When I am dull with care and melancholy, 20
Lightens my humour with his merry jests
What will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn and dine with me?

1st Mer I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit,
I crave your pardon Soon at five o'clock,
Please you I ll meet with you upon the mart
And afterward consort you till bed-time
My present business calls me from you now

Ant S Farewell till then I will go lose myself
And wander up and down to view the city 31

1st Mer Sir, I commend you to your own content [*Exit*

Ant S He that commends me to mine own content
Commends me to the thing I cannot get
I to the world am like a drop of water
That in the ocean seeks another drop
Who falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself
So I, to find a mother and a brother
In quest of them unhappy, lose myself 40

Enter DROMIO OF EPHESUS

Here comes the almanac of my true date
What now? how chance thou art return d so soon?

Dro E Return'd so soon! rather approach d too late
The capon burns the pig falls from the spit
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell,
My mistress made it one upon my cheek
She is so hot because the meat is cold
The meat is cold because you come not home
You come not home because you have no stomach,
You have no stomach having broke your fast,
But we that know what tis to fast and pray 51
Are penitent for your default to-day

Ant S Stop in your wind, sir tell me this I pray
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro E O—sixpence that I had o Wednesday last
To pay the saddler for my mistress crupper?
The saddler had it sir, I kept it not

Ant S I am not in a sportive humour now
Tell me and dally not where is the money?
We being strangers here how darest thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody? 61

Dro E I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner
I from my mistress come to you in post,
If I return I shall be post indeed
For she will score your fault upon my pate
Methinks your maw, like mine should be your clock
And strike you home without a messenger

Ant S Come Dromio, come these jests are out of season,
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee? 70

Dro E To me, sir? why, you gave no gold to me

Ant S Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness
And tell me how thou hast disposed thy charge

Dro E My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house the Phœnix sir, to dinner
My mistress and her sister stays for you

Ant S Now as I am a Christian answer me
In what safe place you have bestow d my money,
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours
That stands on tricks when I am undisposed 80
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

Dro E I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress marks upon my shoulders
But not a thousand marks between you both
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently

Ant S Thy mistress marks? what mistress, slave hast thou?

Dro E Your worship s wife, my mistress at the Phœnix
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner

Ant S What wilt thou flout me thus unto my face 91
Being forbid? There, take you that sir knave

Dro E What mean you sir for God s sake hold your hands!
Nay, an you will not sir I ll take my heels [*Exit*

Ant S Upon my life, by some device or other

When in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme nor reason?
Well sir I thank you 50
Ant S Thank me sir! for what?
Dro S Marry sir for this something that you gave me for nothing
Ant S I ll make you amends next to give you nothing for something But say sir is it dinner time?
Dro S No sir I think the meat wants that I have
Ant S In good time sir what s that?
Dro S Basting
Ant S Well sir then twill be dry 60
Dro S If it be sir I pray you eat none of it
Ant S Your reason?
Dro S Lest it make you choleric and purchase me another dry basting
Ant S Well sir learn to jest in good time there s a time for all things
Dro S I durst have denied that before you were so choleric
Ant S By what rule sir?
Dro S Marry sir by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself 71
Ant S Let s hear it
Dro S There s no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature
Ant S May he not do it by fine and recovery?
Dro S Yes to pay a fine for a periwig and recover the lost hair of another man
Ant S Why is Time such a niggard of hair being as it is so plentiful an excrement? 79
Dro S Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts and what he hath scanted men in hair he hath given them in wit
Ant S Why but there s many a man hath more hair than wit
Dro S Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair
Ant S Why thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit
Dro S The plainer dealer the sooner lost yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity 90
Ant S For what reason?
Dro S For two and sound ones too
Ant S Nay not sound, I pray you
Dro S Sure ones then
Ant S Nay not sure in a thing falsing
Dro S Certain ones then
Ant S Name them
Dro S The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring the other that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge 100
Ant S You would all this time have proved there is no time for all things
Dro S Marry and did sir namely no time to recover hair lost by nature
Ant S But your reason was not substantial why there is no time to recover
Dro S Thus I mend it Time himself is bald and therefore to the world s end will have bald followers
Ant S I knew twould be a bald conclusion
But soft! who wafts us yonder? 111

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA

Adr Ay ay Antipholus look strange and frown
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects
I am not Adriana nor thy wife
The time was once when thou unurged wouldst vow
That never words were music to thine ear
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand
That never meat sweet savour d in thy taste
Unless I spake or look d or touch d or carved to thee 120
How comes it now my husband O how comes it
That thou art thus estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it being strange to me,
That undividable incorporate
Am better than thy dear self's better part
Ah do not tear away thyself from me!
For know my love as easy mayst thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulf
And take unmingled thence that drop again
Without addition or diminishing 130
As take from me thyself and not me too
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious
And that this body consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
Wouldst thou not spit at me and spurn at me
And hurl the name of husband in my face
And tear the stain d skin off my harlot brow
And from my false hand cut the wedding ring
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow? 140
I know thou canst and therefore see thou do it
I am possess d with an adulterate blot
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust
For if we two be one and thou play false
I do digest the poison of thy flesh
Being strumpeted by thy contagion
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed
I live unstain d thou undishonoured
Ant S Plead you to me fair dame? I know you not
In Ephesus I am but two hours old 150

As strange unto your town as to your talk,
Who, every word by all my wit being scann d,
Want wit in all one word to understand
Luc Fie, brother' how the world is changed with you'
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner
Ant S By Dromio?
Dro S By me?
Adr By thee, and this thou didst return from him,
That he did buffet thee and in his blows *160*
Denied my house for his, me for his wife
Ant S Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compact?
Dro S I, sir? I never saw her till this time
Ant S Villain, thou liest, for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart
Dro S I never spake with her in all my life
Ant S How can she thus then call us by our names?
Unless it be by inspiration
Adr How ill agrees it with your gravity *170*
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood'
Be it my wrong you are from me exempt
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt
Come I will fasten on this sleeve of thine
Thou art an elm my husband I a vine,
Whose weakness married to thy stronger state
Makes me with thy strength to communicate
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross
Usurping ivy brier, or idle moss, *180*
Who all for want of pruning with intrusion
Infect thy sap and live on thy confusion
Ant S To me she speaks she moves me for her theme
What was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now and think I hear all this
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I ll entertain the offer d fallacy
Luc Dromio go bid the servants spread for dinner
Dro S O for my beads' I cross me for a sinner
This is the fairy land O spite of spites' *191*
We talk with goblins, owls and sprites
If we obey them not this will ensue,
They ll suck our breath or pinch us black and blue
Luc Why pratest thou to thyself and answer'st not?
Dromio thou drone, thou snail thou slug thou sot'
Dro S I am transformed, master am I not?
Ant S I think thou art in mind, and so am I
Dro S Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape
Ant S Thou hast thine own form
Dro S No I am an ape *200*
Luc If thou art changed to aught tis to an ass
Dro S Tis true she rides me and I long for grass
'Tis so I am an ass else it could never be
But I should know her as well as she knows me
Adr Come come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep
Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn
Come sir to dinner Dromio keep the gate
Husband I ll dine above with you to-day
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks *210*
Sirrah if any ask you for your master,
Say he dines forth and let no creature enter
Come, sister Dromio play the porter well
Ant S Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad or well-advised?
Known unto these and to myself disguised'
I ll say as they say and persever so
And in this mist at all adventures go
Dro S Master, shall I be porter at the gate?
Adr Ay, and let none enter lest I break your pate *220*
Luc Come come, Antipholus, we dine too late
[*Exeunt*

ACT III

SCENE I *Before the house of Antipholus of Ephesus*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS DROMIO OF EPHESUS, ANGELO *and* BALTHAZAR

Ant E Good Signior Angelo you must excuse us all,
My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours
Say that I linger d with you at your shop
To see the making of her carcanet
And that to-morrow you will bring it home
But here's a villain that would face me down
He met me on the mart and that I beat him
And charged him with a thousand marks in gold
And that I did deny my wife and house
Thou drunkard thou what didst thou mean by this? *10*
Dro E Say what you will sir but I know what I know
That you beat me at the mart I have your hand to show
If the skin were parchment and the blows you gave were ink,

Your own handwriting would tell you what I think
Ant E I think thou art an ass
Dro E Marry so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear
I should kick being kick d and being at that pass
You would keep from my heels and beware of an ass
Ant E You re sad Signior Balthazar pray God our cheer
May answer my good will and your good wel come here 20
Bal I hold your dainties cheap sir and your welcome dear
Ant E O Signior Balthazar either at flesh or fish
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish
Bal Good meat sir is common that every churl affords
Ant E And welcome more common for that s nothin but words
Bal Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast
Ant E Ay to a niggardly host and more spar ing guest
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part
Better cheer may you have but not with better heart
But soft! my door is lock d Go bid them let us in 30
Dro E Maud Bridget Marian Cicely Gil l an Ginn!
Dro S [*Within*] Mome malt-horse capon, coxcomb idiot patch
Either get thee from the door or sit down at the hatch
Dost thou conjure for wenches that thou call st for such store
When one is one too many? Go get thee from the door
Dro E What patch is made our porter? My ma ter stays in the street
Dro S [*Within*] Let him walk from whence he came lest he catch cold on s feet
Ant E Who talks within there? ho open the door
Dro S [*Within*] Right s r I ll tell you when an you ll tell me wherefore
Ant E Wherefore? for my d nner I have not d ned to-day 40
Dro S [*Within*] Nor to-day here you must not come again when you may
Ant E What art thou that keepest me out from the house I owe?
Dro S [*Within*] The porter for this time sir and my name is Dromio
Dro E O villain! thou hast stolen both mine office and my name
The one ne er got me credit the other mickle blame
If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place
Thou wouldst have changed thy face for a name or thy name for an ass
Luce [*Within*] What a coil is there Dromio? who are those at the gate?
Dro E Let my master in Luce
Luce [*Within*] Faith no he comes too late
And so tell your master
Dro E O Lord I must laugh!
Have at you with a proverb Shall I set in my staff?
Luce [*Within*] Have at you with another that s When? can you tell?
Dro S [*Within*] If thy name be call d Luce— Luce thou hast answer d him well
Ant E Do you hear you minion? you ll let us in I hope?
Luce [*Within*] I thought to have ask d you
Dro S [*Within*] And you said no
Dro E So come help well struck! there was blow for blow
Ant E Thou baggage let me in
Luce [*Within*] Can you tell for whose sake?
Dro E Master knock the door hard
Luce [*Within*] Let him knock till it ache.
Ant E You ll cry for this minion if I beat the door down
Luce [*Within*] What needs all that and a pair of stocks in the town? 60
Adr [*Within*] Who is that at the door that keeps all this noise?
Dro S [*Within*] By my troth your town is troubled with unruly boys
Ant E Are you there wife? you might have come before
Adr [*Within*] Your wife sir knave! go get you from the door
Dro E If you went in pain master this knave would go sore
Ang Here is neither cheer sir nor welcome we would fain have either
Bal In debating which was best we shall part with neither
Dro E They stand at the door master bid them welcome hither
Ant E There is something in the wind that we cannot get in

Dro E You would say so, master, if your garments were thin 70
Your cake there is warm within, you stand here in the cold
It would make a man mad as a buck to be so bought and sold
Ant E Go fetch me something I ll break ope the gate
Dro S [*Within*] Break any breaking here and I'll break your knave s pate
Dro E A man may break a word with you, sir, and words are but wind,
Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind
Dro S [*Within*] It seems thou want st breaking out upon thee hind!
Dro E Here s too much "out upon thee!" I pray thee let me in
Dro S [*Within*] Ay when fowls have no feathers and fish have no fin
Ant E Well I ll break in go borrow me a crow 80
Dro E A crow without feather? Master, mean you so?
For a fish without a fin there s a fowl without a feather
If a crow help us in sirrah, we ll pluck a crow together
Ant E Go get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow
Bal Have patience sir, O, let it not be so!
Herein you war against your reputation
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honour of your wife
Once this—your long experience of her wisdom
Her sober virtue years and modesty, 90
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown,
And doubt not, sir but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made against you
Be ruled by me depart in patience
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner
And about evening come yourself alone
To know the reason of this strange restraint
If by strong hand you offer to break in
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it 100
And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalled estimation
That may with foul intrusion enter in
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead,
For slander lives upon succession
For ever housed where it gets possession
Ant E You have prevail d I will depart in quiet
And in despite of mirth, mean to be merry
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty, wild and yet, too gentle 110
There will we dine This woman that I mean,
My wife—but, I protest without desert—
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal
To her will we to dinner [*To* ANGELO] Get you home
And fetch the chain, by this I know tis made
Bring it I pray you to the Porpentine,
For there s the house that chain will I bestow—
Be it for nothing but to spite my wife—
Upon mine hostess there good sir make haste
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me, 120
I ll knock elsewhere to see if they ll disdain me
Ang I ll meet you at that place some hour hence
Ant E Do so This jest shall cost me some expense [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *The same*

Enter LUCIANA *and* ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Luc And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband s office? shall Antipholus
Even in the spring of love thy love springs rot?
Shall love in building grow so ruinous?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth
Then for her wealth s sake use her with more kindness
Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness
Let not my sister read it in your eye
Be not thy tongue thy own shame s orator, 10
Look sweet speak fair become disloyalty
Apparel vice like virtue s harbinger
Bear a fair presence though your heart be tainted
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint,
Be secret false what need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attaint?
Tis double wrong to truant with your bed
And let her read it in thy looks at board
Shame hath a bastard fame well managed,
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word 20
Alas poor women! make us but believe
Being compact of credit that you love us
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve,
We in your motion turn and you may move us
Then gentle brother get you in again,
Comfort my sister cheer her, call her wife
'Tis holy sport to be a little vain
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife
Ant S Sweet mistress—what your name is else I know not
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine—

Less in your knowledge and your grace you
show not
Than our earth s wonder more than earth di
vine
Teach me dear creature how to think and speak
Lay open to my earthly-gross conceit
Smother d in errors feeble shallow weak
The folded meaning of your words deceit
Against my soul s pure truth why labour you
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me then and to your power I ll
yield 40
But if that I am I then well I know
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe
Far more far more to you do I decline
O train me not sweet mermaid with thy note
To drown me in thy sister s flood of tears
Sing siren for thyself and I will dote
Spread o er the silver waves thy golden hairs
And as a bed I ll take them and there lie
And in that glorious supposition think 50
He gains by death that hath such means to die
Let Love being light be drowned if she sink!
Luc What are you mad that you do reason so?
Ant S Not mad but mated how I do not
know
Luc It is a fault that springeth from your eye
Ant S For gazing on your beams fair sun,
being by
Luc Gaze where you should and that will clear
your sight
Ant S As good to wink sweet love as look on
night
Luc Why call you me love? call my sister so
Ant S Thy sister s sister
Luc That s my sister
Ant S No 60
It is thyself mine own self's better part
Mine eye s clear eye my dear heart s dearer heart
My food my fortune and my sweet hope s aim
My sole earth s heaven and my heaven's claim
Luc All this my sister is or else should be
Ant S Call thyself sister sweet for I am thee
Thee will I love and with thee lead my life
Thou hast no husband yet nor I no wife
Give me thy hand
Luc O soft sir! hold you still
I ll fetch my sister to get her good will [*Exit* 70

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Ant S Why how now Dromio! where runn st
thou so fast?
Dro S Do you know me sir? am I Dromio?
am I your man? am I myself?
Ant S Thou art Dromio thou art my man
thou art thyself
Dro S I am an ass I am a woman s man and
besides myself
Ant S What woman s man? and how besides
thyself? 80
Dro S Marry sir besides myself I am due to
a woman one that claims me one that haunts
me one that will have me
Ant S What claim lays she to thee?
Dro S Marry sir such claim as you would
lay to your horse and she would have me as a
beast not that I being a beast she would have
me but that she being a very beastly creature
lays claim to me
Ant S What is she? 90
Dro S A very reverent body ay such a one
as a man may not speak of without he say Sir
reverence I have but lean luck in the match
and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage
Ant S How dost thou mean a fat marriage?
Dro S Marry sir she s the kitchen wench and
all grease and I know not what use to put her to
but to make a lamp of her and run from her by
her own light I warrant her rags and the tallow
in them will burn a Poland winter if she lives
till doomsday she ll burn a week longer than
the whole world
Ant S What complexion is she of?
Dro S Swart like my shoe but her face noth
ing like so clean kept for why she sweats a
man may go over shoes in the grime of it
Ant S That s a fault that water will mend
Dro S No sir tis in grain Noah s flood could
not do it
Ant S What s her name? 110
Dro S Nell sir but her name and three quar
ters that s an ell and three quarters will not
measure her from hip to hip
Ant S Then she bears some breadth?
Dro S No longer from head to foot than from
hip to hip she is spherical like a globe I could
find out countries in her
Ant S In what part of her body stands Ire-
land?
Dro S Marry sir in her buttocks I found it
out by the bogs 121
Ant S Where Scotland?
Dro S I found it by the barrenness hard in the
palm of the hand
Ant S Where France?
Dro S In her forehead armed and reverted
making war against her heir
Ant S Where England?
Dro S I looked for the chalky cliffs but I
could find no whiteness in them but I guess it

stood in her chin by the salt rheum that ran between France and it

Ant S Where Spain?

Dro S Faith, I saw it not, but I felt it hot in her breath

Ant S Where America, the Indies?

Dro S Oh, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles sapphires declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain, who sent whole armadoes of caracks to be ballast at her nose *141*

Ant S Where stood Belgia the Netherlands?

Dro S Oh sir I did not look so low To conclude this drudge, or diviner laid claim to me, called me Dromio, swore I was assured to her, told me what privy marks I had about me as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I amazed ran from her as a witch

And I think, if my breast had not been made of faith and my heart of steel *150*

She had transform'd me to a curtal dog and made me turn i' the wheel

Ant S Go hie thee presently, post to the road

An if the wind blow any way from shore

I will not harbour in this town to-night

If any bark put forth, come to the mart

Where I will walk till thou return to me

If every one knows us and we know none

'Tis time I think to trudge pack, and be gone

Dro S As from a bear a man would run for life,

So fly I from her that would be my wife [*Exit*

Ant S There's none but witches do inhabit here, *161*

And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence

She that doth call me husband even my soul

Doth for a wife abhor But her fair sister,

Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,

Of such enchanting presence and discourse,

Hath almost made me traitor to myself

But lest myself be guilty to self wrong

I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song

Enter ANGELO *with the chain*

Ang Master Antipholus—

Ant S Ay that's my name *170*

Ang I know it well sir lo here is the chain

I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine

The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long

Ant S What is your will that I shall do with this?

Ang What please yourself, sir I have made it for you

Ant S Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not

Ang Not once nor twice, but twenty times you have

Go home with it and please your wife withal,

And soon at supper time I'll visit you

And then receive my money for the chain *180*

Ant S I pray you, sir, receive the money now,

For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more

Ang You are a merry man, sir fare you well [*Exit*

Ant S What I should think of this, I cannot tell

But this I think, there's no man is so vain

That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain

I see a man here needs not live by shifts

When in the streets he meets such golden gifts

I'll to the mart and there for Dromio stay

If any ship put out, then straight away [*Exit*

ACT IV

SCENE I *A public place*

Enter SECOND MERCHANT, ANGELO, *and an* OFFICER

2nd Mer You know since Pentecost the sum is due,

And since I have not much importuned you,

Nor now I had not but that I am bound

To Persia and want guilders for my voyage

Therefore make present satisfaction,

Or I'll attach you by this officer

Ang Even just the sum that I do owe to you

Is growing to me by Antipholus

And in the instant that I met with you

He had of me a chain at five o'clock *10*

I shall receive the money for the same

Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,

I will discharge my bond and thank you too

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS *and* DROMIO OF EPHESUS *from the courtezan's*

Off That labour may you save see where he comes

Ant E While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou

And buy a rope's end that will I bestow

Among my wife and her confederates

For locking me out of my doors by day

But soft! I see the goldsmith Get thee gone

Buy thou a rope and bring it home to me *20*

Dro E I buy a thousand pound a year I buy a rope [*Exit*

Ant E A man is well holp up that trusts to you

I promised your presence and the chain

But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me

Belike you thought our love would last too long

If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not

Ang Saving your merry humour here s the note
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat
The fineness of the gold and chargeful fashion,
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more 30
Than I stand debted to this gentleman
I pray you see him presently discharged
For he is bound to sea and stays but for it
Ant E I am not furnish d with the present money
Besides I have some business in the town
Good signior take the stranger to my house
And with you take the chain and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof
Perchance I will be there as soon as you
Ang Then you will bring the chain to her your self?
Ant E No bear it with you lest I come not time enough
Ang Well sir I will Have you the chain about you?
Ant E An if I have not sir I hope you have
Or else you may return without your money
Ang Nay come I pray you sir give me the chain
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I to blame, have held him here too long
Ant E Good Lord! you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porpentine
I should have chid you for not bringing it 50
But like a shrew you first begin to brawl
2nd Mer The hour steals on I pray you sir dispatch
Ang You hear how he importunes me the chain!
Ant E Why give it to my wife and fetch your money
Ang Come come you know I gave it you even now
Either send the chain or send me by some token
Ant E Fie, now you run this humour out of breath
Come where s the chain? I pray you let me see it
2nd Mer My business cannot brook this dalliance
Good sir say whether you ll answer me or no 60
If not I ll leave him to the officer
Ant E I answer you what should I answer you?
Ang The money that you owe me for the chain
Ant E I owe you none till I receive the chain
Ang You know I gave it you half an hour since
Ant E You gave me none you wrong me much to say so
Ang You wrong me more sir in denying it
Consider how it stands upon my credit
2nd Mer Well officer arrest him at my suit
Off I do and charge you in the Duke s name to obey me 70
Ang This touches me in reputation
Either consent to pay this sum for me
Or I attach you by this officer
Ant E Consent to pay thee that I never had!
Arrest me foolish fellow if thou darest
Ang Here is thy fee arrest him officer
I would not spare my brother in this case
If he should scorn me so apparently
Off I do arrest you sir you hear the suit
Ant E I do obey thee till I give thee bail
But sirrah you shall buy this sport as dear 81
As all the metal in your shop will answer
Ang Sir sir I shall have law in Ephesus
To your notorious shame I doubt it not

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE *from the bay*

Dro S Master there is a bark of Epidamnum
That stays but till her owner comes aboard
And then sir she bears away Our fraughtage sir
I have convey d aboard and I have bought
The oil the balsamum and aqua vitæ
The ship is in her trim the merry wind 90
Blows fair from land they stay for nought at all
But for their owner master and yourself
Ant E How now a madman! Why thou peevish sheep
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?
Dro S A ship you sent me to to hire waftage
Ant E Thou drunken slave I sent thee for a rope
And told thee to what purpose and what end
Dro S You sent me for a rope s end as soon
You sent me to the bay sir for a bark
Ant E I will debate this matter at more leisure 100
And teach your ears to list me with more heed
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight
Give her this key and tell her in the desk
That s cover d o er with Turkish tapestry
There is a purse of ducats let her send it
Tell her I am arrested in the street
And that shall bail me hie thee slave be gone!
On, officer to prison till it come
[*Exeunt* SECOND MERCHANT ANGELO OFFICER *and* ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS
Dro S To Adriana that is where we dined
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband

She is too big I hope, for me to compass 111
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil
[*Exit*

SCENE II *The house of Antipholus of Ephesus*

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA

Adr Ah Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Mightst thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest? yea or no?
Look d he or red or pale or sad or merrily?
What observation madest thou in this case
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?
Luc First he denied you had in him no right
Adr He meant he did me none the more my spite
Luc Then swore he that he was a stranger here
Adr And true he swore though yet forsworn he were 10
Luc Then pleaded I for you
Adr And what said he?
Luc That love I begg'd for you he begg d of me
Adr With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?
Luc With words that in an honest suit might move
First he did praise my beauty, then my speech
Adr Didst speak him fair?
Luc Have patience I beseech
Adr I cannot, nor I will not hold me still,
My tongue though not my heart shall have his will
He is deformed crooked old and sere
Ill faced worse bodied shapeless every where
Vicious ungentle foolish blunt unkind 21
Stigmatical in making worse in mind
Luc Who would be jealous then of such a one?
No evil lost is wail d when it is gone
Adr Ah but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others eyes were worse
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away
My heart prays for him though my tongue do curse

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Dro S Here! go the desk, the purse! sweet, now, make haste
Luc How hast thou lost thy breath?
Dro S By running fast 30
Adr Where is thy master Dromio? is he well?
Dro S No he's in Tartar limbo worse than hell
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,
One whose hard heart is button d up with steel,
A fiend a fury pitiless and rough
A wolf, nay worse, a fellow all in buff,
A back-friend, a shoulder clapper, one that countermands
The passages of alleys, creeks and narrow lands,
A hound that runs counter and yet draws dry-foot well
One that before the judgement carries poor souls to hell 40
Adr Why, man what is the matter?
Dro S I do not know the matter he is rested on the case
Adr What, is he arrested? Tell me at whose suit
Dro S I know not at whose suit he is arrested well,
But he s in a suit of buff which 'rested him that can I tell
Will you send him mistress, redemption the money in his desk?
Adr Go fetch it, sister [*Exit* LUCIANA] This I wonder at
That he, unknown to me, should be in debt
Tell me was he arrested on a band?
Dro S Not on a band but on a stronger thing,
A chain a chain! Do you not hear it ring? 51
Adr What the chain?
Dro S No no, the bell 'tis time that I were gone
It was two ere I left him and now the clock strikes one
Adr The hours come back! that did I never hear
Dro S O, yes if any hour meet a sergeant a turns back for very fear
Adr As if Time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason!
Dro S Time is a very bankrupt and owes more than he s worth to season
Nay he s a thief too have you not heard men say
That Time comes stealing on by night and day?
If Time be in debt and theft, and a sergeant in the way 61
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Re enter LUCIANA *with a purse*

Adr Go Dromio there s the money bear it straight
And bring thy master home immediately
Come, sister I am press d down with conceit—
Conceit my comfort and my injury [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *A public place*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Ant S There s not a man I meet but doth salute me
As if I were their well acquainted friend

And every one doth call me by my name
Some tender money to me some invite me
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses
Some offer me commodities to buy
Even now a tailor call d me in his shop
And show d me silks that he had bought for me
And therewithal took measure of my body
Sure these are but imaginary wiles 10
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Dro S Master here s the gold you sent me for What have you got the picture of old Adam new apparelled?

Ant S What gold is this? what Adam dost thou mean?

Dro S Not that Adam that kept the Paradise but that Adam that keeps the prison he that goes in the calf's skin that was killed for the Prodigal he that came behind you sir like an evil an el and bid you forsake your liberty 20

Ant S I understand thee not

Dro S No? why tis a plain case he that went like a bass viol in a case of leather the man sir that when gentlemen are tired gives them a sob and rests them he sir that takes pity on decayed men and gives them suits of durance he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace than a morris pike

Ant S What thou meanest an officer?

Dro S Ay sir the sergeant of the band he that brings any man to answer it that breaks his band one that thinks a man always going to bed and says God give you good rest

Ant S Well sir there rest in your foolery Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dro S Why sir I brought you word an hour since that the bark Expedit on put forth to-night and then were you h ndered by the sergeant to tarry for the hoy Delay Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you

Ant S The fellow is d stract and so am I
And here we wander in illusions
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a COURTEZAN

Cour Well met well met, Master Antipholus
I see sir you have found the gol lsmith now
Is that the cha n you promised me to-day?

Ant S Satan, avoid I charge thee tempt me not

Dro S Master is this Mistress Satan?

Ant S It is the devil 50

Dro S Nay she is worse she is the devil s dam and here she comes in the habit of a light wench and thereof comes that the wenches say God damn me that s as much to say God make me a light wench It is written they appear to men like angels of light light is an effect of fire and fire will burn ergo light wenches will burn Come not near her

Cour Your man and you are marvellous merry sir
Will you go with me? We ll mend our dinner here? 60

Dro S Master if you do expect spoon meat or bespeak a long spoon

Ant S Why Dromio?

Dro S Marry he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil

Ant S Avoid then fiend! what tell st thou me of supping?
Thou art as you are all a sorceress
I conjure thee to leave me and be gone

Cour Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner
Or for my diamond the chain you promised 70
And I ll be gone sir and not trouble you

Dro S Some devils ask but the parings of one s nail
A ru h a hair a drop of blood a pin,
A nut a cherry stone
But she more covetous would have a chain
Master be wise an if you give it her
The devil will shake her chain and fright us with it

Cour I pray you sir my ring or else the chain
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so

Ant S Avaunt thou witch! Come Dromio let us go 80

Dro S Fly pride says the peacock mistress that you know

[*Exeunt* ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE *and* DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Cour Now out of doubt Antipholus is mad
Else would he never so demean himself
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats
And for the same he promised me a chain
Both one and other he denies me now
The reason that I gather he is mad
Besides this present instance of his rage
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner
Of his own doors being shut a ainst his entrance
Belike his wife acquainted with his fits 91
On purpose shut the doors against his way
My way is now to hie home to his house
And tell his wife that being lunatic,
He rush d into my house and took perforce
My ring away This course I fittest choose
For forty ducats is too much to lose [*Exit*

SCENE IV *A street*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS *and the* OFFICER

Ant E Fear me not, man, I will not break away
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee so much money,
To warrant thee, as I am rested for
My wife is in a wayward mood to day,
And will not lightly trust the messenger
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus,
I tell you 'twill sound harshly in her ears

Enter DROMIO OF EPHESUS *with a rope s-end*

Here comes my man, I think he brings the money
How now, sir! have you that I sent you for?
Dro E Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all 10
Ant E But where's the money?
Dro E Why sir, I gave the money for the rope
Ant E Five hundred ducats villain, for a rope?
Dro E I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate
Ant E To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?
Dro E To a rope s end sir and to that end am I returned
Ant E And to that end sir, I will welcome you [*Beating him*]
Off Good sir, be patient
Dro E Nay, 'tis for me to be patient, I am in adversity 21
Off Good now hold thy tongue
Dro E Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands
Ant E Thou whoreson, senseless villain!
Dro E I would I were senseless sir, that I might not feel your blows
Ant E Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass
Dro E I am an ass indeed you may prove it by my long ears I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows When I am cold he heats me with beating when I am warm he cools me with beating I am waked with it when I sleep raised with it when I sit driven out of doors with it when I go from home welcomed home with it when I return nay I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat and I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door
Ant E Come go along my wife is coming yonder

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA *the* COURTEZAN, *and* PINCH

Dro E Mistress, "*respice finem*" respect your end or rather the prophecy like the parrot "beware the rope s end"
Ant E Wilt thou still talk? [*Beating him*]
Cour How say you now? is not your husband mad?
Adr His incivility confirms no less
Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer, 50
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand
Luc Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!
Cour Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy!
Pinch Give me your hand and let me feel your pulse
Ant E There is my hand, and let it feel your ear [*Striking him*]
Pinch I charge thee, Satan, housed within this man
To yield possession to my holy prayers
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven! 60
Ant E Peace, doting wizard, peace! I am not mad
Adr O, that thou were not poor distressed soul!
Ant E You minion, you, are these your customers?
Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut
And I denied to enter in my house?
Adr O husband, God doth know you dined at home,
Where would you had remain d until this time
Free from these slanders and this open shame!
Ant E Dined at home! Thou villain what sayest thou? 71
Dro E Sir sooth to say, you did not dine at home
Ant E Were not my doors lock d up and I shut out?
Dro E *Perdie* your doors were lock d and you shut out
Ant E And did not she herself revile me there?
Dro E *Sans* fable she herself reviled you there
Ant E Did not her kitchen maid rail taunt, and scorn me?
Dro E Certes she did the kitchen vestal scorn d you
Ant E And did not I in rage depart from thence?
Dro E In verity you did, my bones bear ness

That since have felt the vigour of his rage
Adr Is t good to soothe him in these contraries?
Pinch It is no shame the fellow finds his vein
And yielding to him humours well his frenzy
Ant E Thou hast suborn d the goldsmith to arrest me
Adr Alas I sent you money to redeem you
By Dromio here who came in haste for it
Dro E Money by me! heart and good will you might
But surely master not a rag of money
Ant E Went st not thou to her for a purse of ducats? 90
Adr He came to me and I deliver d it
Luc And I am witness with her that she did
Dro E God and the rope maker bear me witness
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!
Pinch Mistress both man and master is possess d
I know it by their pale and deadly looks
They must be bound and laid in some dark room
Ant E Say wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day?
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?
Adr I did not gentle husband lock thee forth 100
Dro E And gentle master I received no gold
But I confess sir that we were lock d out
Adr Dissembling villain thou speak st false in both
Ant E Dissembling harlot thou art false in all
And art confederate with a damned pack
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me
But with these nails I ll pluck out these false eyes
That would behold in me this shameful sport

Enter three or four and offer to bind him He strives

Adr O bind him bind him! let him not come near me
Pinch More company The fiend is strong within him 110
Luc Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!
Ant E What will you murder me? Thou gaoler thou
I am thy prisoner wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?
Off Masters let him go
He is my prisoner and you shall not have him
Pinch Go bind this man, for he is frantic too
They offer to bind DROMIO OF EPHESUS
Adr What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?
Off He is my prisoner if I let him go 120
The debt he owes will be required of me
Adr I will discharge thee ere I go from thee
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor
And knowing how the debt grows I will pay it
Good master doctor see him safe convey d
Home to my house O most unhappy day!
Ant E O most unhappy strumpet!
Dro E Master I am here enter d in bond for you
Ant E Out on thee villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?
Dro E Will you be bound for nothing? be mad good master cry The devil! 131
Luc God help poor souls how idly do they talk!
Adr Go bear him hence Sister go you with me [*Exeunt all but* ADRIANA LUCIANA OFFICER *and* COURTEZAN
Say now who e suit is he arrested at?
Off One Angelo a goldsmith do you know him?
Adr I know the man What is the sum he owes?
Off Two hundred ducats
Adr Say how grows it due?
Off Due for a chain your husband had of him
Adr He did bespeak a chain for me but had it not
Cour When as your husband all in rage to-day
Came to my house and took away my ring— 141
The ring I saw upon his finger now—
Straight after did I meet him with a chain
Adr It may be so but I did never see it
Come, gaoler bring me where the goldsmith is
I long to know the truth hereof at large

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE *with his rapier drawn and* DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Luc God, for thy mercy! they are loose again
Adr And come with naked swords
Let s call more help to have them bound again
Off Away! they ll kill us 150
[*Exeunt all but* ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE *and* DROMIO OF SYRACUSE
Ant S I see these witches are afraid of swords
Dro S She that would be your wife now ran from you
Ant S Come to the Centaur fetch our stuff from thence
I long that we were safe and sound aboard
Dro S Faith, stay here this night they will surely do us no harm you saw they speak us fair give us gold methinks they are such a gentle nation that but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still and turn witch 160
Ant S I will not stay to-night for all the town

Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard
[*Exeunt*

ACT V

SCENE I *A street before a Priory*

Enter SECOND MERCHANT *and* ANGELO

Ang I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you,
But, I protest he had the chain of me
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it
2nd Mer How is the man esteem'd here in the city?
Ang Of very reverend reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly beloved,
Second to none that lives here in the city
His word might bear my wealth at any time
2nd Mer Speak softly yonder as I think, he walks 9

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE *and* DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Ang 'Tis so, and that self chain about his neck
Which he forswore most monstrously to have
Good sir, draw near to me, I ll speak to him
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble,
And not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oaths so to deny
This chain which now you wear so openly
Beside the charge the shame imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend,
Who, but for staying on our controversy, 20
Had hoisted sail and put to sea to-day
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?
Ant S I think I had I never did deny it
2nd Mer Yes that you did sir and forswore it too
Ant S Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?
2nd Mer These ears of mine thou know'st, did hear thee
Fie on thee wretch! 'tis pity that thou livest
To walk where any honest men resort
Ant S Thou art a villain to impeach me thus
I ll prove mine honour and mine honesty 30
Against thee presently if thou darest stand
2nd Mer I dare, and do defy thee for a villain
They draw

Enter ADRIANA LUCIANA *the* COURTEZAN, *and* others

Adr Hold hurt him not for God s sake! he is mad
Some get within him take his sword away
Bind Dromio too and bear them to my house
Dro S Run, master, run, for God's sake take a house!
This is some priory In, or we are spoil d!
[*Exeunt* ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE *and* DROMIO OF SYRACUSE *to the Priory*

Enter the LADY ABBESS

Abb Be quiet, people Wherefore throng you hither?
Adr To fetch my poor distracted husband hence
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast 40
And bear him home for his recovery
Ang I knew he was not in his perfect wits
2nd Mer I am sorry now that I did draw on him
Abb How long hath this possession held the man?
Adr This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much different from the man he was,
But till this afternoon his passion
Ne er brake into extremity of rage
Abb Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray d his affection in unlawful love? 51
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?
Adr To none of these except it be the last,
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home
Abb You should for that have reprehended him
Adr Why, so I did
Abb Ay but not rough enough
Adr As roughly as my modesty would let me
Abb Haply, in private
Adr And in assemblies too
Abb Ay, but not enough 61
Adr It was the copy of our conference
In bed he slept not for my urging it
At board he fed not for my urging it,
Alone, it was the subject of my theme,
In company I often glanced it
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad
Abb And thereof came it that the man was mad
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poisons more deadly than a mad dog s tooth 70
It seems his sleeps were hinder d by thy railing
And thereof comes it that his head is light
Thou say st his meat was sauced with thy upbraidings
Unquiet meals make ill digestions
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred
And what s a fever but a fit of madness?

Thou say st his sports were hinder d by thy brawls
Sweet recreation barr d what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair 80
And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures and foes to life?
In food in sport and life preserving rest
To be disturb d would mad or man or beast
The consequence is then thy jealous fits
Have scared thy husband from the use of wits

Luc She never reprehended him but mildly
When he demean d himself rough rude and wildly
Why bear you these rebukes and answer not?

Adr She did betray me to my own reproof 90
Good people enter and lay hold on him

Abb No not a creature enters in my house

Adr Then let your servants bring my husband forth

Abb Neither he took this place for sanctuary
And it shall privilege him from your hands
Till I have brought him to his wits again
Or lose my labour in assaying it

Adr I will attend my husband be his nurse,
Diet his sickness for it is my office
And will have no attorney but myself 100
And therefore let me have him home with me

Abb Be patient for I will not let him stir
Till I have used the approved means I have
With wholesome syrups drugs and holy prayers
To make of him a formal man again
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath
A charitable duty of my order
Therefore depart and leave him here with me

Adr I will not hence and leave my husband here
And ill it doth beseem your holiness 110
To separate the husband and the wife

Abb Be quiet and depart thou shalt not have him [*Exit*

Luc Complain unto the Duke of this indignity

Adr Come go I will fall prostrate at his feet
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his Grace to come in person hither
And take perforce my husband from the abbess

2nd Mer By this I think the dial points at five
Anon, I m sure the Duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale 120
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here

Ang Upon what cause?

2nd Mer To see a reverend Syracusian merchant
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence

Ang See where they come we will behold his death

Luc Kneel to the Duke before he pass the abbey

Enter DUKE *attended* ÆGEON *bareheaded with the Headsman and other Officers*

Duke Yet once again proclaim it publicly 130
If any friend will pay the sum for him
He shall not die so much we tender him

Adr Justice most sacred Duke against the abbess!

Duke She is a virtuous and a reverend lady
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong

Adr May it please your grace Antipholus my husband
Whom I made lord of me and all I had
At your important letters—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him
That desperately he hurried through the street—
With him his bondman all as mad as he— 141
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses bearing thence
Rings jewels any thing his rage did like
Once did I get him bound and sent him home
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went
That here and there his fury had committed
Anon I wot not by what strong escape
He broke from those that had the guard of him
And with his mad attendant and himself 150
Each one with ireful passion with drawn swords
Met us again and madly bent on us
Chased us away till raising of more aid
We came again to bind them Then they fled
Into this abbey whither we pursued them
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us
And will not suffer us to fetch him out
Nor send him forth that we may bear him hence
Therefore most gracious Duke with thy command
Let him be brought forth and borne hence for help

Duke Long since thy husband served me in my wars 161
And I to thee engaged a prince s word
When thou didst make him master of thy bed
To do him all the grace and good I could
Go some of you knock at the abbey-gate
And bid the lady abbess come to me
I will determine this before I stir

Enter a SERVANT

Serv O mistress mistress shift and save yourself!
My master and his man are both broke loose,

Beaten the maids a row and bound the doctor, *170*
Whose beard they have singed off with brands
of fire,
And ever, as it blazed, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair
My master preaches patience to him and the
while
His man with scissors nicks him like a fool
And sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer
Adr Peace, fool! thy master and his man are
here
And that is false thou dost report to us
Serv Mistress upon my life, I tell you true,
I have not breathed almost since I did see it *181*
He cries for you and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face and to disfigure you
Cry within
Hark! hark! I hear him mistress fly be gone!
Duke Come, stand by me, fear nothing Guard
with halberds!
Adr Ay me it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible
Even now we housed him in the abbey here
And now he's there, past thought of human
reason

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS *and* DROMIO
OF EPHESUS

Ant E Justice most gracious Duke O, grant
me justice! *190*
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars and took
Deep scars to save thy life even for the blood
That then I lost for thee now grant me justice
Æge Unless the fear of death doth make me
dote,
I see my son Antipholus and Dromio
Ant E Justice sweet prince against that
woman there!
She whom thou gavest to me to be my wife,
That hath abused and dishonour d me
Even in the strength and height of injury! *200*
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me
Duke Discover how, and thou shalt find me
just
Ant E This day, great Duke, she shut the
doors upon me,
While she with harlots feasted in my house
Duke A grievous fault! Say, woman, didst thou
so?
Adr No my good lord myself he and my
sister
To-day did dine together So befall my soul
As this is false he burdens me withal!
Luc Ne er may I look on day, nor sleep on
night *210*
But she tells to your Highness simple truth!
Ang O perjured woman! They are both for-
sworn
In this the madman justly chargeth them
Ant E My liege, I am advised what I say,
Neither disturbed with the effect of wine
Nor heady rash provoked with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner
That goldsmith there, were he not pack d with
her,
Could witness it for he was with me then, *220*
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine
Where Balthazar and I did dine together
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him in the street I met him
And in his company that gentleman
There did this perjured goldsmith swear me
down
That I this day of him received the chain
Which God he knows I saw not for the which
He did arrest me with an officer *230*
I did obey and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats he with none return d
Then fairly I bespoke the officer
To go in person with me to my house
By the way we met
My wife her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates Along with them
They brought one Pinch a hungry lean faced
villain
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A threadbare juggler and a fortune teller
A needy, hollow-eyed sharp-looking wretch, *240*
A living-dead man this pernicious slave
Forsooth took on him as a conjurer,
And, gazing in mine eyes feeling my pulse,
And with no face as twere outfacing me,
Cries out I was possess d Then all together
They fell upon me bound me bore me thence
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man both bound together,
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder
I gain d my freedom and immediately *250*
Ran hither to your Grace whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities
Ang My lord in truth thus far I witness with
him
That he dined not at home but was lock d out
Duke But had he such a chain of thee or no?
Ang He had my lord and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck

2nd Mer Besides I will be sworn these ears of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of him *60*
After you first forswore it on the mart
And thereupon I drew my sword on you
And then you fled into this abbey here
From whence I think you are come by miracle
Ant E I never came within these abbey walls
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me
I never saw the chain so help me Heaven!
And this is false you burden me withal
Duke Why what an intricate impeach is this!
I think you all have drunk of Circe s cup *270*
If here you housed him here he would have been
If he were mad he would not plead so coldly
You say he dined at home the goldsmith here
Denies that saying Sirrah what say you?
Dro E Sir he dined with her there at the Porpentine
Cour He did and from my finger snatch d that ring
Ant E Tis true my liege this ring I had of her
Duke Saw st thou him enter at the abbey here?
Cour As sure my liege as I do see your Grace
Duke Why this is strange Go call the abbess hither *280*
I think you are all mated or stark mad
[*Exit one to the Abbess*
Æge Most mighty duke vouchsafe me speak a word
Haply I see a friend will save my life
And pay the sum that may deliver me
Duke Speak freely Syracusian what thou wilt
Æge Is not your name sir call d Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman Dromio?
Dro E Within this hour I was his bondman sir
But he I thank him gnaw d in two my cords
Now am I Dromio and his man unbound *290*
Æge I am sure you both of you remember me
Dro E Ourselves we do remember sir by you
For lately we were bound as you are now
You are not Pinch s patient are you sir?
Æge Why look you strange on me? you know me well
Ant E I never saw you in my life till now
Æge O grief hath changed me since you saw me last
And careful hours with time s deformed hand
Have written strange defeatures in my face
But tell me yet dost thou not know my voice?
Ant E Neither *301*
Æge Dromio nor thou?
Dro E No trust me sir nor I
Æge I am sure thou dost

Dro E Ay sir but I am sure I do not and whatsoever a man denies you are now bound to believe him
Æge Not know my voice! O time s extremity
Hast thou so crack d and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untuned cares? *310*
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter s drizzled snow
And all the conduits of my blood froze up
Yet hath my night of life some memory
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear
All these old witnesses—I cannot err—
Tell me thou art my son Antipholus
Ant E I never saw my father in my life *319*
Æge But seven years since in Syracusa boy
Thou know st we parted but perhaps my son
Thou shamest to acknowledge me in misery
Ant E The Duke and all that know me in the city
Can witness with me that it is not so
I ne er saw Syracusa in my life
Duke I tell thee Syracusian twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus
During which time he ne er saw Syracusa
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote

Re-enter ABBESS *with* ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE *and* DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Abb Most mighty Duke behold a man much wrong d [*All gather to see them*] *330*
Adr I see two husbands or mine eyes deceive me
Duke One of these men is Genius to the other
And so of these Which is the natural man
And which the spirit? who deciphers them?
Dro S I sir am Dromio command him away
Dro E I sir am Dromio pray let me stay
Ant S Ægeon art thou not? or else his ghost?
Dro S O my old master! who hath bound him here?
Abb Whoever bound him I will loose his bonds
And gain a husband by his liberty *340*
Speak old Ægeon, if thou be st the man
That hadst a wife once call d Æmilia
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons
O if thou be st the same Ægeon speak
And speak unto the same Æmilia!
Æge If I dream not thou art Æmilia
If thou art she tell me where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?
Abb By men of Epidamnum he and I
And the twin Dromio all were taken up *350*
But by and by rude fishermen of Corinth

By force took Dromio and my son from them
And me they left with those of Epidamnum
What then became of them I cannot tell,
I to this fortune that you see me in

Duke Why, here begins his morning story right
These two Antipholuses, these two so like,
And these two Dromios one in semblance—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea—
These are the parents to these children, *360*
Which accidentally are met together
Antipholus, thou camest from Corinth first?

Ant S No, sir not I I came from Syracuse

Duke Stay, stand apart, I know not which is which

Ant E I came from Corinth my most gracious lord—

Dro E And I with him

Ant E *Brought to this town by that most famous* warrior,
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle

Adr Which of you two did dine with me to day?

Ant S I, gentle mistress

Adr And are not you my husband?

Ant E No I say nay to that *371*

Ant S And so do I, yet did she call me so
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here
Did call me brother [*To* LUCIANA] What I told *you then,*
I hope I shall have leisure to make good,
If this be not a dream I see and hear

Ang That is the chain sir, which you had of me

Ant S I think it be, sir, I deny it not

Ant E And you, sir, for this chain arrested me

Ang I think I did sir, I deny it not *380*

Adr I sent you money sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio but I think he brought it not

Dro E No none by me

Ant S This purse of ducats I received from you
And Dromio my man did bring them me
I see we still did meet each other s man
And I was ta en for him and he for me
And thereupon these errors are arose

Ant E These ducats pawn I for my father here

Duke It shall not need thy father hath his life *390*

Cour Sir I must have that diamond from you

Ant E There take it, and much thanks for my good cheer

Abb Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day s error
Have suffer'd wrong, go keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction
Thirty three years have I but gone in travail *400*
Of you, my sons, and till this present hour
My heavy burthen ne er delivered
The Duke my husband and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossips feast, and go with me,
After so long grief such festivity!

Duke With all my heart I ll gossip at this feast
[*Exeunt all but* ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE, ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS, DROMIO OF SYRACUSE, *and* DROMIO OF EPHESUS

Dro S Master shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard?

Ant E Dromio what stuff of mine hast thou embark d?

Dro S Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur *410*

Ant S He speaks to me I am your master, Dromio
Come, go with us we'll look to that anon
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him
[*Exeunt* ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE *and* ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS

Dro S There is a fat friend at your master s house,
That kitchen d me for you to-day at dinner
She now shall be my sister not my wife

Dro E Methinks you are my glass and not my brother
I see by you I am a sweet faced youth
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

Dro S Not I sir, you are my elder *420*

Dro E That s a question how shall we try it?

Dro S We ll draw cuts for the senior till then lead thou first

Dro E Nay then thus
We came into the world like brother and brother,
And now let s go hand in hand not one before another [*Exeunt*

TITUS ANDRONICUS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SATURNINUS *eldest son to the late Emperor of Rome and afterwards declar d E* MPEROR
BAS IANUS *brother to Saturn nus in love with Lavin a*
TITUS ANDRONICUS *a noble Roman general against the Goths*
MARCUS ANDRONICUS *tribune of the people and brother to Titus*
LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, MUTIUS — *sons to Titus Andron cus*
YOUNG L CIUS *a boy son to Lu cius*
PUBLIUS *son to Mar us the t ibune*
ÆMILIUS *a noble Roman*
DEMETRIUS, CHIRON — *sons to Tamo a*

AARON *a Moor beloved by Tamora*
A CAPTAIN
A TRIBUNE
A MESSENGER
A C LOWN
THREE GOT IS

TA IORA *Queen of the Goths*
LAVINIA, *daughter to T tus Andronicus*
A NURSE

NON-S EAKING *Sempronu s Ca us and Valent ne kinsmen t Titus Alarbus old st son to Tamora Senators Tribunes Soldi rs Attendants Romans and Goths*

SCENE *Rome and the country near it*

ACT I

SCENE I *Rome before the Capitol*

The Tomb of the Andronici appearing the TRIBUNES *and Senators aloft Enter below from one side* S TURNINUS *and his followers and from the other side* BA SIANUS *and his followers with drum and colours*

Sat Noble patricians patrons of my right
Defend the justice of my cause with arms
And countrymen, my loving followers
Plead my successive title with your swords
I am his first born son, that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome
Then let my father s honours live in me
Nor wrong mine age with this ind gnity
Bas Romans friends followers favourers of my right
If ever Bassianus Cæsar s son, 10
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol
And suffer not d sh nour to approach
The imperial seat to virtue consecrate
To justice continence and nob lity
But let desert in pure elect on shine
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS *aloft with the crown*

Marc Princes that strive by factions and by friends
Ambitiously for rule and empery
Know that the people of Rome for whom we stand 20
A special party have by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery
Chosen Andronicus surnamed Pius
For many good and great deserts to Rome
A nobler man a braver warrior
Lives not this day within the city walls
He by the senate is accited home
From weary wars again t the barbarous Goths
That with his so s a terror to our foes
Hath yoked a nation strong train d up in arms
Ten years are spent since first he undertook 31
This cause of Rom and chastised with arms
Our enemies pride five times he hath return d
Bleeding to Rome bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field
And now at last laden with honour s spoils
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome
Renowned Titus flourishing in arms
Let us entreat by honour of his name,
Whom worthily you would have now succeed
And in the Capitol and senate s right 41
Whom you pretend to honour and adore
That you withdraw you and abate your strength
Dismiss your followers and as suitors should
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness
Sat How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!
Bas Marcus Andronicus so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity
And so I love and honour thee and thine
Thy noble brother Titus and his sons 50

And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia Rome s rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends,
And to my fortunes and the people s favour
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh d
[*Exeunt the followers of Bassianus*

Sat Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all and here dismiss you all,
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself my person, and the cause
[*Exeunt the followers of Saturninus*

Rome be as just and gracious unto me 60
As I am confident and kind to thee
Open the gates, and let me in

Bas Tribunes and me, a poor competitor
[*Flourish* SATURNINUS *and* BASSIANUS *go up into the Capitol*

Enter a CAPTAIN

Cap Romans, make way the good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome s best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights
With honour and with fortune is return d
From where he circumscribed with his sword
And brought to yoke the enemies of Rome

Drums and trumpets sounded Enter MARTIUS *and* MUTIUS, *after them two men bearing a coffin covered with black, then* LUCIUS *and* QUINTUS *After them,* TITUS ANDRONICUS, *and then* TAMORA, *with Alarbus* DEMETRIUS CHIRON AARON *and other Goths prisoners, Soldiers and People following The bearers set down the coffin and* TITUS *speaks*

Tit Hail, Rome victorious in thy mourning weeds! 70
Lo as the bark that hath discharged her fraught
Returns with precious lading to the bay
From whence at first she weigh d her anchorage
Cometh Andronicus bound with laurel boughs
To re salute his country with his tears
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome
Thou great defender of this Capitol
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!
Romans of five and twenty valiant sons
Half of the number that King Priam had 80
Behold the poor remains alive and dead!
These that survive let Rome reward with love
These that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors
Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword
Titus unkind and careless of thine own
Why suffer st thou thy sons unburied yet
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?
Make way to lay them by their brethren
The tomb is opened
There greet in silence, as the dead are wont 90
And sleep in peace slain in your country s wars!
O sacred receptacle of my joys
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more!

Luc Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs and on a pile
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh
Before this earthy prison of their bones
That so the shadows be not unappeased, 100
Nor we disturb d with prodigies on earth

Tit I give him you, the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen

Tam Stay Roman brethren! Gracious conqueror
Victorious Titus rue the tears I shed,
A mother s tears in passion for her son
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O think my son to be as dear to me!
Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs and return 110
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke
But must my sons be slaughter d in the streets
For valiant doings in their country s cause?
O if to fight for king and commonweal
Were piety in thine it is in these
Andronicus stain not thy tomb with blood
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful
Sweet mercy is nobility s true badge
Thrice noble Titus spare my first born son 120

Tit Patient yourself madam and pardon me
These are their brethren whom you Goths beheld
Alive and dead and for their brethren slain
Religiously they ask a sacrifice
To this your son is mark d and die he must
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone

Luc Away with him! and make a fire straight
And with our swords upon a pile of wood
Let s hew his limbs till they be clean consumed
[*Exeunt* LUCIUS QUINTUS MARTIUS *and* MUTIUS *with Alarbus*

Tam O cruel irreligious piety! 130

Chi Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Dem Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome
Alarbus goes to rest and we survive
To tremble under Titus threatening looks
Then madam stand resolved but hope withal
The self same gods that arm d the Queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent

May fa, our Tamora the Queen of Goths—
When Goths were Goths and Tamora wa
queen—
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes 141

Re-enter LUCIUS QUINTUS MARTIUS *and* MUTIUS *with their swords bloody*

Luc See lord and father how we have
perform d
Our Roman rites Alarbus limbs are lopp d
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire
Whose smoke like incense doth perfume the
sky
Remaineth nought but to inter our brethren
And with loud larums welcome them to Rome
Tit Let it be so and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls
Trumpets sounded and the coffin laid in the tomb
In peace and honour rest you here my sons 150
Rome s readiest champions repose you here in
rest
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason here no envy swells
Here grow no damned grudges here are no
storms
No noise but silence and eternal sleep
In peace and honour rest you here my sons!

Enter LAVINIA

Lav In peace and honour live Lord Titus long
My noble lord and father live in fame!
Lo at this tomb my tributary tears
I render for my brethren s obsequies 160
And at thy feet I kneel with tears of joy
Shed on the earth for thy return to Rome
O bless me here with thy victorious hand
Whose fortunes Rome s best citizens applaud!
Tit Kind Rome that hast thus lovingly
reserved
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!
Lavinia live outlive thy father s days
And fame s eternal date for virtue s praise!

Enter below MARCUS ANDRONICUS *and* TRIBUNES *re-enter* SATURNINUS *and* BASSIANUS *attended*

Marc Long live Lord Titus my beloved
brother
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome! 170
Tit Thanks gentle tribune noble brother
Marcus
Marc And welcome nephews from successful
wars
You that survive and you that sleep in fame!
Fair lords your fortunes are alike in all
That in your country s service drew your swords
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp
That hath aspired to Solon s happiness
And triumphs over chance in honour s bed
Titus Andronicus the people of Rome
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been 180
Send thee by me their tribune and their trust
This palliament of white and spotless hue
And name thee in election for the empire
With these our late-deceased emperor s sons
Be *candidatus* then and put it on
And help to set a head on headless Rome
Tit A better head her glorious body fits
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness
What should I don this robe and trouble you?
Be chosen with proclamations to-day 190
To-morrow yield up rule resign my life
And set abroad new business for you all?
Rome I have been thy soldier forty years
And led my country s strength successfully
And buried one and twenty valiant sons
Knighted in field slain manfully in arms
In right and service of their noble country
Give me a staff of honour for mine age
But not a sceptre to control the world
Upright he held it lords that held it last 200
Marc Titus thou shalt obtain and ask the
empery
Sat Proud and ambitious tribune canst thou
tell?
Tit Patience Prince Saturninus
Sat Romans do me right
Patricians draw your swords and sheathe them
not
Till Saturninus be Rome s emperor
Andronicus would thou wert shipp d to hell
Rather than rob me of the people s hearts!
Luc Proud Saturnine interrupter of the good
That noble minded Titus means to thee!
Tit Content thee Prince I will restore to
thee 210
The people s hearts and wean them from them-
selves
Bas Andronicus I do not flatter thee
But honour thee and will do till I die
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends
I will most thankful be and thanks to men
Of noble minds is honourable meed
Tit People of Rome and people s tribunes here
I ask your voices and your suffrages
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?
Tribunes To gratify the good Andronicus 220
And gratulate his safe return to Rome
The people will accept whom he admits
Tit Tribunes I thank you and this suit I
make
That you create your Emperor s eldest son
Lord Saturnine whose virtues will I hope

Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this commonweal
Then if you will elect by my advice
Crown him and say 'Long live our Emperor!'"
Marc With voices and applause of every sort
Patricians and plebeians we create *231*
Lord Saturninus Rome's great Emperor
And say "Long live our Emperor Saturnine!"
A long flourish till they come down
Sat Titus Andronicus for thy favours done
To us in our election this day
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness
And, for an onset Titus, to advance
Thy name and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress, *240*
Rome's royal mistress of my heart
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse
Tell me Andronicus, doth this motion please
thee?
Tit It doth my worthy lord and in this match
I hold me highly honour'd of your Grace
And here in sight of Rome to Saturnine
King and commander of our commonweal
The wide world's Emperor do I consecrate
My sword my chariot and my prisoners
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord *250*
Receive them then the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet
Sat. Thanks noble Titus father of my life!
How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts
Rome shall record and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts
Romans forget your fealty to me
Tit [*To* TAMORA] Now madam, are you
prisoner to an emperor,
To him that, for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly and your followers *260*
Sat A goodly lady trust me of the hue
That I would choose were I to choose anew
Clear up fair queen that cloudy countenance
Though chance of war hath wrought this change
of cheer
Thou comest not to be made a scorn in Rome
Princely shall be thy usage every way
Rest on my word and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes madam he comforts you
Can make you greater than the Queen of
Goths
Lavinia you are not displeased with this? *270*
Lav Not I my lord sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy
Sat Thanks sweet Lavinia Romans let us go
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free
Proclaim our honours lords with trump and
drum

Flourish SATURNINUS *courts* TAMORA
in dumb show
Bas Lord Titus by your leave this maid is
mine [*Seizing Lavinia*]
Tit How sir! are you earnest then, my
lord?
Bas Ay noble Titus and resolved withal
To do myself this reason and this right *279*
Marc '*Suum cuique*' is our Roman justice
This prince in justice seizeth but his own
Luc And that he will, and shall if Lucius live
Tit Traitors, avaunt! Where is the Emperor's
guard?
Treason my lord! Lavinia is surprised!
Sat Surprised! by whom?
Bas By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away
[*Exeunt* BASSIANUS *and* MARCUS *with* LAVINIA
Mut Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe
[*Exeunt* LUCIUS QUINTUS *and* MARTIUS
Tit Follow my lord and I'll soon bring her
back
Mut My lord you pass not here
Tit What villain boy! *290*
Barr'st me my way in Rome? [*Stabbing* MUTIUS
Mut Help Lucius help! [*Dies*
[*During the fray* SATURNINUS TAMORA DEMETRIUS CHIRON *and* AARON *go out and re-enter, above*

Re-enter LUCIUS

Luc My lord you are unjust, and more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son
Tit Nor thou nor he, are any sons of mine,
My sons would never so dishonour me
Traitor restore Lavinia to the Emperor
Luc Dead if you will but not to be his wife
That is another's lawful promised love [*Exit*
Sat No Titus no the Emperor needs her not
Nor her nor thee nor any of thy stock *300*
I'll trust by leisure him that mocks me once
Thee never nor thy traitorous haughty sons
Confederates all thus to dishonour me
Was there none else in Rome to make a stale,
But Saturnine? Full well Andronicus
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That said'st I begg'd the empire at thy hands
Tit O monstrous! what reproachful words are
these?
Sat But go thy ways go give that changing
piece *309*
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword
A valiant son in law thou shalt enjoy
One fit to bandy with thy lawless son
To ruffle in the commonweal of Rome

Tit These words are razors to my wounded
heart

Sat And therefore lovely Tamora queen of
Goths

That like the stately Phoebe monget her nymphs
Dost overshine the gallant st dames of Rome
If thou be pleased with this my sudden choice
Behold I choose thee Tamora for my bride
And will create thee Empress of Rome 320
Speak Queen of Goths dost thou applaud my
choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman gods
Sith priest and holy water are so near
And tapers burn so bright and everything
In readiness for Hymenaeus stand
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome
Or climb my palace till from forth this place
I lead espoused my bride along with me

Tam And here in sight of heaven to Rome I
swear
If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths 330
She will a hand maid be to his desires
A loving nurse a mother to his youth

Sat Ascend fair queen Pantheon Lords
accompany
Your noble emperor and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered
There shall we consummate our spousal rites
[*Exeunt all but* TITUS

Tit I am not bid to wait upon this bride
Titus when wert thou wont to walk alone
Dishonour d thus and challenged of wrongs? 340

Re-enter MARCUS LUCIUS QUINTUS *and* MARTIUS

Marc O Titus see O see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son

Tit No foolish tribune no no son of mine
Nor thou nor these confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour d all our family
Unworthy brother and unworthy sons!

Luc But let us give him burial as becomes
Give Mutius burial with our brethren

Tit Traitors away! he rests not in this tomb
This monument five hundred years hath stood
Which I have sumptuously re-edified
Here none but soldiers and Rome s servitors
Repose in fame none basely slain in brawls
Bury him where you can he comes not here

Marc My lord this is impiety in you
My nephew Mutius deeds do plead for him
He must be buried with his brethren

Quin
Mart } And shall or him we will accom-
pany

Tit And shall What villain was it spake
that word?

Quin He that would vouch it in any place but
here 360

Tit What would you bury him in my
despite?

Marc No noble Titus but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius and to bury him

Tit Marcus even thou hast struck upon my
crest
And with these boys mine honour thou hast
wounded
My foes I do repute you every one
So trouble me no more but get you gone

Mart He is not with him elf let us withdraw

Quin Not I till Mutius bone be buried
MARCUS *and the* SONS *of Titus kneel*

Marc Brother for in that name doth nature
plead— 370

Quin Father and in that name doth nature
speak—

Tit Speak thou no more if all the rest will
speed

Marc Renowned Titus more than half my
soul—

Luc Dear father soul and substance of us
all—

Marc Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue s nest
That died in honour and Lavinia s cause
Thou art a Roman be not barbarous
The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax
That slew himself and wise Laertes son 380
Did graciously plead for his funerals
Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy
Be barr d his entrance here

Tit Rise Marcus rise
The dismall st day is this that e er I saw
To be dishonour d by my sons in Rome!
Well bury him and bury me the next
[*Mutius is put into the tomb*

Luc There lie thy bones sweet Mutius with
thy friends
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb

All [*Kneeling*] No man shed tears for noble
Mutius
He lives in fame that died in virtue s cause 390

Marc My lord to step out of these dreary
dumps
How comes it that the subtle Queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanced in Rome?

Tit I know not Marcus but I know it is
Whether by device or no the heavens can
tell
Is she not then beholding to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so
far?
Yes and will nobly him remunerate

Flourish Re-enter, from one side, SATURNINUS *attended,* TAMORA DEMETRIUS CHIRON *and* AARON, *from the other,* BASSIANUS LAVINIA, *and others*

Sat So, Bassianus you have play'd your prize
God give you joy sir of your gallant bride! 400
Bas And you of yours my lord! I say no more,
Nor wish no less and so I take my leave
Sat Traitor if Rome have law or we have
power
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape
Bas Rape call you it my lord to seize my own,
My true betrothed love and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all
Meanwhile I am possess'd of that is mine
Sat 'Tis good sir you are very short with us
But if we live, we'll be as sharp with you 410
Bas My lord what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must and shall do with my life
Only thus much I give your Grace to know
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman Lord Titus here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
That in the rescue of Lavinia
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you and highly moved to wrath
To be controll'd in that he frankly gave 420
Receive him then, to favour Saturnine
That hath express'd himself in all his deeds
A father and a friend to thee and Rome
Tit Prince Bassianus leave to plead my deeds
'Tis thou and those that have dishonour'd me
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge
How I have loved and honour'd Saturnine!
Tam My worthy lord if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine
Then hear me speak indifferently for all, 430
And at my suit, sweet pardon what is past
Sat What madam! be dishonour'd openly
And basely put it up without revenge?
Tam Not so, my lord, the gods of Rome
forfend
I should be author to dishonour you!
But on mine honour dare I undertake
For good Lord Titus innocence in all
Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs
Then at my suit look graciously on him
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose 440
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart
[*Aside to* SATURNINUS] My lord be ruled by me
be won at last
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents
You are but newly planted in your throne
Lest then the people and patricians too,
Upon a just survey take Titus part
And so supplant you for ingratitude
Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone
I'll find a day to massacre them all 450
And raze their faction and their family,
The cruel father and his traitorous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life
And make them know what 'tis to let a queen
Kneel in the streets and beg for grace in vain
Again speaking openly to SATURNINUS
Come come, sweet emperor come Andronicus,
Take up this good old man and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown
Sat Rise Titus, rise, my empress hath pre-
vail'd 459
Tit I thank your Majesty and her, my lord
These words, these looks infuse new life in me
Tam Titus I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily
And must advise the Emperor for his good
This day all quarrels die Andronicus,
And let it be mine honour good my lord,
That I have reconciled your friends and you
For you Prince Bassianus I have pass'd
My word and promise to the Emperor
That you will be more mild and tractable 470
And fear not lords and you Lavinia
By my advice all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his Majesty
Luc We do and vow to heaven and to his
Highness
That what we did was mildly as we might
Tendering our sister's honour and our own
Marc That on mine honour here I do protest
Sat Away and talk not trouble us no more
Tam Nay nay sweet emperor we must all
be friends 479
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace
I will not be denied sweetheart look back
Sat Marcus for thy sake and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats
I do remit these young men's heinous faults
Stand up
Lavinia though you left me like a churl
I found a friend and sure as death I swore
I would not part a bachelor from the priest
Come if the Emperor's court can feast two
brides
You are my guest, Lavinia and your friends 490
This day shall be a love-day Tamora
Tit To-morrow an it please your Majesty
To hunt the panther and the hart with me
With horn and hound we'll give your Grace
bonjour
Sat Be it so Titus and gramercy too
[*Flourish*

ACT II

SCENE I *Rome Before the palace*

Enter AARON

Aar Now climbeth Tamora Olympus top
Safe out of fortune s shot and sits aloft
Secure of thunder s crack or lightning flash
Advanced above pale envy s threatening reach
As when the golden sun salutes the morn
And having gilt the ocean with his beams
Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach
And overlooks the highest peering hills
So Tamora
Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait 10
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown
Then Aaron, arm thy heart and fit thy thoughts
To mount aloft with th imperial mistress
And mount her pitch whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held fetter d in amorous chains
And faster bound to Aaron s charming eyes
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus
Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts!
I will be bright and shine in pearl and gold
To wait upon this new made empress 20
To wait said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess this *Semiramis* this nymph
This siren that will charm Rome s Saturnine
And see his shipwreck and his commonweal s
Holloa! what storm is this?

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON *braving*

Dem Chiron, thy years want wit thy wit wants edge
And manners to intrude where I am graced
And may for aught thou know st affected be
Chi Demetrius thou dost over ween in all
And so in this to bear me down with braves 30
'Tis not the difference of a year or two
Makes me less gracious or thee more fortunate
I am as able and as fit as thou
To serve and to deserve my mistress grace
And that my sword upon thee shall approve
And plead my passions for Lavinia s love
Aar [*Aside*] Clubs clubs these lovers will not keep the peace
Dem Why boy although our mother unadvised
Gave you a dancing rapier by your side
Are you so desperate grown to threat your friends? 40
Go to have your lath glued within your sheath
Till you know better how to handle it
Chi Meanwhile sir with the little skill I have
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.
Dem Ay boy grow ye so brave? [*They draw*]
Aar [*Coming forward*] Why how now lords!
So near the Emperor s palace dare you draw
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge
I would not for a million of gold
The cause were known to them it most concerns
Nor would your noble mother for much more 51
Be so dishonour d in the court of Rome
For shame put up
Dem Not I till I have sheathed
My rapier in his bosom and withal
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat
That he hath breathed in my dishonour here
Chi For that I am prepared and full resolved
Foul spoken coward that thunder st with thy tongue
And with thy weapon nothing darest perform!
Aar Away I say! 60
Now by the gods that warlike Goths adore
This petty brabble will undo us all
Why lords and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet upon a prince s right?
What is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate
That for her love such quarrels may be broach d
Without controlment justice, or revenge?
Young lords beware! an should the Empress know
This discord s ground the music would not please 70
Chi I care not I knew she and all the world
I love Lavinia more than all the world
Dem Youngling learn thou to make some meaner choice
Lavinia is thine elder brother s hope
Aar Why are ye mad? or know ye not in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you lords you do but plot your deaths
By this device
Chi Aaron a thousand deaths
Would I propose to achieve her whom I love 80
Aar To achieve her! how?
Dem Why makest thou it so strange?
She is a woman therefore may be woo d
She is a woman therefore may be won
She is Lavinia therefore must be loved
What man more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive we know
Though Bassianus be the Emperor s brother
Better than he have worn Vulcan s badge
Aar [*Aside*] Ay and as good as Saturninus may

Dem Then why should he despair that knows to court it 91
With words, fair looks and liberality?
What hast not thou full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?
Aar Why, then it seems, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns
Chi Ay so the turn were served
Dem Aaron, thou hast hit it
Aar Would you had hit it too!
Then should not we be tired with this ado
Why, hark ye hark ye! and are you such fools
To square for this? would it offend you, then
That both should speed? 101
Chi Faith not me
Dem Nor me so I were one
Aar For shame be friends, and join for that you jar
'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect, and so must you resolve
That what you cannot as you would achieve
You must perforce accomplish as you may
Take this of me Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love
A speedier course than lingering languishment
Must we pursue and I have found the path 111
My lords a solemn hunting is in hand,
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop
The forest walks are wide and spacious,
And many unfrequented plots there are
Fitted by kind for rape and villany
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words
This way, or not at all stand you in hope
Come come our empress with her sacred wit
To villainy and vengeance consecrate, 121
Will we acquaint with all that we intend,
And she shall file our engines with advice
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes height advance you both
The Emperor's court is like the house of Fame,
The palace full of tongues of eyes and ears
The woods are ruthless dreadful deaf and dull,
There speak, and strike brave boys and take your turns
There serve your lusts shadow'd from heaven's eye 130
And revel in Lavinia's treasury
Chi Thy counsel lad smells of no cowardice
Dem *Sit fas aut nefas* till I find the stream
To cool this heat a charm to calm these fits
Per Stygia per manes vehor [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *A forest near Rome horns and cry of hounds heard*

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with Hunters &c*, MARCUS, LUCIUS QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS

Tit The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
The fields are fragrant and the woods are green
Uncouple here and let us make a bay
And wake the Emperor and his lovely bride
And rouse the Prince and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise
Sons let it be your charge, as it is ours
To attend the Emperor's person carefully
I have been troubled in my sleep this night
But dawning day new comfort hath inspired 10

A cry of hounds and horns winded in a peal Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, DEMETRIUS CHIRON, *and Attendants*

Many good morrows to your Majesty,
Madam, to you as many and as good
I promised your Grace a hunter's peal
Sat And you have rung it lustily, my lord,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies
Bas Lavinia, how say you?
Lav I say, no,
I have been broad awake two hours and more
Sat Come on then, horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport [*To* TAMORA] Madam now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting
Marc I have dogs my lord 20
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase
And climb the highest promontory top
Tit And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way and run like swallows o'er the plain
Dem Chiron we hunt not, we with horse nor hound
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III *A lonely part of the forest*

Enter AARON *with a bag of gold*

Aar He that had wit would think that I had none
To bury so much gold under a tree
And never after to inherit it
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem
Which cunningly effected will beget
A very excellent piece of villainy
And so repose sweet gold for their unrest
[*He hides the g*
That have their alms out of the Empress

Enter TAMORA

Tam My lovely Aaron wherefore look st thou sad 10
When everything doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chant melody on every bush
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind
And make a chequer d shadow on the ground
Under their sweet shade Aaron let us sit
And whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds
Replying shrilly to the well tuned horns
As if a double hunt were heard at once
Let us sit down and mark their yelping noise 20
And after conflict such as was supposed
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy d
When with a happy storm they were surprised
And curtain d with a counsel keeping cave
We may each wreathed in the other s arms
Our pastimes done possess a golden slumber
Whiles hounds and horns and sweet melodious birds
Be unto us as is a nurse s song
Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep

Aar Madam though Venus govern your desires 30
Saturn is dominator over mine
What signifies my deadly standing eye
My silence and my cloudy melancholy
My fleece of wooly hair that now uncurls
Even as an adder when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution?
No madam, these are no venereal signs
Vengeance is in my heart death in my hand
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head
Hark Tamora the empress of my soul 40
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee
This is the day of doom for Bassianus
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity
And wash their hands in Bassianus blood
Seest thou this letter? take it up I pray thee
And give the King this fatal plotted scroll
Now question me no more we are espied
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty
Which dreads not yet their lives destruction 50

Tam Ah my sweet Moor sweeter to me than life!

Aar No more great Empress Bassianus comes
Be cross with him and I ll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels whatsoever they be [*Exit*

Enter BASSIANUS *and* LAVINIA

Bas Who have we here? Rome s royal Empress
Unfurnish d of her well beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian habited like her
Who hath abandoned her holy groves
To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam Saucy controller of our private steps!
Had I the power that some say Dian had 61
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns as was Actaeon s and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new transformed limbs
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav Under your patience gentle Empress
Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning
And to be doubted that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
Tis pity they should take him for a stag 71

Bas Believe me Queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body s hue
Spotted detested and abominable
Why are you sequester d from all your train
Dismounted from your snow white goodly steed
And wander d hither to an obscure plot
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav And being intercepted in your sport 80
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness I pray you let us hence
And let her joy her raven colour d love
This valley fits the purpose passing well

Bas The King my brother shall have note of this

Lav Ay for these slips have made him noted long
Good king to be so mightily abused!

Tam Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON

Dem How now dear sovereign and our gracious mother!
Why doth your Highness look so pale and wan?

Tam Have I not reason think you to look pale? 91
These two have ticed me hither to this place
A barren detested vale you see it is
The trees though summer yet forlorn and lean
O ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe
Here never shines the sun here nothing breeds
Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven
And when they show d me this abhorred pit
They told me here at dead time of the night
A thousand fiends a thousand hissing snakes 100
Ten thousand swelling toads as many urchins
Would make such fearful and confused cries
As any mortal body hearing it
Should straight fall mad or else die suddenly
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,

But straight they told me they would bind me
    here
Unto the body of a dismal yew,
And leave me to this miserable death
And then they call'd me foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth and all the bitterest terms   *110*
That ever ear did hear to such effect
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not henceforth call d my children
  Dem This is a witness that I am thy son
  Stabs BASSIANUS
  Chi And this for me struck home to show my
    strength [*Also stabs* BASSIANUS *who dies*]
  Lav Ay, come Semiramis nay, barbarous
    Tamora,
For no name fits thy nature but thy own!
  Tam Give me thy poniard, you shall know,
    my boys,   *120*
Your mother s hand shall right your mother's
    wrong
  Dem Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her,
First thrash the corn then after burn the straw
This minion stood upon her chastity
Upon her nuptial vow her loyalty,
And with that painted hope braves your mighti
    ness
And shall she carry this unto her grave?
  Chi An if she do, I would I were an eunuch
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust   *130*
  Tam But when ye have the honey ye desire,
Let not this wasp outlive us both to sting
  Chi I warrant you madam we will make that
    sure
Come, mistress now perforce we will enjoy
That nice preserved honesty of yours
  Lav O Tamora! thou bear st a woman s face—
  Tam I will not hear her speak away with her!
  Lav Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a
    word
  Dem Listen fair madam let it be your glory
To see her tears but be your heart to them   *140*
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain
  Lav When did the tiger s young ones teach
    the dam?
O do not learn her wrath she taught it thee,
The milk thou suck dst from her did turn to
    marble
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike
[*To* CHIRON] Do thou entreat her show a woman
    pity
  Chi What wouldst thou have me prove myself
    a bastard?

  Lav 'Tis true the raven doth not hatch a lark
Yet have I heard—O, could I find it now!—   *150*
The lion moved with pity did endure
To have his princely paws pared all away
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no
Nothing so kind but something pitiful!
  Tam I know not what it means away with her!
  Lav O, let me teach thee! for my father s sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have
    slain thee
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears   *160*
  Tam Hadst thou in person ne er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless
Remember boys I pour d forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice
But fierce Andronicus would not relent
Therefore, away with her, and use her as you
    will
The worse to her, the better loved of me
  Lav O Tamora be call d a gentle queen
And with thine own hands kill me in this place!
For 'tis not life that I have begg d so long   *170*
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died
  Tam What begg st thou, then? fond woman,
    let me go
  Lav Tis present death I beg and one thing
    more
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell
O keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit
Where never man s eye may behold my body
Do this and be a charitable murderer
  Tam So should I rob my sweet sons of their
    fee
No let them satisfy their lust on thee   *180*
  Dem Away! for thou hast stay d us here too
    long
  Lav No grace? no womanhood? Ah beastly
    creature!
The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall—
  Chi Nay then I ll stop your mouth Bring thou
    her husband
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him
[*Demetrius throws the body of Bassianus into the
    pit then exeunt* DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON *dragging
    off* LAVINIA
  Tam Farewell my sons see that you make
    her sure
Ne er let my heart know merry cheer indeed
Till all the Andronici be made away
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor   *190*
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflour
[*Exit*

Re-enter AARON *with* QUINTUS *and* MARTIUS

Aar Come on my lords the better foot before
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit
Where I espied the panther fast asleep
Quin My sight is very dull whate er it bodes
Mart And mine I promise you were t not for shame
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile
Falls into the pit
Quin What art thou fall n? What subtle hole is thus
Whose mouth is cover d with rude growing briers
Upon whose leaves are drops of new shed blood
As fresh as morning dew distill d on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me
Speak brother hast thou hurt thee with the fall?
Mart O brother with the dismall st object hurt
That ever eye with sight made heart lament!
Aar [*Aside*] Now will I fetch the King to find them here
That he thereby may give a likely guess
How these were they that made away his brother [*Exit*
Mart Why dost not comfort me and help me out 209
From this unhallow ed and blood stained hole?
Quin I am surprised with an uncouth fear
A chilling sweat o er runs my trembling joints
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see
Mart To prove thou hast a true-divining heart
Aaron and thou look down into this den
And see a fearful sight of blood and death
Quin Aaron is gone and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise
O tell me how it is for ne er till now 220
Was I a child to fear I know not what
Mart Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap like to a slaughter d lamb
In this detested dark blood-drinking pit
Quin If it be dark how dost thou know tis he?
Mart Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring that lightens all the hole
Which, like a taper in some monument
Doth shine upon the dead man s earthy cheeks
And shows the ragged entrails of the pit 230
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus
When he by night lay bathed in maiden blood
O brother help me with thy fainting hand—
If fear hath made thee faint as me it hath—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle
As hateful as Cocytus misty mouth
Quin Reach me thy hand that I may help thee out
Or wanting strength to do thee so much good
I may be pluck d into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit poor Bassianus grave 240
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink
Mart Nor I no strength to climb without thy help
Quin Thy hand once more I will not loose again
Till thou art here aloft or I below
Thou canst not come to me I come to thee
Falls in

Enter SATURNINUS *with* AARON

Sat Along with me I ll see what hole is here
And what he is that now is leap d into it
Say who art thou that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?
Mart The unhappy son of old Andronicus
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour 251
To find thy brother Bassianus dead
Sat My brother dead! I know thou dost but jest
He and his lady both are at the lodge
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase
Tis not an hour since I left him there
Mart We know not where you left him all alive
But out alas! here have we found him dead

Re-enter TAMORA *with Attendants* TITUS ANDRONICUS *and* LUCIUS

Tam Where is my lord the King?
Sat Here Tamora though grieved with killing grief 260
Tam Where is thy brother Bassianus?
Sat Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered
Tam Then all too late I bring this fatal writ
The complot of this timeless tragedy
And wonder greatly that man s face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny
She giveth SATURNINUS *a letter*
Sat [*Reads*] An if we miss to meet him handsomely—
Sweet huntsman Bassianus tis we mean—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him 270
Thou know st our meaning Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder tree
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus
Do this and purchase us thy lasting friends
O Tamora was ever heard the like?
This is the pit and this the elder tree
Look sirs if you can find the huntsman out

That should have murder'd Bassianus here
Aar My gracious lord, here is the bag of
gold 280
Sat [*To* TITUS] Two of thy whelps, fell curs of
bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison
There let them bide until we have devised
Some never heard-of torturing pain for them
Tam What, are they in this pit? O wondrous
thing!
How easily murder is discovered!
Tit High Emperor upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sons 290
Accursed, if the fault be proved in them—
Sat If it be proved! you see it is apparent
Who found this letter? Tamora was it you?
Tam Andronicus himself did take it up
Tit I did, my lord yet let me be their bail,
For, by my father's reverend tomb I vow
They shall be ready at your Highness will
To answer their suspicion with their lives
Sat Thou shalt not bail them see thou follow
me
Some bring the murder d body, some the
murderers 300
Let them not speak a word the guilt is plain
For, by my soul, were there worse end than
death,
That end upon them should be executed
Tam Andronicus, I will entreat the King
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough
Tit Come, Lucius, come, stay not to talk with
them [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *Another part of the forest*

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON, *with* LAVINIA, *ravished, her hands cut off and her tongue cut out*

Dem So, now go tell an if thy tongue can speak,
Who twas that cut thy tongue and ravish d thee
Chi Write down thy mind bewray thy
meaning so
An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe
Dem See, how with signs and tokens she can
scrowl
Chi Go home, call for sweet water wash thy
hands
Dem She hath no tongue to call nor hands to
wash,
And so let s leave her to her silent walks
Chi An 'twere my case I should go hang
myself
Dem If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the
cord [*Exeunt* DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON

Enter MARCUS

Mar Who is this? my niece, that flies away so
fast! 11
Cousin a word, where is your husband?
If I do dream would all my wealth would wake
me!
If I do wake some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!
Speak gentle niece what stern ungentle hands
Have lopp d and hew d and made thy body bare
Of her two branches those sweet ornaments
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to
sleep in
And might not gain so great a happiness 20
As have thy love? Why dost not speak to me?
Alas a crimson river of warm blood
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr d with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips
Coming and going with thy honey breath
But sure some Tereus hath deflowered thee,
And lest thou shouldst detect him cut thy
tongue
Ah now thou turn st away thy face for shame!
And notwithstanding all this loss of blood
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts, 30
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan s face
Blushing to be encounter d with a cloud
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say tis so?
O that I knew thy heart and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him to ease my mind!
Sorrow concealed like an oven stopp d
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is
Fair Philomela she but lost her tongue
And in a tedious sampler sew d her mind
But lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee,
A craftier Tereus cousin hast thou met, 41
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off
That could have better sew d than Philomel
O had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble like aspen leaves upon a lute
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
He would not then have touch d them for his
life!
Or had he heard the heavenly harmony
Which that sweet tongue hath made
He would have dropp d his knife and fell asleep
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet s feet 51
Come let us go and make thy father blind
For such a sight will blind a father s eye
One hour s storm will drown the fragrant meads
What will whole months of tears thy father s
eyes?
Do not draw back for we will mourn with thee
O could our mourning ease thy misery!
[*Exeunt*

ACT III

SCENE I *Rome a street*

Enter Judges Senators and Tribunes with MARTIUS *and* QUINTUS *bound passing on to the place of execution* TITUS *going before pleading*

Tit Hear me grave fathers! noble tribunes stay!
For pity of mine age whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars whilst you securely slept
For all my blood in Rome s great quarrel shed
For all the frosty nights that I have watch d
And for these bitter tears which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks
Be pitiful to my condemned sons
Whose souls are not corrupted as tis thought
For two and twenty sons I never wept 10
Because they died in honour s lofty bed
[*Lieth down the Judges &c pass by him and Exeunt*
For these, these tribunes in the dust I write
My heart s deep languor and my soul s sad tears
Let my tears stanch the earth s dry appetite
My sons s weet blood will make it shame and blush
O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain
That shall distil from these two ancient urns
Than youthful April shall with all his showers
In summer s drought I ll drop upon thee still
In winter with warm tears I ll melt the snow 20
And keep eternal spring time on thy face
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons blood

Enter LUCIUS *with his sword drawn*

O reverend tribunes! O gentle aged men!
Unbind my sons reverse the doom of death
And let me say that never wept before
My tears are now prevailing orators
Luc O noble father you lament in vain
The tribunes hear you not no man is by
And you recount your sorrows to a stone
Tit Ah, Lucius for thy brothers let me plead
Grave tribunes once more I entreat of you— 31
Luc My gracious lord no tribune hears you speak
Tit Why tis no matter man if they did hear
They would not mark me or if they did mark
They would not pity me yet plead I must
And bootless unto them
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones
Who though they cannot answer my distress
Yet in some sort they are better than the tribunes
For that they will not intercept my tale 40
When I do weep they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears and seem to weep with me
And were they but attired in grave weeds
Rome could afford no tribune like to these
A stone is soft as wax tribunes more hard than stones
A s one is silent and offendeth not
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death [*Rises*]
But wherefore stand st thou with thy weapon drawn?
Luc To rescue my two brothers from their death
For which attempt the judges have pronounced
My everlasting doom of banishment 51
Tit O happy man! they have befriended thee
Why foolish Lucius dost thou not perceive
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine how happy art thou then
From these devourers to be banished!
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter MARCUS *and* LAVINIA

Marc Titus prepare thy aged eyes to weep
Or if not so thy noble heart to break 60
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age
Tit Will it consume me? let me see it then
Marc This was thy daughter
Tit Why Marcus so she is
Luc Ay me this object kills me!
Tit Faint hearted boy arise and look upon her
Speak Lavinia what accursed hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father s sight?
What fool hath added water to the sea
Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou camest
And now like Nilus it disdaineth bounds 71
Give me a sword I ll chop off my hands too
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain
And they have nursed this woe in feeding life
In bootless prayer have they been held up
And they have served me to effectless use
Now all the service I require of them
Is that the one will help to cut the other
'Tis well Lavinia that thou hast no hands
For hands to do Rome service are but vain 80
Luc Speak gentle sister who hath martyr d thee?
Marc O that delightful engine of her thoughts
That blabb d them with such pleasing eloquence
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow ca e
Where like a sweet melod ous bird it sung
Sweet varied notes enchanting every ear!
Luc O say thou for her who hath done this deed?
Marc O thus I found her straying in the park

Seeking to hide herself as doth the deer
That hath received some unrecuring wound *90*
Tit It was my deer and he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more than had he kill d me dead
For now I stand as one upon a rock
Environ d with a wilderness of sea,
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by
wave
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him
This way to death my wretched sons are gone
Here stands my other son a banish d man
And here my brother weeping at my woes *100*
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn
Is dear Lavinia dearer than my soul
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight
It would have madded me what shall I do
Now I behold thy lively body so?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,
Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr d thee
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn d and dead by this
Look, Marcus! ah son Lucius look on her! *110*
When I did name her brothers then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither d
Marc Perchance she weeps because they kill d
her husband
Perchance because she knows them innocent
Tit If they did kill thy husband then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta en revenge on them
No no, they would not do so foul a deed
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes
Gentle Lavinia let me kiss thy lips *120*
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease
Shall thy good uncle and thy brother Lucius
And thou and I, sit round about some fountain,
Looking all downwards to behold our cheeks
How they are stain d as meadows yet not dry
With miry slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long
Till the fresh taste be tal en from that clearness,
And made a brine pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine? *130*
Or shall we bite our tongues and in dumb shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? let us that have our tongues,
Plot some device of further misery
To make us wonder d at in time to come
Luc Sweet father, cease your tears for, at
your grief
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps
Marc Patience dear niece Good Titus dry
thine eyes
Tit Ah Marcus Marcus! brother well I wot
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine, *140*
For thou, poor man hast drown'd it with thine
own
Luc Ah, my Lavinia I will wipe thy cheeks
Tit Mark Marcus mark! I understand her
signs
Had she a tongue to speak now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee
His napkin with his true tears all bewet
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks
O what a sympathy of woe is this
As far from help as Limbo is from bliss! *149*

Enter AARON

Aar Titus Andronicus my lord the Emperor
Sends thee this word—that if thou love thy
sons
Let Marcus Lucius, or thyself old Titus,
Or any one of you chop off your hand
And send it to the King he for the same
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive
And that shall be the ransom for their fault
Tit O gracious Emperor! O gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark
That gives sweet tidings of the sun s uprise?
With all my heart I ll send the Emperor *160*
My hand
Good Aaron wilt thou help to chop it off?
Luc Stay father! for that noble hand of thine
That hath thrown down so many enemies
Shall not be sent my hand will serve the turn
My youth can better spare my blood than you
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives
Marc Which of your hands hath not defended
Rome
And rear d aloft the bloody battle axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy s castle? *170*
O none of both but are of high desert
My hand hath been but idle let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death,
Then have I kept it to a worthy end
Aar Nay come, agree whose hand shall go
along
For fear they die before their pardon come
Marc My hand shall go
Luc By heaven it shall not go!
Tit Sirs strive no more such wither d herbs
as these
Are meet for plucking up and therefore mine
Luc Sweet father if I shall be thought thy
son *180*
Let me redeem my brothers both from death
Marc And for our father s sake and mother s
care,
Now let me show a brother s love to thee
Tit Agree between you I will spare my hand
Luc Then I ll go fetch an axe

Marc But I will use the axe
[*Exeunt* LUCIUS *and* MARCUS
Tit Come hither Aaron I ll deceive them both
Lend me thy hand and I will give thee mine
Aar [*Aside*] If that be call d deceit I will be honest
And never whilst I live deceive men so 190
But I ll deceive you in another sort
And that you ll say ere half an hour pass
Cuts off TITUS *s hand*

Re-enter LUCIUS *and* MARCUS

Tit Now stay your strife what shall be is dispatch d
Good Aaron give his Majesty my hand
Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dang rs bid him bury it
More hath it merited that let it have
As for my sons say I account of them
As jewels purchased at an easy price 199
And yet dear too because I bought mine own
Aar I go Andronicus and for thy hand
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee
[*Aside*] Their heads I mean O how this villainy
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!
Let fools do good and fair men call for grace
Aaron will have his soul black like his face [*Exit*
Tit O here I lift this one hand up to heaven
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth
If any power pities wretched tears
To that I call [*To* LAVINIA] What wilt thou kneel with me? 210
Do then dear heart for heaven shall hear our prayers
Or with our sighs we ll breathe the welkin dim
And stain the sun with fog as sometime clouds
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms
Marc O brother speak with possibil ties
And do not break into these deep extremes
Tit Is not my sorrow deep having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them
Marc But yet let reason govern thy lament
Tit If there were reason for these miseries
Then into limits could I bind my woes 221
When heaven doth weep doth not the earth o erflow?
If the winds rage doth not the sea wax mad,
Threatening the welkin with his big swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea hark how her sighs do blow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge overflow d and drown d 230
For why my bowels cannot hide her woes
But like a drunkard must I vomit them
Then give me leave for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues

Enter a MESSENGER *with two heads and a hand*

Mess Worthy Andronicus ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sent st the Emperor
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons
And here s thy hand in scorn to thee sent back
Thy griefs their sports thy resolution mock d
That woe is me to think upon thy woes 240
More than remembrance of my father s death
[*Exit*
Marc Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily
And be my heart an ever burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal
But sorrow flouted at is double death
Luc Ah that this sight should make so deep a wound
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name 249
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!
LAVINIA *kisses* TITUS
Marc Alas poor heart that kiss is comfortless
As frozen water to a starved snake
Tit When will this fearful slumber have an end?
Marc Now farewell flattery die Andronicus
Thou dost not slumber see thy two sons heads
Thy warlike hand thy man led daughter here
Thy other banish d son with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless and thy brother I
Even like a stony image cold and numb
Ah now no more will I control thy griefs 260
Rend off thy silver hair thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes
Now is a time to storm why art thou still?
Tit Ha ha ha!
Marc Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour
Tit Why I have not another tear to shed
Besides this sorrow is an enemy
And would usurp upon my watery eyes
And make them blind with tributary tears 270
Then which way shall I find Revenge s cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me
And threat me I shall never come to bliss
Till all these mischiefs be return d again
Even in their throats that have committed them
Come let me see what task I have to do
You heavy people circle me about
That I may turn me to each one of you
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs

The vow is made Come, brother take a head
And in this hand the other will I bear 281
Lavinia, thou shalt be employ d these arms!
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy
teeth
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight,
Thou art an exile and thou must not stay
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there
And, if you love me, as I think you do
Let s kiss and part, for we have much to do
[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS *and* LAVINIA
Luc Farewell Andronicus my noble father,
The woefull'st man that ever lived in Rome 290
Farewell proud Rome till Lucius come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life
Farewell, Lavinia my noble sister
O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been!
But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives
But in oblivion and hateful griefs
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud Saturnine and his empress
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power 300
To be revenged on Rome and Saturnine [*Exit*

SCENE II *A room in Titus's house*
a banquet set out

Enter TITUS, MARCUS LAVINIA, *and* YOUNG
LUCIUS, *a Boy*

Tit So so, now sit and look you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours
Marcus, unknit that sorrow wreathen knot
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast,
Who, when my heart all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh 10
Then thus I thump it down
[*To* LAVINIA] Thou map of woe that thus dost
talk in signs!
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous
beating
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still
Wound it with sighing girl kill it with groans,
Or get some little knife between thy teeth
And just against thy heart make thou a hole
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that sink and soaking in
Drown the lamenting fool in sea salt tears 20
Marc Fie brother fie! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life
Tit How now! has sorrow made thee dote
already?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands,
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt and he made miserable?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands,
Lest we remember still that we have none 30
Fie, fie how frantically I square my talk,
As if we should forget we had no hands
If Marcus did not name the word of hands!
Come let s fall to and, *gentle girl* eat this
Here is no drink! Hark Marcus what she says,
I can interpret all her martyr d signs,
She says she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew d with her sorrow mesh'd upon her cheeks
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought,
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect 40
As begging hermits in their holy prayers
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to
heaven
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I of these will wrest an alphabet
And by still practice learn to know thy meaning
Young Luc Good grandsire, leave these bitter
deep laments
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale
Marc Alas the tender boy in passion moved,
Doth weep to see his grandsire s heaviness
Tit Peace tender sapling, thou art made of
tears 50
And tears will quickly melt thy life away
MARCUS *strikes the dish with a knife*
What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy
knife?
Marc At that that I have kill d my lord a fly
Tit Out on thee, murderer! thou kill st my
heart
Mine eyes are cloy d with view of tyranny
A deed of death done on the innocent
Becomes not Titus' brother get thee gone,
I see thou art not for my company
Marc Alas my lord I have but kill d a fly
Tit But how if that fly had a father and
mother? 60
How would he hang his slender gilded wings
And buzz lamenting doings in the air!
Poor harmless fly
That with his pretty buzzing melody
Came here to make us merry! and thou hast kill d
him
Marc Pardon me sir it was a black ill favour d
fly
Like to the Empress Moor therefore I kill d him
Tit O O O
Then pardon me for reprehending thee
For thou hast done a charitable deed 70
Give me thy knife I will insult on him

Flattering myself as if it were the Moor
Come hither purposely to poison me
There s for thyself and that s for Tamora
Ah, sirrah!
Yet I think we are not brought so low
But that between us we can kill a fly
That comes in likeness of a coal black Moor

Marc Alas poor man! grief has so wrought on him
He takes false shadows for true substances 80

Tit Come take away Lavinia go with me
I ll to thy closet and go read with thee
Sad stories chanced in the times of old
Come boy and go with me thy sight is young
And thou shalt read when mine began to dazzle
[*Exeunt*

ACT IV

SCENE 1 *Rome Titus s garden*

Enter YOUNG LUCIUS *and* LAVINIA *running after him and the boy flies from her with books under his arm Then enter* TITUS *and* MARCUS

Young Luc Help grandsire help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me everywhere I know not why
Good uncle Marcus see how swift she comes
Alas sweet aunt I know not what you mean

Marc Stand by me Lucius do not fear thine aunt

Tit She loves thee, boy too well to do thee harm

Young Luc Ay when my father was in Rome she did

Marc What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit Fear her not Lucius somewhat doth she mean
See, Lucius see how much she makes of thee 10
Somewhither would she have thee go with her
Ah, boy Cornelia never with more care
Read to her sons than she hath read to thee
Sweet poetry and Tully s *Orator*

Marc Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Young Luc My lord I know not I nor can I guess
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft
Extremity of griefs would make men mad
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy 20
Ran mad for sorrow that made me to fear
Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e er my mother did
And would not but in fury fright my youth
Which made me down to throw my books and fly—
Causeless perhaps But pardon me sweet aunt
And madam if my uncle Marcus go
I will most willingly attend your ladyship

Marc Lucius I will

LAVINIA *turns over with her stumps the books which* LUCIUS *has let fall*

Tit How now Lavinia! Marcus what means this? 30
Some book there is that she desires to see
Which is it girl of these? Open them boy
But thou art deeper read and better skill d
Come and take choice of all my library
And so beguile thy sorrow till the heavens
Reveal the damn d contriver of this deed
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Marc I think she means that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact ay more there was
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge

Tit Lucius what book is that she tosseth so? 41

Young Luc Grandsire tis Ovid s *Metamorphoses*
My mother gave it me

Marc For love of her that s gone,
Perhaps she cull d it from among the rest

Tit Soft! see how busily she turns the leaves!
[*Helping her*]
What would she find? Lavinia shall I read?
This is the tragic tale of Philomel
And treats of Tereus treason and his rape
And rape I fear was root of thine annoy

Marc See brother see note how she quotes the leaves 50

Tit Lavinia wert thou thus surprised sweet girl
Ravish d and wrong d as Philomela was
Forced in the ruthless vast and gloomy woods?
See see!
Ay such a place there is where we did hunt—
O had we never never hunted there —
Pattern d by that the poet here describes
By nature made for murders and for rapes

Marc O why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies? 60

Tit Give signs sweet girl for here are none but friends
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed
Or slunk not Saturnine as Tarquin erst
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece bed?

Marc Sit down, sweet niece brother sit down by me
Apollo Pallas Jove, or Mercury
Inspire me that I may this treason find!
My lord, look here look here, Lavinia

This sandy plot is plain guide if thou canst,
This after me, when I have writ my name 70
Without the help of any hand at all

He writes his name with his staff and guides it with feet and mouth

Cursed be that heart that forced us to this shift!
Write thou, good niece and her display at last
What God will have discover'd for revenge
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors and the truth!

She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes

Tit O, do ye read my lord, what she hath writ?
"*Stuprum* Chiron Demetrius"

Marc What, what! the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous bloody deed? 80

Tit *Magni Dominator poli,*
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?

Marc O, calm thee, gentle lord, although I know
There is enough written upon this earth
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims
My lord kneel down with me, Lavinia kneel,
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector s hope
And swear with me as with the woeful fere
And father of that chaste dishonour d dame, 90
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece rape,
That we will prosecute by good advice
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths
And see their blood or die with this reproach

Tit Tis sure enough an you knew how
But if you hunt these bear whelps then beware
The dam will wake and if she wind you once,
She s with the lion deeply still in league
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back
And when he sleeps will she do what she list 100
You are a young huntsman Marcus let it alone
And come I will go get a leaf of brass
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sibyl s leaves abroad
And where s your lesson, then? Boy, what say you?

Young Luc I say my lord that if I were a man
Their mother s bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome

Marc Ay that s my boy! thy father hath full oft 110
For his ungrateful country done the like

Young Luc And uncle so will I an if I live

Tit Come, go with me into mine armoury
Lucius I ll fit thee and withal my boy
Shalt carry from me to the Empress sons
Presents that I intend to send them both
Come, come thou'lt do thy message wilt thou not?

Young Luc Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire

Tit No boy, not so, I ll teach thee another course
Lavinia, come Marcus look to my house 120
Lucius and I ll go brave it at the court
Ay marry will we, sir and we ll be waited on

[*Exeunt* TITUS LAVINIA *and* YOUNG LUC

Marc O heavens can you hear a good man groan
And not relent or not compassion him?
Marcus attend him in his ecstasy
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart
Than foemen s marks upon his batter d shield
But yet so just that he will not revenge
Revenge, ye heavens, for old Andronicus! [*Exit*

SCENE II *The same a room in the palace*

Enter from one side AARON, DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON, *from the other side* YOUNG LUCIUS *and an Attendant with a bundle of weapons and verses writ upon them*

Chi Demetrius here s the son of Lucius
He hath some message to deliver us

Aar Ay some mad message from his mad grandfather

Young Luc My lords with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus
[*Aside*] And pray the Roman gods confound you both!

Dem Gramercy lovely Lucius what s the news?

Young Luc [*Aside*] That you are both decipher d that s the news
For villains mark d with rape —May it please you
My grandsire, well advised hath sent by me 10
The goodliest weapons of his armoury
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome for so he bade me say,
And so I do and with his gifts present
Your lordships that whenever you have need
You may be armed and appointed well
And so I leave you both [*Aside*] like bloody villains

[*Exeunt* YOUNG LUCIUS *and Attendant*

Dem What s here? A scroll and written about?
Let s see
[*Reads*] *Integer vitae scelerisque purus*
Non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu

Chi O tis a verse in Horace I know it well
I read it in the grammar long ago

Aar Ay just a verse in Horace right you have it
[*Aside*] Now what a thing it is to be an ass!
Here s no sound jest! the old man hath found their guilt
And sends them weapons wrapp d about with lines
That wound beyond their feeling to the quick
But were our witty empress well afoot
She would applaud Andronicus conceit 30
But let her rest in her unrest awhile —
And now young lords was t not a happy star
Led us to Rome strangers and more than so
Captives to be advanced to this height?
It did me good before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother s hearing
Dem But me more good to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate and send us gifts
Aar Had he not reason Lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly? 40
Dem I would we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay by turn to serve our lust
Chi A charitable wish and full of love
Aar Here lacks but your mother for to say amen
Chi And that would she for twenty thousand more
Dem Come let us go and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains
Aar [*Aside*] Pray to the devils the gods have given us over
Trumpets sound within
Dem Why do the Emperor s trumpets flourish thus?
Chi Belike, for joy the Emperor hath a son 50
Dem Soft! who comes here?

Enter a NURSE *with a blackamoor child in her arms*

Nur Good morrow lords
O tell me did you see Aaron the Moor?
Aar Well, more or less or ne er a whit at all
Here Aaron is and what with Aaron now?
Nur O gentle Aaron we are all undone
Now help or woe betide thee evermore!
Aar Why what a caterwauling dost thou keep!
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?
Nur O that which I would hide from heaven s eye 59
Our Empress shame and stately Rome s disgrace!
She is deliver d, lords she is deliver d
Aar To whom?
Nur I mean, she is brought a bed
Aar Well, God give her good rest What hath he sent her?
Nur A devil

Aar Why then she is the devil s dam a joyful issue
Nur A joyless dismal black and sorrowful issue
Here is the babe as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime
The Empress sends it thee thy stamp thy seal
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger s point
Aar Zounds ye whore! is black so base a hue?
Sweet blowse you are a beauteous blossom sure
Dem Villain, what hast thou done?
Aar That which thou canst not undo
Chi Thou hast undone our mother
Aar Villain, I have done thy mother
Dem And therein hellish dog thou hast undone
Woe to her chance and damn d her loathed choice!
Accursed the offspring of so foul a fiend!
Chi It shall not live 80
Aar It shall not die
Nur Aaron it must the mother wills it so
Aar What must it nurse? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood
Dem I ll broach the tadpole on my rapier s point
Nurse give it me my sword shall soon dispatch it
Aar Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up
Takes the child from the NURSE *and draws*
Stay murderous villains! will you kill your brother?
Now by the burning tapers of the sky
That shone so brightly when this boy was got
He dies upon my scimitar s sharp point 91
That touches this my first born son and heir!
I tell you younglings not Enceladus
With all his threatening band of Typhon s brood
Nor great Alcides nor the god of war
Shall seize this prey out of his father s hands
What what ye sanguine shallow hearted boys!
Ye white limed walls! ye alehouse painted signs!
Coal black is better than another hue
In that it scorns to bear another hue 100
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan s black legs to white
Although she lave them hourly in the flood
Tell the Empress from me I am of age
To keep mine own excuse it how she can
Dem Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?
Aar My mistress is my mistress this myself
The vigour and the picture of my youth
This before all the world do I prefer
This maugre all the world will I keep safe 110
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome
Dem By this our mother is for ever shamed.

Chi Rome will despise her for this foul escape
Nur The Emperor, in his rage, will doom her death
Chi I blush to think upon this ignomy
Aar Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears
Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the heart!
Here's a young lad framed of another leer
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father
As who should say, "Old lad I am thine own *121*
He is your brother lords sensibly fed
Of that self blood that first gave life to you,
And from that womb where you imprison'd were
He is enfranchised and come to light
Nay he is your brother by the surer side
Although my seal be stamped in his face
Nur Aaron what shall I say unto the Empress?
Dem Advise thee, Aaron what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice *130*
Save thou the child so we may all be safe
Aar Then sit we down, and let us all consult
My son and I will have the wind of you
Keep there now talk at pleasure of your safety
They sit
Dem How many women saw this child of his?
Aar Why, so, brave lords! when we join in league
I am a lamb but if you brave the Moor
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms
But say again how many saw the child? *140*
Nur Cornelia the midwife and myself
And no one else but the deliver'd Empress
Aar The Empress the midwife and yourself
Two may keep counsel when the third 's away
Go to the Empress tell her this I said
He kills the nurse
Weke weke! so cries a pig prepared to the spit
Dem What mean'st thou Aaron? wherefore didst thou this?
Aar O Lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,
A long tongued babbling gossip? no lords no
And now be it known to you my full intent *151*
Not far one Muli lives my countryman
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed
His child is like to her fair as you are
Go pack with him and give the mother gold
And tell them both the circumstance of all
And how by this their child shall be advanced
And be receiv'd for the Emperor's heir
And substituted in the place of mine
To calm this tempest whirling in the court *160*
And let the Emperor dandle him for his own
Hark ye, lords, ye see I have given her physic,
Pointing to the nurse
And you must needs bestow her funeral,
The fields are near and you are gallant grooms
This done see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me
The midwife and the nurse well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please
Chi Aaron I see thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets
Dem For this care of Tamora, *170*
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee
[*Exeunt* DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON *bearing off the Nurse's body*
Aar Now to the Goths as swift as swallow flies
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms
And secretly to greet the Empress friends
Come on you thick lipp'd slave I'll bear you hence
For it is you that puts us to our shifts
I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave, and bring you up *179*
To be a warrior and command a camp [*Exit*

SCENE III *The same a public place*

Enter TITUS *bearing arrows with letters at the ends of them, with him,* MARCUS, YOUNG LUCIUS, PUBLIUS *Sempronius, Caius, and other Gentlemen with bows*

Tit Come, Marcus come kinsmen, this is the way
Sir boy now let me see your archery
Look ye draw home enough and 'tis there straight
Terras Astræa reliquit
Be you remember'd Marcus she's gone she's fled
Sirs take you to your tools You cousins shall
Go sound the ocean and cast your nets
Happily you may catch her in the sea
Yet there's as little justice as at land
No Publius and Sempronius you must do it *10*
'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth
Then when you come to Pluto's region
I pray you deliver him this petition
Tell him it is for Justice and for aid
And that it comes from old Andronicus
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome
Ah Rome! Well well I made thee miserable
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me *20*
Go get you gone and pray be careful all
And leave you not a man-of-war unsearch'd

This wicked Emperor may have shipp d her hence
And kinsmen then we may go pipe for Justice
Marc O Publius is not this a heavy case
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?
Pub Therefore, my lord it highly us concerns
By day and night to attend him carefully
And feed his humour kindly as we may
Till time beget some careful remedy 30
Marc Kinsmen his sorrows are past remedy
Join with the Goths and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine
Tit Publius how now! how now my masters!
What have you met with her?
Pub No my good lord but Pluto sends you word
If you will have Revenge from hell you shall
Marry for Justice, she is so employ d
He thinks with Jove in heaven or somewhere else 40
So that perforce you must needs stay a time
Tit He doth me wrong to feed me with delays
I ll dive into the burning lake below
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels
Marcus we are but shrubs no cedars we
No big boned men framed of the Cyclops size
But metal Marcus steel to the very back
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can bear
And sith there s no justice in earth nor hell
We will solicit heaven and move the gods 50
To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs
Come to this gear You are a good archer
Marcus [*He gives them the arrows*]
Ad Jovem that s for you here *Ad Apollinem*
Ad Martem that s for myself
Here boy to Pallas here to Mercury
To Saturn, Caius not to Saturnine
You were as good to shoot against the wind
To it boy Marcus loose when I bid
Of my word I have written to effect
There s not a god left unsolicited 60
Marc Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court
We will afflict the Emperor in his pride
Tit Now masters draw [*They shoot*] O well said, Lucius
Good boy in Virgo s lap give it Pallas
Marc My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon
Your letter is with Jupiter by this
Tit Ha, ha
Publius Publius what hast thou done
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus horns

Marc This was the sport my lord when Publius shot 70
The Bull being gall d gave Aries such a knock
That down fell both the Ram s horns in the court
And who should find them but the Empress villain?
She laugh d and told the Moor he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present
Tit Why there it goes God give his lordship joy!

Enter a CLOWN *with a basket and two pigeons in it*

News news from heaven! Marcus the post is come
Sirrah what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter? 79
Clo O the gibbet maker! he says that he hath taken them down again for the man must not be hanged till the next week
Tit But what says Jupiter I ask thee?
Clo Alas sir I know not Jupiter I never drank with him in all my life
Tit Why villain art not thou the carrier?
Clo Ay of my pigeons sir nothing else
Tit Why didst thou not come from heaven?
Clo From heaven! alas sir I never came there God forbid I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days Why I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial s men
Marc Why sir that is as fit as can be to serve for your oration and let him deliver the pigeons to the Emperor from you
Tit Tell me can you deliver an oration to the Emperor with a grace?
Clo Nay truly sir I could never say grace in all my life 101
Tit Sirrah come hither make no more ado
But give your pigeons to the Emperor
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands
Hold hold meanwhile here s money for thy charges
Give me pen and ink Sirrah can you with a grace deliver a supplication?
Clo Ay sir
Tit Then here is a supplication for you And when you come to him at the first approach you must kneel then kiss his foot then deliver up your pigeons and then look for your reward I ll be at hand sir see you do it bravely
Clo I warrant you sir let me alone
Tit Sirrah hast thou a knife? come let me see it
Here Marcus fold it in the oration

For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant
And when thou hast given it the Emperor,
Knock at my door and tell me what he says
Clo God be with you, sir, I will 120
Tit Come, Marcus, let us go Publius, follow
me [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *The same before the palace*

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA DEMETRIUS CHIRON
Lords, and others, SATURNINUS *with the arrows in his hand that* TITUS *shot*

Sat Why lords, what wrongs are these! was
ever seen
An Emperor in Rome thus overborne
Troubled, confronted thus, and, for the extent
Of egal justice, used in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as know the mightful gods
However these disturbers of our peace
Buz in the people s ears, there nought hath pass'd,
But even with law, against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm d his wits, 10
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks,
His fits his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress
See here's to Jove, and this to Mercury
This to Apollo, this to the god of war,
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
What s this but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice every where?
A goodly humour is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were 20
But if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages
But he and his shall know that justice lives
In Saturninus health whom, if she sleep,
He ll so awake as she in fury shall
Cut off the proud st conspirator that lives
Tam My gracious lord my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life commander of my thoughts
Calm thee and bear the faults of Titus age,
The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons, 30
Whose loss hath pierced him deep and scarr'd his
heart
And rather comfort his distressed plight
Than prosecute the meanest or the best
For these contempts [*Aside*] Why thus it shall
become
High witted Tamora to glorc with all
But Titus I have touch d thee to the quick
Thy life blood out if Aaron now be wise
Then is all safe the anchor s in the port

Enter CLOWN

How now good fellow! wouldst thou speak
with us?
Clo Yea, forsooth, an your mistership be
emperial 40
Tam Empress I am, but yonder sits the
Emperor
Clo 'Tis he God and Saint Stephen give you
good den I have brought you a letter and a
couple of pigeons here
Saturninus reads the letter
Sat Go take him away and hang him presently
Clo How much money must I have?
Tam Come, sirrah you must be hanged
Clo Hanged! by r lady, then I have brought up
a neck to a fair end [*Exit, guarded*
Sat Despiteful and intolerable wrongs! 50
Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?
I know from whence this same device proceeds
May this be borne? As if his traitorous sons,
That died by law for murder of our brother
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully!
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair,
Nor age nor honour shall shape privilege
For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughter man,
Sly frantic wretch that holp st to make me great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me 60

Enter ÆMILIUS

What news with thee Æmilius?
Æmil Arm, arm, my lord, Rome never had
more cause
The Goths have gather d head, and with a power
Of high resolved men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain under conduct
Of Lucius son to old Andronicus
Who threats in course of this revenge to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did
Sat Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
These tidings nip me and I hang the head 70
As flowers with frost or grass beat down with
storms
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach
'Tis he the common people love so much,
Myself hath often over heard them say,
When I have walked like a private man
That Lucius banishment was wrongfully
And they have wish d that Lucius were their
emperor
Tam Why should you fear? is not your city
strong?
Sat Ay but the citizens favour Lucius
And will revolt from me to surcour him 80
Tam King be thy thoughts imperious like thy
name
Is the sun dimm d that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing
And is not careful what they mean thereby
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings

He can at pleasure stint their melody
Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome
Then cheer thy spirit for know thou emperor
I will enchant the old Andronicus
With words more sweet and yet more dangerous 90
Than baits to fish, or honey stalks to sheep
When as the one is wounded with the bait
The other rotted with delicious feed
Sat But he will not entreat his son for us
Tam If Tamora entreat him then he will
For I can smooth and fill his aged ear
With golden promises that were his heart
Almost impregnable his old ears deaf
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue
[*To* ÆMILIUS] Go thou before be our ambassador 100
Say that the Emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius and appoint the meeting
Even at his father s house the old Andronicus
Sat Æmilius do this message honourably
And if he stand on hostage for his safety
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best
Æmil Your bidding shall I do effectually
[*Exit*
Tam Now will I to that old Andronicus
And temper him with all the art I have
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths
And now sweet emperor be blithe again 111
And bury thy fear in my devices
Sat Then go successantly and plead to him
[*Exeunt*

ACT V

SCENE I *Plains bear Rome*

Enter LUCIUS *with an army of* GOTHS, *with drum and colours*

Luc Approved warriors and my faithful friends
I have received letters from great Rome
Which signify what hate they bear their Emperor
And how desirous of our sight they are
Therefore, great lords be, as your titles witness
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs
And wherein Rome hath done you any scath
Let him make treble satisfaction
1st Goth Brave slip sprung from the great Andronicus
Whose name was once our terror now our comfort 10
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt
Be bold in us we ll follow where thou lead st
Like stinging bees in hottest summer s day
Led by their master to the flowered fields
And be avenged on cursed Tamora
All the Goths And as he saith so say we all with him
Luc I humbly thank him and I thank you all
But who comes here led by a lusty Goth?

Enter SECOND GOTH *leading* AARON *with his child in his arms*

2nd Goth Renowned Lucius from our troops I stray d 20
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall
I made unto the noise when soon I heard
The crying babe controll d with this discourse
Peace tawny slave half me and half thy dam!
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art
Had nature lent thee but thy mother s look
Villain thou mightst have been an emperor 30
But where the bull and cow are both milk white,
They never do beget a coal black calf
Peace villain, peace! —even thus he rates the babe—
For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth
Who when he knows thou art the Empress babe
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother s sake
With this my weapon drawn, I rush d upon him
Surprised him suddenly and brought him hither
To use as you think needful of the man
Luc O worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devil
That robb d Andronicus of his good hand 41
This is the pearl that pleased your Empress eye,
And here s the base fruit of his burning lust
Say wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend like face?
Why dost not speak? what deaf? not a word?
A halter soldiers! hang him on this tree
And by his side his fruit of bastardy
Aar Touch not the boy he is of royal blood
Luc Too like the sire for ever being good 50
First hang the child that he may see it sprawl
A sight to vex the father s soul withal
Get me a ladder
A ladder brought which AARON *is made to ascend*
Aar Lucius save the child
And bear it from me to the Empress
If thou do this I ll show thee wondrous things
That highly may advantage thee to hear
If thou wilt not befall what may befall
I ll speak no more but Vengeance rot you all!
Luc Say on an if it please me which thou speak st
Thy child shall live and I will see it nourish d
Aar An if it please thee! why assure thee, Lucius 61

'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak,
For I must talk of murders, rapes and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villainies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd
And this shall all be buried by my death
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live
Luc Tell on thy mind I say thy child shall live
Aar Swear that he shall, and then I will begin
Luc Who should I swear by? thou believest no god *71*
That granted how canst thou believe an oath?
Aar What if I do not? as indeed I do not,
Yet, for I know thou art religious
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
Therefore I urge thy oath, for that I know
An idiot holds his bauble for a god *79*
And keeps the oath which by that god he swears,
To that I'll urge him therefore thou shalt vow
By that same god what god soe'er it be,
That thou adorest and hast in reverence,
To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up,
Or else I will discover nought to thee
Luc Even by my god I swear to thee I will
Aar First know thou, I begot him on the Empress
Luc O most insatiate and luxurious woman!
Aar Tut, Lucius this was but a deed of charity
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon *90*
'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus,
They cut thy sister's tongue and ravish'd her
And cut her hands and trimm'd her as thou saw'st
Luc O detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?
Aar Why she was wash'd and cut and trimm'd and 'twas
Trim sport for them that had the doing of it
Luc O barbarous beastly villains like thyself!
Aar Indeed I was their tutor to instruct them
That codding spirit had they from their mother
As sure a card as ever won the set *100*
That bloody mind I think they learn'd of me
As true a dog as ever fought at head
Well let my deeds be witness of my worth
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay
I wrote the letter that thy father found
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd
Confederate with the Queen and her two sons
And what not done that thou hast cause to rue
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it? *110*
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand
And when I had it, drew myself apart
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall
When, for his hand he had his two sons' heads,
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his
And when I told the Empress of this sport,
She swooned almost at my pleasing tale
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses *120*
1st Goth What, canst thou say all this, and never blush?
Aar Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is
Luc Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?
Aar Ay, that I had not done a thousand more
Even now I curse the day—and yet I think
Few come within the compass of my curse—
Wherein I did not some notorious ill,
As kill a man or else devise his death
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it,
Accuse some innocent and forswear myself, *130*
Set deadly enmity between two friends,
Make poor men's cattle break their necks,
Set fires on barns and hay stacks in the night
And bid the owners quench them with their tears
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
Even when their sorrows almost were forgot,
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
"Let not your sorrow die though I am dead"
Tut I have done a thousand dreadful things *141*
As willingly as one would kill a fly,
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed
But that I cannot do ten thousand more
Luc Bring down the devil, for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently
Aar If there be devils would I were a devil
To live and burn in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue! *150*
Luc Sirs stop his mouth and let him speak no more

Enter THIRD GOTH

3rd Goth My lord there is a messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence
Luc Let him come near

Enter ÆMILIUS

Welcome Æmilius what's the news from Rome?
Æmil Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths
The Roman Emperor greets you all by me,
And for he understands you are in arms
He craves a parley at your father's house
Willing you to demand your hostages,

And they shall be immediately deliver d
1st Goth What says our general?
Luc Æmilius let the Emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus
And we will come March away [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Rome before Titus s house*

Enter TAMORA DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON *disguised*

Tam Thus in this strange and sad habiliment
I will encounter with Andronicus
And say I am Revenge sent from below
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs
Knock at his study where they say he keeps
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge
Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies
They knock

Enter TITUS *above*

Tit Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door 10
That so my sad decrees may fly away
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceived for what I mean to do
See here in bloody lines I have set down
And what is written shall be executed
Tam Titus I am come to talk with thee
Tit No not a word how can I grace my talk
Wanting a hand to give it action?
Thou hast the odds of me therefore no more
Tam If thou didst know me thou wouldest talk with me 20
Tit I am not mad I know thee well enough
Witness this wretched stump witness these crimson lines
Witness these trenches made by grief and care
Witness the tiring day and heavy night
Witness all sorrow that I know thee well
For our proud empress mighty Tamora
Is not thy coming for my other hand?
Tam Know thou sad man I am not Tamora
She is thy enemy and I thy friend
I am Revenge sent from the infernal kingdom 30
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes
Come down and welcome me to this world s light
Confer with me of murder and of death
There s not a hollow cave or lurking place,
No vast obscurity or misty vale
Where bloody murder or detested rape
Can couch for fear but I will find them out
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name
Revenge which makes the foul offender quake
Tit Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me 41
To be a torment to mine enemies?
Tam I am therefore come down and welcome me
Tit Do me some service ere I come to thee
Lo by thy side where Rape and Murder stands
Now give some surance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them or tear them on thy chariot wheels
And then I ll come and be thy waggoner
And whirl along with thee about the globe
Provide thee two proper palfreys black as jet 50
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away
And find our murderers in their guilty caves
And when thy car is loaden with their heads
I will dismount and by the waggon wheel
Trot like a servile footman all day long
Even from Hyperion s rising in the east
Until his very downfall in the sea
And day by day I ll do this heavy task
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there
Tam These are my ministers and come with me 60
Tit Are these thy ministers? what are they call d?
Tam Rapine and Murder therefore called so
Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men
Tit Good Lord how like the Empress sons they are!
And you, the Empress! but we worldly men
Have miserable mad mistaking eyes
O sweet Revenge now do I come to thee
And if one arm's embracement will content thee
I will embrace thee in it by and by [*Exit above*
Tam This closing with him fits his lunacy
Whate er I forge to feed his brain sick fits 71
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge
And being credulous in this mad thought
I ll make him send for Lucius his son
And whilst I at a banquet hold him sure
I ll find some cunning practice out of hand
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths
Or at the least make them his enemies
See here he comes and I must ply my theme

Enter TITUS *below*

Tit Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee 81
Welcome dread Fury to my woful house
Rapine and Murder you are welcome too
How like the Empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted had you but a Moor
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?
For well I wot the Empress never wags
But in her company there is a Moor
And would you represent our Queen aright
It were convenient you had such a devil 90
But welcome as you are What shall we do?

Tam What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?

Dem Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him

Chi Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be revenged on him

Tam Show me a thousand that have done thee wrong
And I will be revenged on them all

Tit Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou find st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him he s a murderer *100*
Go thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee
Good Rapine, stab him, he s a ravisher
Go thou with them, and in the Emperor's court
There is a Queen attended by a Moor
Well mayst thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee
I pray thee, do on them some violent death,
They have been violent to me and mine

Tam Well hast thou lesson'd us this shall we do *110*
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius thy thrice valiant son
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths
And bid him come and banquet at thy house,
When he is here even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the Empress and her sons,
The Emperor himself and all thy foes,
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart
What says Andronicus to this device? *120*

Tit Marcus my brother! tis sad Titus calls

Enter MARCUS

Go, gentle Marcus to thy nephew Lucius,
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths
Bid him repair to me and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are
Tell him the Emperor and the Empress too
Feast at my house and he shall feast with them
This do thou for my love and so let him
As he regards his aged father s life *1,0*

Marc This will I do and soon return again [*Exit*

Tam Now will I hence about thy business
And take my ministers along with me

Tit Nay nay let Rape and Murder stay with me
Or else I ll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius

Tam [*Aside to her sons*] What say you boys? will you bide with him
Whiles I go tell my lord the Emperor
How I have govern d our determined jest?
Yield to his humour smooth and speak him fair
And tarry with him till I turn again *141*

Tit [*Aside*] I know them all, though they suppose me mad
And will o'erreach them in their own devices
A pair of cursed hell hounds and their dam!

Dem Madam, depart at pleasure leave us here

Tam Farewell, Andronicus Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes

Tit I know thou dost, and, sweet Revenge, farewell [*Exit* TAMORA

Chi Tell us old man how shall we be employ d?

Tit Tut I have work enough for you to do
Publius come hither Caius and Valentine! *151*

Enter PUBLIUS *and others*

Pub What is your will?

Tit Know you these two?

Pub The Empress sons I take them, Chiron and Demetrius

Tit Fie, Publius fie! thou art too much deceived,
The one is Murder, Rape is the other s name,
And therefore bind them gentle Publius
Caius and Valentine lay hands on them
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour *160*
And now I find it therefore bind them sure
And stop their mouths if they begin to cry [*Exit* *Publius &c lay hold on* CHIRON *and* DEMETRIUS

Chi Villains forbear! we are the Empress sons

Pub And therefore do we what we are commanded
Stop close their mouths let them not speak a word
Is he sure bound? look that you bind them fast

Re-enter TITUS *with* LAVINIA *he bearing a knife and she a basin*

Tit Come come, Lavinia look thy foes are bound
Sirs stop their mouths let them not speak to me
But let them hear what fearful words I utter
O villains Chiron and Demetrius! *170*
Here stands the spring whom you have stain d with mud
This goodly summer with your winter mix d
You kill d her husband and for that vile fault
Two of her brothers were condemn d to death,
My hand cut off and made a merry jest

Both her sweet hands her tongue, and that more dear
Than hands or tongue her spotless chastity
Inhuman traitors you constrain d and forced
What would you say if I should let you speak?
Villains for shame you could not beg for grace
Hark wretches! how I mean to martyr you *181*
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats
Whilst that Lavinia tween her stumps doth hold
The basin that receives your guilty blood
You know your mother means to feast with me
And calls herself Revenge and thinks me mad
Hark villains! I will grind your bones to dust
And with your blood and it I ll make a paste
And of the paste a coffin I will rear
And make two pastries of your shameful heads
And bid that strumpet your unhallow d dam *191*
Like to the earth swallow her own increase
This is the feast that I have bid her to
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on
For worse than Philomel you used my daughter
And worse than Progne I will be revenged
And now prepare your throats Lavinia come
He cuts their throats
Receive the blood and when that they are dead
Let me go grind their bones to powder small
And with this hateful liquor temper it *200*
And in that paste let their vile heads be baked
Come, come be every one officious
To make this banquet which I wish may prove
More stern and bloody then the Centaurs feast
So now bring them in for I ll play the cook
And see them ready gainst their mother comes
[*Exeunt bearing the dead bodies*

SCENE III *Court of Titus s house a banquet set out*

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS *and* GOTHS *with* AARON *prisoner*

Luc Uncle Marcus since it is my father s mind
That I repair to Rome I am content
1st Goth And ours with thine, befall what fortune will
Luc Good uncle take you in this barbarous Moor
This ravenous tiger this accursed devil
Let him receive no sustenance fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the Empress face
For testimony of her foul proceedings
And see the ambush of our friends be strong
I fear the Emperor means no good to us *10*
Aar Some devil whisper curses in mine ear
And prompt me that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!
Luc Away inhuman dog! unhallow d slave!
Sirs help our uncle to convey him in.

[*Exeunt* GOTHS *with* AARON *Flourish within*
The trumpets show the Emperor is at hand

Enter SATURNINUS *and* TAMORA *with* ÆMILIUS, *Tribunes Senators and others*

Sat What hath the firmament more suns than one?
Luc What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?
Marc Rome s Emperor and nephew break the parle
These quarrels must be quietly debated *20*
The feast is ready which the careful Titus
Hath ordain d to an honourable end
For peace for love for league and good to Rome
Please you therefore draw nigh, and take your places
Sat Marcus we will
Hautboys sound The Company sit down at table

Enter TITUS *dressed like a Cook* LAVINIA *veiled* YOUNG LUCIUS *and others* TITUS *places the dishes on the table*

Tit Welcome my gracious lord welcome, dread Queen
Welcome ye warlike Goths welcome, Lucius
And welcome, all although the cheer be poor
'Twill fill your stomachs please you eat of it *29*
Sat Why art thou thus attired Andronicus?
Tit Because I would be sure to have all well
To entertain your Highness and your Empress
Tam We are beholding to you good Andronicus
Tit An if your Highness knew my heart you were
My lord the Emperor resolve me this
Was it well done of rash Virginius
To slay his daughter with his own right hand
Because she was enforced stain d and deflower d?
Sat It was Andronicus
Tit Your reason, mighty lord? *40*
Sat Because the girl should not survive her shame
And by her presence still renew sorrows
Tit A reason mighty strong and effectual
A pattern, precedent and lively warrant
For me most wretched to perform the like
Die die Lavinia and thy shame with thee
[*Kills* LAVINIA
And with thy shame thy father s sorrow die!
Sat What hast thou done unnatural and unkind?
Tit Kill d her for whom my tears have made me blind
I am as woful as Virginius was *50*
And have a thousand times more cause than he

To do this outrage and it now is done

Sat What, was she ravish'd? tell who did the deed

Tit Will't please you eat? will't please your Highness feed?

Tam Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

Tit Not I, 'twas Chiron and Demetrius
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong

Sat Go fetch them hither to us presently

Tit Why, there they are both, baked in that pie,
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed 61
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred
'Tis true, 'tis true, witness my knife's sharp point

[*Kills* TAMORA

Sat Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed!

[*Kills* TITUS

Luc Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed death for a deadly deed!

[*Kills* SATURNINUS *A great tumult*

LUCIUS, MARCUS, *and others go up into the balcony*

Marc You sad faced men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproar sever'd like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O let me teach you how to knit again 70
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body,
Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself,
And she whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate castaway
Do shameful execution on herself
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age
Grave witnesses of true experience
Cannot induce you to attend my words
[*To* LUCIUS] Speak Rome's dear friend, as erst our ancestor, 80
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear
The story of that baleful burning night
When subtle Greeks *surprised King Priam's Troy*,
Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in
That gives our Troy our Rome the civil wound
My heart is not compact of flint nor steel
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief
But floods of tears will drown my oratory 90
And break my utterance even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak

Luc Then, noble auditory, be it known to you
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our Emperor's brother,
And they it were that ravished our sister 99
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our father's tears despised and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave
Lastly, myself unkindly banished
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out
To beg relief among Rome's enemies,
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And oped their arms to embrace me as a friend
I am the turned forth be it known to you
That have preserved her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosom took the enemy's point, 111
Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body
Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I,
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just and full of truth
But soft! methinks I do disgress to much
Citing my worthless praise O pardon me,
For when no friends are by men praise themselves

Marc Now is my turn to speak Behold this child

[*Pointing to the child in the arms of an Attendant*

Of this was Tamora delivered 120
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
And as he is, to witness this is true
Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear
Now you have heard the truth what say you Romans?
Have we done aught amiss? Show us wherein
And from the place where you behold us now
The poor remainder of Andronici 131
Will hand in hand all headlong cast us down
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains
And make a mutual closure of our house
Speak Romans speak and if you say we shall
Lo hand in hand Lucius and I will fall

Aemil Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome

And bring our Emperor gently in thy hand
Lucius our Emperor for well I know
The common voice do cry it shall be so 140

All Lucius all hail Rome's royal Emperor!

Mar Go go into old Titus' sorrowful house,

To Attendants

And hither hale that misbelieving Moor

To be adjudged some direful slaughtering death
As punishment for his most wicked life
[*Exeunt Attendants*

LUCIUS MARCUS *and the others descend*

All Lucius all hail Rome s gracious governor!
Luc Thanks gentle Romans may I govern so
To heal Rome s harms and wipe away her woe!
But gentle people give me aim awhile
For nature puts me to a heavy task 150
Stand all aloof but uncle draw you near
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk
O take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips
Kissing Titus
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood stain d face
The last true duties of thy noble son!
Marc Tear for tear and loving kiss for kiss
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips
O were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite yet would I pay them!
Luc Come hither boy come come and learn of us 160
To melt in showers thy grandsire loved thee well
Many a time he danced thee on his knee
Sung thee asleep his loving breast thy pillow
Many a matter hath he told to thee
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy
In that respect then, like a loving child
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring
Because kind nature doth require it so
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe
Bid him farewell commit him to the grave 170
Do him that kindness and take leave of him
Young Luc O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart
Would I were dead so you did live again!
O Lord I cannot speak to him for weeping
My tears will choke me if I ope my mouth

Re-enter Attendants with AARON

Æm You sad Andronici have done with woes
Give sentence on this execrable wretch
That hath been breeder of these dire events
Luc Set him breast-deep in earth and famish him 179
There let him stand and rave and cry for food
If any one relieves or pities him
For the offence he dies This is our doom
Some stay to see him fasten d in the earth
Aar O why should wrath be mute and fury dumb?
I am no baby I that with base prayers
I should repent the evils I have done
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform if I might have my will
If one good deed in all my life I did
I do repent it from my very soul 190
Luc Some loving friends convey the Emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father s grave
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
Be closed in our household s monument
As for that heinous tiger Tamora
No funeral rite nor man in mourning weeds
No mournful bell shall ring her burial
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey
Her life was beast like and devoid of pity
And being so shall have like want of pity 200
See justice done on Aaron, that damn d Moor
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning
Then afterwards to order well the state
That like events may ne er it ruinate [*Exeunt*

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

A LORD
CHRISTOPHER SLY, *a tinker*
TWO HUNTSMEN
SERVINGMAN
PAGE
MESSENGER
THREE SERVANTS
PLAYERS
HOSTESS
— *Persons in the Induction*

BAPTISTA MINOLA, *a rich gentleman of Padua*
VINCENTIO, *an old gentleman of Pisa*
LUCENTIO, *son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca*
PETRUCHIO, *a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katharina*
GREMIO, HORTENSIO — *suitors to Bianca*
TRANIO, BIONDELLO — *servants to Lucentio*

GRUMIO, CURTIS, PETER, NATHANIEL, PHILIP, JOSEPH, NICHOLAS — *servants to Petruchio*
A PEDANT
A TAILOR
A HABERDASHER

KATHARINA, *the shrew*, BIANCA — *daughters to Baptista*
WIDOW

NON SPEAKING: *Attendants and servants*

SCENE: *Padua, and Petruchio's country house*



INDUCTION

SCENE 1. *Before an alehouse on a heath*

Enter HOSTESS *and* SLY

Sly. I'll pheeze you, in faith.
Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!
Sly. Ye are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues; look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore *paucas pallabris*; let the world slide: sessa!
Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?
Sly. No, not a denier. Go by, Jeronimy: go to thy cold bed, and warm thee. 10
Host. I know my remedy; I must go fetch the third borough. [*Exit.*
Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law. I'll not budge an inch, boy: let him come, and kindly. [*Falls asleep.*]

Horns winded. Enter a LORD *from hunting, with his train*

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
Brach Merriman, the poor cur is emboss'd;
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault? 20
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.
1st Hun. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.
Lord. Thou art a fool: if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well and look unto them all:
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.
1st Hun. I will, my lord. 30
Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?
2nd Hun. He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.
Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself? 41
1st Hun. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2nd Hun It would seem strange unto him when he waked

Lord Even as a flattering dream or worthless fancy

Then take him up and manage well the jest
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures
Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet
Procure me music ready when he wakes 50
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound
And if he chance to speak be ready straight
And with a low submissive reverence
Say What is it your honour will command?
Let one attend him with a silver basin
Full of rose water and bestrew d with flowers
Another bear the ewer the third a diaper
And say Will t please your lordship cool your hands?
Some one be ready with a costly suit
And ask him what apparel he will wear 60
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic
And when he says he is say that he dreams
For he is nothing but a mighty lord
This do and do it kindly gentle sirs
It will be pastime passing excellent
If it be husbanded with modesty

1st Hun My lord I warrant you we will play our part

As he shall think by our true diligence 70
He is no less than what we say he is

Lord Take him up gently and to bed with him
And each one to his office when he wakes

Some bear out SLY *A trumpet sounds*

Sirrah go see what trumpet tis that sounds

[*Exit* SERVINGMAN

Belike some noble gentleman that means
Travelling some journey to repose him here

Re-enter SERVINGMAN

How now! who is it?

Serv An t please your honour players
That offer service to your lordship

Lord Bid them come near

Enter PLAYERS

Now fellows you are welcome

Players We thank your honour 80

Lord Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

A Player So please your lordship to accept our duty

Lord With all my heart This fellow I remember

Since once he play d a farmer s eldest son
Twas where you woo d the gentlewoman so well
I have forgot your name but sure that part
Was aptly fitted and naturally perform d

A Player I think twas Soto that your honour means

Lord 'Tis very true thou didst it excellent
Well you are come to me in happy time 90
The rather for I have some sport in hand
Wherein your cunning can assist me much
There is a lord will hear you play to-night
But I am doubtful of your modesties
Lest over eyeing of his odd behaviour —
For yet his honour never heard a play—
You break into some merry passion
And so offend him for I tell you sirs
If you should smile he grows impatient

A Player Fear not my lord we can contain ourselves

Were he the veriest antic in the world

Lord Go sirrah take them to the buttery
And give them friendly welcome every one
Let them want nothing that my house affords

[*Exit one with the* PLAYERS

Sirrah go you to Barthol mew my page
And see him dress d in all suits like a lady
That done conduct him to the drunkard s chamber
And call him madam do him obeisance
Tell him from me as he will win my love
He bear himself with honourable action, 110
Such as he hath observed in noble ladies
Unto their lords by them accomplished
Such duty to the drunkard let him do
With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy
And say What is t your honour will command
Wherein your lady and your humble wife
May show her duty and make known her love?
And then with kind embracements tempting kisses
And with declining head into his bosom
Bid him shed tears as being overjoy d 120
To see her noble lord restored to health,
Who for this seven years hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar
And if the boy have not a woman s gift
To rain a shower of commanded tears
An onion will do well for such a shift
Which in a napkin being close convey d
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye
See this dispatch d with all the haste thou canst
Anon I ll give thee more instructions 130

[*Exit a* SERVINGMAN

I know the boy will well usurp the grace
Voice gait and action of a gentlewoman
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband,

And how my men will stay themselves from
 laughter
When they do homage to this simple peasant
I'll in to counsel them, haply my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen
Which otherwise would grow into extremes
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II *A bedchamber in the Lord's house*

Enter aloft SLY, *with Attendants, some with apparel, others with basin and ewer and other appurtenances, and* LORD

Sly For God's sake, a pot of small ale

1st Serv Will't please your lordship drink a cup
 of sack?

2nd Serv Will't please your honour taste of
 these conserves?

3rd Serv What raiment will your honour wear
 to-day?

Sly I am Christophero Sly, call not me 'honour' nor "lordship' I ne'er drank sack in my life, and if you give me any conserves give me conserves of beef ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear, for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet, nay, sometime more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the over-leather

Lord Heaven cease this idle humour in your
 honour!
O, that a mighty man of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burtonheath, by birth a pedlar, by education a cardmaker, by transmutation a bear herd and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale wife of Wincot if she know me not if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom What! I am not bestraught here's—

3rd Serv O, this it is that makes your lady
 mourn!

2nd Serv O this is it that makes your servants
 droop!

Lord Hence comes it that your kindred shuns
 your house 30
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy
O noble lord bethink thee of thy birth
Call home thy *ancient thoughts from banishment*
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams
Look how thy servants do attend on thee
Each in his office ready at thy beck
Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays,
Music
And twenty caged nightingales do sing
Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed 40
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis
Say thou wilt walk, we will bestrew the ground
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth

1st Serv Say thou wilt course, thy greyhounds
 are as swift
As breathed stags ay, fleeter than the roe 50

2nd Serv Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch
 thee straight
Adonis painted by a running brook
And Cytherea all *in sedges hid*
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind

Lord We'll show thee Io as she was a maid,
And how she was beguiled and surprised
As lively painted as the deed was done

3rd Serv Or Daphne roaming through a thorny
 wood
Scratching her legs that one shall swear she
 bleeds 60
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn

Lord Thou art a lord and nothing but a lord
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age

1st Serv And till the tears that she hath shed for
 thee
Like envious floods o'er-run her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world,
And yet she is inferior to none

Sly Am I a lord? and have I such a lady? 70
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep I see, I hear I speak
I smell sweet savours and I feel soft things
Upon my life I am a lord indeed
And not a tinker nor Christophero Sly
We'll bring our lady hither to our sight,
And once again a pot o' the smallest ale

2nd Serv Will't please your mightiness to wash
 your hands
O how we joy to see your wit restored! 79
O that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream
Or when you waked so waked as if you slept

Sly These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly
 nap
But did I never speak of all that time?

1st Serv O yes my lord but very idle words
For though you lay here in this goodly [illegible]

Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door
And rail upon the hostess of the house
And say you would present her at the leet
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal d
quarts 90
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket
Sly Ay the woman s maid of the house
3rd Serv Why sir you know no house nor no
such maid
Nor no such men as you have reckon d up
As Stephen Sly and old John Naps of Greece
And Peter Turph and Henry Pimpernell
And twenty more such names and men as these
Which never were nor no man ever saw
Sly Now Lord be thanked for my good amends!
All Amen 100
Sly I thank thee thou shalt not lose by it

Enter the PAGE *as a lady with attendants*

Page How fares my noble lord?
Sly Marry I fare well for here is cheer enough
Where is my wife?
Page Here noble lord what is thy will with her?
Sly Are you my wife and will not call me hus
band?
My men should call me lord I am your good
man
Page My husband and my lord my lord and
husband
I am your wife in all obedience
Sly I know it well What must I call her?
Lord Madam 111
Sly Al ce madam or Joan madam?
Lord Madam and nothing else so lords call
ladies
Sly Madam wife they say that I have dream d
And slept above some fifteen year or more
Page Ay and the time seems thirty unto me
Being all this time abandon d from your bed
Sly Tis much Servants leave me and her alone
Madam undress you and come now to bed
Page Thrice noble lord let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two 121
Or if not so until the sun be set
For your physicians have expressly charged
In peril to incur your former malady
That I should yet absent me from your bed
I hope this reason stands for my excuse
Sly Ay it stands so that I may hardly tarry so
long But I would be loath to fall into my dreams
again I will therefore tarry in despite of the
flesh and the blood 130

Enter a MESSENGER

Mess Your honour s players hearing your
amendment
Are come to play a pleasant comedy
For so your doctors hold it very meet
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal d your
blood
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy
Therefore they thou ht it good you hear a play
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life
Sly Marry I will let them play it Is not a
comonty a Christmas gambold or a tumbling
trick? 141
Page No my good lord it is more pleasing stuff
Sly What household stuff?
Page It is a kind of history
Sly Well we ll see t Come madam wife sit
by my side and let the world slip we shall ne er
be younger

Flourish

ACT I

SCENE I *Padua a public place*

Enter LUCENTIO *and his man* TRANIO

Luc Tranio since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua nursery of arts
I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy
The pleasant garden of great Italy
And by my father s love and leave am arm d
With his good will and thy good company
My trusty servant well approved in all
Here let us breathe and haply institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies
Pisa renown d for grave citizens 10
Gave me my being and my father first
A merchant of great traffic through the world
Vincentio come of the Bentivolii
Vincentio s son brought up in Florence
It shall become to serve all hopes conceived
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds
And therefore Tranio for the time I study
Virtue and that part of philosophy
Will I apply that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achieved 20
Tell me thy mind for I have Pisa left
And am to Padua come as he that leaves
A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst
Tra *Mi perdonato* gentle master mine
I am in all affected as yourself
Glad that you thus continue your resolve
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy
Only good master while we do admire
This virtue and this moral discipline 30
Let s be no stoics nor no stocks I pray
Or so devote to Aristotle s checks
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured

Balk logic with acquaintance that you have
And practise rhetoric in your common talk,
Music and poesy use to quicken you,
The mathematics and the metaphysics
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you,
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en
In brief, sir, study what you most affect 40
Luc Gramercies Tranio, well dost thou advise
If Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness,
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget
But stay a while what company is this?
Tra *Master, some show to welcome us to town*

Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA GREMIO, *a pantaloon, and* HORTENSIO LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO *stand by*

Bap Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolved you know,
That is not to bestow my youngest daughter 50
Before I have a husband for the elder
If either of you both love Katharina
Because I know you well and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure
Gre [*Aside*] To cart her rather she's too rough for me
There there, Hortensio will you any wife?
Kath I pray you sir is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?
Hor Mates maid! how mean you that? no mates for you
Unless you were of gentler milder mould 60
Kath I faith sir you shall never need to fear
I wis it is not half way to her heart
But if it were doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg d stool
And paint your face and use you like a fool
Hor From all such devils good Lord deliver us!
Gre And me too good Lord!
Tra Hush, master! here s some good pastime toward
That wench is stark mad or wonderful froward
Luc But in the other s silence do I see 70
Maid s mild behaviour and sobriety
Peace Tranio!
Tra Well said, master, mum! and gaze your fill
Bap Gentlemen that I may soon make good
What I have said Bianca get you in
And let it not displease thee good Bianca
For I will love thee ne er the less my girl
Kath A pretty peat! it is best
Put finger in the eye an she knew why

Bian Sister, content you in my discontent 80
Sir to your pleasure humbly I subscribe
My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look and practise by myself
Luc Hark Tranio! thou may st hear Minerva speak
Hor Signior Baptista will you be so strange?
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca s grief
Gre Why will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista for this fiend of hell
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?
Bap Gentlemen, content ye, I am resolved 90
Go in Bianca [*Exit* BIANCA
And for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments and poetry
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth If you Hortensio,
Or Signior Gremio, you, know any such,
Prefer them hither, for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing up
And so farewell Katharina, you may stay 100
For I have more to commune with Bianca [*Exit*
Kath Why and I trust I may go too, may I not?
What shall I be appointed hours as though belike I knew not what to take and what to leave, ha? [*Exit*
Gre You may go to the devil s dam your gifts are so good, here s none will hold you Their love is not so great Hortensio but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out our cake s dough on both sides Farewell yet for the love I bear my sweet Bianca if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights I will wish him to her father
Hor So will I Signior Gremio but a word I pray Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked parle, know now, upon advice it toucheth us both that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress and be happy rivals in Bianca s love, to labour and effect one thing specially 110
Gre What s that I pray?
Hor Marry sir to get a husband for her sister
Gre A husband! a devil
Hor I say a husband
Gre I say a devil Thinkest thou Hortensio though her father be very rich any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?
Hor Tush Gremio though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums why man there be good fellows in the world an a man could light on them would take her with all faults and money enough
Gre I cannot tell but I had as lief take her

dowry with this condition, to be whipped at the high cross every morning

Hor Faith as you say there s small choice in rotten apples But come since this bar in law makes us friends it shall be so far forth friendly maintained till by helping Baptista s eldest daughter to a husband we set his youngest free for a husband and then have to t afresh Sweet Bianca Happy man be his dole He that runs fastest gets the ring How say you Signior Gremio?

Gre I am agreed and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing that would thoroughly woo her wed her and bed her and rid the house of her! Come on 150

[*Exeunt* GREMIO *and* HORTENSIO

Tra I pray sir tell me, is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc O Tranio till I found it to be true
I never thought it possible or likely
But see while idly I stood looking on
I found the effect of love in idleness
And now in plainness do confess to thee,
That art to me as secret and as dear
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was
Tranio I burn I pine I perish Tranio 160
If I achieve not this young modest girl
Counsel me Tranio for I know thou canst
Assist me Tranio for I know thou wilt

Tra Master it is no time to chide you now
Affection is not rated from the heart
If love have touch d you nought remains but so
Redime te captum quam queas minimo

Luc Gramercies lad go forward this contents
The rest will comfort for thy counsel s sound

Tra Master you look d so longly on the maid
Perhaps you mark d not what s the pith of all

Luc O yes I saw sweet beauty in her face
Such as the daughter of Agenor had
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand
When with his knees he kiss d the Cretan strand

Tra Saw you no more? mark d you not how her sister
Began to scold and raise up such a storm
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc Tranio I saw her coral lips to move
And with her breath she did perfume the air 180
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her

Tra Nay then tis time to stir him from his trance
I pray awake sir if you love the maid
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her Thus it stands
Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd
That till the father rid his hands of her
Master your love must live a maid at home
And therefore has he closely mew d her up
Because she will not be annoy d with suitors

Luc Ah Tranio what a cruel father s he!
But art thou not advised he took some care 191
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

Tra Ay marry am I sir and now tis plotted

Luc I have it Tranio

Tra Master for my hand
Both our inventions meet and jump in one

Luc Tell me thine first

Tra You will be schoolmaster
And undertake the teaching of the maid
That s your device

Luc It is may it be done?

Tra Not possible for who shall bear your part
And be in Padua here Vincentio s son, 200
Keep house and ply his book welcome his friends
Visit his countrymen and banquet them?

Luc *Basta* content thee for I have it full
We have not yet been seen in any house
Nor can we be distinguish d by our faces
For man or master then it follows thus
Thou shalt be master Tranio in my stead
Keep house and port and servants as I should
I will some other be some Florentine
Some Neapolitan or meaner man of Pisa 210
'Tis hatch d and shall be so Tranio at once
Uncase thee take my colour d hat and cloak
When Biondello comes he waits on thee
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue

Tra So had you need
In brief sir sith it your pleasure is
And I am tied to be obedient
For so your father charged me at our parting
Be serviceable to my son quoth he
Although I think twas in another sense 220
I am content to be Lucentio
Because so well I love Lucentio

Luc Tranio be so because Lucentio loves
And let me be a slave to achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall d my wounded eye
Here comes the rogue

Enter BIONDELLO

Sirrah where have you been?

Bion Where have I been! Nay how now! where are you? Master has my fellow Tranio stolen your clothes? Or you stolen his? or both? pray what s the news? 230

Luc Sirrah come hither tis no time to jest
And therefore frame your manners to the time
Your fellow Tranio here to save my life
Puts my apparel and my countenance on
And I for my escape have put on his

For in a quarrel since I came ashore
I kill'd a man and fear I was descried
Wait you on him I charge you, as becomes
While I make way from hence to save my life
You understand me?
Bion I sir! ne'er a whit *240*
Luc And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth
Tranio is changed into Lucentio
Bion The better for him would I were so too!
Tra So could I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter
But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I advise
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio,
But in all places else your master Lucentio *249*
Luc Tranio let's go one thing more rests, that thyself execute, to make one among these wooers if thou ask me why, sufficeth my reasons are both good and weighty [*Exeunt*

The presenters above speak

1st Serv My lord, you nod, you do not mind the play
Sly Yes, by Saint Anne, do I A good matter, surely comes there any more of it?
Page My lord, 'tis but begun
Sly 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady would 'twere done! *259*
They sit and mark

SCENE II *Padua before Hortensio's house*

Enter PETRUCHIO *and his man* GRUMIO

Pet Verona for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua, but of all
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio and I trow this is his house
Here sirrah Grumio knock, I say
Gru Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebused your worship?
Pet Villain, I say knock me here soundly
Gru Knock you here sir! why, sir what am I, sir that I should knock you here sir? *10*
Pet Villain I say, knock me at this gate
And rap me well or I ll knock your knave s pate
Gru My master is grown quarrelsome I should knock you first
And then I know after who comes by the worst
Pet Will it not be?
Faith sirrah an you ll not knock I ll ring it
I ll try how you can sol fa, and sing it
He wrings him by the ears
Gru Help masters help! my master is mad
Pet Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain!

Enter HORTENSIO

Hor How now! what s the matter? My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio! How do you all at Verona?
Pet Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
Con tutto il cuore, ben trovato, may I say
Hor *Alla nostra casa ben venuto molto honorato signor mio Petruchio*
Rise, Grumio, rise we will compound this quarrel
Gru Nay, tis no matter sir, what he 'leges in Latin If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service, look you, sir, he bid me knock him and rap him soundly, sir well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so, being perhaps, for aught I see, two and thirty, a pip out?
Whom would to God I had well knock'd at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst
Pet A senseless villain! Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate
And could not get him for my heart to do it
Gru Knock at the gate! O heavens! Spake you not these words plain, 'Sirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well and knock me soundly'? And come you now with 'knocking at the gate'?
Pet Sirrah, be gone, or talk not I advise you
Hor Petruchio, patience I am Grumio s pledge
Why, this s a heavy chance twixt him and you,
Your ancient, trusty pleasant servant Grumio
And tell me now sweet friend what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?
Pet Such wind as scatters young men through the world *50*
To seek their fortunes farther than at home
Where small experience grows But in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me
Antonio, my father, is deceased
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive and thrive as best I may
Crowns in my purse I have and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world
Hor Petruchio shall I then come roundly to thee
And wish thee to a shrewd ill favour'd wife? *60*
Thou 'ldst thank me but a little for my counsel
And yet I ll promise thee she shall be rich
And very rich but thou rt too much my friend
And I ll not wish thee to her
Pet Signior Hortensio twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice and therefore if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio s wife
As wealth is burden of my wooing dance

Be she as foul as was Florentius love
As old as Sibyl and as curst and shrewd 70
As Socrates Xanthippe or a worse
She moves me not or not removes at least
Affection s edge in me were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua
If wealthily then happily in Padua

Gru Nay look you sir he tells you flatly what his mind is why give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet or an a let baby or an old trot with ne er a tooth in her head thou h she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses why nothing comes amiss so money comes withal

Hor Petruchio since we are stepp d thus far in
I will continue that I broach d in jest
I can Petruchio help thee to a wife
With wealth enough and young and beauteous
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman
Her only fault and that is faults enough
Is that she is intolerable curst
And shrewd and froward so beyond all measure
That were my state far worser than it is 91
I would not wed her for a mine of gold

Pet Hortensio peace' thou know st not gold s effect
Tell me her father s name and tis enough
For I will board her though she chide as loud
As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack

Hor Her father is Baptista Minola
An affable and courteous gentleman
Her name is Katharina Minola
Renown d in Padua for her scolding tongue 100

Pet I know her father though I know not her
And he knew my deceased father well
I will not sleep Hortensio till I see her
And therefore let me be thus bold with you
To give you over at this first encounter
Unless you will accompany me thither

Gru I pray you sir let him go while the humour lasts O my word an she knew him as well as I do she would think scolding would do little good upon him she may perhaps call him half a score knaves or so why that s nothing an he begin once he ll rail in his rope tricks I ll tell you what sir an she stand him but a little he will thro v a figure in her face and so disfigure her with it that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat You know him not sir

Hor Tarry Petruchio I must go with thee
For in Baptista s keep my treasure is
He hath the jewel of my life in hold
His youngest daughter beautiful Bianca 120
And her withholds from me and other more
Suitors to her and rivals in my love
Supposing it a thing impossible
For those defects I have before rehearsed,
That ever Katharina will be woo d
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta en,
That none shall have access unto Bianca
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband

Gru Katharine the curst'
A title for a maid of all titles the worst 130

Hor Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace
And offer me disguised in sober robes
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen in music to instruct Bianca
That so I may by this device at least
Have leave and leisure to make love to her
And unsuspected court her by herself

Gru Here s no knavery See to beguile the old folks how the young folks lay their heads together' 140

Enter GREMIO *and* LUCENTIO *disguised*

Master master look about you who goes there ha?

Hor Peace Grumio it is the rival of my love
Petruchio stand by a while

Gru A proper stripling and an amorous'

Gre O very well I have perused the note
Hark you sir I ll have them very fairly bound
All books of love see that at any hand
And see you read no other lectures to her
You understand me over and beside
Signior Baptista s liberality 150
I ll mend it with a largess Take your paper too
And let me have them very well perfumed
For she is sweeter than perfume itself
To whom they go to What will you read to her?

Luc Whate er I read to her I ll plead for you
As for my patron stand you so assured
As firmly as yourself were still in place
Yea and perhaps with more successful words
Than you unless you were a scholar sir

Gre O this learning what a thing it is' 160

Gru O this woodcock what an ass it is'

Pet Peace sirrah'

Hor Grumio mum' God save you Signior Gremio

Gre And you are well met Signior Hortensio
Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista Minola
I promised to inquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca
And by good fortune I have lighted well
On this young man for learning and behaviour
Fit for her turn well read in poetry 170
And other books good ones I warrant ye

Hor 'Tis well and I have met a gentleman

Achieve the elder set the younger free
For our access whose hap shall be to have her
Will not so graceless be to be ingrate 270
Hor Sir you say well and well you do conceive
And since you do profess to be a suitor
You must as we do gratify this gentleman
To whom we all rest generally beholding
Tra Sir I shall not be slack in sign whereof
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon
And quaff carouses to our mistress health
And do as adversaries do in law
Strive mightily but eat and drink as friends
Gru Bion O excellent motion Fellows let s be gone 280
Hor The motion s good indeed and be it so
Petruchio I shall be your *Ben venuto* [*Exeunt*

ACT II

SCENE I *Padua a room in Baptista s house*

Enter KATHARINA *and* BIANCA

Bian Good sister wrong me not nor wrong yourself
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me
That I disdain but for these other gawds
Unbind my hands I ll pull them off myself
Yea all my raiment to my petticoat
Or what you will command me will I do
So well I know my duty to my elders
Kath Of all thy suitors here I charge thee tell
Whom thou lovest best see thou dissemble not
Bian Believe me sister of all the men alive
I never yet beheld that special face 11
Which I could fancy more than any other
Kath Minion thou liest Is t not Hortensio?
Bian If you affect him sister here I swear
I ll plead for you myself but you shall have him
Kath O then belike you fancy riches more
You will have Gremio to keep you fair
Bian Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay then you jest and now I well perceive
You have but jested with me all this while 20
I prithee sister Kate untie my hands
Kath If that be jest then all the rest was so
Strikes her

Enter BAPTISTA

Bap Why how now dame? whence grows this insolence?
Bianca stand aside Poor girl! she weeps
Go ply thy needle meddle not with her
For shame thou hilding of a devilish spirit
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?
Kath Her silence flouts me and I ll be revenged
[*Flies after* BIANCA
Bap What in my sight? Bianca get thee in
[*Exit* BIANCA 30
Kath What will you not suffer me? Nay now I see
She is your treasure she must have a husband
I must dance barefoot on her wedding day
And for your love to her lead apes in hell
Talk not to me I will go sit and weep
Till I can find occasion of revenge [*Exit*
Bap Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?
But who comes here?

Enter GREMIO LUCENTIO *in the habit of a mean man* PETRUCHIO *with* HORTENSIO *as a musician and* TRANIO *with* BIONDELLO *bearing a lute and books*

Gre Good morrow neighbour Baptista
Bap Good morrow neighbour Gremio God save you gentlemen! 41
Pet And you good sir! Pray have you not a daughter
Call d Katharina fair and virtuous?
Bap I have a daughter sir called Katharina
Gre You are too blunt go to it orderly
Pet You wrong me Signior Gremio give me leave
I am a gentleman of Verona sir
That hearing of her beauty and her wit
Her affability and bashful modesty
Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour 50
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard
And for an entrance to my entertainment
I do present you with a man of mine
Presenting HORTENSIO
Cunning in music and the mathematics
To instruct her fully in those sciences
Whereof I know she is not ignorant
Accept of him or else you do me wrong
His name is Licio born in Mantua 60
Bap You re welcome sir and he, for your good sake
But for my daughter Katharine, this I know
She is not for your turn the more my grief
Pet I see you do not mean to part with her
Or else you like not of my company
Bap Mistake me not I speak but as I find
Whence are you sir? what may I call your name?
Pet Petruchio is my name Antonio s son
A man well known throughout all Italy
Bap I know him well you are welcome for his sake 70
Gre Saving your tale Petruchio I pray

Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Baccare! you are marvellous forward.
Pet. O, pardon me, Signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.
Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing.
Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness, myself, that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, freely give unto you this young scholar [*presenting* LUCENTIO], that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his service.
Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio. Welcome, good Cambio. [*To* TRANIO] But, gentle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger: may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?
Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own,
That, being a stranger in this city here, 90
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request,
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo
And free access and favour as the rest:
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument, 100
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.
Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray?
Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.
Bap. A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.
Take you the lute, and you the set of books;
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my daughters; and tell them both, 110
These are their tutors: bid them use them well.
[*Exit Servant, with* LUCENTIO *and* HORTENSIO, BIONDELLO *following*
We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.
Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreased:
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love, 120
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?
Bap. After my death the one half of my lands,
And in possession twenty thousand crowns.
Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.
Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love; for that is all in all. 130
Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her and so she yields to me;
For I am rough and woo not like a babe.
Bap. Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words. 140
Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.
Re-enter HORTENSIO, *with his head broke*
Bap. How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?
Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.
Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?
Hor. I think she'll sooner prove a soldier:
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.
Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?
Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets, 150
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
'Frets, call you these?' quoth she; 'I'll fume with them:'
And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;
While she did call me rascal fiddler
And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,
As had she studied to misuse me so. 160
Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!
Bap. Well, go with me and be not so discomfited:
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;

She's apt to learn and thankful for good turns
Signior Petruchio will you go with us
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?
Pet I pray you do [*Exeunt all but* PETRUCHIO]
I will attend her here
And woo her with some spirit when she
comes
Say that she rail why then I'll tell plain 171
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale
Say that she frown I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew
Say she be mute and will not speak a word
Then I'll commend her volubility
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence
If she do bid me pack I'll give her thanks
As though she bid me stay by her a week
If she deny to wed I'll crave the day 180
When I shall ask the banns and when be married
But here she comes and now Petruchio speak

Enter KATHARINA

Good morrow Kate for that's your name I hear
Kath Well have you heard but something hard
of hearing
They call me Katharine that do talk of me
Pet You lie in faith for you are call'd plain
Kate
And bonny Kate and sometimes Kate the curst
But Kate the prettiest Kate in Christendom
Kate of Kate Hall my super-dainty Kate 189
For dainties are all Kates and therefore Kate
Take this of me Kate of my consolation
Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of and thy beauty sounded
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs
Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife
Kath Moved! in good time let him that moved
you hither
Remove you hence I knew you at the first
You were a moveable
Pet Why what's a moveable?
Kath A join'd stool
Pet Thou hast hit it come sit on me
Kath Asses are made to bear and so are you
Pet Women are made to bear and so are you
Kath No such jade as you if me you mean
Pet Alas! good Kate I will not burden thee
For knowing thee to be but young and light—
Kath Too light for such a swain as you to
catch
And yet as heavy as my weight should be
Pet Should be should—buzz!
Kath Well ta'en and like a buzzard
Pet O slow wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take
thee?
Kath Ay for a turtle as he takes a buzzard
Pet Come come you wasp i' faith, you are
too angry 210
Kath If I be waspish best beware my sting
Pet My remedy is then, to pluck it out
Kath Ay if the fool could find it where it lies
Pet Who knows not where a wasp does wear
his sting? In his tail
Kath In his tongue
Pet Whose tongue?
Kath Yours if you talk of tails and so fare-
well
Pet What with my tongue in your tail? nay
come again,
Good Kate I am a gentleman
Kath That I'll try [*She strikes him*] 220
Pet I swear I'll cuff you if you strike again
Kath So may you lose your arms
If you strike me you are no gentleman
And if no gentleman, why then no arms
Pet A herald Kate? O put me in thy books!
Kath What is your crest? a coxcomb?
Pet A combless cock so Kate will be my hen
Kath No cock of mine you crow too like a
craven
Pet Nay come Kate come you must not
look so sour
Kath It is my fashion when I see a crab 230
Pet Why here's no crab and therefore look
not sour
Kath There is there is
Pet Then show it me
Kath Had I a glass I would
Pet What you mean my face?
Kath Well aim'd of such a young one
Pet Now by Saint George I am too young for
you
Kath Yet you are wither'd
Pet 'Tis with cares 240
Kath I care not
Pet Nay hear you Kate in sooth you scape
not so
Kath I chafe you if I tarry let me go
Pet No not a whit I find you passing gentle
'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sul
len
And now I find report a very liar
For thou are pleasant gamesome passing cour
teous
But slow in speech yet sweet as spring time
flowers
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance
Nor bite the lip as angry wenches will 250
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers
With gentle conference soft and affable
Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?

O slanderous world! Kate like the hazel twig
Is straight and slender and as brown in hue
As hazel nuts and sweeter than the kernels
O let me see thee walk thou dost not halt
Kath Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command
Pet Did ever Dian so become a grove 260
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate
And then let Kate be chaste and Dian sportful!
Kath Where did you study all this goodly speech?
Pet It is extempore, from my mother-wit
Kath A witty mother! witless else her son
Pet Am I not wise?
Kath Yes keep you warm
Pet Marry, so I mean sweet Katharine in thy bed
And therefore, setting all this chat aside 270
Thus in plain terms your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife, your dowry greed on,
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you
Now, Kate I am a husband for your turn,
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me
For I am he am born to tame you Kate,
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable as other household Kates 280
Here comes your father never make denial,
I must and will have Katharine to my wife

Re enter BAPTISTA GREMIO, *and* TRANIO

Bap Now, Signior Petruchio how speed you with my daughter?
Pet How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss
Bap Why, how now daughter Katharine! in your dumps?
Kath Call you me daughter? now, I promise you
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard
To wish me wed to one half lunatic
A mad cap ruffian and a swearing Jack 290
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out
Pet Father, tis thus yourself and all the world
That talk'd of her, have talk d amiss of her
If she be curst, it is for policy,
For she s not froward but modest as the dove,
She is not hot but temperate as the morn,
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity
And to conclude we have greed so well together
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day 300
Kath I'll see thee hang d on Sunday first
Gre Hark Petruchio, she says she'll see thee hang'd first
Tra Is this your speeding? nay, then good night our part!
Pet Be patient, gentlemen I choose her for myself
If she and I be pleased what's that to you?
'Tis bargain d twixt us twain being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company
I tell you, tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me O the kindest Kate!
She hung about my neck and kiss on kiss 310
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love
O you are novices! tis a world to see
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew
Give me thy hand, Kate I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel gainst the wedding-day
Provide the feast father and bid the guests,
I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine
Bap I know not what to say but give me your hands 320
God send you joy Petruchio! tis a match
Gre Tra Amen say we we will be witnesses
Pet Father and wife and gentlemen adieu
I will to Venice, Sunday comes apace
We will have rings and things and fine array,
And kiss me Kate, we will be married o Sunday
[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA *severally*
Gre Was ever match clapp d up so suddenly?
Bap Faith gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part
And venture madly on a desperate mart
Tra 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you
'Twill bring you gain or perish on the seas 331
Bap The gain I seek is quiet in the match
Gre No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch
But now Baptista to your younger daughter
Now is the day we long have looked for
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first
Tra And I am one that love Bianca more
Than words can witness or your thoughts can guess
Gre Youngling thou canst not love so dear as I
Tra Greybeard thy love doth freeze
Gre But thine doth fry 340
Skipper, stand back 'tis age that nourisheth
Tra But youth in ladies eyes that flourisheth
Bap Content you gentlemen I will compound this strife
'Tis deeds must win the prize and he of both
That can assure my daughter greatest dower
Shall have my Bianca s love
Say Signior Gremio what can you assure her?

Gre First as you know my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold
Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands 350
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns
In cypress chests my arras counterpoints
Costly apparel tents and canopies
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss d with pearl
Valance of Venice gold in needlework
Pewter and brass and all things that belong
To house or housekeeping then at my farm
I have a hundred milch kine to the pail
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls 360
And all things answerable to this portion
Myself am struck in years I must confess
And if I die to-morrow this is hers
If whilst I live she will be only mine
Tra That only came well in Sir list to me
I am my father s heir and only son
If I may have your daughter to my wife
I ll leave her houses three or four as good
Within rich Pisa walls as any one
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua 370
Besides two thousand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land all which shall be her jointure
What have I pinch d you Signior Gremio?
Gr Two thousand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts not to so much in all
That she shall have besides an argosy
That now is lying in Marseilles road
What have I choked you with an argosy?
Tra Gremio tis known my father hath no less
Than three great argosies besides two galliasses
And twelve tight galleys these I will assure her
And twice as much whate er thou offer st next
Gre Nay I have offer d all I have no more
And she can have no more than all I have
If you like me she shall have me and mine
Tra Why then the maid is mine from all the world
By your firm promise Gremio is out vied
Bap I must confess your offer is the best
And let your father make her the assurance
She is your own else you must pardon me 390
If you should die before him where s her dower?
Tra That s but a cavil he as old I young
Gr And may not young men die as well as old?
Bap Well gentlemen
I am thus resolved on Sunday next you know
My daughter Katharine is to be married
Now on the Sunday following shall Bianca
Be bride to you if you make this assurance
If not to Signior Gremio
And so I take my leave and thank you both
Gre Adieu good neighbour [*Exit* BAPTISTA
Now I fear thee not 401
Sirrah young gamester your father were a fool
To give thee all and in his waning age
Set foot under thy table tut a toy!
An old Italian fox is not so kind my boy [*Exit*
Tra A vengeance on your crafty wither d hide!
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten
'Tis in my head to do my master good
I see no reason but supposed Lucentio
Must get a father call d supposed Vincentio
And that s a wonder fathers commonly 411
Do get their children but in this case of wooing
A child shall get a sire if I fail not of my cunning [*Exit*

ACT III

SCENE I *Padua Baptista s house*

Enter LUCENTIO HORTENSIO *and* BIANCA

Luc Fiddler forbear you grow too forward sir
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcomed you withal?
Hor But wrangling pedant this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony
Then give me leave to have prerogative
And when in music we have spent an hour
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much
Luc Preposterous ass that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain d! 10
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy
And while I pause serve in your harmony
Ho Sirrah I will not bear these braves of thine
Bian Why gentlemen you do me double wrong
To strive for that which resteth in my choice
I am no breeching scholar in the schools
I ll not be tied to hours nor pointed times
But learn my lessons as I please myself 20
And to cut off all strife here sit we down
Take you your instrument play you the whiles
His lecture will be done ere you have tuned
Hor You ll leave his lecture when I am in tune?
Luc That will be never tune your instrument
Bian Where left we last?
Luc Here madam
Hic ibat Simois hic est Sigeia tellus
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis
Bian Construe them 30
Luc *Hic ibat* as I told you before, *Simois* I am Lucentio *hic est* son unto Vincentio of Pisa,

Sigeia tellus, disguised thus to get your love, *Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing, *Priami* is my man Tranio, *regia*, bearing my port, *celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon

Hor Madam, my instrument's in tune

Bian Let's hear O fie! the treble jars

Luc Spit in the hold, man, and tune again 40

Bian Now let me see if I can construe it

Hic ibat Simois, I know you not *hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not, *Hic steterat Priami* take heed he hear us not, *regia* presume not *celsa senis* despair not

Hor Madam, 'tis now in tune

Luc All but the base

Hor The base is right, 'tis the base knave that jars

[*Aside*] How fiery and forward our pendant is!
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love
Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet 50

Bian In time I may believe yet I mistrust

Luc Mistrust it not, for, sure, Æacides
Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather

Bian I must believe my master, else, I promise you
I should be arguing still upon that doubt
But let it rest Now, Licio, to you
Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both

Hor You may go walk, and give me leave a while
My lessons make no music in three parts 60

Luc Are you so formal sir? well, I must wait,
[*Aside*] And watch withal, for, but I be deceived,
Our fine musician groweth amorous

Hor Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering
I must begin with rudiments of art,
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant pithy, and effectual
Than hath been taught by any of my trade
And there it is in writing fairly drawn 70

Bian Why, I am past my gamut long ago

Hor Yet read the gamut of Hortensio

Bian [*Reads*] " 'Gamut I am, the ground of all accord,
'A re' to plead Hortensio's passion,
'B mi, Bianca take him for thy lord
'C fa ut, that loves with all affection
'D sol re one clef, two notes have I
'E la mi, show pity, or I die "
Call you this gamut? tut, I like it not
Old fashions please me best I am not so nice, 80
To change true rules for old inventions

Enter a SERVANT

Serv Mistress, your father prays you leave your books
And help to dress your sister's chamber up
You know to-morrow is the wedding day

Bian Farewell, sweet masters both, I must be gone [*Exeunt Bianca and Servant*

Luc Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay [*Exit*

Hor But I have cause to pry into this pedant
Methinks he looks as though he were in love
Yet if thy thoughts Bianca be so humble
To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale, 90
Seize thee that list if once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing [*Exit*

SCENE II *Padua before Baptista's house*

Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO TRANIO KATHARINA, BIANCA, LUCENTIO *and others, attendants*

Bap [*To* TRANIO] Signior Lucentio, this is the pointed day
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son in law
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath No shame but mine I must, forsooth, be forced
To give my hand opposed against my heart
Unto a mad brain rudesby full of spleen 10
Who woo'd in haste and means to wed at leisure
I told you I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour
And to be noted for a merry man
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make feasts, invite friends, and proclaim the banns,
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her! 20

Tra Patience good Katharine and Baptista too
Upon my life Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word
Though he be blunt I know him passing wise,
Though he be merry yet withal he's honest

Kath Would Katharine had never seen him though!
[*Exit weeping, followed by* BIANCA *and others*

Bap Go, girl, I cannot blame thee now to weep
For such an injury would vex a very saint
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour

Enter BIONDELLO

Bion Master master' news old news and such news as you never heard of! 31

Bap Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion Why is it not news to hear of Petruchio s coming?

Bap Is he come?

Bion Why no sir

Bap What then?

Bion He is coming

Bap When will he be here?

Bion When he stands where I am and sees you there 41

Tra But say what to thine old news?

Bion Why Petruchio is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin a pair of old breeches thrice turned a pair of boots that have been candle cases one buckled another laced an old rusty sword ta en out of the town armoury with a broken hilt and chapeless with two broken points his horse hipped with an old mothy saddle and stirrups of no kindred besides possessed with the glanders and like to mose in the chine troubled with the lampass infected with the fashions full of windgalls sped with spavins rayed with the yellows past cure of the fives stark spoiled with the staggers begnawn with the bots swayed in the back and shoulder shotten near legged before and with a half-checked bit and a head stall of sheep s leather which being restrained to keep him from stumbling hath been often burst and now repaired with knots one girth six times pieced and a woman s crupper of velure which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs and here and there pieced with packthread

Bap Who comes with him?

Bion O sir his lackey for all the world caparisoned like the horse with a linen stock on one leg and a kersey boot hose on the other gartered with a red and blue list an old hat and the humour of forty fancies pricked in t for a feather a monster a very monster in apparel and not like a Christian footboy or a gentleman s lackey

Tra 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell d

Bap I am glad he s come howsoe er he comes

Bion Why sir he comes not

Bap D dst thou not say he comes?

Bion Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap Ay that Petruchio came 80

Bion No sir I say his horse comes with him on his back

Bap Why that s all one

Bion Nay by Saint Jamy
I hold you a penny
A horse and a man
Is more than one
And yet not many

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO

Pet Come, where be these gallants? who s at home?

Bap You are welcome sir

Pet And yet I come not well 90

Bap And yet you halt not

Tra Not so well apparell d
As I wish you were

Pet Were it better I should rush in thus
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?
How does my father? Gentles methinks you frown
And wherefore gaze this goodly company
As if they saw some wondrous monument
Some comet or unusual prodigy?

Bap Why sir you know this is your wedding day
First were we sad fearing you would not come
Now sadder that you come so unprovided 101
Fie doff this habit shame to your estate
An eye sore to our solemn festival!

Tra And tell us what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain d you from your wife
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet Tedious it were to tell and harsh to hear
Sufficeth I am come to keep my word
Though in some part enforced to digress
Which at more leisure I will so excuse 110
As you shall well be satisfied withal
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her
The morning wears tis time we were at church

Tra See not your bride in these unreverent robes
Go to my chamber put on clothes of mine

Pet Not I believe me thus I ll visit her

Bap But thus I trust you will not marry her

Pet Good sooth even thus therefore ha done with words
To me she s married not unto my clothes
Could I repair what she will wear in me 120
As I can change these poor accoutrements
Twere well for Kate and better for myself
But what a fool am I to chat with you
When I should bid good morrow to my bride
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO

Tra He hath some meaning in his mad attire
We will persuade him be it possible
To put on better ere he go to church

Bap I'll after him, and see the event of this
[*Exeunt* BAPTISTA, GREMIO, *and attendants*
Tra But to her love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking which to bring to pass, 131
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man—whate'er he be
It skills not much, we'll fit him to our turn—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa
And make assurance here in Padua
Of greater sums than I have promised
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent
Luc Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly, 141
'Twere good, methinks to steal our marriage
Which once perform'd let all the world say no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world
Tra That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business
We'll over reach the greybeard Gremio,
The narrow prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician amorous Licio,
All for my master's sake Lucentio 150

Re enter GREMIO

Signior Gremio came you from the church?
Gre As willingly as e'er I came from school
Tra And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?
Gre A bridegroom say you? 'tis a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find
Tra Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible
Gre Why, he's a devil, a devil a very fiend
Tra Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam
Gre Tut, she's a lamb a dove a fool to him!
I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio when the priest 160
Should ask, if Katharine should be his wife
"Ay, by gogs wouns," quoth he, and swore so loud,
That, all amazed the priest let fall the book,
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up
This mad brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff
That down fell priest and book and book and priest
"Now take them up' quoth he, "if any list'
Tra What said the wench when he rose again?
Gre Trembled and shook, for why, he stamp'd and swore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him 170
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine "A health!" quoth he, as if
He had been aboard carousing to his mates
After a storm, quaff'd off the muscadel
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face,
Having no other reason
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking
This done he took the bride about the neck
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack
That at the parting all the church did echo 181
And I seeing this came thence for very shame,
And after me I know the rout is coming
Such a mad marriage never was before
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play [*Music*

Re enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO *and train*

Pet Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains
I know you think to dine with me to-day
And have prepared great store of wedding cheer,
But so it is my haste doth call me hence
And therefore here I mean to take my leave 190
Bap Is't possible you will away to-night?
Pet I must away to-day, before night come
Make it no wonder, if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay
And honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient sweet, and virtuous wife
Dine with my father drink a health to me,
For I must hence and farewell to you all
Tra Let us entreat you stay till after dinner
Pet It may not be
Gre Let me entreat you 201
Pet It cannot be
Kath Let me entreat you
Pet I am content
Kath Are you content to stay?
Pet I am content you shall entreat me stay,
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can
Kath Now, if you love me, stay
Pet Grumio my horse
Gru Ay sir they be ready the oats have eaten the horses
Kath Nay, then
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day, 210
No nor to-morrow not till I please myself
The door is open sir there lies your way,
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green
For me I'll not be gone till I please myself
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom
That take it on you at the first so roundly
Pet O Kate, content thee, prithee, be not angry
Kath I will be angry what hast thou to do?
Father, be quiet he shall stay my leisure 219
Gre Ay marry, sir, now it begins to work
Kath Gentlemen forward to the bridal dinner
I see a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist

Pet They shall go forward Kate at thy command
Obey the bride you that attend on her
Go to the feast revel and domineer
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead
Be mad and merry or go hang yourselves
But for my bonny Kate she must with me
Nay look not big nor stamp nor stare nor fret
I will be master of what is mine own 231
She is my goods my chattels she is my house
My household stuff my field my barn
My horse my ox my ass my any thing
And here she stands touch her whoever dare
I ll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua Grumio
Draw forth thy weapon we are beset with thieves
Rescue thy mistress if thou be a man
Fear not sweet wench they shall not touch thee Kate 240
I ll buckler thee against a million
[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO KATHARINA *and* GRUMIO
Bap Nay let them go a couple of quiet ones
Gre Went they not quickly I should die with laughing
Tra Of all mad matches never was the like
Luc Mistress what s your opinion of your sister?
Bian That being mad herself she s madly mated
Gre I warrant him Petruchio is Kated
Bap Neighbours and friends though bride and bridegroom wants
For to supply the places at the table 249
You know there wants no junkets at the feast
Lucentio you shall supply the bridegroom s place
And let Bianca take her sister s room
Tra Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?
Bap She shall Lucentio Come gentlemen let s go [*Exeunt*

ACT IV

SCENE I *Petruchio s country house*

Enter GRUMIO

Gru Fie fie on all tired jades on all mad masters and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire and they are coming after to warm them Now were not I a little pot and soon hot my very lips might freeze to my teeth my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly ere I should come by a fire to thaw me but I with blowing the fire shall warm myself for considering the weather a taller man than I will take cold Holla, ho! Curtis

Enter CURTIS

Curt Who is that calls so coldly?
Gru A piece of ice if thou doubt it thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel with no greater a run but my head and my neck A fire good Curtis
Curt Is my master and his wife coming Grumio?
Gru O ay Curtis ay and therefore fire fire cast on no water 21
Curt Is she so hot a shrew as she s reported?
Gru She was good Curtis before this frost but thou knowest winter tames man, woman and beast for it hath tamed my old master and my new mistress and myself fellow Curtis
Curt Away you three inch fool! I am no beast
Gru Am I but three inches? why thy horn is a foot and so long am I at the least But wilt thou make a fire or shall I complain on thee to our mistress whose hand she being now at hand thou shalt soon feel to thy cold comfort for being slow in thy hot office?
Curt I prithee good Grumio tell me how goes the world?
Gru A cold world Curtis in every office but thine and therefore fire do thy duty and have thy duty for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death 40
Curt There s fire ready and therefore good Grumio the news
Gru Why Jack boy ho! boy! and as much news as will thaw
Curt Come you are so full of cony-catching!
Gru Why, therefore fire for I have caught extreme cold Where s the cook? is supper ready the house trimmed rushes strewed cobwebs swept the serving men in their new fustian their white stockings and every officer his wedding garment on? Be the jacks fair within the jills fair without the carpets laid and every thing in order?
Curt All ready and therefore I pray thee news
Gru First know my horse is tired my master and mistress fallen out
Curt How?
Gru Out of their saddles into the dirt and thereby hangs a tale 60
Curt Let s ha t good Grumio
Gru Lend thine ear
Curt Here

Gru There [*Strikes him*]

Curt This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale

Gru And therefore 'tis called a sensible tale and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening Now I begin *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress— 70

Curt Both of one horse?

Gru What's that to thee?

Curt Why, a horse

Gru Tell thou the tale but hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell and she under her horse, thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place, how she was bemoiled, how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me how he swore how she prayed that never prayed before, how I cried how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst how I lost my crupper, with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion and thou return unexperienced to thy grave

Curt By this reckoning he is more shrew than she

Gru Ay and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph Nicholas, Philip, Walter Sugarsop and the rest let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed and their garters of an indifferent knit let them curtsy with their left legs and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horsetail till they kiss their hands Are they all ready?

Curt They are

Gru Call them forth

Curt Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master to countenance my mistress 101

Gru Why she hath a face of her own

Curt Who knows not that?

Gru Thou, it seems that calls for company to countenance her

Curt I call them forth to credit her

Gru Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them

Enter four or five SERVING-MEN

Nath Welcome home, Grumio!

Phil How now, Grumio! 110

Jos What Grumio!

Nich Fellow Grumio!

Nath How now, old lad?

Gru Welcome you —how now, you,—what, you —fellow, you,—and thus much for greeting Now, my spruce companions is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath All things is ready How near is our master? 119

Gru E'en at hand alighted by this, and therefore be not—Cock s passion, silence! I hear my master

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA

Pet Where be these knaves? What no man at door

To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse!

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?

All Serv Here here sir, here, sir

Pet Here, sir! here sir! here, sir! here, sir!

You logger headed and unpolish d grooms!

What no attendance? no regard? no duty?

Where is the foolish knave I sent before? 130

Gru Here, sir, as foolish as I was before

Pet You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,

And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru Nathaniel's coat sir, was not fully made,

And Gabriel s pumps were all unpink d i' the heel,

There was no link to colour Peter s hat

And Walter s dagger was not come from sheathing

There were none fine but Adam Ralph, and Gregory,

The rest were ragged, old and beggarly 140

Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you

Pet Go rascals go and fetch my supper in [*Exeunt* SERVANTS

[*Singing*] "Where is the life that late I led '—

Where are those—Sit down Kate and welcome —

Soud soud soud soud!

Re enter SERVANTS *with supper*

Why when, I say? Nay good sweet Kate, be merry

Off with my boots you rogues! you villains, when?

[*Sings*] "It was the friar of orders grey

As he forth walked on his way ' —

Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry 150

Take that, and mend the plucking off the other

Strikes him

Be merry Kate Some water here, what ho!

Where s my spaniel Troilus? Sirrah get you hence

And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither

One Kate, that you must kiss and be acquainted with

Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water?

Enter one with water

Come Kate and wash and welcome heartily
You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?
Strikes him
Kath Patience I pray you twas a fault unwilling
Pet A whoreson beetle headed flap-ear d knave! 160
Come Kate, sit down I know you have a stomach
Will you give thanks sweet Kate or else shall I?
What s this? mutton?
1st Serv Ay
Pet Who brought it?
Peter I
Pet Tis burnt and so is all the meat
What dogs are these! Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you villains bring it from the dresser
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There take it to you trenchers cups and all
Throws the meat &c about the stage
You heedless joltheads and unmanner d slaves!
What do you grumble? I ll be with you straight
Kath I pray you husband be not so disquiet
The meat was well if you were so contented 171
Pet I tell thee Kate twas burnt and dried away
And I expressly am forbid to touch it
For it engenders choler planteth anger
And better twere that both of us did fast
Since of ourselves ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over roasted flesh
Be patient to-morrow t shall be mended
And for this night we ll fast for company 180
Come I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber
[*Exeunt*

Re-enter SERVANTS *severally*

Nath Peter didst ever see the like?
Peter He kills her in her own humour

Re enter CURTIS

Gru Where is he?
Curt In her chamber making a sermon of continency to her
And rails and swears and rates that she poor soul
Knows not which way to stand to look to speak
And sits as one new risen from a dream 189
Away away! for he is coming hither [*Exeunt*

Re-enter PETRUCHIO

Pet Thus have I politicly begun my reign
And tis my hope to end successfully
My falcon now is sharp and passing empty
And till she stoop she must not be full-gorged
For then she never looks upon her lure
Another way I have to man my haggard
To make her come and know her keeper s call
That is to watch her as we watch these kites
That bate and beat and will not be obedient
She eat no meat to-day nor none shall eat 200
Last night she slept not nor to-night she shall not
As with the meat some undeserved fault
I ll find about the making of the bed
And here I ll fling the pillow there the bolster
This way the coverlet another way the sheets
Ay and amid this hurly I intend
That all is done in reverend care of her
And in conclusion she shall watch all night
And if she chance to nod I ll rail and brawl
And with the clamour keep her still awake 10
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness
And thus I ll curb her mad and headstrong humour
He that knows better how to tame a shrew
Now let him speak tis charity to show [*Exit*

SCENE II *Padua before Baptista s house*

Enter TRANIO *and* HORTENSIO

Tra Is t possible friend Licio that Mistress Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you sir she bears me fair in hand
Hor Sir to satisfy you in what I have said
Stand by and mark the manner of his teaching

Enter BIANCA *and* LUCENTIO

Luc Now mistress profit you in what you read?
Bian What master read you? first resolve me that
Luc I read that I profess *The Art to Love*
Bian And may you prove, sir master of your art!
Luc While you sweet dear prove mistress of my heart! 10
Hor Quick proceeders marry! Now tell me I pray
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio
Tra O despiteful love! unconstant womankind!
I tell thee Licio this is wonderful
Hor Mistake no more I am not Licio
Nor a musician as I seem to be
But one that scorn to live in this disguise
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion 20
Know sir that I am call d Hortensio

Tra Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca,
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you if you be so contented,
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever
Hor See, how they kiss and court! Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more, but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours 30
That I have fondly flatter d her withal
Tra And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry with her though she would entreat
Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him!
Hor Would all the world but he had quite forsworn!
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow
Ere three days pass, which hath as long loved me
As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio 40
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks
Shall win my love and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before [*Exit*
Tra Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As longeth to a lover s blessed case!
Nay, I have ta en you napping gentle love,
And have forsworn you with Hortensio
Bian Tranio you jest but have you both forsworn me?
Tra Mistress, we have
Luc Then we are rid of Licio
Tra I' faith, he ll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo d and wedded in a day 51
Bian God give him joy!
Tra Ay, and he'll tame her
Bian He says so Tranio
Tra Faith, he is gone unto the taming school
Bian The taming school! what is there such a place?
Tra Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master,
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew and charm her chattering tongue

Enter BIONDELLO

Bion O master, master, I have watch'd so long
That I am dog weary but at last I spied 60
An ancient angel coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn
Tra What is he Biondello?
Bion Master, a mercatante, or a pedant
I know not what, but formal in apparel
In gait and countenance surely like a father
Luc And what of him, Tranio?
Tra If he be credulous and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,
And give assurance to Baptista Minola
As if he were the right Vincentio 70
Take in your love and then let me alone
[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA

Enter a PEDANT

Ped God save you sir!
Tra And you, sir! you are welcome
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?
Ped Sir at the farthest for a week or two
But then up farther and as far as Rome,
And so to Tripoli if God lend me life
Tra What countryman I pray?
Ped Of Mantua
Tra Of Mantua sir? marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?
Ped My life sir! how I pray? for that goes hard 80
Tra Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stay d at Venice and the Duke,
For private quarrel twixt your Duke and him,
Hath publish d and proclaim d it openly
Tis marvel but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim d about
Ped Alas! sir, it is worse for me than so
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence and must here deliver them 90
Tra Well, sir, to do you courtesy
This will I do and this I will advise you
First tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?
Ped Ay, sir in Pisa have I often been
Pisa renowned for grave citizens
Tra Among them know you one Vincentio?
Ped I know him not but I have heard of him,
A merchant of incomparable wealth
Tra He is my father, sir, and sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you 100
Bion [*Aside*] As much as an apple doth an oyster and all one
Tra To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes
That you are like to Sir Vincentio
His name and credit shall you undertake
And in my house you shall be friendly lodged
Look that you take upon you as you should,
You understand me sir so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city 110
If this be courtesy sir accept of it
Ped O sir I do, and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty
Tra Then go with me to make the matter good
This, by the way, I let you understand

My father is here look d for every day
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista s daughter here
In all these circumstances I ll instruct you
Go with me to clothe you as becomes you 120
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III *A room in Petruchio s house*

Enter KATHARINA *and* GRUMIO

Gru No no forsooth I dare not for my life
Kath The more my wrong the more his spite appears
What did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars that come unto my father s door
Upon entreaty have a present alms
If not elsewhere they meet with charity
But I who never knew how to entreat
Nor never needed that I should entreat
Am starved for meat giddy for lack of sleep 9
With oaths kept waking and with brawling fed
And that which spites me more than all these wants
He does it under name of perfect love
As who should say if I should sleep or eat
Twere deadly sickness or else present death
I prithee go and get me some repast
I care not what so it be wholesome food
Gru What say you to a neat s foot?
Kath Tis passing good I prithee let me have it
Gru I fear it is too choleric a meat
How say you to a fat tripe finely broil d? 20
Kath I like it well good Grumio fetch it me
Gru I cannot tell I fear tis choleric
What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?
Kath A dish that I do love to feed upon
Gru Ay but the mustard is too hot a little
Kath Why then the beef and let the mustard rest
Gru Nay then I will not you shall have the mustard
Or else you get no beef of Grumio
Kath Then both or one or anything thou wilt
Gru Why then the mustard without the beef
Kath Go get thee gone thou false deluding slave [*Beats him*
That feed st me with the very name of meat
Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you
That triumph thus upon my misery
Go get thee gone I say

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* HORTENSIO *with meat*

Pet How fares my Kate? What sweeting all amort?
Hor Mistress what cheer?
Kath Faith as cold as can be
Pet Pluck up thy spirits look cheerfully upon me
Here love thou see st how diligent I am
To dress thy meat myself and bring it thee 40
I am sure sweet Kate this kindness merits thanks
What not a word? Nay then thou lovest it not
And all my pains is sorted to no proof
Here take away this dish
Kath I pray you let it stand
Pet The poorest service is repaid with thanks
And so shall mine before you touch the meat
Kath I thank you sir
Hor Signior Petruchio fie! you are to blame
Come Mistress Kate, I ll bear you company
Pet [*Aside*] Eat it up all Hortensio if thou lovest me 50
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace and now my honey love
Will we return unto thy father s house
And revel it as bravely as the best
With silken coats and caps and golden rings
With ruffs and cuffs and fardingales and things
With scarfs and fans and double change of *bravery*
With amber bracelets beads and all this knavery
What hast thou din ed? The tailor stays thy leisure
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure 60

Enter TAILOR

Come tailor let us see these ornaments
Lay forth the gown

Enter HABERDASHER

What news with you sir?
Hab Here is the cap your worship did bespeak
Pet Why this was moulded on a porringer
A velvet dish fie fie! tis lewd and filthy
Why tis a cockle or a walnut shell
A knack a toy a trick a baby s cap
Away with it! come let me have a bigger
Kath I ll have no bigger this doth fit the time
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these 70
Pet When you are gentle you shall have one too
And not till then
Hor [*Aside*] That will not be in haste
Kath Why sir I trust I may have leave to *speak*
And speak I will I am no child no babe
Your betters have endured me say my mind
And if you cannot best you stop your ears
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart
Or else my heart concealing it will break

And rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please in words 80
Pet Why, thou say'st true, it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie
I love thee well in that thou likest it not
Kath Love me or love me not, I like the cap
And it I will have, or I will have none
[*Exit* HABERDASHER
Pet Thy gown? why, ay come tailor let us see t
O mercy God! what masquing stuff is here?
What s this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon
What, up and down, carved like an apple-tart?
Here's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash
Like to a censer in a barber s shop 91
Why what, i' devil s name tailor, call'st thou this?
Hor [*Aside*] I see she s like to have neither cap nor gown
Tai You bid me make it orderly and well
According to the fashion and the time
Pet Marry, and did but if you be remember'd
I did not bid you mar it to the time
Go hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom sir
I'll none of it hence! make your best of it 100
Kath I never saw a better fashion d gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me
Pet Why, true, he means to make a puppet of thee
Tai She says your worship means to make a puppet of her
Pet O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest thou thread thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters half yard quarter, nail!
Thou flea, thou nit thou winter cricket thou!
Braved in mine own house with a skein of thread?
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,
Or I shall so be mete thee with thy yard
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou livest!
I tell thee I that thou hast marr d her gown
Tai Your worship is deceived, the gown is made
Just as my master had direction
Grumio gave order how it should be done
Gru I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff
Tai But how did you desire it should be made?
Gru Marry sir, with needle and thread 121
Tai But did you not request to have it cut?
Gru Thou hast faced many things
Tai I have
Gru Face not me thou hast braved many men brave not me, I will neither be faced nor braved
I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown but I did not bid him cut it to pieces *ergo* thou liest
Tai Why here is the note of the fashion to testify 131
Pet Read it
Gru The note lies in s throat if he say I said so
Tai [*Reads*] '*Imprimis* a loose bodied gown
Gru Master, if ever I said loose bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread I said a gown
Pet Proceed
Tai [*Reads*] 'With a small compassed cape'
Gru I confess the cape 141
Tai [*Reads*] ' With a trunk sleeve
Gru I confess two sleeves
Tai [*Reads*] "The sleeves curiously cut '
Pet Ay there's the villainy
Gru Error i' the bill, sir error i' the bill I commanded the sleeves should be cut out and sewed up again and that I ll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble
Tai This is true that I say an I had thee in place where thou shouldst know it 151
Gru I am for thee straight take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard and spare not me
Hor God a mercy Grumio! then he shall have no odds
Pet Well sir, in brief the gown is not for me
Gru You are i the right, sir tis for my mistress
Pet Go, take it up unto thy master s use
Gru Villain, not for thy life take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use! 161
Pet Why sir what s your conceit in that?
Gru O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for
Take up my mistress gown to his master s use!
O fie, fie, fie!
Pet [*Aside*] Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid
Go take it hence be gone, and say no more
Hor Tailor, I ll pay thee for thy gown tomorrow
Take no unkindness of his hasty words
Away! I say, commend me to thy master 170
[*Exit* TAILOR
Pet Well come, my Kate, we will unto your father s
Even in these honest mean habiliments
Our purses shall be proud our garments poor
For tis the mind that makes the body rich
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds
So honour peereth in the meanest habit
What is the jay more precious than the lark
Because his feathers are more beautiful?

Or is the adder better than the eel
Because his painted skin contents the eye? 180
O no good Kate neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array
If thou account st it shame lay it on me
And therefore frolic we will hence forthwith
To feast and sport us at thy father s house
Go call my men and let us straight to him
And bring our horses unto Long lane end
There will we mount and thither walk on foot
Let s see I think tis now some seven o clock
And well we may come there by dinner time 190
Kath I dare assure you sir tis almost two
And twill be supper time ere you come there
Pet It shall be seven ere I go to horse
Look what I speak or do or think to do
You are still crossing it *Sirs* let t alone
I will not go to-day and ere I do
It shall be what o clock I say it is
Hor [*Aside*] Why so this gallant will command the sun [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *Padua before Baptista s house*

Enter TRANIO *and the* PEDANT *dressed like* VINCENTIO

Tra Sir this is the house please it you that I call?
Ped Ay what else? and but I be deceived
Signior Baptista may remember me
Near twenty years ago in Genoa
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus
Tra Tis well and hold your own in any case
With such austerity as longeth to a father
Ped I warrant you

Enter BIONDELLO

But sir here comes your boy
Twere good he were school d
Tra Fear you not him Sirrah Biondello
Now do your duty throughly I advise you 11
Imagine twere the right Vincentio
Bion Tut fear not me
Tra But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?
Bion I told him that your father was at Venice
And that you look d for him this day in Padua
Tra Thou rt a tall fellow hold thee that to drink
Here comes Baptista set your countenance sir

Enter BAPTISTA *and* LUCENTIO

Signior Baptista you are happily met
[*To the* PEDANT] Sir this is the gentleman I told you of 20
I pray you stand good father to me now
Give me Bianca for my patrimony
Ped Soft son!
Sir by your leave having come to Padua
To gather in some debts my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself
And for the good report I hear of you
And for the love he beareth to your daughter
And she to him to stay him not too long 30
I am content in a good father s care
To have him match d and if you please to like
No worse than I upon some agreement
Me shall you find ready and willing
With one consent to have her so bestow d
For curious I cannot be with you
Signior Baptista of whom I hear so well
Bap Sir pardon me in what I have to say
Your plainness and your shortness please me well
Right true it is your son Lucentio here 40
Doth love my daughter and she loveth him
Or both dissemble deeply their affections
And therefore if you say no more than this
That like a father you will deal with him
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower
The match is made and all is done
Your son shall have my daughter with consent
Tra I thank you sir Where then do you know best
We be affied and such assurance ta en
As shall with either part s agreement stand? 50
Bap Not in my house Lucentio for you know
Pitchers have ears and I have many servants
Besides old Gremio is hearkening still
And happily we might be interrupted
Tra Then at my lodging an it like you
There doth my father lie and there, this night
We ll pass the business privately and well
Send for your daughter by your servant here
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently
The worst is this that at so slender warning 60
You are like to have a thin and slender pittance
Bap It likes me well Biondello hie you home
And bid Bianca make her ready straight
And if you will tell what hath happened
Lucentio s father is arrived in Padua
And how she s like to be Lucentio s wife
Bion I pray the gods she may with all my heart!
Tra Dally not with the gods but get thee gone [*Exit* BIONDELLO
Signior Baptista shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer 70
Come sir we will better it in Pisa
Bap I follow you
[*Exeunt* TRANIO PEDANT *and* BAPTISTA

Re-enter BIONDELLO

Bion Cambio!

Luc What sayest thou, Biondello?
Bion You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?
Luc Biondello what of that?
Bion Faith, nothing, but has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens 80
Luc I pray thee moralize them
Bion Then thus Baptista is safe talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son
Luc And what of him?
Bion His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper
Luc And then?
Bion The old priest of Saint Luke s church is at your command at all hours
Luc And what of all this? 90
Bion I cannot tell, expect they are busied about a counterfeit assurance take you assurance of her, "*cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum* to the church, take the priest clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses
If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day
Luc Hearest thou Biondello?
Bion I cannot tarry I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit and so may you sir and so adieu, sir My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke s to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix [*Exit*
Luc I may, and will if she be so contented
She will be pleased then wherefore should I doubt?
Hap what hap may I ll roundly go about her
It shall go hard if Cambio go without her [*Exit*

SCENE V *A public road*

Enter PETRUCHIO KATHARINA, HORTENSIO *and Servants*

Pet Come on, i' God s name, once more toward our father s
Good Lord how bright and goodly shines the moon!
Kath The moon! the sun it is not moonlight now
Pet I say it is the moon that shines so bright
Kath I know it is the sun that shines so bright
Pet Now by my mother s son and that s myself,
It shall be moon, or star or what I list
Or ere I journey to your father s house
Go on and fetch our horses back again
Evermore cross d and cross'd, nothing but cross d!
Hor Say as he says, or we shall never go 11
Kath Forward, I pray since we have come so far,
And be it moon or sun, or what you please
An if you please to call it a rush candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me
Pet I say it is the moon
Kath I know it is the moon
Pet Nay, then you lie it is the blessed sun
Kath Then, God be bless d, it is the blessed sun
But sun it is not when you say it is not
And the moon changes even as your mind 20
What you will have it named even that it is,
And so it shall be so for Katharine
Hor Petruchio, go thy ways the field is won
Pet Well forward forward! thus the bowl should run
And not unluckily against the bias
But, soft! company is coming here

Enter VINCENTIO

[*To* VINCENTIO] Good morrow gentle mistress where away?
Tell me sweet Kate and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks! 30
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?
Fair lovely maid once more good day to thee
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty s sake
Hor A' will make the man mad, to make a woman of him
Kath Young budding virgin fair and fresh and sweet
Whither away or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child,
Happier the man whom favourable stars 40
Allot thee for his lovely bed fellow!
Pet Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad
This is a man old wrinkled faded, wither d,
And not a maiden as thou say st he is
Kath Pardon old father my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun
That everything I look on seemeth green
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father,
Pardon I pray thee for my mad mistaking
Pet Do good old grandsire and withal make known 50
Which way thou travellest if along with us
We shall be joyful of thy company
Vin Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,

That with your strange encounter much amazed me
My name is call d Vincentio my dwelling Pisa
And bound I am to Padua there to visit
A son of mine which long I have not seen
Pet What is his name?
Vin Lucentio gentle sir
Pet Happily met the happier for thy son
And now by law as well as reverend age 60
I may entitle thee my loving father
The sister to my wife this gentlewoman
Thy son by this hath married Wonder not
Nor be not grieved she is of good esteem
Her dowry wealthy and of worthy birth
Beside so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman
Let me embrace with old Vincentio
And wander we to see thy honest son
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous 70
Vin But is this true? or is it else your pleasure
Like pleasant travellers to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?
Hor I do assure thee father so it is
Pet Come go along and see the truth hereof
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous
[*Exeunt all but* HORTENSIO
Hor Well Petruchio this has put me in heart
Have to my widow! and if she be froward
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward
[*Exit*

ACT V

SCENE I *Padua before Lucentio s house*

GREMIO *discovered Enter behind* BIONDELLO LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA

Bion Softly and swiftly sir for the priest is ready
Luc I fly Biondello but they may chance to need thee at home therefore leave us
Bion Nay faith I ll see the church o your back and then come back to my master s as soon as I can
[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO BIANCA *and* BIONDELLO
Gre I marvel Cambio comes not all this while

Enter PETRUCHIO KATHARINA VINCENTIO GRUMIO *with Attendants*

Pet Sir here s the door this is Lucentio s house
My father s bears more toward the market place
Thither must I and here I leave you sir 11

Vin You shall not choose but drink before you go
I think I shall command your welcome here
And by all likelihood some cheer is toward
Knocks
Gre They re busy within you were best knock louder

PEDANT *looks out of the window*

Ped What s he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?
Vin Is Signior Lucentio within sir?
Ped He s within, sir but not to be spoken withal 21
Vin What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make merry withal?
Ped Keep your hundred pounds to yourself he shall need none so long as I live
Pet Nay I told you your son was well beloved in Padua Do you hear sir? To leave frivolous circumstances I pray you tell Signior Lucentio that his father is come from Pisa and is here at the door to speak with him 30
Ped Thou liest his father is come from Padua and here looking out at the window
Vin Art thou his father?
Ped Ay sir so his mother says if I may believe her
Pet [*To* VINCENTIO] Why how now gentleman why this is flat knavery to take upon you another man s name
Ped Lay hands on the villain I believe a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance 41

Re-enter BIONDELLO

Bion I have seen them in the church together God send em good shipping But who is here? mine old master Vincentio! now we are undone and brought to nothing
Vin [*Seeing* BIONDELLO] Come hither crack hemp
Bion I hope I may choose sir
Vin Come hither you rogue What have you forgot me? 50
Bion Forgot you! no sir I could not forget you for I never saw you before in all my life
Vin What you notorious villain didst thou never see thy master s father Vincentio?
Bion What my old worshipful old master? yes marry sir see where he looks out of the window
Vin Is t so indeed? [*Beats* BIONDELLO]
Bion Help help help! here s a madman will murder me [*Exit* 61
Ped Help son! help Signior Baptista!
[*Exit from above*

Pet Prithee, Kate let's stand aside and see the end of this controversy [*They retire*

Re enter PEDANT *below*, TRANIO, BAPTISTA, *and Servants*

Tra Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

Vin What am I, sir! nay, what are you, sir? O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat! O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university

Tra How now! what's the matter?

Bap What, is the man lunatic?

Tra Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father I am able to maintain it 79

Vin Thy father! O villain! he is a sail maker in Bergamo

Bap You mistake sir, you mistake sir Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin His name! as if I knew not his name I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio

Ped Away away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio, and he is mine only son and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio 89

Vin Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master! Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the Duke s name O my son my son! Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra Call forth an officer

Enter one with an Officer

Carry this mad knave to the gaol Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming

Vin Carry me to the gaol!

Gre Stay officer he shall not go to prison

Bap Talk not, Signior Gremio I say he shall go to prison 100

Gre Take heed Signior Baptista lest you be cony catched in this business I dare swear this is the right Vincentio

Ped Swear if thou darest

Gre Nay I dare not swear it

Tra Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio

Gre Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio

Bap Away with the dotard! to the gaol with him! 110

Vin Thus strangers may be haled and abused O monstrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO *with* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA

Bion O! we are spoiled and—yonder he is deny him forswear him or else we are all undone

Luc [*Kneeling*] Pardon, sweet father

Vin Lives my sweet son?

[*Exeunt* BIONDELLO TRANIO *and* PEDANT, *as fast as may be*

Bian Pardon, dear father

Bap How hast thou offended? Where is Lucentio?

Luc Here s Lucentio
Right son to the right Vincentio,
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne

Gre Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!

Vin Where is that damned villain Tranio,
That faced and braved me in this matter so?

Bap Why tell me is not this my Cambio?

Bian Cambio is changed into Lucentio

Luc Love wrought these miracles Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio
While he did bear my countenance in the town,
And happily I have arrived at the last 130
Unto the wished haven of my bliss
What Tranio did, myself enforced him to,
Then pardon him, sweet father for my sake

Vin I ll slit the villain's nose that would have sent me to the gaol

Bap But do you hear, sir? have you married my daughter without asking my good will?

Vin Fear not, Baptista we will content you, go to but I will in to be revenged for this villainy [*Exit* 140

Bap And I to sound the depth of this knavery [*Exit*

Luc Look not pale Bianca, thy father will not frown [*Exeunt* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA

Gre My cake is dough, but I ll in among the rest
Out of hope of all but my share of the feast [*Exit*

Kath Husband let s follow to see the end of this ado

Pet First kiss me Kate and we will

Kath What in the midst of the street?

Pet What are thou ashamed of me? 150

Kath No, sir, God forbid but ashamed to kiss

Pet Why then let s home again Come sirrah, let s away

Kath Nay I will give thee a kiss now pray thee love stay

Pet Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate

Better once than never for never too late
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Padua Lucentio s house*

Enter BAPTISTA VINCENTIO GREMIO *the* PEDANT LUCENTIO BIANCA PETRUCHIO KATHARINA HORTENSIO *and* WIDOW TRANIO BIONDELLO *and* GRUMIO *the* SERVINGMEN *with* TRANIO *bringing in a banquet*

Luc At last though long our jarring notes agree
And time it is when raging war is done
To smile at scapes and perils overblown
My fair Bianca bid my father welcome
While I with elf same kindness welcome thine
Brother Petruchio sister Katharina,
And thou Hortensio with thy loving widow
Feast with the best and welcome to my house
My banquet is to close our stomachs up
After our great good cheer Pray you sit down
For now we sit to chat as well as eat 11
Pet Nothing but sit and sit and eat and eat!
Bap Padua affords this kindness son Petruchio
Pet Padua affords nothing but what is kind
Hor For both our sakes I would that word were true
Pet Now for my life Hortensio fears his widow
Wid Then never trust me if I be afeard
Pet You are very sensible and yet you miss my sense
I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you
Wid He that is giddy thinks the world turns round 20
Pet Roundly replied
Kath Mistress how mean you that?
Wid Thus I conceive by him
Pet Conceives by me! How likes Hortensio that?
Hor My widow says thus she conceives her tale
Pet Very well mended Kiss him for that good widow
Kath He that is giddy thinks the world turns round
I pray you tell me what you meant by that
Wid Your husband being troubled with a shrew
Measures my husband s sorrow by his woe
And now you know my meaning 30
Kath A very mean meaning
Wid Right I mean you
Kath And I am mean indeed respecting you
Pet To her Kate
Hor To her widow!
Pet A hundred marks my Kate does put her down
Hor That s my office
Pet Spoke like an officer ha to thee lad!
Drinks to Hortensio
Bap How likes Gremio these quick witted folks?
Gre Believe me sir they butt together well
Bian Head and butt! an hasty witted body
Would say your head and butt were head and horn
Vin Ay mistress bride hath that awaken d you?
Bian Ay but not frighted me therefore I ll sleep again
Pet Nay that you shall not since you have begun
Have at you for a bitter jest or two!
Bian Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush
And then pursue me as you draw your bow
You are welcome all
[*Exeunt* BIANCA KATHARINA *and* WIDOW
Pet She hath prevented me Here Signior Tranio
This bird you aim d at though you hit her not
Therefore a health to all that shot and miss d 51
Tra O sir Lucentio slipp d me like his grey hound
Which runs himself and catches for his master
Pet A good swift simile but something currish
Tra Tis well sir that you hunted for yourself
Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay
Bap O ho Petruchio! Tranio hits you now
Luc I thank thee for that gird good Tranio
Hor Confess confess hath he not hit you here?
Pet A has a little gall d me I confess 60
And as the jest did glance away from me
Tis ten to one it maim d you two outright
Bap Now in good sadness son Petruchio
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all
Pet Well I say no and therefore for assurance
Let s each one send unto his wife
And he whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her
Shall win the wager which we will propose
Hor Content What is the wager?
Luc Twenty crowns 70
Pet Twenty crowns!
I ll venture so much of my hawk or hound
But twenty times so much upon my wife
Luc A hundred then
Hor Content
Pet A match! tis done
Hor Who shall begin?
Luc That will I

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me
Bion I go [*Exit*
Bap Son I'll be your half, Bianca comes
Luc I'll have no halves, I ll bear it all myself

Re-enter BIONDELLO

How now! what news?
Bion Sir, my mistress sends you word 80
That she is busy and she cannot come
Pet How! she is busy and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?
Gre Ay, and a kind one too
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse
Pet I hope, better
Hor Sirrah Biondello go and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith [*Exit* BIONDELLO
Pet O, ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come
Hor I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated

Re enter BIONDELLO

Now, where's my wife? 90
Bion She says you have some goodly jest in hand
She will not come, she bids you come to her
Pet Worse and worse, she will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endured!
Sirrah Grumio go to your mistress
Say, I command her come to me [*Exit* GRUMIO
Hor I know her answer
Pet What?
Hor She will not
Pet The fouler fortune mine, and there an end
Bap Now by my holidame here comes Katharina!

Re enter KATHARINA

Kath What is your will, sir, that you send for me? 100
Pet Where is your sister and Hortensio s wife?
Kath They sit conferring by the parlour fire
Pet Go fetch them hither if they deny to come
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight
[*Exit* KATHARINA
Luc Here is a wonder if you talk of a wonder
Hor And so it is I wonder what it bodes
Pet Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life
And awful rule, and right supremacy
And to be short, what not that s sweet and happy? 110
Bap Now, fair befal thee good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won, and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns,
Another dowry to another daughter
For she is changed, as she had never been
Pet Nay, I will win my wager better yet
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new built virtue and obedience
See where she comes and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion 120

Re-enter KATHARINA *with* BIANCA *and* WIDOW

Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not
Off with that bauble throw it under foot
Wid Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!
Bian Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?
Luc I would your duty were as foolish too
The wisdom of your duty fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time
Bian The more fool you for laying on my duty
Pet Katharine, I charge thee, tell these head-strong women 130
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands
Wid Come, come, you re mocking we will have no telling
Pet *Come on I say, and first begin with her*
Wid She shall not
Pet I say she shall and first begin with her
Kath Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king thy governor
It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds, 140
And in no sense is meet or amiable
A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill seeming, thick bereft of beauty,
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it
Thy husband is thy lord thy life thy keeper,
Thy head thy sovereign, one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labour both by sea and land
To watch the night in storms the day in cold, 150
Whilst thou liest warm at home secure and safe,
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love fair looks and true obedience,
Too little payment for so great a debt
Such duty as the subject owes the prince
Even such a woman oweth to her husband
And when she is froward peevish sullen sour,
And not obedient to his honest will
What is she but a foul contending rebel

And graceless traitor to her loving lord? 160
I am ashamed that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace,
Or seek for rule supremacy and sway
When they are bound to serve love and obey
Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come come you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours 170
My heart as great my reason haply more
To bandy word for word and frown for frown
But now I see our lances are but straws
Our strength as weak our weakness past compare
That seeming to be most which we indeed least are
Then vail your stomachs for it is no boot
And place your hands below your husband s foot
In token of which duty if he please
My hand is ready may it do him ease

Pet Why there s a wench! Come on and kiss me Kate 180

Luc Well go thy ways old lad for thou shalt ha t

Vin Tis a good hearing when children are toward

Luc But a harsh hearing when women are froward

Pet Come Kate we ll to bed
We three are married but you two are sped
[*To* LUCENTIO] 'Twas I won the wager thou hit you hit the white
And being a winner God give you good night!
[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA

Hor Now go thy ways thou hast tamed a curst shrew

Luc 'Tis a wonder by your leave she will be tamed so [*Exeunt*

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE OF MILAN *Father to Silvia*
VALENTINE | PROTEUS *the two Gentlemen*
ANTONIO *Father to Proteus*
THURIO *a foolish rival to Valentine*
EGLAMOUR, *Agent for Silvia in her escape*
HOST *where Julia lodges*
THREE OUTLAWS *with Valentine*
SPEED *a clownish servant to Valentine*
LAUNCE *the like to Proteus*
PANTHINO *Servant to Antonio*

JULIA *beloved of Proteus*
SILVIA *beloved of Valentine*
LUCETTA *waiting-woman to Julia*

NON SPEAKING *Servants and musicians*

SCENE *Verona Milan and the frontiers of Mantua*



ACT I

SCENE I *Verona an open place*

Enter VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS

Val Cease to persuade my loving Proteus
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits
Were t not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour d love,
I rather would entreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad
Than living dully sluggardized at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness
But since thou lovest love still and thrive therein
Even as I would when I to love begin 10
Pro Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine adieu!
Think on thy Proteus when thou haply seest
Some rare note worthy object in thy travel
Wish me partaker in thy happiness
When thou dost meet good hap, and in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadsman Valentine
Val And on a love-book pray for my success?
Pro Upon some book I love I ll pray for thee
Val That s on some shallow story of deep love 21
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont
Pro That s a deep story of a deeper love,
For he was more than over shoes in love
Val 'Tis true for you are over boots in love
And yet you never swum the Hellespont
Pro Over the boots? nay give me not the boots
Val No, I will not, for it boots thee not
Pro What?
Val To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans,
Coy looks with heart sore sighs one fading moment's mirth 30
With twenty watchful weary, tedious nights
If haply won perhaps a hapless gain
If lost why then a grievous labour won,
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished
Pro So by your circumstance, you call me fool
Val So, by your circumstance, I fear you ll prove
Pro Tis love you cavil at I am not Love
Val Love is your master for he masters you
And he that is so yoked by a fool 40
Methinks should not be chronicled for wise
Pro Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all
Val And writers say as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime
And all the fair effects of future hopes 50
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu! my father at the road
Expects my coming there to see me shipp d
Pro And thither will I bring thee Valentine
Val Sweet Proteus no, now let us take our leave
To Milan let me hear from thee by letters
Of thy success in love and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend
And I likewise will visit thee with mine 60

Pro All happiness bechance to thee in Milan
Val As much to you at home and so farewell [*Exit*

Pro He after honour hunts I after love
He leaves his friends to dignify them more
I leave myself my friends and all for love
Thou Julia thou hast metamorphosed me
Made me neglect my studies lose my time
War with good counsel set the world at nought
Made wit with musing weak heart sick with
thought

Enter SPEED

Speed Sir Proteus save you! Saw you my
master? 70

Pro But now he parted hence to embark for
Milan

Speed Twenty to one then he is shipp d already
And I have play d the sheep in losing him

Pro Indeed a sheep doth very often stray
An if the shepherd be a while away

Speed You conclude that my master is a shepherd then and I a sheep?

Pro I do

Speed Why then my horns are his horns
whether I wake or sleep 80

Pro A silly answer and fitting well a sheep

Speed This proves me still a sheep

Pro True and thy master a shepherd

Speed Nay that I can deny by a circumstance

Pro It shall go hard but I ll prove it by another

Speed The shepherd seeks the sheep and not the sheep the shepherd but I seek my master and my master seeks not me therefore I am no sheep 91

Pro The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd the shepherd for food follows not the sheep thou for wages followest thy master thy master for wages follows not thee therefore thou art a sheep

Speed Such another proof will make me cry baa

Pro But dost thou hear? gavest thou my letter to Julia? 100

Speed Ay sir I a lost mutton gave your letter to her a laced mutton and she a laced mutton gave me a lost mutton nothing for my labour

Pro Here s too small a pasture for such store of muttons

Speed If the ground be overcharged you were best stick her

Pro Nay in that you are astray twere best pound you 110

Speed Nay sir less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter

Pro You mistake I mean the pound—a pinfold

Speed From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over
Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover

Pro But what said she?

Speed [*First nodding*] Ay

Pro Nod—Ay—why that s noddy

Speed You mistook sir I say she did nod and you ask me if she did nod and I say Ay

Pro And that set together is noddy 120

Speed Now you have taken the pains to set it together take it for your pains

Pro No no you shall have it for bearing the letter

Speed Well I perceive I must be fain to bear with you

Pro Why sir how do you bear with me?

Speed Marry sir the letter very orderly having nothing but the word noddy for my pains

Pro Beshrew me but you have a quick wit

Speed And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse

Pro Come come open the matter in brief what said she?

Speed Open your purse that the money and the matter may be both at once delivered

Pro Well sir here is for your pains What said she? 140

Speed Truly sir I think you ll hardly win her

Pro Why couldst thou perceive so much from her?

Speed Sir I could perceive nothing at all from her no not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter and being so hard to me that brought your mind I fear she ll prove as hard to you in telling your mind Give her no token but stones for she s as hard as steel

Pro What said she? nothing? 150

Speed No not so much as Take this for thy pains To testify your bounty I thank you you have testerned me in requital whereof henceforth carry your letters yourself and so sir I ll commend you to my master

Pro Go go be gone to save your ship from wreck
Which cannot perish having thee aboard
Being destined to a drier death on shore [*Exit* SPEED
I must go send some better messenger
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines 160
Receiving them from such a worthless post [*Exit*

SCENE II *The same garden of Julia s house*
Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA

Jul But say Lucetta now we are alone

Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in love?
Luc Ay madam, so you stumble not unheedfully
Jul Of all the fair resort of gentlemen
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?
Luc Please you repeat their names, I ll show my mind
According to my shallow simple skill
Jul What think st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?
Luc As of a knight well-spoken neat and fine,
But were I you, he never should be mine 11
Jul What think st thou of the rich Mercatio?
Luc Well of his wealth, but of himself so so
Jul What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?
Luc Lord, Lord! to see what folly reigns in us!
Jul How now! what means this passion at his name?
Luc Pardon dear madam tis a passing shame
That I, unworthy body as I am
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen
Jul Why not on Proteus as of all the rest? 20
Luc Then thus of many good I think him best
Jul Your reason?
Luc I have no other but a woman s reason,
I think him so because I think him so
Jul And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?
Luc Ay, if you thought your love not cast away
Jul Why he, of all the rest hath never moved me
Luc Yet he of all the rest I think, best loves ye
Jul His little speaking shows his love but small 29
Luc Fire that s closest kept burns most of all
Jul They do not love that do not show their love
Luc O they love least that let men know their love
Jul I would I knew his mind
Luc Peruse this paper madam
Jul To Julia " Say from whom?
Luc That the contents will show
Jul Say say who gave it thee?
Luc Sir Valentine s page and sent I think, from Proteus
He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it pardon the fault, I pray 40
Jul Now by my modesty, a goodly broker!
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now trust me, tis an office of great worth
And you an officer fit for the place
There take the paper see it be return'd,
Or else return no more into my sight
Luc To plead for love deserves more fee than hate
Jul Will ye be gone?
Luc That you may ruminate [*Exit*
Jul And yet I would I had o erlooked the letter 50
It were a shame to call her back again
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her
What a fool is she that knows I am a maid
And would not force the letter to my view!
Since maids in modesty, say "no to that
Which they would have the profferer construe ay
Fie fie how wayward is this foolish love
That like a testy babe will scratch the nurse
And presently all humbled kiss the rod!
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence 60
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angerly I taught my brow to frown
When inward joy enforced my heart to smile!
My penance is to call Lucetta back
And ask remission for my folly past
What ho! Lucetta!

Re enter LUCETTA

Luc What would your ladyship?
Jul Is't near dinner time?
Luc I would it were
That you might kill your stomach on your meat
And not upon your maid
Jul What is t that you took up so gingerly?
Luc Nothing 71
Jul Why didst thou stoop then?
Luc To take a paper up that I let fall
Jul And is that paper nothing?
Luc Nothing concerning me
Jul Then let it lie for those that it concerns
Luc Madam it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter
Jul Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme
Luc That I might sing it madam to a tune
Give me a note your ladyship can set 81
Jul As little by such toys as may be possible
Best sing it to the tune of ' Light o Love
Luc It is too heavy for so light a tune
Jul Heavy! belike it hath some burden then?
Luc Ay, and melodious were it would you sing it
Jul And why not you?
Luc I cannot reach so high
Jul Let s see your song How now, minion!

Luc Keep tune there still so you will sing it
out
And yet methinks I do not like this tune 90
Jul You do not?
Luc No madam it is too sharp
Jul You minion are too saucy
Luc Nay now you are too flat
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song
Jul The mean is drown'd with your unruly bass
Luc Indeed I bid the base for Proteus
Jul This babble shall not henceforth trouble me
Here is a coil with protestation! [*Tears the letter*]
Go get you gone and let the papers lie 100
You would be fingering them to anger me
Luc She makes it strange but she would be
best pleased
To be so anger'd with another letter [*Exit*
Jul Nay would I were so anger'd with the
same
O hateful hands to tear such loving words!
Injurious wasps to feed on such sweet honey
And kill the bees that yield it with your stings!
I'll kiss each several paper for amends
Look here is writ kind Julia Unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude 110
I throw thy name against the bruising stones
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain
And here is writ love-wounded Proteus
Poor wounded name! my bosom as a bed
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be throughly
heal'd
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss
But twice or thrice was Proteus written down
Be calm good wind blow not a word away
Till I have found each letter in the letter
Except mine own name that some whirlwind
bear
Unto a ragged fearful hanging rock 121
And throw it thence into the raging sea!
Lo here in one line is his name twice writ
Poor forlorn Proteus passionate Proteus
To the sweet Julia that I'll tear away
And yet I will not sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names
Thus will I fold them one upon another
Now kiss embrace contend do what you will

Re-enter LUCETTA

Luc Madam 130
Dinner is ready and your father stays
Jul Well let us go
Luc What shall these papers lie like telltale
here?
Jul If you respect them best to take them up
Luc Nay I was taken up for laying them down
Yet here they shall not lie for catching cold
Jul I see you have a month's mind to them
Luc Ay madam you may say what sights you
see
I see things too although you judge I wink
Jul Come, come will't please you go? 140
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III *The same Antonio's house*

Enter ANTONIO *and* PANTHINO

Ant Tell me Panthino what sad talk was that
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?
Pan 'Twas of his nephew Proteus your son
Ant Why what of him?
Pan He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home
While other men of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out
Some to the wars to try their fortune there
Some to discover islands far away
Some to the studious universities 10
For any or for all these exercises
He said that Proteus your son was meet
And did request me to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home
Which would be great impeachment to his age
In having known no travel in his youth
Ant Nor need'st thou much importune me to
that
Whereon this month I have been hammering
I have consider'd well his loss of time
And how he cannot be a perfect man 20
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world
Experience is by industry achieved
And perfected by the swift course of time
Then tell me whither were I best to send him?
Pan I think your lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthful Valentine
Attends the Emperor in his royal court
Ant I know it well
Pan 'Twere good I think your lordship sent
him thither
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments 30
Hear sweet discourse converse with noblemen,
And be in eye of every exercise
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth
Ant I like thy counsel well hast thou advised
And that thou mayst perceive how well I like it
The execution of it shall make known
Even with the speediest expedition
I will dispatch him to the Emperor's court
Pan To-morrow may it please you Don
Alphonso
With other gentlemen of good esteem 40
Are journeying to salute the Emperor
And to commend their service to his will

Ant Good company, with them shall Proteus go
And, in good time! now will we break with him

Enter PROTEUS

Pro Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand the agent of her heart,
Here is her oath for love her honour s pawn
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
O heavenly Julia! 50
Ant How now! what letter are you reading there?
Pro May t please your lordship, tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him
Ant Lend me the letter, let me see what news
Pro There is no news, my lord, but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well beloved
And daily graced by the Emperor,
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune
Ant And how stand you affected to his wish?
Pro As one relying on your lordship s will 61
And not depending on his friendly wish
Ant My will is something sorted with his wish
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed
For what I will, I will, and there an end
I am resolved that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the Emperor s court
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me
To-morrow be in readiness to go 70
Excuse it not for I am peremptory
Pro My lord I cannot be so soon provided
Please you deliberate a day or two
Ant Look what thou want'st shall be sent after thee
No more of stay! to morrow thou must go
Come on, Panthino you shall be employ d
To hasten on his expedition
[*Exeunt* ANTONIO *and* PANTHINO
Pro Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of burning
And drench d me in the sea where I am drown'd
I fear d to show my father Julia's letter, 80
Lest he should take exceptions to my love,
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love
O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Re enter PANTHINO

Pan Sir Proteus, your father calls for you
He is in haste, therefore I pray you, go 89
Pro Why this it is my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thousand times it answers "no"
[*Exeunt*

ACT II

SCENE I *Milan the Duke s palace*

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED

Speed Sir, your glove
Val Not mine my gloves are on
Speed Why, then, this may be yours, for this is but one
Val Ha! let me see ay give it me it s mine
Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!
Ah Silvia Silvia!
Speed Madam Silvia! Madam Silvia!
Val How now, sirrah?
Speed She is not within hearing sir
Val Why sir who bade you call her?
Speed Your worship sir, or else I mistook 10
Val Well you'll still be too forward
Speed And yet I was last chidden for being too slow
Val Go to, sir tell me do you know Madam Silvia?
Speed She that your worship loves?
Val Why, how know you that I am in love?
Speed Marry, by these special marks first, you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreathe your arms, like a malcontent, to relish a love-song like a robin redbreast, to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence to sigh, like a school boy that had lost his A B C, to weep like a young wench that had buried her grandam, to fast, like one that takes diet, to watch like one that fears robbing, to speak puling, like a beg gar at Hallowmas You were wont when you laughed to crow like a cock when you walked to walk like one of the lions, when you fasted it was presently after dinner when you looked sadly it was for want of money and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress that, when I look on you I can hardly think you my master
Val Are all these things perceived in me?
Speed They are all perceived without ye
Val Without me? they cannot
Speed Without you? nay that s certain for, without you were so simple, none else would but you are so without these follies that these follies are within you and shine through you like the water in an urinal that not an eye that sees

you but is a physician to comment on your malady

Val But tell me dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed She that you gaze on so as she sits at supper?

Val Hast thou observed that? even she I mean

Speed Why sir I know her not 50

Val Dost thou know her by my gazing on her and yet knowest her not?

Speed Is she not hard favoured sir?

Val Not so fair boy as well favoured

Speed Sir I know that well enough

Val What dost thou know?

Speed That she is not so fair as of you well favoured

Val I mean that her beauty is exquisite but her favour infinite 60

Speed That s because the one is painted and the other out of all count

Val How painted? and how out of count?

Speed Marry sir so painted to make her fair that no man counts of her beauty

Val How esteemest thou me? I account of her beauty

Speed You never saw her since she was deformed

Val How long hath she been deformed? 70

Speed Ever since you loved her

Val I have loved her ever since I saw her and still I see her beautiful

Speed If you love her you cannot see her

Val Why?

Speed Because Love is blind O that you had mine eyes or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungartered

Val What should I see then? 80

Speed Your own present folly and her passing deformity for he being in love could not see to garter his hose and you being in love cannot see to put on your hose

Val Belike boy then you are in love for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes

Speed True sir I was in love with my bed I thank you you swinged me for my love which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours

Val In conclusion I stand affected to her 90

Speed I would you were set so your affection would cease

Val Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves

Speed And have you?

Val I have

Speed Are they not lamely writ?

Val No boy but as well as I can do them Peace! here she comes 99

Speed [*Aside*] O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her

Enter SILVIA

Val Madam and mistress a thousand good morrows

Speed [*Aside*] O give ye good even! here s a million of manners

Sil Sir Valentine and servant to you two thousand

Speed [*Aside*] He should give her interest, and she gives it him

Val As you enjoin d me I have writ your letter
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours 111
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in
But for my duty to your ladyship

Sil I thank you gentle servant tis very
clerkly done

Val Now trust me, madam it came hardly off
For being ignorant to whom it goes
I writ at random very doubtfully

Sil Perchance you think too much of so much
pains?

Val No madam so it stead you I will write
Please you command a thousand times as much
And yet— 121

Sil A pretty period! Well I guess the sequel
And yet I will not name it and yet I care not
And yet take this again and yet I thank you
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more

Speed [*Aside*] And yet you will and yet
another yet

Val What means your ladyship? do you not
like it?

Sil Yes yes the lines are very quaintly writ
But since unwillingly take them again
Nay take them 130

Val Madam they are for you

Sil Ay ay you writ them sir at my request
But I will none of them they are for you
I would have had them writ more movingly

Val Please you I ll write your ladyship an
other

Sil And when it s writ for my sake read it over
And if it please you so if not why so

Val If it please me madam what then?

Sil Why if it please you take it for your
labour
And so good morrow servant [*Exit* 140

Speed O jest unseen inscrutable invisible
As a nose on a man s face or a weathercock on a
steeple!
My master sues to her and she hath taught her
suitor

He being her pupil, to become her tutor
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better,
That my master, being scribe, to himself should
write the letter?

Val How now, sir? what are you reasoning with yourself?

Speed Nay, I was rhyming tis you that have the reason 150

Val To do what?

Speed To be a spokesman from Madam Silvia

Val To whom?

Speed To yourself why, she wooes you by a figure

Val What figure?

Speed By a letter, I should say

Val Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest? 160

Val No believe me

Speed No believing you, indeed sir But did you perceive her earnest?

Val She gave me none, except an angry word

Speed Why, she hath given you a letter

Val That s the letter I writ to her friend

Speed And that letter hath she delivered and there an end

Val I would it were no worse

Speed I'll warrant you tis as well 170
For often have you writ to her and she, in
modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again
reply
Or fearing else some messenger that might her
mind discover
Herself hath taught her love himself to write
unto her lover
All this I speak in print, for in print I found it
Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner time

Val I have dined

Speed Ay, but hearken, sir though the chameleon Love can feed on the air I am one that am nourished by my victuals and would fain have meat O, be not like your mistress, be moved, be moved [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Verona Julia s house*

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA

Pro Have patience gentle Julia

Jul I must where is no remedy

Pro When possibly I can I will return

Jul If you turn not you will return the sooner
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake
Giving a ring

Pro Why then we ll make exchange here,
take you this

Jul And seal the bargain with a holy kiss

Pro Here is my hand for my true constancy,
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day
Wherein I sigh not, Julia for thy sake, 10
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love s forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming answer not,
The tide is now nay, not thy tide of tears,
That tide will stay me longer than I should
Julia, farewell! [*Exit* JULIA
What, gone without a word?
Ay so true love should do it cannot speak,
For truth hath better deeds than words to
grace it

Enter PANTHINO

Pan Sir Proteus, you are stay d for

Pro Go I come I come 20
Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III *The same a street*

Enter LAUNCE *leading a dog*

Launce Nay twill be this hour ere I have done weeping all the kind of the Launces have this very fault I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the Imperial s court I think Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives my mother weeping, my father wailing my sister crying our maid howling our cat wringing her hands and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel hearted cur shed one tear he is a stone a very pebble stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting, why my grandam having no eyes look you wept herself blind at my parting Nay, I ll show you the manner of it This shoe is my father no this left shoe is my father no no this left shoe is my mother nay, that cannot be so neither yes it is so it is so, it hath the worser sole This shoe, with the hole in it is my mother and this my father a vengeance on't there tis now sir this staff is my sister, for, look you she is as white as a lily and as small as a wand this hat is Nan, our maid I am the dog no the dog is himself, and I am the dog—Oh! the dog is me and I am myself, ay so so Now come I to my father Father your blessing now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping now should I kiss my father well he weeps on Now come I to my mother O that she could speak now like a wood woman! Well I kiss her why there tis here s my mother s breath up and down Now come I to my sister mark the moan she makes Now the dog all this while sheds not

you but is a physician to comment on your malady
Val But tell me dost thou know my lady Silvia?
Speed She that you gaze on so as she sits at supper?
Val Hast thou observed that? even she I mean
Speed Why sir I know her not 50
Val Dost thou know her by my gazing on her and yet knowest her not?
Speed Is she not hard favoured sir?
Val Not so fair boy as well favoured
Speed Sir I know that well enough
Val What dost thou know?
Speed That she is not so fair as of you well favoured
Val I mean that her beauty is exquisite but her favour infinite 60
Speed That s because the one is painted and the other out of all count
Val How painted? and how out of count?
Speed Marry sir so painted to make her fair that no man counts of her beauty
Val How esteemest thou me? I account of her beauty
Speed You never saw her since she was deformed
Val How long hath she been deformed? 70
Speed Ever since you loved her
Val I have loved her ever since I saw her and still I see her beautiful
Speed If you love her you cannot see her
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Speed Because Love is blind O that you had mine eyes or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungartered!
Val What should I see then? 80
Speed Your own present folly and her passing deformity for he being in love could not see to garter his hose and you being in love cannot see to put on your hose
Val Belike boy then you are in love for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes
Speed True sir I was in love with my bed I thank you you swinged me for my love which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours
Val In conclusion I stand affected to her 90
Speed I would you were set so your affection would cease
Val Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves
Speed And have you?
Val I have
Speed Are they not lamely writ?
Val No boy but as well as I can do them.
Peace! here she comes 99
Speed [*Aside*] O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her

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Val Now trust me madam it came hardly off
For being ignorant to whom it goes
I writ at random very doubtfully
Sil Perchance you think too much of so much pains?
Val No madam so it stead you I will write,
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And yet— 121
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And yet I will not name it and yet I care not
And yet take this again and yet I thank you,
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But since unwillingly take them again
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Sil Ay ay you writ them sir at my request
But I will none of them they are for you
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Sil And when it s writ for my sake read it over
And if it please you so if not why so
Val If it please me madam what then?
Sil Why if it please you take it for your labour
And so good morrow servant [*Exit* 140
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Speed And that letter hath she delivered, and there an end

Val I would it were no worse

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For often have you writ to her, and she, in
modesty
Or else for want of idle time, could not again
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Or fearing else some messenger that might her
mind discover,
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Giving a ring

Pro Why then we'll make exchange, here,
take you this

Jul And seal the bargain with a holy kiss

Pro Here is my hand for my true constancy,
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day
Wherein I sigh not, Julia for thy sake, 10
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming answer not
The tide is now nay, not thy tide of tears,
That tide will stay me longer than I should
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a tear nor speaks a word but ee how I lay the dust with my tears

Enter PANTHINO

Pan Launce away away aboard! thy master is shipped and thou art to post after with oars What s the matter? why weepest thou man? Away ass! you ll lose the tide if you tarry any longer

Launce It is no matter if the tied were lost for it is the unkin lest tied that ever any man tied

Pan What s the unkindest ti le?

Launce Why he that s tied here Crab my dog

Pan Tut man I mean thou lt lose the flood and in losing the flood lose thy voyage and in losing thy voyage lose thy master and in losing thy master lose thy service and in losing thy service—Why dost thou stop my mouth? 51

Launce For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue

Pan Where should I lose my tongue?

Launce In thy tale

Pan In thy tail!

Launce Lose the tide and the voyage and the master and the service and the tied! Why man if the river were dry I am able to fill it with my tears if the wind were down I could drive the boat with my sighs 60

Pan Come come away man I was sent to call thee

Launce S r call me what thou darest

Pan Wilt thou go?

Launce Well I will go [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Milan the Duke s palace*

Enter SILVIA VALENTINE THURIO *and* SPEED

Sil Servant!

Val Mistress?

Speed Master Sir Thurio frowns on you

Val Ay boy it s for love

Speed Not of you

Val Of my mistress then

Speed Twere good you knocked him [*Exit*

Sil Servant you are sad

Val Indeed madam I seem so

Thu Seem you that you are not? 10

Val Haply I do

Thu So do counterfeits

Val So do you

Thu What eem I that I am not?

Val W se

Thu What instance of the contrary?

Val Your folly

Thu And how quote you my folly?

Val I quote it in your jerkin

Thu My jerkin is a doublet 20

Val Well then I ll double your folly

Thu How?

Sil What angry Sir Thurio! do you change colour?

Val Give him leave madam he is a kind of chameleon

Thu That hath more mind to feed on your blood than live in your air

Val You have said sir

Thu Ay sir and done too for this time 30

Val I know it well sir you always end ere you begin

Sil A fine volley of words gentlemen, and quickly shot off

Val 'Tis indeed madam we thank the giver

Sil Who is that servant?

Val Yourself sweet lady for you gave the fire Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship s looks and spends what he borrows kindly in your company 40

Thu Sir if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt

Val I know it well sir you have an exchequer of words and I think no other treasure to give your followers for it appears by their bare liveries that they live by your bare words

Sil No more gentlemen no more here comes my father

Enter DUKE

Duke Now daughter Silvia you are hard beset
Sir Valentine your father s in good health 50
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

Val My lord I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke Know ye Don Antonio your countryman?

Val Ay my good lord I know the gentleman
To be of worth and worthy estimation
And not without desert so well reputed

Duke Hath he not a son?

Val Ay my good lord a son that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father 60

Duke You know him well?

Val I know him as myself for from our infancy
We have conversed and spent our hours together
And though myself have been an idle truant
Omitting the sweet benefit of time
To clothe mine age with angel like perfection
Yet hath Sir Proteus for that s his name
Made use and fair advantage of his days
His years but young but his experience old
His head unmellowed but his judgement ripe 70
And in a word for far behind his worth
Comes all the praises that I now bestow

He is complete in feature and in mind
With all good grace to grace a gentleman

Duke Beshrew me, sir, but if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress love
As meet to be an emperor s counsellor
Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates,
And here he means to spend his time awhile *80*
I think 'tis no unwelcome news to you

Val Should I have wish d a thing it had been he

Duke Welcome him then according to his worth
Silvia I speak to you and you Sir Thurio,
For Valentine I need not cite him to it
I will send him hither to you presently [*Exit*

Val This is the gentleman I told your ladyship
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks

Sil Belike that now she hath enfranchised them *90*
Upon some other pawn for fealty

Val Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still

Sil Nay, then he should be blind, and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair of eyes

Thu They say that Love hath not an eye at all

Val To see such lovers, Thurio as yourself
Upon a homely object Love can wink

Sil Have done, have done, here comes the gentleman [*Exit* THURIO

Enter PROTEUS

Val Welcome, dear Proteus! Mistress I beseech you, *100*
Confirm his welcome with some special favour

Sil His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish d to hear from

Val Mistress, it is sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow servant to your ladyship

Sil Too low a mistress for so high a servant

Pro Not so sweet lady but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress

Val Leave off discourse of disability
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant *110*

Pro My duty will I boast of, nothing else

Sil And duty never yet did want his meed
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress

Pro I ll die on him that says so but yourself

Sil That you are welcome?

Pro That you are worthless

Re enter THURIO

Thu Madam, my lord your father would speak with you

Sil I wait upon his pleasure Come, Sir Thurio,
Go with me Once more new servant welcome
I ll leave you to confer of home affairs, *119*
When you have done, we look to hear from you

Pro We ll both attend upon your ladyship
[*Exeunt* SILVIA *and* THURIO

Val Now tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Pro Your friends are well and have them much commended

Val And how do yours?

Pro I left them all in health

Val How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

Pro My tales of love were wont to weary you,
I know you joy not in a love discourse

Val Ay, Proteus but that life is alter d now
I have done penance for contemning Love
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish d me *130*
With bitter fasts with penitential groans
With nightly tears and daily heart sore sighs,
For in revenge of my contempt of love
Love hath chased sleep from my enthralled eyes
And made them watchers of mine own heart s sorrow
O gentle Proteus Love's a mighty lord
And hath so humbled me as I confess
There is no woe to his correction
Nor to his service no such joy on earth
Now no discourse, except it be of love *140*
Now can I break my fast dine sup and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love

Pro Enough I read your fortune in your eye
Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val Even she, and is she not a heavenly saint?

Pro No, but she is an earthly paragon

Val Call her divine

Pro I will not flatter her

Val O flatter me, for love delights in praises

Pro When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills
And I must minister the like to you *150*

Val Then speak the truth by her if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth

Pro Except my mistress

Val Sweet except not any,
Except thou wilt except against my love

Pro Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val And I will help thee to prefer her too
She shall be dignified with this high honour—
To bear my lady s train lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss *160*
And of so great a favour growing proud
Disdain to root the summer swelling flower
And make rough winter everlasting

Pro Why Valentine what braggardism is this?

Val Pardon me Proteus all I can is nothing
To her whose worth makes other worthies nothing
She is alone

Pro Then let her alone

Val Not for the world why man she is mine own
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas if all their sand were pearl 170
The water nectar and the rocks pure gold
Forgive me that I do not dream on thee
Because thou see st me dote upon my love
My foolish rival that her father likes
Only for his possessions are so huge
Is gone with her along and I must after
For love thou know st is full of jealousy

Pro But she loves you?

Val Ay and we are bethroth d nay more our marriage hour
With all the cunning manner of our fl ht 180
Determined of how I must climb her window
The ladder made of cords and all the means
Plotted and greed on for my happiness
Good Proteus go with me to my chamber
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel

Pro Go on before I shall inquire you forth
I must unto the road to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use
And then I ll presently attend you

Val Will you make haste? 190

Pro I will [*Exit* VALENTINE
Even as one heat another heat expels
Or as one nail by strength drives out another
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten
[Is it mine or Valentine s praise]
Her true perfection or my false transgression
That makes me reasonless to reason thus?
She is fair and so is Julia that I love—
That I did love for now my love is thaw d 200
Which like a waxen image ga nst a fire
Bears no impression of the thing it was
Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold
And that I love him not as I was wont
O b t I love his lady too too m ch
And that s the reason I love him so little
How shall I dote on her with more a lvice
That thus without advice begin to love her!
Ti but her p cture I have yet beheld
And that hath dazzled my reason s light 210
But when I look on her perfections
There is no reason but I shall be blind
If I can check my errin love I will
If not to compass her I ll u e my skill [*Exit*

SCENE V *The same a street*

Enter SPEED *and* LAUNCE *severally*

Speed Launce! by mine honesty welcome to Milan!

Launce Forswear not thyself sweet youth for I am not welcome I reckon this always that a man is never undone till he be hanged nor never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid and the hostess say Welcome!

Speed Come on you madcap I ll to the alehouse with you presently where for on shot of five pence thou shalt have five thousand welcomes But sirrah how did thy master part with Madam Julia?

Launce Marry after they closed in earnest they parted very fairly in jest

Speed But shall she marry him?

Launce No

Speed How then? shall he marry her?

Launce No neither

Speed What are they broken?

Launce No they are both as whole as a fish 20

Speed Why then how stands the matter with them?

Launce Marry thus when it stands well with him it stands well with her

Speed What an ass art thou! I understand thee not

Launce What a block art thou that thou canst not! My staff understands me

Speed What thou sayest?

Launce Ay and what I do too look thee I ll but lean and my staff understands me 31

Speed It stands under thee indeed

Launce Why stand under and under stand is all one

Speed But tell me true will t be a match?

Launce Ask my dog if he say ay it will if he say no it will if he shake his tail and say nothing it will

Speed The conclusion is then that it will

Launce Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable 41

Speed Tis well that I get it so But Launce how sayest thou that my master is become a notable lover?

Launce I never knew him otherwise

Speed Than how?

Launce A notable lubber as thou reportest him to be

Speed Why thou whoreson ass thou mistakest me 50

Launce Why fool I meant not thee I meant thy master

Speed I tell thee my master is become a hot lover

Launce Why, I tell thee I care not though he burn himself in love If thou wilt, go with me to the alehouse if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian

Speed Why? 59

Launce Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale with a Christian Wilt thou go?

Speed At thy service [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI *The same the Duke s palace*

Enter PROTEUS

Pro To leave my Julia shall I be forsworn,
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn,
To wrong my friend I shall be much forsworn,
And even that power which gave me first my
oath
Provokes me to this threefold perjury,
Love bade me swear and Love bids me forswear
O sweet suggesting Love if thou hast sinn d,
Teach me, thy tempted subject to excuse it!
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun 10
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken
And he wants wit that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better
Fie fie unreverend tongue! to call her bad
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr d
With twenty thousand soul confirming oaths
I cannot leave to love and yet I do
But there I leave to love where I should love
Julia I lose and Valentine I lose
If I keep them I needs must lose myself 20
If I lose them, thus find I by their loss
For Valentine myself, for Julia Silvia
I to myself am dearer than a friend,
For love is still most precious in itself
And Silvia—witness Heaven, that made her
fair!—
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiope
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Remembering that my love to her is dead,
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend 30
I cannot now prove constant to myself,
Without some treachery used to Valentine
This night he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window,
Myself in counsel his competitor
Now presently I'll give her father notice
Of their disguising and pretended flight
Who all enraged will banish Valentine
For Thurio he intends, shall wed his daughter,
But Valentine being gone I ll quickly cross 40
By some sly trick blunt Thurio s dull proceed-
ing
Love lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit*

SCENE VII *Verona Julia s house*

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA

Jul Counsel, Lucetta gentle girl, assist me,
And even in kind love I do conjure thee,
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly character d and engraved
To lesson me and tell me some good mean
How, with my honour I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus

Luc Alas, the way is wearisome and long!

Jul A true devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps 10
Much less shall she that hath Love s wings to fly,
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection as Sir Proteus

Luc Better forbear till Proteus make return

Jul O, know st thou not his looks are my soul s
food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in
By longing for that food so long a time
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow
As seek to quench the fire of love with words 20

Luc I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualify the fire s extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason

Jul The more thou damn st it up, the more it
burns
The current that with gentle murmur glides
Thou know st, being stopp d impatiently doth
rage,
But when his fair course is not hindered
He makes sweet music with the enamell d stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage 30
And so by many winding nooks he strays
With willing sport to the wild ocean
Then let me go and hinder not my course
I ll be as patient as a gentle stream
And make a pastime of each weary step
Till the last step have brought me to my love,
And there I'll rest as after much turmoil
A blessed soul doth in Elysium

Luc But in what habit will you go along?

Jul Not like a woman for I would prevent 40
The loose encounters of lascivious men
Gentle Lucetta fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well reputed page

Luc Why, then your ladyship must cut your
hair

Jul No girl I ll knit it up in silken strings
With twenty odd-conceited true love knots
To be fantastic may become a youth

Of greater time than I shall show to be
Luc What fashion, madam shall I make your breeches? 49
Jul That fits as well as 'Tell me good my lord
What compass will you wear your farthingale?
Why even what fashion thou best likest Lucetta
Luc You must needs have them with a codpiece madam
Jul Out out Lucetta! that will be ill favour d
Luc A round hose madam now s not worth a pin,
Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on
Jul Lucetta as thou lovest me, let me have
What thou thinkest meet and is most mannerly
But tell me wench how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstaid a journey? 60
I fear me it will make me scandalized
Luc If you think so then stay at home and go not
Jul Nay that I will not
Luc Then never dream on infamy but go
If Proteus like your journey when you come
No matter who s displeased when you are gone
I fear me he will scarce be pleased withal
Jul That is the least Lucetta of my fear
A thousand oaths an ocean of his tears
And instances of infinite of love 70
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus
Luc All these are servants to deceitful men
Jul Base men that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars d d go ern Proteus birth
His words are bonds his oaths are oracles
His love sincere his thoughts immaculate
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth
Luc Pray heaven he prove so when you come to him!
Jul Now as thou lovest me do him not that wrong 80
To bear a hard opinion of his truth
Only deserve my love by loving him
And presently go with me to my chamber
To take a note of what I stand in need of
To furnish me upon my longing journey
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose
My goods my lands my reputation
Only in lieu thereof dispatch me hence
Come answer not but to it presently!
I am impatient of my tarriance [*Exeunt* 90

ACT III

SCENE I *Milan the Duke s palace*

Enter DUKE, THURIO *and* PROTEUS

Duke Sir Thurio give us leave I pray awhile
We have some secrets to confer about
[*Exit* THURIO
Now tell me Proteus what s your will with me?
Pro My gracious lord that which I would discover
The law of friendship bids me to conceal
But when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me undeserving as I am
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me 9
Know worthy prince Sir Valentine my friend
This night intends to steal away your daughter
Myself am one made privy to the plot
I know you have determined to bestow her
On Thurio whom your gentle daughter hates
And should she thus be stol n away from you
It would be much vexation to your age,
Thus for my duty s sake I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift
Than by concealing it heap on your head
A pack of sorrows which would press you down
Being unprevented to your timeless grave 21
Duke Proteus I thank thee for thine honest care
Which to requite command me while I live
This love of theirs myself have often seen
Haply when they have judged me fast asleep
And oftentimes have purposed to forbid
Sir Valentine her company and my court
But fearing lest my jealous aim might err
And so unworthily disgrace the man
A rashness that I ever yet have shunn d 30
I gave him gentle looks thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclosed to me
And that thou mayst perceive my fear of this
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower
The key whereof myself have ever kept
And thence she cannot be convey d away
Pro Know noble lord they have devised a mean
How he her chamber window will ascend
And with a corded ladder fetch her down 40
For which the youthful lover now is gone
And this way comes he with it presently
Where if it please you you may intercept him
But good my Lord do it so cunningly
That my discovery be not aimed at
For love of you not hate unto my friend
Hath made me publisher of this pretence
Duke Upon mine honour he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this
Pro Adieu my lord Sir Valentine is coming
[*Exit* 50

Enter VALENTINE

Duke Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?
Val Please it your Grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends
And I am going to deliver them
Duke Be they of much import?
Val The tenour of them doth but signify
My health and happy being at your court
Duke Nay then, no matter, stay with me awhile,
I am to break with thee of some affairs
That touch me near wherein thou must be secret
Tis not unknown to thee that I have sought *61*
To match my friend Sir Thurio to my daughter
Val I know it well, my Lord, and sure the match
Were rich and honourable, besides the gentleman
Is full of virtue bounty worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter
Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him?
Duke No, trust me, she is peevish sullen, froward
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty,
Neither regarding that she is my child *70*
Nor fearing me as if I were her father,
And may I say to thee this pride of hers
Upon advice hath drawn my love from her
And where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child like duty,
I now am full resolved to take a wife
And turn her out to who will take her in
Then let her beauty be her wedding dower
For me and my possessions she esteems not
Val What would your Grace have me to do in this? *80*
Duke There is a lady in Verona here
Whom I affect but she is nice and coy
And nought esteems my aged eloquence
Now therefore would I have thee to my tutor—
For long agone I have forgot to court
Besides the fashion of the time is changed—
How and which way I may bestow myself
To be regarded in her sun bright eye
Val Win her with gifts if she respect not words
Dumb jewels often in their silent kind *90*
More than quick words do move a woman s mind
Duke But she did scorn a present that I sent her
Val A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her
Send her another never give her o'er
For scorn at first makes after love the more
If she do frown 'tis not in hate of you
But rather to beget more love in you
If she do chide tis not to have you gone,
For why, the fools are mad if left alone
Take no repulse whatever she doth say, *100*
For "get you gone" she doth not mean "away!"
Flatter and praise commend extol their graces,
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels faces
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman
Duke But she I mean is promised by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,
And kept severely from resort of men
That no man hath access by day to her
Val Why then, I would resort to her by night
Duke Ay but the doors be lock'd and keys kept safe, *111*
That no man hath recourse to her by night
Val What lets but one may enter at her window?
Duke Her chamber is aloft far from the ground
And built so shelving that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life
Val Why then a ladder quaintly made of cords
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero s tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it *120*
Duke Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood
Advise me where I may have such a ladder
Val When would you use it? pray sir tell me that
Duke This very night, for Love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by
Val By seven o clock I ll get you such a ladder
Duke But hark thee I will go to her alone
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?
Val It will be light, my lord that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length *130*
Duke A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?
Val Ay, my good lord
Duke Then let me see thy cloak
I ll get me one of such another length
Val Why any cloak will serve the turn my lord
Duke How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?
I pray thee let me feel thy cloak upon me
What letter is this same? What s here? "To Silvia"
And here an engine fit for my proceeding
I ll be so bold to break the seal for once [*Reads*
My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly
And slaves they are to me that send them flying *141*
O could their master come and go as lightly

Himself would lodge where senseless they
are lying!
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them
While I their king that hither them importune
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath
bless d them
Because my self do want my servants fortune
I curse my self for they are sent by me
That they should harbour where their lord would
be
What s here? 150
Silvia this night I will enfranchise thee
Tis so and here s the ladder for the purpose
Why Phaethon—for thou art Merops son—
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars because they shine on thee?
Go base intruder! overweening sla e!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates
And think my patience more than thy desert
Is privilege for thy departure hence 160
Thank me for this more than for all the favours
Which all too much I have bestow d on thee
But if thou linger in my territories
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to l ave our royal court
By heaven! my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my dau hter or thyself
Be gone! I will not hear thy vain excuse
But as thou lovest thy life make speed from
hence [*Exit*
Val And why not death rather than living
torment? 170
To d e is to be banish d from my self
And Silvia is my self banish d from her
Is self from self a deadly banishment!
What light is light if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by
And feed upon the shadow of perfection
Except I be by Silvia in the night
There is no music in the nightingale
Unless I look on Silvia in the day 180
There is no day for me to look upon
She is my essence and I leave to be
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster d illumined cherish d kept alive
I fly not death to fly his deadly doom
Tarry I here I but attend on death
But fly I hence I fly away from life

Enter PROTEUS *and* LAUNCE

Pro Run boy run run and seek him out
Launce Soho soho!
Pro What seest thou? 190
Launce Him we go to find there s not a hair
on s head but tis a Valentine
Pro Valentine?
Val No
Pro Who then? his spirit?
Val Neither
Pro What then?
Val Nothing
Launce Can nothing speak? Master shall I
strike?
Pro Who wouldst thou strike? 200
Launce Nothing
Pro Villain forbear
Launce Why sir I ll strike nothing I pray
you—
Pro Sirrah I say forbear Friend Valentine a
word
Val My ears are stopt and cannot hear good
news
So much of bad already hath possess d them
Pro Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh untuneable and bad
Val Is Silvia dead?
Pro No Valentine 210
Val No Valentine indeed for sacred Silvia
Hath she forsworn me?
Pro No Valentine
Val No Valentine if Silvia have forsworn me.
What is your news?
Launce Sir there is a proclamation that you are
vanished
Pro That thou art banished—O that s the
news!—
From hence from Silvia and from me thy friend
Val O I have fed upon this woe already
And now excess of it will make me surfeit 220
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?
Pro Ay ay and she hath offer d to the doom—
Which unreversed stands in effectual force—
A sea of melting pearl which some call tears
Those at her father s churlish feet she tender d
With them upon her knees her humble self
Wringing her hands whose whiteness so became
them
As if but now they waxed pale for woe
But neither bended knees pure hands held up
Sad si hs deep groans nor silver shedding tears
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire 231
But Valentine if he be ta en must die
Besides her intercession chafed him so
When she for thy repeal was suppliant
That to close prison he commanded her
With many bitter threats of biding there
Val No more unless the next word that thou
speak st
Have some mal gnant power upon my life

If so I pray thee breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour *240*
Pro Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love,
Besides thy staying will abridge thy life
Hope is a lover s staff, walk hence with that
And manage it against despairing thoughts
Thy letters may be here though thou art hence,
Which being writ to me shall be deliver d
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love *250*
The time now serves not to expostulate
Come I ll convey thee through the city-gate,
And ere I part with thee confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love affairs
As thou lovest Silvia though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me!
Val I pray thee Launce, an if thou seest my boy,
Bid him make haste and meet me at the North-gate
Pro Go, sirrah, find him out Come, Valentine
Val O my dear Silvia! Hapless Valentine! *260*
[*Exeunt* VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS

Launce I am but a fool, look you, and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave but that's all one if he be but one knave He lives not now that knows me to be in love yet I am in love but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me nor who tis I love and yet tis a woman but what woman I will not tell myself and yet tis a milkmaid yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips yet 'tis a maid for she is her master s maid and serves for wages She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel which is much in a bare Christian [*Pulling out a paper*] Here is the cate log of her condition '*Imprimis* She can fetch and carry ' Why a horse can do no more nay, a horse cannot fetch but only carry therefore is she better than a jade ' *Item* She can milk", look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands

Enter SPEED

Speed How now Signior Launce! what news with your mastership? *280*
Launce With my master s ship? why, it is at sea
Speed Well, your old vice still mistake the word What news then in your paper?
Launce The blackest news that ever thou heardest
Speed Why, man how black?
Launce Why as black as ink
Speed Let me read them
Launce Fie on thee jolt head! thou canst not read *291*
Speed Thou liest, I can
Launce I will try thee Tell me this who begot thee?
Speed Marry the son of my grandfather
Launce O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother this proves that thou canst not read
Speed Come fool, come try me in thy paper
Launce There, and Saint Nicholas be thy speed! *301*
Speed [*Reads*] "*Imprimis* She can milk "
Launce Ay, that she can
Speed *Item* She brews good ale "
Launce And thereof comes the proverb "Blessing of your heart you brew good ale "
Speed ' *Item* She can sew "
Launce That's as much as to say, "Can she so?
Speed "*Item* She can knit ' *310*
Launce What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?
Speed ' *Item* She can wash and scour
Launce A special virtue for then she need not be washed and scoured
Speed "*Item* She can spin "
Launce Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living *319*
Speed *Item* she hath many nameless virtues
Launce That s as much as to say, bastard virtues that, indeed, know not their fathers and therefore have no names
Speed ' Here follow her vices
Launce Close at the heels of her virtues
Speed *Item* She is not to be kissed fasting in respect of her breath '
Launce Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast Read on
Speed ' *Item* She hath a sweet mouth *330*
Launce That makes amends for her sour breath
Speed ' *Item* She doth talk in her sleep '
Launce It s no matter for that so she sleep not in her talk
Speed *Item* She is slow in words "
Launce O villain that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman s only virtue I pray thee, out with t and place it for her chief virtue *340*
Speed "*Item* she is proud '
Launce Out with that too it was Eve s legacy, and cannot be ta en from her
Speed "*Item* She hath no teeth
Launce I care not for that neither, because I love crusts
Speed ' *Item* She is curst

Launce Well the best is she hath no teeth to bite 350

Speed *Item* She will often praise her liquor

Launce If her liquor be good she shall if she will not I will for good things should be praised

Speed *Item* She is too liberal

Launce Of her tongue she cannot for that s writ down she is slow of of her purse she shall not for that I ll keep shut now of another thing she may and that cannot I help Well proceed

Speed *Item* She hath more hair than wit and more faults than hairs and more wealth than faults

Launce Stop there I ll have her she was mine and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article Rehearse that once more

Speed *Item* She hath more hair than wit —

Launce More hair than wit? It may be I ll prove it The cover of the salt hides the salt and therefore it is more than the salt the hair that covers the wit is more than the wit for the greater hides the less What s next?

Speed And more faults than hairs —

Launce That s monstrous O that that were out!

Speed And more wealth than faults

Launce Why that word makes the faults gracious Well I ll have her and if it be a match as nothing is impossible—

Speed What then? 380

Launce Why then will I tell thee—that thy master stays for thee at the North-gate

Speed For me?

Launce For thee! ay who art thou? he hath stayed for a better man than thee

Speed And must I go to him?

Launce Thou must run to him for thou hast stayed so long that going will scarce serve the turn

Speed Why didst not tell me sooner? pox of your love letters! [*Exit* 391

Launce Now will he be swinged for reading my letter an unmannerly slave that will thrust himself into secrets! I ll after to rejoice in the boy s correction [*Exit*

SCENE II *The same the Duke s palace*

Enter DUKE *and* THURIO

Duke Sir Thurio fear not but that she will love you

Now Valentine is banish d from her sight

Thu Since his exile she hath despised me most

Forsworn my company and rail d at me

That I am desperate of obtaining her

Duke This weak impress of love is as a figure

Trenched in ice which with an hour s heat

Dissolves to water and doth lose his form

A little time will melt her frozen thoughts

And worthless Valentine shall be forgot 10

Enter PROTEUS

How now Sir Proteus! Is your countryman

According to our proclamation gone?

Pro Gone my good lord

Duke My daughter takes his going grievously

Pro A little time my lord will kill that grief

Duke So I believe but Thurio thinks not so

Proteus the good conceit I hold of thee—

For thou hast shown some sign of good desert—

Makes me the better to confer with thee

Pro Longer than I prove loyal to your grace

Let me not live to look upon your Grace 21

Duke Thou know st how willingly I would effect

The match between Sir Thurio and my dau hter

Pro I do my lord

Duke And also I think thou art not ignorant

How she opposes her against my will

Pro She did my lord when Valentine was here

Duke Ay and perversely she perseveres so

What might we do to make the girl forget

The love of Valentine and love Sir Thurio? 30

Pro The best way is to slander Valentine

With falsehood cowardice, and poor descent

Three things that women highly hold in hate

Duke Ay but she ll think that it is spoke in hate

Pro Ay if his enemy deliver it

Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken

By one whom she esteemeth as his friend

Duke Then you must undertake to slander him

Pro And that my lord I shall be loath to do

Tis an ill office for a gentleman 40

Especially against his very friend

Duke Where your good word cannot advantage him

Your slander never can endama e him

Therefore the office is indifferent

Being entreated to it by your friend

Pro You have prevail d my lord if I can do it

By aught that I can speak in his dispraise

She shall not long continue love to him

But say this weed her love from Valentine

It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio 50

Thu Therefore as you unwind her love from him

Lest it should ravel and be good to none

You must provide to bottom it on me

Which must be done by praising me as much

As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine

Duke And Proteus we dare trust you in this kind

Because we know on Valentine's report,
You are already Love's firm votary
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind
Upon this warrant shall you have access *60*
Where you with Silvia may confer at large,
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of
  you,
Where you may temper her by your persuasion
To hate young Valentine and love my friend
  Pro As much as I can do, I will effect
But you, Sir Thurio are not sharp enough,
You must lay lime to tangle her desires
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows *70*
  Duke Ay,
Much is the force of heaven bred poesy
  Pro Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears your sighs, your heart
Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears
Moist it again, and frame some feeling line
That may discover such integrity
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets sinews
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame and huge leviathans *80*
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands
After your dire-lamenting elegies
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
With some sweet concert, to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining
  grievance
This or else nothing will inherit her
  Duke This discipline shows thou hast been in
  love
  Thu And thy advice this night I'll put in
  practice
Therefore, sweet Proteus my direction giver,
Let us into the city presently *91*
To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in music
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn
To give the onset to thy good advice
  Duke About it, gentlemen!
  Pro We'll wait upon your Grace till after
  supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings
  Duke Even now about it! I will pardon you
[*Exeunt*

ACT IV

SCENE I *The frontiers of Mantua a forest*

Enter certain OUTLAWS

1st Out Fellows, stand fast I see a passenger
2nd Out If there be ten shrink not but down
  with 'em

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED

3rd Out Stand sir, and throw us that you have
  about ye
If not we'll make you sit and rifle you
  Speed Sir, we are undone, these are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much
  Val My friends—
  1st Out That's not so sir we are your enemies
  2nd Out Peace! we'll hear him
  3rd Out Ay by my beard will we for he's a
  proper man *10*
  Val Then know that I have little wealth to
  lose,
A man I am cross'd with adversity,
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have
  2nd Out Whither travel you?
  Val To Verona
  1st Out Whence came you?
  Val From Milan
  3rd Out Have you long sojourned there?
  Val Some sixteen months and longer might
  have stay'd *21*
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me
  1st Out What were you banish'd thence?
  Val I was
  2nd Out For what offence?
  Val For that which now torments me to re-
  hearse
I kill'd a man whose death I much repent,
But yet I slew him manfully in fight
Without false vantage or base treachery
  1st Out Why ne'er repent it if it were done so
But were you banish'd for so small a fault? *31*
  Val I was and held me glad of such a doom
  2nd Out Have you the tongues?
  Val My youthful travel therein made me
  happy
Or else I often had been miserable
  3rd Out By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat
  friar
This fellow were a king for our wild faction!
  1st Out We'll have him Sirs a word
  Speed Master be one of them, it's an honour-
able kind of thievery *40*
  Val Peace, villain!
  2nd Out Tell us this have you any thing to
  take to?
  Val Nothing but my fortune
  3rd Out Know, then that some of us are
  gentlemen
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men
Myself was from Verona banished

For practising to steal away a lady
An heir and near allied unto the Duke
2nd Out And I from Mantua for a gentleman 50
Who in my mood I stabb d unto the heart
1st Out And I for such like petty crimes as these
But the purpo e—for we cite our faults
That they may hold excused our lawless lives
And partly *seeing yo i are bea itified*
With goodly shape and by your own report
A linguist and a man of such perfection
As we do in our quality much want—
2nd Out Indeed because you are a banish d man
Therefore above the rest we parley to you 60
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity
And live as we d) in this wilderness?
3rd Out What say st thou? wilt thou be of our consort?
Say ay and be the captain of us all
We ll do thee homage and be ruled by thee
Love thee as our commander and our king
1st Out But if thou scorn our courtesy thou diest
2nd Out Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer d
Val I take your offer and will live with you,
Provided that you do no outrages 71
On silly women or poor passengers
3rd Out No we detest such vile base practices
Com go with us we ll bring thee to our crews
And sl ow thee all the treasure ve have got
Which with ourselves all rest at thy dispose
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Milan Outsid the* DUKE *s palace under* SILVIA *s chamber*

Enter PROTEUS

Pro Already have I been false to Valentine
And now I must be as unj ist to Thurio
Under the colour of commending him
I have access my own love to prefer
But Silvia is too fair too true too holy
To be corrupted with my worthless gift
When I protest true loyalty to her
She t ii s me with my falsehood to my friend
When to her beauty I commend my vows
She bids me think how I have been forsworn 10
In breaking faith with Julia whom I loved
And notwithstanding all her sudden quips
The least whereof would quell a lover s hope
Yet panel like the more she spurns my love
Th e more it grows and fawneth on her still
But here comes Thurio now mu t we to her window
And give some evening music to her ear

Enter THURIO *and Musicians*

Thu How now Sir Proteus are you crept before us?
Pro Ay gentle Thurio for you know that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go 0
Thu Ay but I hope sir that you love not here
Pro Sir but I do or else I would be hence
Thu Who? Silvia?
Pro Ay Silvia for your sake
Thu I thank you for your own Now ge tle men
Let s tune and to it lustily awhile

Enter at a distance HOST *and* JULIA *in boy s cloth s*

Host Now my young guest methinks you re allycholly I pray you why is it?
Jul Marry mine host because I cannot be merry 29
Host Come we ll have you merry I ll brin you where you shall hear music and see the gentleman that you asked for
Jul B t shall I hear him speak?
Host Ay that you shall
Jul That will be music.
Music plays
Host Hark hark!
Jul Is he among these?
Host Ay but peace! let s hear em

SONG

Who is Silvia? what is she
That all our swains commend her? 40
Holy fair and wise is she
The heaven such grace did lend her
That she might admired be

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness
Love doth to her eyes repair
To help him of his blindness
And being help d inhabit there

Then to Silvia let us sing
That Silvia is excelling 50
She excels each mortal
Upon the dull earth c
To her let us garland &

Host How now! are y you before? ou likes not
Jul You i
Host Wh

Jul He plays false, father
Host How? out of tune on the strings? 60
Jul Not so but yet so false that he grieves my very heart strings
Host You have a quick ear
Jul Ay I would I were deaf, it makes me have a slow heart
Host I perceive you delight not in music
Jul Not a whit, when it jars so
Host Hark, what fine change is in the music!
Jul Ay, that change is the spite
Host You would have them always play but one thing? 71
Jul I would always have one play but one thing
But host doth this Sir Proteus that we talk on
Often resort unto this gentlewoman?
Host I tell you what Launce, his man told me he loved her out of all nick
Jul Where is Launce?
Host Gone to seek his dog which to-morrow by his master s command, he must carry for a present to his lady 80
Jul Peace! stand aside the company parts
Pro Sir Thurio, fear not you I will so plead
That you shall say my cunning drift excels
Thu Where meet we?
Pro At Saint Gregory s well
Thu Farewell
[*Exeunt* THURIO *and Musicians*

Enter SILVIA *above*

Pro Madam good even to your ladyship
Sil I thank you for your music, gentlemen
Who is that that spake?
Pro One, lady if you knew his pure heart's truth
You would quickly learn to know him by his voice
Sil Sir Proteus as I take it 90
Pro Sir Proteus gentle lady, and your servant
Sil What s your will?
Pro That I may compass yours
Sil You have your wish my will is even this
That presently you hie you home to bed
Thou subtle, perjured, false disloyal man!
Think st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery
That hast deceived so many with thy vows?
Return return, and make thy love amends
For me by this pale queen of night I swear 100
I am so far from granting thy request
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit,
And by and by intend to chide myself
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee
Pro I grant, sweet love that I did love a lady,
But she is dead
Jul [*Aside*] Twere false, if I should speak it,
For I am sure she is not buried
Sil Say that she be yet Valentine thy friend
Survives to whom thyself art witness 110
I am betroth d and art thou not ashamed
To wrong him with thy importunacy?
Pro I likewise hear that Valentine is dead
Sil And so suppose am I for in his grave
Assure thyself my love is buried
Pro Sweet lady let me rake it from the earth
Sil Go to thy lady s grave and call hers thence,
Or at the least in hers sepulchre thine
Jul [*Aside*] He heard not that
Pro Madam if your heart be so obdurate
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love 121
The picture that is hanging in your chamber
To that I ll speak, to that I ll sigh and weep
For since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted I am but a shadow
And to your shadow will I make true love
Jul [*Aside*] If twere a substance you would, sure deceive it
And make it but a shadow as I am
Sil I am very loath to be your idol sir
But since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows and adore false shapes 131
Send to me in the morning and I ll send it
And so good rest
Pro As wretches have o ernight
That wait for execution in the morn
[*Exeunt* PROTEUS *and* SILVIA *severally*
Jul Host will you go?
Host By my halidom I was fast asleep
Jul Pray you where lies Sir Proteus?
Host Marry at my house Trust me I think tis almost day
Jul Not so, but it hath been the longest night
That e er I watch d and the most heaviest 141
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III *The same*

Enter EGLAMOUR

Egl This is the hour that Madam Silvia
Entreated me to call and know her mind
There s some great matter she ld employ me in
Madam madam!

Enter SILVIA *above*

Sil Who calls
Egl Your servant and your friend,
One that attends your ladyship s command
Sil Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow
Egl As many worthy lady to yourself
According to your ladyship s impose,

I am thus early come to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in 10
Sil O Eglamour thou art a gentleman—
Think not I flatter for I swear I do not—
Valiant wise remorseful well accomplish d
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the banish d Valentine
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio whom my very soul abhors
Thyself hast loved and I have heard thee say
No grief did ever come so near thy heart
As when thy lady and thy true love died 20
Upon whose grave thou vow dst pure chastity
Sir Eglamour I would to Valentine
To Mantua where I hear he makes abode
And for the ways are dangerous to pass
I do desire thy worthy company
Upon whose faith and honour I repose
Urge not my father s anger Eglamour
But think upon my grief a lady s grief
And on the justice of my flying hence
To keep me from a most unholy match 30
Which heaven and fortune still rewards with plagues
I do desire thee even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands
To bear me company and go with me
If not to hide what I have said to thee
That I may venture to depart alone
Egl Madam I pity much your grievances
Which since I know they virtuously are placed
I give consent to go along with you
Recking as little what betideth me 40
As much I wish all good befortune you
When will you go?
Sil This evening coming
Egl Where shall I meet you?
Sil At Friar Patrick s cell
Where I intend holy confession
Egl I will not fail your lady ship Good mor row gentle lady
Sil Good morrow kind Sir Eglamour
[*Exeunt severally*

SCENE IV *The same*

Enter LAUNCE *with his Dog*

Launce When a man s servant shall play the cur with him look you it goes hard one that I brought up of a puppy one that I saved from drowning when three or four of his blind brother and sisters went to it I have taught him even as one would say precisely thus I would teach a dog I was sent to deliver him as a present to Mistress Silvia from my master and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber but he steps me to her trencher and steals her capon s leg O tis a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies! I would have as one should say one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be as it were a dog at all things If I had not had more wit than he to take a fault upon me that he did I think verily he had been hanged for t sure as I live he had suffered for t you shall judge He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemanlike dogs under the Duke s table he had not been there—bless the mark!—a pissing while but all the chamber smelt him Out with the dog! says one What cur is that? says another Whip him out says the third Hang him up says the Duke I having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs Friend quoth I you mean to whip the dog? Ay marry do I quoth he You do him the more wrong quoth I twas I did the thing you wot of He makes me no more ado but whips me out of the chamber How many masters would do this for his servant? Nay I ll be sworn I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen otherwise he had been executed I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed otherwise he had suffered for t Thou thinkest not of this now Nay I remember the trick you served me when I took my leave of Madam Silvia did not I bid thee still mark me and do as I do? when didst thou see me heave up my leg and make water against a gentlewoman s farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA

Pro Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well
And will employ thee in some service presently
Jul In what you please I ll do what I can
Pro I hope thou wilt [*To* LAUNCE] How now you whoreson peasant!
Where have you been these two days loitering?
Launce Marry sir I carried Mistress Silvia the dog you bade me 50
Pro And what says she to my little jewel?
Launce Marry she says your dog was a cur and tells you currish thanks is good enough for such a present
Pro But she received my dog?
Launce No indeed did she not here have I brought him back again
Pro What didst thou offer her this from me?
Launce Ay sir the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman boys in the market place and then I offered her mine own who is a dog as big as ten of yours and therefore the gift the greater

Pro Go get thee hence and find my dog again
Or ne'er return again into my sight
Away, I say! stay'st thou to vex me here?
[*Exit* LAUNCE
A slave, that still an end turns me to shame!
Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly that I have need of such a youth
That can with some discretion do my business, 70
For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish lout
But chiefly for thy face and thy behaviour,
Which, if my augury deceive me not,
Witness good bringing up fortune and truth
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee
Go presently and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to Madam Silvia
She loved me well deliver'd it to me

Jul It seems you loved not her, to leave her token
She is dead belike?

Pro Not so, I think she lives 80

Jul Alas!

Pro Why dost thou cry "alas"?

Jul I cannot choose
But pity her

Pro Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Jul Because methinks that she loved you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia
She dreams on him that has forgot her love
You dote on her that cares not for your love
'Tis pity love should be so contrary
And thinking on it makes me cry 'alas!'

Pro Well give her that ring and therewithal 90
This letter That's her chamber Tell my lady
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture
Your message done hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me, sad and solitary [*Exit*

Jul How many women would do such a message?
Alas poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs
Alas poor fool! why do I pity him
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me 100
Because I love him I must pity him
This ring I gave him when he parted from me
To bind him to remember my good will
And now am I unhappy messenger
To plead for that which I would not obtain
To carry that which I would have refused
To praise his faith which I would have dispraised
I am my master's true confirmed love
But cannot be true servant to my master
Unless I prove false traitor to myself 110
Yet will I woo for him but yet so coldly
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed

Enter SILVIA, *attended*

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia

Sil What would you with her, if that I be she?

Jul If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on

Sil From whom?

Jul From my master, Sir Proteus madam

Sil O he sends you for a picture 120

Jul Ay, madam

Sil Ursula, bring my picture there
Go give your master this tell him from me
One Julia that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow

Jul Madam please you peruse this letter —
Pardon me, madam, I have unadvised
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not
This is the letter to your ladyship

Sil I pray thee let me look on that again 130

Jul It may not be, good madam pardon me

Sil There hold!
I will not look upon your master's lines
I know they are stuff'd with protestations
And full of new-found oaths, which he will break
As easily as I do tear his paper

Jul Madam he sends your ladyship this ring

Sil The more shame for him that he sends it me,
For I have heard him say a thousand times
His Julia gave it him at his departure 140
Though his false finger have profaned the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong

Jul She thanks you

Sil What say'st thou?

Jul I thank you madam that you tender her
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much

Sil Dost thou know her?

Jul Almost as well as I do know myself
To think upon her woes I do protest
That I have wept a hundred several times 150

Sil Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her

Jul I think she doth and that's her cause of sorrow

Sil Is she not passing fair?

Jul She hath been fairer madam than she is
When she did think my master loved her well,
She in my judgment was as fair as you
But since she did neglect her looking glass
And threw her sun expelling mask away,
The air hath starved the roses in her cheeks
And pinch'd the lily tincture of her face, 160
That now she is become as black as I

Sil How tall was she?

Jul About my stature, for at Pentecost,

When all our pageants of delight were play d
Our youth got me to play the woman s part
And I was trimm d in Madam Julia s gown
Which served me as fit by all men s judgements
As if the garment had been made for me
Therefore I know she is about my height
And at that time I made her weep agood 170
For I did play a lamentable part
Madam twas Ariadne passioning
For Theseus perjury and unjust flight
Which I so lively acted with my tears
That my poor mistress moved therewithal
Wept bitterly and would I might be dead
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!
Sil She is beholding to thee gentle youth
Alas poor lady desolate and left!
I weep myself to think upon thy words 180
Here youth there is my purse I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress sake because thou lovest her
Farewell [*Exit* SILVIA *with attendants*
Jul And she shall thank you for t if e er you know her
A virtuous gentlewoman mild and beautiful!
I hope my master s suit will be but cold
Since she respects my mistress love so much
Alas how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture let me see I think
If I had such a tire this face of mine 190
Were full as lovely as is this of hers
And yet the painter flatter d her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much
Her hair is auburn mine is perfect yellow
If that be all the difference in his love
I ll get me such a colour d periwig
Her eyes are grey as glass and so are mine
Ay but her forehead s low and mine s as high
What should it be that he respects in her
But I can make respective in myself 200
If this fond Love were not a blinded god?
Come shadow come and take this shadow up
For tis thy rival O thou senseless form
Thou shalt be worshipp d kiss d loved and adored!
And were there sense in his idolatry
My substance should be statue in thy stead
I ll use thee kindly for thy mistress sake
That used me so or else by Jove I vow
I should have scratch d out your unseeing eyes
To make my master out of love with thee! [*Exit*

ACT V

SCENE I *Milan an abbey*

Enter EGLAMOUR

Egl The sun be ins to gild the western sky
And now it is about the very hour
That Silvia at Friar Patrick s cell should meet me
She will not fail for lovers break not hours
Unless it be to come before their time
So much they spur their expedition
See where she comes

Enter SILVIA

Lady a happy evening!
Sil Amen amen! Go on good Eglamour
Out at the postern by the abbey wall
I fear I am attended by some spies 10
Egl Fear not the forest is not three leagues off
If we recover that we are sure enough [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *The same the Duke s palace*

Enter THURIO PROTEUS *and* JULIA

Thu Sir Proteus what says Silvia to my suit?
Pro O sir I find her milder than she was
And yet she takes exceptions at your person
Thu What that my leg is too long?
Pro No that it is too little
Thu I ll wear a boot to make it somewhat rounder
Jul [*Aside*] But love will not be spurr d to what it loathes
Thu What says she to my face?
Pro She says it is a fair one
Thu Nay then, the wanton lies my face is black 10
Pro But pearls are fair and the old saying is
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies eyes
Jul [*Aside*] Tis true such pearls as put out ladies eyes
For I had rather wink than look on them
Thu How likes she my discourse?
Pro Ill when you talk of war
Thu But well when I discourse of love and peace?
Jul [*Aside*] But better indeed when you hold your peace
Thu What says she to my valour?
Pro O sir she makes no doubt of that 20
Jul [*Aside*] She needs not when she knows it cowardice
Thu What says she to my birth?
Pro That you are well derived
Jul [*Aside*] True from a gentleman to a fool
Thu Considers she my possessions?
Pro O ay and pities them
Thu Wherefore?
Jul [*Aside*] That such an ass should owe them
Pro That they are out by lease
Jul Here comes the Duke 30

Enter DUKE

Duke How now, Sir Proteus! how now, Thurio!
Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?
Thu Not I
Pro Nor I
Duke Saw you my daughter?
Pro Neither
Duke Why then,
She s fled unto that peasant Valentine,
And Eglamour is in her company
Tis true for Friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wander d through the forest
Him he knew well and guess d that it was she
But being mask d he was not sure of it 40
Besides she did intend confession
At Patrick s cell this even and there she was not,
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence
Therefore I pray you stand not to discourse
But mount you presently and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain foot
That leads toward Mantua whither they are fled
Dispatch sweet gentlemen and follow me [*Exit*
Thu Why this it is to be a peevish girl
That flies her fortune when it follows her 50
I'll after more to be revenged on Eglamour
Than for the love of reckless Silvia [*Exit*
Pro And I will follow more for Silvia's love
Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her [*Exit*
Jul And I will follow more to cross that love
Than hate for Silvia that is gone for love [*Exit*

SCENE III *The frontiers of Mantua the forest*

Enter OUTLAWS *with* SILVIA

1st Out Come come
Be patient we must bring you to our captain
Sil A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learn d me how to brook this patiently
2nd Out Come bring her away
1st Out Where is the gentleman that was with her?
3rd Out Being nimble-footed he hath outrun us
But Moyses and Valerius follow him
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood
There is our captain we ll follow him that s fled 10
The thicket is beset he cannot scape
1st Out Come, I must bring you to our captain s cave
Fear not he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly
Sil O Valentine this I endure for thee! [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *Another part of the forest*

Enter VALENTINE

Val How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns
Here can I sit alone unseen of any
And to the nightingale s complaining notes
Tune my distresses and record my woes
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,
Lest growing ruinous the building fall
And leave no memory of what it was! 10
Repair me with thy presence Silvia
Thou gentle nymph cherish thy forlorn swain!
What halloing and what stir is this to day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chase
They love me well, yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages
Withdraw thee, Valentine who s this comes here?

Enter PROTEUS SILVIA, AND JULIA

Pro Madam this service I have done for you,
Though you respect not aught your servant doth
To hazard life and rescue you from him 21
That would have forced your honour and your love
Vouchsafe me for my meed, but one fair look,
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg
And less than this I am sure you cannot give
Val [*Aside*] How like a dream is this I see and hear!
Love lend me patience to forbear awhile
Sil O miserable, unhappy that I am!
Pro Unhappy were you, madam ere I came,
But by my coming I have made you happy 30
Sil By thy approach thou makest me most unhappy
Jul [*Aside*] And me when he approacheth to your presence
Sil Had I been seized by a hungry lion
I would have been a breakfast to the beast
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me
O Heaven be judge how I love Valentine,
Whose life s as tender to me as my soul!
And full as much for more there cannot be,
I do detest false perjured Proteus
Therefore be gone solicit me no more 40
Pro What dangerous action stood it next to death
Would I not undergo for one calm look!
O tis the curse in love and still approved
When women cannot love where they re

Sil When Proteus cannot love where he s be
loved

Read over Julia s heart thy first best love
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy
faith
Into a thousand oaths and all those oaths
Descended into perjury to love me 49
Thou hast no faith left now unless thou dst two
And that s far worse than none better have none
Than plural faith which is too much by one
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro In love
Who respects friend?

Sil All men but Proteus

Pro Nay if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form
I ll woo you like a soldier at arms end
And love you gainst the nature of love—force
ye

Sil O heaven!

Pro I ll force thee yield to my desire

Val Ruffian let go that rude uncivil touch
Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Pro Valentine! 61

Val Thou common friend that s without faith
or love
For such is a friend now treacherous man!
Thou hast beguiled my hopes nought but mine
eye
Could have persuaded me now I dare not say
I have one friend alive thou wouldst disprove
me
Who should be trusted when one s own right
hand
Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus
I am sorry I must never trust thee more
But count the world a stranger for thy sake 70
The private wound is deepest O time most ac
curst
Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst!

Pro My shame and guilt confounds me
Forgive me Valentine if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence
I tender t here I do as truly suffer
As e er I did commit

Val Then I am paid
And once again I do receive thee honest
Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of heaven nor earth for these are pleased
By penitence the Eternal s wrath s appeased 81
And that my love may appear plain and free
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee

Jul O me unhappy! [*Swoons*]

Pro Look to the boy

Val Why boy! why wag! how now! what s
the matter? Look up speak

Jul O good sir my master charged me to de
liver a ring to Madam Silvia which out of my
neglect was never done 90

Pro Where is that ring boy?

Jul Here tis this is it

Pro How! let me see
Why this is the ring I gave to Julia

Jul O cry you mercy sir I have mistook
This is the ring you sent to Silvia

Pro But how camest thou by this ring? At my
d part
I gave this unto Julia

Jul And Julia herself did give it me
And Julia herself hath brought it hither

Pro How! Julia! 100

Jul Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths
And entertain d em deeply in her heart
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!
O Proteus let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou ashamed that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment if shame live
In a disguise of love
It is the lesser blot modesty finds
Women to change their shapes than men their
minds

Pro Than men their minds! tis true O heaven!
were man 110
But constant he were perfect That one error
Fills him with faults makes him run through all
the sins
Inconstancy falls off ere it begins
What is in Silvia s face but I may spy
More fresh in Julia s with a constant eye?

Val Come come a hand from either
Let me be blest to make this happy close
Twere pity two such friends should be long foes

Pro Bear witness Heaven I have my wish for
ever

Jul And I mine 120

Enter OUTLAWS *with* DUKE *and* THURIO

Outlaws A prize a prize a prize!

Val Forbear forbear I say! it is my lord the
Duke
Your Grace is welcome to a man disgraced
Banished Valentine

Duke Sir Valentine!

Thu Yonder is Silvia and Silvia s mine

Val Thurio give back or else embrace thy
death
Come not within the measure of my wrath
Do not name Silvia thine if once again
Verona shall not hold thee Here she stands
Take but possession of her with a touch 130
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love

Thu Sir Valentine I care not for her I

I hold him but a fool that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not
I claim her not and therefore she is thine
Duke The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done
And leave her on such slight conditions
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine, *140*
And think thee worthy of an empress' love
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge repeal thee home again,
Plead a new state in thy unrival d merit,
To which I thus subscribe Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman and well deriv ed
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv ed her
Val I thank your Grace the gift hath made me happy
I now beseech you, for your daughter s sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you *150*
Duke I grant it for thine own whate er it be
Val These banish'd men that I have kept withal
Are men endued with worthy qualities
Forgive them what they have committed here
And let them be recall d from their exile
They are reformed, civil, full of good
And fit for great employment worthy lord
Duke Thou hast prevail d I pardon them and thee
Dispose of them as thou know st their deserts
Come let us go we will include all jars *160*
With triumphs mirth and rare solemnity
Val And as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your Grace to smile
What think you of this page my lord?
Duke I think the boy hath grace in him, he blushes
Val I warrant you my lord more grace than boy
Duke What mean you by that saying?
Val Please you I ll tell you as we pass along
That you will wonder what hath fortuned
Come Proteus tis your penance but to hear *170*
The story of your loves discovered
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours,
One feast, one house one mutual happiness

[*Exeunt*

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

FERDINAND KING OF NAVARRE
B ON
LONGAVILLE | *lords ttend ng on the K ng*
D MAIN
BOY T
M CADE | *l d attend ng on the P cess f France*
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO *a fants t cal Spaniard*
SIR NATH N EL *a curate*
HO OFERNES *a sch lmaster*
DULL *a constabl*
COSTARI *a clown*
MOTH *a page to Armado*

A FORESTER
A LORD OF FRANCE

THE PRINCESS OF FRANCE
ROSALINE
MA IA | *lad es attend ng on the Princess*
KATHARINE
JAQUENETTA *a count y wench*

NON S EAKING *Lo ds Attendants Bl ckamoors &c*

SCENE *Navarre*

ACT I

SCENE I *The king of Navarre s park*

E er FERDINAND KING OF NAVARRE BIRON LONGAVILLE *and* DUMAIN

King Let fame that all hunt after in their lives
Live register d upon our brazen tombs
And then grace us in the disgrace of death
When spite of cormorant devouring Time
The endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour which shall bate his scythe s keen edge
And make us heirs of all eternity
Therefore brave conquerors—for so you are
That war against your own affections
And the huge army of the world s desires— 10
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world
Our court shall be a little Academe
Still and contemplative in living art
You three Biron Dumain and Lon aville
Have sworn for three years term to live with me
My fellow scholars and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule here
Your oaths are pass d and now subscribe your names
That his own hand may strike his honour down
That violates the smallest branch herein 21
If you are arm d to do as sworn to do
Subscribe to your deep oaths and keep it too
Long I am resolved tis but a three years fast
The mind shall banquet though the body pine
Fat paunches have lea i pates and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs but bankrupt quite the wits
Dum My loving lord Dumain is mortified
The grosser manner of these world s delights
He throws upon the gross world s baser slaves
To love to wealth to pomp I pine and die 31
With all these living in philosophy
Biron I can but say their protestation over
So much dear liege I have already sworn
That is to live and study here three years
But there are other strict observances
As not to see a woman in that term
Which I hope well is not enrolled there
And one day in a week to touch no food
And but one meal on every day beside 40
The which I hope is not enrolled there
And then to sleep but three hours in the night
And not be seen to wink of all the day—
When I was wont to think no harm all night
And make a dark n ght too of half the day—
Which I hope well is not enrolled there
O these are barren tasks too hard to keep
Not to see ladies study fast not sleep!
King Your oath is pass d to pass away from these
Biron Let me say no my liege an if you please 50
I only swore to stu ly with your Grace
And stay here in your court for three years space
Long You swore to that Biron and to the rest
Biron By yea and nay sir then I swore in jest
What is th end of study? let me know
King Why that to know which else we should not know
Biron Things hid and barr d you mean from common sense?
Kin Ay that is study s godlike recompense
Bi on Come on then I will swear to study so
To know the thing I am forbid to know 60
As thus—to study where I well may dine
When I to feast expressly am forbid
Or study where to meet some mistress fine

When mistresses from common sense are hid,
Or, having sworn too hard a keeping oath,
Study to break it and not break my troth
If study s gain be thus and this be so
Study knows that which yet it doth not know
Swear me to this and I will ne er say no
King These be the stops that hinder study quite 70
And train our intellects to vain delight
Biron Why, all delights are vain but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchased doth inherit pain
As painfully to pore upon a book
To seek the light of truth while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look
Light seeking light doth light of light beguile
So ere you find where light in darkness lies
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes
Study me how to please the eye indeed 80
By fixing it upon a fairer eye
Who dazzling so that eye shall be his heed
And give him light that it was blinded by
Study is like the heaven s glorious sun
That will not be deep search d with saucy looks
Small have continual plodders ever won
Save base authority from others books
These earthly godfathers of heaven s lights
That give a name to every fixed star
Have no more profit of their shining nights 90
Than those that walk and wot not what they are
Too much to know is to know nought but fame,
And every godfather can give a name
King How well he s read, to reason against reading!
Dum Proceeded well to stop all good proceeding!
Long He weeds the corn and still lets grow the weeding
Biron The spring is near when green geese are a breeding
Dum How follows that?
Biron Fit in his place and time
Dum In reason nothing
Biron Something then in rhyme
King Biron is like an envious sneaping frost
That bites the first-born infants of the spring 101
Biron Well say I am, why should proud summer boast
Before the birds have any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in any abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May s new fangled mirth
But like of each thing that in season grows
So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o er the house to unlock the little gate
King Well sit you out go home Biron adieu 110
Biron No, my good lord I have sworn to stay with you
And though I have for barbarism spoke more
Than for that angel knowledge you can say
Yet confident I ll keep what I have swore
And bide the penance of each three years day
Give me the paper let me read the same
And to the strict st decrees I ll write my name
King How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!
Biron [*reads*] '*Item* That no woman shall come within a mile of my court Hath this been proclaimed? 121
Long Four days ago
Biron Let s see the penalty [*Reads*] ' On pain of losing her tongue Who devised this penalty?
Long Marry, that did I
Biron Sweet lord and why?
Long To fright them hence with that dread penalty
Biron A dangerous law against gentility!
[*Reads*] '*Item* If any man be seen to tall with a woman within the term of three years he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise '
This article my liege, yourself must break,
For well you know here comes in embassy
The French king s daughter with yourself to speak—
A maid of grace and complete majesty—
About surrender up of Aquitaine
To her decrepit, sick and bedrid father
Therefore this article is made in vain 140
Or vainly comes the admired princess hither
King What say you lords? why, this was quite forgot
Biron So study evermore is overshot
While it doth study to have what it would
It doth forget to do the thing it should
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most
Tis won as towns with fire so won so lost
King We must of force dispense with this decree
She must lie here on mere necessity
Biron Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years space 151
For every man with his affects is born,
Not by might master d but by special grace
If I break faith this word shall speak for
I am forsworn on mere necessity

So to the laws at large I write my name
Subscrib s
And he that breaks them in the least degree
Stands in attainder of eternal shame
Suggestions are to other as to me
But I believe although I seem so loath 160
I am the last that will last keep h s oath
But is there no quick recreation granted?
Kin Ay that there is Our court you know
is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain
A man in all the world s new fashion planted
That hath a mint of phrases in his bra n
One whom the music of his o n vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchant ng harmony
A man of complements whom right and
wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny 170
This child of fancy that Ar mado hight
For interim to our studies shall relate
In high born words the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain lost in the world s debate
How you delight my lords I know not I
But I protest I love to hear him lie
And I will use him for my minstrelsy
Biron Armado is a mo t illustrious wight
A man of fire new wor ls fashion s own knight
Long Costard the swain and he shall be our
sport 180
And so to study three years is but short

Enter DULL *with a l t r and* COSTARD

D ill Which is the Duke s own person?
Bi o i This fellow what wouldst?
D ill I myself reprehend his own person for I
am his grace s tharborough but I would see his
o n person in flesh and blood
Biron This is he
D ill S gnior Arme—Arme—commends you
There s v llainy abroad this letter will tell you
more 190
Cost Sir the contempts thereof are as touching
me
K ng A letter f om the magnificent Armado
B on How low soever the matter I hope in
God for h gh words
Long A high hope for a low heaven God
grant us patience
Bi on To hear? or forbear lau hing?
Long To hear meekly sir and to laugh mod
erately or to forbear both 200
B on Well sir be it as the style shall give us
cause to cl mb in the merriness
Cost The matter is to me sir as concerning
Jaquenetta The manner of it is I was taken
with the manner
Biron In what manner?
Cost In manner and form following sir all
those three I was seen with her in the manor
house sitting with her upon the form and taken
following her into the park which put together
is in manner and form following Now sir for
the manner—it is the manner of a man to speak
to a woman for the form—in some form
B ron For the following sir?
Cost As it shall follow in my correction and
God defend the right!
King Will you hear this letter with attention?
Bi on As we would hear an oracle
Cost Such is the simplicity of man to hearken
after the flesh 220
K ng [*re ds*] Great deputy the welkin s
vicegerent and sole dominator of Navarre my
soul's earth s god and body s fostering patron'
Cost Not a word of Costard yet
King [*r ads*] So it is—
Cost It may be so but if he say it is so he is
in telling true but so
King Peace
C t Be to me and every man that dares not
fight! 230
K ng No words!
Cost Of other men s secrets I beseech you
King [*reads*] So it is besieged with sable
coloured melancholy I did commend the black
oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic
of thy health giving air and as I am a gentle
man betook myself to walk The time when
About the sixth hour when beasts most graze
birds best peck and men sit down to that nourish
ment which is called *supper* so much for the
time when Now for the ground which which I
mean I walked upon it is ycleped thy park
Then for the place where where I mean I d d
encounter that obscene and most preposterous
event that draweth from my snow white pen
the ebon coloured ink which here thou viewest
beholdest surveyest or seest but to the place
where it standeth north north-east and by east
from the west corner of thy curious knotted
garden there did I see that low spirited swain
that base minnow of thy mirth — 251
Cost Me?
King [*reads*] that unlettered small knowing
soul —
Cost Me?
K ng [*re ds*] that shallow vassal —
Cost Still me?
K ng [*r ads*] which as I remember hight
Costard —
Cost O me! 260
King [*r ad*] sorted and consorted contrary

to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon which with—O with—but with this I passion to say wherewith"—

Cost With a wench

King [*reads*] "with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female, or, for thy more sweet understanding a woman Him I as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on, have sent to thee to receive the meed of punishment by thy sweet grace s officer, Anthony Dull, a man of good repute carriage bearing, and estimation '

Dull Me, an t shall please you, I am Anthony Dull

King [*reads*] "For Jaquenetta—so is the weaker vessel called which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain—I keep her as a vessel of thy law s fury, and shall at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart burning heat of duty
Don Adriano de Armado

Biron This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard

King Ay, the best for the worst But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cost Sir, I confess the wench

King Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it

King It was proclaimed a year s imprisonment to be taken with a wench 290

Cost I was taken with none, sir I was taken with a damsel

King Well it was proclaimed "damsel "

Cost This was no damsel neither sir she was a virgin

King It is so varied too for it was proclaimed "virgin "

Cost If it were, I deny her virginity I was taken with a maid

King This maid will not serve your turn sir

Cost This maid will serve my turn sir 301

King Sir I will pronounce your sentence you shall fast a week with bran and water

Cost I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge

King And Don Armado shall be your keeper
My Lord Biron see him deliver d o er
And go we lords to put in practice that
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn
[*Exeunt* KING LONGAVILLE *and* DUMAIN

Biron I ll lay my head to any good man s hat 310
These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn
Sirrah, come on

Cost I suffer for the truth, sir for true it is I was taken with Jaquenetta and Jaquenetta is a true girl and therefore welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again, and till then, sit thee down sorrow! [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *The same*

Enter ARMADO *and* MOTH

Arm Boy, what sign is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth A great sign sir that he will look sad

Arm Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing dear imp

Moth No, no, O Lord, sir, no

Arm How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

Moth By a familiar demonstration of the working my tough senior 10

Arm Why tough senior? why tough senior?

Moth Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm I spoke it tender juvenal as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days which we may nominate tender

Moth And I tough senior as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough

Arm Pretty and apt

Moth How mean you sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm Thou pretty, because little

Moth Little pretty because little Wherefore apt?

Arm And therefore apt, because quick

Moth Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm In thy condign praise

Moth I will praise an eel with the same praise

Arm What, that an eel is ingenious?

Moth That an eel is quick 30

Arm I do say thou art quick in answers thou heatest my blood

Moth I am answered sir

Arm I love not to be crossed

Moth [*Aside*] He speaks the mere contrary crosses love not him

Arm I have promised to study three years with the duke

Moth You may do it in an hour sir

Arm Impossible 40

Moth How many is one thrice told?

Arm I am ill at reckoning it fitteth the spirit of a tapster

Moth You are a gentleman and a gamester sir

Arm I confess both they are both the varnish of a complete man

Moth Then I am sure you know how much the gross sum of deuce ace amounts to

Arm It doth amount to one more than two

Moth Which the base vulgar do call three

Arm True

Moth Why sir is this such a piece of study? Now here is three studied ere ye ll thrice wink and how easy it is to put years to the word three and study three years in two words the dancing horse will tell you

Arm A most fine figure!

Moth To prove you a cipher 59

Arm I will hereupon confess I am in love and as it is base for a soldier to love so am I in love with a base wench If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it I would take Desire prisoner and ransom him to any French courtier for a new-devised courtesy I think scorn to sigh methinks I should outswear Cupid Comfort me boy what great men have been in love?

Moth Hercules master 69

Arm Most sweet Hercules! More authority dear boy name more and sweet my child let them be men of good repute and carriage

Moth Samson master he was a man of good carriage great carria e for he carried the town gates on his back like a porter and he was in love

Arm O well knit Samson! strong jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier as much as thou didst me in carrying gates I am in love too Who was Samson s love my dear Moth?

Moth A woman master 81

Arm Of what complexion?

Moth Of all the four or the three or the two or one of the four

Arm Tell me precisely of what complexion

Moth Of the sea water green sir

Arm Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth As I have read sir and the best of them too 89

Arm Green indeed is the colour of lovers but to have a love of that colour methinks Samson had small reason for it He surely affected her for her wit

Moth It was so sir for she had a green wit

Arm My love is most immaculate white and red

Moth Most maculate thoughts master are masked under such colours

Arm Define define well-educated infant

Moth My father s wit and my mother s tongue assist me! 101

Arm Sweet invocation of a child most pretty and pathetical!

Moth If she be made of white and red
Her faults will ne er be known
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred
And fears by pale white shown
Then if she fear or be to blame,
By this you shall not know
For still her cheeks possess the same
Which native she doth owe 111

A dangerous rhyme master against the reason of white and red

Arm Is there not a ballad boy of the King and the Beggar?

Moth The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since but I think now tis not to be found or if it were it would neither serve for the writing nor the tune 119

Arm I will have that subject newly writ o er that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent Boy I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard she deserves well

Moth [*Aside*] To be whipped and yet a better love than my master

Arm Sing boy my spirit grows heavy in love

Moth And that s great marvel loving a light wench

Arm I say sing 130

Moth Forbear till this company be past

Enter DULL COSTARD *and* JAQUENETTA

Dull Sir the Duke s pleasure is that you keep Costard safe and you must suffer him to take no delight nor no penance but a must fast three days a week For this damsel I must keep her at the park she is allowed for the day woman Fare you well

Arm I do betray myself with blushing Maid!

Jaq Man?

Arm I will visit thee at the lodge 140

Jaq That s hereby

Arm I know where it is situate

Jaq Lord how wise you are!

Arm I will tell thee wonders

Jaq With that face?

Arm I love thee

Jaq So I heard you say

Arm And so farewell

Jaq Fair weather after you!

Dull Come Jaquenetta away! 150

[*Exeunt* DULL *and* JAQUENETTA

Arm Villain thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned

Cost Well sir I hope when I do it I shall do it on a full stomach

Arm Thou shalt be heavily punished

Cost I am more bound to you than your fellows for they are but lightly rewarded

Arm Take away this villain shut him up

Moth Come you transgressing slave away!

Cost Let me not be pent up sir I will fast being loose 161

Moth No sir, that were fast and loose, thou shalt to prison

Cost Well if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen some shall see

Moth What shall some see?

Cost Nay, nothing Master Moth, but what they look upon It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words, and therefore I will say nothing I thank God I have as little patience as another man and therefore I can be quiet 171

[*Exeunt* MOTH *and* COSTARD

Arm I do affect the very ground which is base where her shoe which is baser guided by her foot which is basest, doth tread I shall be forsworn which is a great argument of falsehood, if I love And how can that be true love which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar, Love is a devil there is no evil angel but Love Yet was Samson so tempted, and he had an excellent strength, yet was Solomon so seduced and he had a very good wit Cupid s butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules club and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard s rapier The first and se cond cause will not serve my turn the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not his disgrace is to be called boy, but his glory is to subdue men Adieu valour! rust rapier! be still drum! for your manager is in love yea he loveth Assist me some extemporal god of rhyme for I am sure I shall turn sonnet De- vise wit, write, pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio [*Exit*

ACT II

SCENE I *The same*

Enter the PRINCESS OF FRANCE, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, LORDS *and other Attendants*

Boyet Now, madam summon up your dearest spirits
Consider who the King your father sends,
To whom he sends and what s his embassy
Yourself held precious in the world s esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe
Matchless Navarre, the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitaine a dowry for a queen
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace
As Nature was in making graces dear 10
When she did starve the general world beside
And prodigally gave them all to you

Prin Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise
Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye
Not utter d by base sale of chapmen s tongues
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine
But now to task the tasker good Boyet 20
You are not ignorant all telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall outwear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court
Therefore to s seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates
To know his pleasure and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness we single you
As our best moving fair solicitor
Tell him the daughter of the King of France 30
On serious business craving quick dispatch
Importunes personal conference with his Grace
Haste, signify so much, while we attend
Like humble-visaged suitors, his high will

Boyet Proud of employment willingly I go

Prin All pride is willing pride and yours is so

[*Exit* BOYET

Who are the votaries, my loving lords
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous Duke?

1st Lord Lord Longaville is one

Prin Know you the man?

Mar I know him, madam at a marriage-feast 40
Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge solemnized
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem d,
Well fitted in arts glorious in arms
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well
The only soil of his fair virtue s gloss
If virtue s gloss will stain with any soil
Is a sharp wit match d with too blunt a will
Whose edge hath power to cut whose will still wills 50
It should none spare that come within his power

Prin Some merry mocking lord belike is t so?

Mar They say so most that most his humours know

Prin Such short lived wits do wither as they grow
Who are the rest?

Kath The young Dumain a well accomplished youth
Of all that virtue love for virtue loved
Most power to do most harm least knowing ill
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good
And shape to win grace though he had no wit 60
I saw him at the Duke Alençon s once,
And much too little of that good I saw
Is my report to his great worthiness

Ros Another of these students at that time
Was there with him if I have heard a

Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.
His eye begets occasion for his wit,
For every object that the one doth catch 70
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,
Delivers in such apt and gracious words
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies! are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

1st Lord. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord? 80

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt:
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to besiege his court,
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes Navarre.

Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON, *and Attendants*

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre. 90

Prin. Fair I give you back again; and welcome I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome, then: conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall break it; will and nothing else. 100

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear your Grace hath sworn out house-keeping:
'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it.
But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold:
To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit. 110

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away;
For you'll prove perjured if you make me stay.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Biron. I know you did.

Ros. How needless was it then to ask the question!

Biron. You must not be so quick.

Ros. 'Tis 'long of you that spur me with such questions.

Biron. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire. 120

Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

Biron. What time o' day?

Ros. The hour that fools should ask.

Biron. Now fair befall your mask!

Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!

Biron. And send you many lovers!

Ros. Amen, so you be none.

Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns; 130
Being but the one half of an entire sum
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say that he or we, as neither have,
Received that sum, yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,
One part of Aquitaine is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If then the King your father will restore
But that one half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitaine, 140
And hold fair friendship with his Majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
A hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitaine;
Which we much rather had depart withal
And have the money by our father lent
Than Aquitaine so gelded as it is.
Dear Princess, were not his requests so far 150
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding 'gainst some reason in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the King my father too much wrong
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseeming to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest I never heard of it;

And if you prove it, I 'll repay it back
Or yield up Aquitaine

Prin We arrest your word 160

Boyet you can produce acquittances
For such a sum from special officers
Of Charles his father

King Satisfy me so

Boyet So please your Grace the packet is not come
Where that and other specialties are bound
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them

King It shall suffice me at which interview
All liberal reason I will yield unto
Meantime receive such welcome at my hand
As honour without breach of honour may 170
Make tender of to thy true worthiness
You may not come, fair Princess in my gates
But here without you shall be so received
As you shall deem yourself lodged in my heart
Though so denied fair harbour in my house
Your own good thoughts excuse me and farewell
To-morrow shall we visit you again

Prin Sweet health and fair desires consort your Grace!

King Thy own wish wish I thee in every place! [*Exit*

Biron Lady I will commend you to mine own heart 180

Ros Pray you, do my commendations, I would be glad to see it

Biron I would you heard it groan

Ros Is the fool sick?

Biron Sick at the heart

Ros Alack let it blood

Biron Would that do it good?

Ros My physic says ay

Biron Will you prick t with your eye?

Ros No point with my knife 190

Biron Now, God save thy life!

Ros And yours from long living!

Biron I cannot stay thanksgiving [*Retiring*

Dum Sir I pray you a word what lady is that same?

Boyet The heir of Alençon Katharine her name

Dum A gallant lady Monsieur, fare you well [*Exit*

Long I beseech you a word what is she in the white?

Boyet A woman sometimes an you saw her in the light

Long Perchance light in the light I desire her name

Boyet She hath but one for herself to desire that were a shame 200

Long Pray you sir whose daughter?

Boyet Her mother's, I have heard

Long God s blessing on your beard!

Boyet Good sir be not offended
She is an heir of Falconbridge

Long Nay, my choler is ended
She is a most sweet lady

Boyet Not unlike sir that may be [*Exit* LONGAVILLE

Biron What s her name in the cap?

Boyet Rosaline by good hap 210

Biron Is she wedded or no?

Boyet To her will, sir or so

Biron You are welcome sir adieu

Boyet Farewell to me sir and welcome to you [*Exit* BIRON

Mar That last is Biron the merry mad cap lord
Nor a word with him but a jest

Boyet And every jest but a word

Prin It was well done of you to take him at his word

Boyet I was as willing to grapple as he was to board

Mar Two hot sheeps marry

Boyet And wherefore not ships?
No sheep sweet lamb unless we feed on your lips 220

Mar You sheep, and I pasture shall that finish the jest?

Boyet So you grant pasture for me

Offering to kiss her

Mar Not so gentle beast
My lips are no common though several they be

Boyet Belonging to whom?

Mar To my fortunes and me

Prin Good wits will be jangling but, gentles, agree
This civil war of wits were much better used
On Navarre and his book men for here tis abused

Boyet If my observation, which very seldom lies
By the heart s still rhetoric disclosed with eyes,
Deceive me not now Navarre is infected 230

Prin With what?

Boyet With that which we lovers entitle affected

Prin Your reason?

Boyet Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire
His heart like an agate with your print impress d
Proud with his form in his eye pride express d
His tongue all impatient to speak and not see
Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to

All senses to that sense did make their repair 240
To feel only looking on fairest of fair
Methought all his senses were lock d in his eye
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy
Who tendering their own worth from where
they were glass d
Did point you to buy them along as you pass d
His face s own margent did quote such amazes
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes
I ll give you Aquitaine and all that is his
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss
Prin Come to our pavilion Boyet is disposed
Boyet But to speak that in words which his eye
hath disclosed 251
I only have made a mouth of his eye
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie
Ros Thou art an old love monger and speakest
skilfully
Ma He is Cupid s grandfather and learns news
of him
Ros Then was Venus like her mother for her
father is but grim
Boyet Do you hear my mad wenches?
Ma No
Boyet What then do you see?
Ros Ay our way to be gone
Boyet You are too hard for me
[*Exeunt*

ACT III

SCENE I *The same*

Enter ARMADO *and* MOTH

Arm Warble child make passionate my sense
of hearing
Moth Concolinel [*Singing*
Arm Sweet air! Go tenderness of years take
this key give enlargement to the swain bring
him festinately hither I must employ him in a
letter to my love
Moth Master will you win your love with a
French brawl? 9
Arm How meanest thou? brawling in French?
Moth No my complete master but to jig off a
tune at the tongue s end canary to it with your
feet humour it with turning up your eyelids sigh
a note and sing a note sometime through the
throat as if you swallowed love with singing
love sometime through the nose as if you
snuffed up love by smelling love with your hat
penthouse like o er the shop of your eyes with
your arms crossed on your thin belly doublet like
a rabbit on a spit or your hands in your pocket
like a man after the old painting and keep not
too long in one tune but a snip and away These
are complements these are humours these be
tray nice wenches that would be betrayed with
out these and make them men of note—do you
note me?—that most are affected to these
Arm How hast thou purchased this experience?
Moth By my penny of observation
Arm But O—but O—
Moth The hobby horse is forgot 30
Arm Callest thou my love hobby horse?
Moth No master the hobby horse is but a colt
and your love perhaps a hackney But have you
forgot your love?
Arm Almost I had
Moth Negligent student! learn her by heart
Arm By heart and in heart boy
Moth And out of heart master all those three
I will prove
Arm What wilt thou prove? 40
Moth A man if I live and this by in and
without upon the instant by heart you love her
because your heart cannot come by her in heart
you love her because your heart is in love with
her and out of heart you love her being out of
heart that you cannot enjoy her
Arm I am all these three
Moth And three times as much more and yet
nothing at all
Arm Fetch hither the swain he must carry me
a letter 51
Moth A message well sympathized a horse to
be ambassador for an ass
Arm Ha ha what sayest thou?
Moth Marry sir you must send the ass upon
the horse for he is very slow-gaited But I go
Arm The way is but short away!
Moth As swift as lead sir?
Arm The meaning pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy dull and slow? 60
Moth *Minime* honest master or rather mas
ter no
Arm I say lead is slow
Moth You are too swift sir to say so
Is that lead slow which is fired from a gun?
Arm Sweet smoke of rhetoric!
He reputes me a cannon and the bullet that s he
I shoot thee at the swain
Moth Thump then and I flee [*Exit*
Arm A most acute juvenal volable and free of
grace!
By thy favour sweet welkin I must sigh in thy
face
Most rude melancholy valour gives thee place
My herald is return d 70

Re-enter MOTH *with* COSTARD

Moth A wonder master! here s a costard bro-
ken in a shin

Arm Some enigma, some riddle come thy
l'envoy, begin

Cost No egma no riddle, no l envoy, no salve in the mail, sir O, sir, plantain a plain plantain! no l'envoy, no l'envoy, no salve sir but a plantain!

Arm By virtue thou enforcest laughter, thy silly thought my spleen the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling O pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for l envoy and the word l envoy for a salve? 80

Moth Do the wise think them other? is not
l'envoy a salve?

Arm No page it is an epilogue or discourse,
to make plain
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been
sain
I will example it
The fox, the ape and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds being but three
There s the moral Now the l envoy

Moth I will add the l envoy Say the moral again

Arm The fox, the ape the humble bee, 90
Were still at odds being but three

Moth Until the goose came out of door,
And stay d the odds by adding four
Now will I begin your moral and do you follow with my l envoy
The fox the ape and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds being but three

Arm Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four

Moth A good l envoy ending in the goose would you desire more? 101

Cost The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose,
that s flat
Sir your pennyworth is good, an your goose be
fat
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and
loose
Let me see a fat l envoy ay that s a fat
goose

Arm Come hither come hither How did this
argument begin?

Moth By saying that a costard was broken in a
shin
Then call d you for the l envoy

Cost True, and I for a plantain thus came your
argument in
Then the boy s fat l envoy the goose that you
bought 110
And he ended the market

Arm But tell me, how was there a costard broken in a shin?

Moth I will tell you sensibly

Cost Thou hast no feeling of it Moth I will speak that l envoy
I Costard, running out that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold and broke my shin

Arm We will talk no more of this matter

Cost Till there be more matter in the shin

Arm Sirrah Costard I will enfranchise thee

Cost O marry me to one Frances I smell some l envoy some goose in this

Arm By my sweet soul I mean setting thee at liberty enfreedoming thy person thou wert immured, restrained captivated bound

Cost True true and now you will be my purgation and let me loose

Arm I give thee thy liberty set thee from durance and in lieu thereof impose on thee nothing but this bear this significant [*giving a letter*] to the country maid Jaquenetta there is remuneration for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependents Moth follow [*Exit*

Moth Like the sequel I Signior Costard adieu

Cost My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony
Jew! [*Exit* MOTH
Now will I look to his remuneration Remuneration! O that s the Latin word for three farthings three farthings—remuneration "What s the price of this inkle?' 'One penny 'No I ll give you a remuneration why, it carries it Remuneration! why, it is a fairer name than French crown I will never buy and sell out of this word

Enter BIRON

Biron O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met

Cost Pray you sir how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron What is a remuneration?

Cost Marry sir halfpenny farthing 149

Biron Why then three farthing worth of silk

Cost I thank your worship God be wi' you!

Biron Stay slave I must employ thee
As thou wilt win my favour good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat

Cost When would you have it done sir?

Biron This afternoon

Cost Well I will do it sir fare you well

Biron Thou knowest not what it is

Cost I shall know sir when I have done it

Biron Why villain thou must know first 160

Cost I will come to your worship to-morrow morning

Biron It must be done this afternoon Hark slave it is but this
The Princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady

When tongues speak sweetly then they name her name
And Rosaline they call her ask for her
And to her white hand see thou do commend *169*
This seal d up counsel There s thy guerdon go
Giving him a shilling
Cost Gardon O sweet gardon! better than remuneration a leven pence farthing better most sweet gardon I will do it sir in print Gardon Remuneration! [*Exit*
Biron And I forsooth, in love! I that have been love s whip
A very beadle to a humorous sigh
A critic nay a night watch constable
A domineering pedant o er the boy
Than whom no mortal so magnificent! *180*
This wimpled whining purblind wayward boy
This senior junior giant dwarf Dan Cupid
Regent of love rhymes lord of folded arms
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents
Dread prince of plackets king of codpieces
Sole imperator and great general
Of trotting paritors O my little heart!—
And I to be a corporal of his field
And wear his colours like a tumbler s hoop! *190*
What I I love I sue I seek a wife!
A woman that is like a German clock
Still a repairing ever out of frame
And never going aright being a watch
But being watch d that it may still go right!
Nay to be perjured which is worst of all
And among three to love the worst of all
A wightly wanton with a velvet brow
With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes
Ay and by heaven one that will do the deed *200*
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her Go to it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might
Well I will love write sigh pray sue and groan
Some men must love my lady and some Joan
[*Exit*

ACT IV

Scene I *The same*

Enter the PRINCESS *and her train* *a* FORESTER BOYET ROSALINE MARIA *and* KATHARINE

Prin Was that the King that spurr d his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?
Boyet I know not but I think it was not he
Prin Whoe er a was a show d a mounting mind
Well lords to-day we shall have our dispatch
On Saturday we will return to France
Then forester my friend where is the bush
That we must stand and play the murderer in?
For Hereby upon the edge of yonder coppice
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot
Prin I thank my beauty I am fair that shoot
And thereupon thou speak st the fairest shoot
For Pardon me madam for I meant not so
Prin What what? first praise me and again say no?
O short lived pride! Not fair? alack for woe!
For Yes madam fair
Prin Nay never paint me now
Where fair is not praise cannot mend the brow
Here good my glass take this for telling true
Fair payment for foul words is more than due
For Nothing but fair is that which you inherit
Prin See see my beauty will be saved by merit! *20*
O heresy in fair fit for these days!
A giving hand though foul shall have fair praise
But come the bow now mercy goes to kill
And shooting well is then accounted ill
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot
Not wounding pity would not let me do t
If wounding then it was to show my skill
That more for praise than purpose meant to kill
And out of question so it is sometimes *30*
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes
When for fame s sake for praise an outward part
We bend to that the working of the heart
As I for praise alone now seek to spill
The poor deer s blood that my heart means no ill
Boyet Do not curst wives hold that self sovereignty
Only for praise sake when they strive to be
Lords o er their lords?
Prin Only for praise and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord *40*
Boyet Here comes a member of the commonwealth

Enter COSTARD

Cost God dig you-den all! Pray you which is the head lady?
Prin Thou shalt know her fellow by the rest that have no heads
Cost Which is the greatest lady the highest?
Prin The thickest and the tallest
Cost The thickest and the tallest! it is so truth is truth

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my
  wit
One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should
  be fit 50
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thick-
  est here
Prin What s your will, sir? what's your will?
Cost I have a letter from Monsieur Biron to one
  Lady Rosaline
Prin O, thy letter, thy letter! he s a good friend
  of mine
Stand aside, good bearer Boyet, you can carve
Break up this capon
Boyet I am bound to serve
This letter is mistook it importeth none here,
It is writ to Jaquenetta
Prin We will read it I swear
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give
  ear 59
Boyet [*reads*] "By heaven that thou art fair, is most infallible true that thou art beauteous, truth itself that thou art lovely More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrate king Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubiate beggar Zenelophon, and he it was that might rightly say, *Veni vidi, vici*, which to annothanize in the vulgar,—O base and obscure vulgar!—*videlicet*, He came saw and overcame he came, one, saw, two overcame three Who came? the king why did he come? to see why did he see? to overcome to whom came he? to the beggar what saw he? the beggar who overcame he? the beggar The conclusion is victory on whose side? the king s The captive is enriched on whose side? the beggar's The catastrophe is a nuptial on whose side? the king s no on both in one, or one in both I am the king for so stands the comparison thou the beggar, for so witnesseth thy lowliness Shall I command thy love? I may shall I enforce thy love? I could shall I entreat thy love? I will What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes for tittles? titles, for thyself? me Thus expecting thy reply I profane my lips on thy foot my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part Thine in the dearest design of industry,
Don Adriano de Armado
Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar 90
  Gainst thee, thou lamb that standest as his
  prey
Submissive fall his princely feet before
  And he from forage will incline to play
But if thou strive poor soul what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den

Prin What plume of feathers is he that indited
  this letter?
What vane? what weathercock? did you ever
  hear better?
Boyet I am much deceived but I remember the
  style
Prin Else your memory is bad, going o'er it
  erewhile
Boyet This Armado is a Spaniard that keeps
  here in court, 100
A phantasime, a Monarcho and one that makes
  sport
To the prince and his bookmates
Prin Thou fellow, a word
Who gave thee this letter?
Cost I told you my lord
Prin To whom shouldst thou give it?
Cost From my lord to my lady
Prin From which lord to which lady?
Cost From my lord Biron, a good master of
  mine
To a lady of France that he call d Rosaline
Prin Thou hast mistaken his letter Come,
  lords, away
[*To* ROSALINE] Here, sweet, put up this 'twill be
  thine another day
[*Exeunt* PRINCESS *and train*
Boyet Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?
Ros Shall I teach you to know? 110
Boyet Ay, my continent of beauty
Ros Why, she that bears the bow
Finely put off!
Boyet My lady goes to kill horns, but, if thou
  marry,
Hang me by the neck if horns that year miscarry
Finely put on!
Ros Well, then, I am the shooter
Boyet And who is your deer?
Ros If we choose by the horns, yourself come
  not near
Finely put on indeed!
Mar You still wrangle with her Boyet, and she
  strikes at the brow
Boyet But she herself is hit lower have I hit her
  now? 120
Ros Shall I come upon thee with an old saying that was a man when King Pepin of France was a little boy as touching the hit it?
Boyet So I may answer thee with one as old that was a woman when Queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench as touching the hit it
Ros Thou canst not hit it, hit it hit it
  Thou canst not hit it my good man
Boyet An I cannot cannot cannot
  An I cannot another can
[*Exeunt* ROSAL.

Cost By my troth most pleasant how both did fi it'

Mar A mark marvellous well shot for they both did hit it

Boyet A mark' O mark but that mark' A mark says my lady

Let the mark have a prick in t to mete at if it may be

Mar Wide o the bow hand' i faith your hand is out

Cost Indeed a must shoot nearer or he ll ne er hit the clout

Boyet An if my hand be out then belike your hand is in

Cost Then will she get the upshoot by cleaving the pin

Mar Come come you talk greasily your lips grow foul

Cost She s too hard for you at pricks sir chal lenge her to bowl 140

Boyet I fear too much rubbing Good night my good o vl [*Exeunt* BOYET *and* MARIA

Cost By my soul a swain' a most simple clown'

Lord Lord how the ladies and I ha e put him down'

O my troth most sweet jests' most in ony vul gar wit'

When it comes so smoothly off so obscenely as it were so fit

Armado o th one side—O a most dainty man'

To see him walk before a lady and to bear her fan'

To see him kiss his hand' and how most sweetly a will swear'

And his page o t other side that handful of wit'

Ah heavens it is a most pathetical nit' 150

Sola, sola' [*Shout within Exit* COSTARD *running*

SCENE II *The same*

Enter HOLOFERNES SIR NATHANIEL *and* DULL

Nath Very reverend sport truly and done in the testimony of a good conscience

Hol The deer was as you know *sanguis* in blood ripe as the pome water who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *caelo* the sky the wel kin, the hea en and anon falleth like a crab on the f ce of *terra* the soil the land, the earth

Nath Truly Master Holofernes the epithets are sweetly varied like a scholar at the least but sir I assure ye it was a buck of the first head 10

Hol Sir Nathaniel *haud credo*

Dull 'Twas not a haud credo twas a pricket

Hol Most barbarous intimation yet a kind of *insinuation as it were in via* in way of expl ca tion *facere* as it were repl cation or rather *ostentare* to show as it were his inclination after his undressed unpolished uneducated unpruned, untrained or rather unlettered or ratherest un confirmed fashion to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer 20

Dull I said the deer was not a haud credo twas a pricket

Hol Twice sod simplicity *bis coctus*'

O thou monster Ignorance how deformed dost thou look'

Nath Sir he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book

he hath not eat paper as it were he hath not drunk ink his intellect is not replenished he is only an animal only sensible in the duller parts

And such barren plants are set before us that we thankful should be

Which we of taste and feeling are for those parts that do fructify in us more than he 30

For as it would ill become me to be vain indis creet or a fool

So were there a patch set on learning to see him in a school

But *omne bene* say I being of an old father s mind

Many can brook the weather that love not the wind

Dull You two are book men can you tell me by your wit

What was a month old at Cain s birth that s not five weeks old as yet?

Hol Dictynna goodman Dull Dictynna good man Dull

Dull What is Dictynna?

Nath A title to Phœbe to Luna to the moon

Hol The moon was a month old when Adam was no more 40

And raught not to fi e weeks when he came to five score

The allusion holds in the exchange

Dull Tis true indeed the collusion holds in the exchange

Hol God comfort thy capacity' I say the allu sion holds in the exchange

Dull And I say the pollusion holds in the ex change for the moon is never but a month old and I say beside that twas a pricket that the Princess killed

Hol Sir Nathaniel will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? And to humour the ignorant call I the deer the Princess killed a pricket

Nath *Perge* good Master Holofernes *perge* so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility

Hol I will something affect the letter for it argues facil ty

The preyful Princess pierced and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket,
  Some say a sore, but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting
The dogs did yell put L to sore then sorel jumps from thicket, 60
  Or pricket sore, or else sorel, the people fall a hooting
If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores one sorel
Of one sore I an hundred make by adding but one more L

Nath A rare talent!

Dull [*Aside*] If a talent be a claw look how he claws him with a talent

Hol This is a gift that I have simple simple a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms figures, shapes, objects ideas, apprehensions motions, revolutions these are begot in the ventricle of memory nourished in the womb of *pia mater* and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute and I am thankful for it

Nath Sir I praise the Lord for you and so may my parishioners for their sons are well tutored by you and their daughters profit very greatly under you you are a good member of the commonwealth 79

Hol *Mehercle*, if their sons be ingenuous they shall want no instruction if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them but *vir sapit qui pauca loquitur*, a soul feminine saluteth us

Enter JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD

Jaq God give you good morrow master Parson

Hol Master Parson *quasi* pers on An if one should be pierced which is the one?

Cost Marry master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead

Hol Piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth fire enough for a flint pearl enough for a swine 'tis pretty it is well 90

Jaq Good master Parson, be so good as read me this letter it was given me by Costard and sent me from Don Armado I beseech you read it

Hol *Fauste, precor gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra Ruminat*—and so forth Ah good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice,

Venetia Venetia
Chi non ti vede non ti pretia 100

Old Mantuan old Mantuan! who understandeth thee not, loves thee not *Ut re sol la mi fa* Under pardon sir, what are the contents? or rather as Horace says in his What, my soul, verses?

Nath Ay sir, and very learned

Hol Let me hear a staff a stanze, a verse, *lege, domine*

Nath [*reads*]

"If love make me forsworn how shall I swear to love?
  Ah never faith could hold if not to beauty vow'd! 110
Though to myself forsworn to thee I'll faithful prove
  Those thoughts to me were oaks to thee like osiers bow'd
Study his bias leaves and makes his book thine eyes,
  Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice
  Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder,
  Which is to me some praise that I thy parts admire
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
  Which not to anger bent is music and sweet fire 120
Celestial as thou art O pardon love this wrong
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue

Hol You find not the apostraphas and so miss the accent let me supervise the canzonet Here are only numbers ratified but for the elegancy facility, and golden cadence of poesy *caret* Ovidius Naso was the man and why indeed, Naso but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari* is nothing so doth the hound his master the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider But, damosella virgin was this directed to you?

Jaq Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron one of the strange queen's lords

Hol I will overglance the superscript "To the snow white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline" I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto 'Your ladyship's in all desired employment *Biron* Sir Nathaniel this Biron is one of the votaries with the King and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's which accidentally, or by the way of progression hath miscarried Trip and go my sweet deliver this paper into the royal hand of the King it may concern much
not thy compliment I forgive thy duty

Jaq Good Costard go with me Sir God save your life! 150

Cost Have with thee my girl

[*Exeunt* COSTARD *and* JAQUENETTA

Nath Sir you have done this in the fear of God very religiously and as a certain father saith—

Hol Sir tell not me of the father I do fear colourable colours But to return to the verses did they please you Sir Nathaniel?

Nath Marvellous well for the pen

Hol I do dine to-day at the father s of a certain pupil of mine where if before repast it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace I will on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil undertake your *ben venuto* where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned neither savouring of poetry wit nor invention I beseech your society

Nath And thank you too for society saith the text is the happiness of life

Hol And certes the text most infallibly concludes it [*To* DULL] Sir I do invite you too you shall not say me nay *pauca verba* Away! the gentles are at their game and we will to our recreation [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *The same*

Enter BIRON *with a paper*

Biron The King he is hunting the deer I am coursing myself they have pitched a toil I am toiling in a pitch—pitch that defiles defile! a foul word Well set thee down, sorrow! for so they say the fool said and so say I and I the fool well proved wit! By the Lord this love is as mad as Ajax it kills sheep it kills me I a sheep well proved again o my side! I will not love if I do hang me i faith I will not O but her eye—by this light but for her eye I would not love her yes for her two eyes Well I do nothing in the world but lie and lie in my throat By heaven I do love and it hath taught me to rhyme and to be melancholy and here is part of my rhyme and here my melancholy Well she hath one o my sonnets already the clown bore it the fool sent it and the lady hath it sweet clown sweeter fool sweetest lady! By the world I would not care a pin if the other three were in Here comes one with a paper God give him grace to groan [*Stands aside* 21

Enter the KING *with a paper*

King Ay me!

Biron [*Aside*] Shot by heaven! Proceed sweet Cupid thou hast thumped him with thy bird bolt under the left pap In faith secrets!

King [*reads*]

So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose
As thy eye beams when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright 30
Through the transparent bosom of the deep
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light
Thou shinest in every tear that I do weep
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe
Do but behold the tears that swell in me
And they thy glory through my grief will show
But do not love thyself then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses and still make me weep
O queen of queens! how far dost thou excel 40
No thought can think nor tongue of mortal tell

How shall she know my griefs? I ll drop the paper

Sweet leaves shade folly Who is he comes here?

Steps aside

What Longaville! and reading! listen ear

Biron Now in thy likeness one more fool appear!

Enter LONGAVILLE *with a paper*

Long Ay me I am forsworn!

Biron Why he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers

King In love I hope sweet fellowship in shame!

Biron One drunkard loves another of the name 50

Long Am I the first that have been perjured so?

Biron I could put thee in comfort Not by two that I know

Thou makest the triumviry the corner-cap of society

The shape of Love s Tyburn that hangs up simplicity

Long I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move

O sweet Maria empress of my love!

These numbers will I tear and write in prose

Biron O rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid s hose

Disfigure not his slop

Long This same shall go [*Reads*]

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye 60
Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment
A woman I forswore but I will prove
Thou being a goddess I forswore not thee
My vow was earthly thou a heavenly love
Thy grace being gain d cures all disgrace in me

Vows are but breath and breath a vapour is
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhalest this vapour vow, in thee it is 70
If broken then, it is no fault of mine
If by me broke what fool is not so wise
To lose an oath to win a paradise?

Biron This is the liver-vein which makes flesh a deity,
A green goose a goddess pure, pure idolatry
God amend us, God amend! we are much out o the way

Long By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay [*Steps aside*

Biron All hid all hid, an old infant play
Like a demigod here sit I in the sky
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o er eye 80
More sacks to the mill! O heavens I have my wish!

Enter DUMAIN, *with a paper*

Dumain transform'd! four woodcocks in a dish!

Dum O most divine Kate!

Biron O most profane coxcomb!

Dum By heaven, the wonder in a mortal eye!

Biron By earth, she is not, corporal there you lie

Dum Her amber hair for foul hath amber quoted

Biron An amber colour d raven was well noted

Dum As upright as the cedar

Biron Stoop I say
Her shoulder is with child

Dum As fair as day 90

Biron Ay as some days, but then no sun must shine

Dum O that I had my wish!

Long And I had mine!

King And I mine too, good Lord!

Biron Amen, so I had mine is not that a good word?

Dum I would forget her, but a fever she
Reigns in my blood and will remember d be

Biron A fever in your blood! why, then incision
Would let her out in saucers sweet misprision!

Dum Once more I ll read the ode that I have writ

Biron Once more I ll mark how love can vary wit 100

Dum [*reads*]
"On a day—alack the day!—
Love whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air
Through the velvet leaves the wind
All unseen can passage find
That the lover sick to death,
Wish himself the heaven s breath
Air, quoth he thy cheeks may blow,
Air would I might triumph so! 110
But alack, my hand is sworn
Ne er to pluck thee from thy thorn
Vow alack for youth unmeet
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet!
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were,
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love " 120
This will I send and something else more plain
That shall express my true love s fasting pain
O would the King Biron and Longaville,
Were lovers too! Ill to example ill
Would from my forehead wipe a perjured note,
For none offend where all alike do dote

Long [*advancing*] Dumain thy love is far from charity
That in love s grief desirest society
You may look pale but I should blush, I know,
To be o erheard and taken napping so 130

King [*advancing*] Come sir, you blush, as his your case is such
You chide at him offending twice as much
You do not love Maria, Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom to keep down his heart
I have been closely shrouded in this bush
And mark d you both and for you both did blush
I heard your guilty rhymes, observed your fashion
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion
"Ay me! says one O Jove! the other cries, 141
One her hairs were gold crystal the other s eyes
[*To* LONGAVILLE] You would for paradise break faith and troth
[*To* DUMAIN] And Jove for your love would infringe an oath
What will Biron say when that he shall hear
Faith so infringed which such zeal did swear?
How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!
How will he triumph leap, and laugh at it!
For all the wealth that ever I did see
I would not have him know so much by me 150

Biron Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy
Advancing
Ah good my liege I pray thee pardon me!
Good heart, what grace hast thou thus to
These worms for loving that art mo t in lov
Your eyes do make no coaches, in y

There is no certain princess that appears
You ll not be perjured tis a hateful thing
Tush none but minstrels like of sonneting!
But are you not ashamed? nay are you not
All three of you to be thus much o ershot? *160*
You found his mote the King your mote did see
But I a beam do find in each of three
O what a scene of foolery have I seen
Of sighs of groans of sorrow and of teen!
O me with what strict patience have I sat
To see a king transformed to a gnat!
To see great Hercules whipping a gig
And profound Solomon to tune a jig
And Nestor play at push pin with the boys
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys! *170*
Where lies thy grief O tell me good Dumain?
And gentle Longaville where lies thy pain?
And where my liege s? all about the breast
A caudle ho!
King Too bitter is thy jest
Are we betray d thus to thy over view?
Biron Not you to me but I betray d by you
I that am honest I that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engaged in
I am betray d by keeping company
With men like men of inconstancy *180*
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for love? or spend a minute s time
In pruning me? When shall you hear that I
Will praise a hand a foot a face an eye
A gait a state a brow a breast a waist
A leg a limb?
King Soft! whither away so fast?
A true man or a thief that gallops so?
Biron I post from love good lover let me go

Enter JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD

Jaq God bless the King!
King What present hast thou there?
Cost Some certain treason
King What makes treason here? *190*
Cost Nay it makes nothing sir
King If it mar nothing neither
The treason and you go in peace away together
Jaq I beseech your Grace let this letter be read
Our parson misdoubts it twas treason he said
King Biron read it over
Giving him the paper
Where hadst thou it?
Jaq Of Costard
King Where hadst thou it?
Cost Of Dun Adramadio Dun Adramadio
Biron tears the letter
King How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it? *200*

Biron A toy my liege a toy your Grace needs not fear it
Long It did move him to passion and therefore let s hear it
Dum It is Biron s writing and here is his name
[*Gathering up the pieces*]
Biron [*To* COSTARD] Ah you whoreson lo ger head! you were born to do me shame
Guilty my lord guilty! I confess I confess
King What?
Biron That you three fools lack d me fool to make up the mess
He he and you and you my liege and I
Are pick purses in love and we deserve to die
O dismiss this audience and I shall tell you more
Dum Now the number is even *211*
Biron True true we are four
Will these turtles be gone?
King Hence sirs away!
Cost Walk aside the true folk and let the traitors stay
[*Exeunt* COSTARD *and* JAQUENETTA
Biron Sweet lords sweet lovers O let us embrace!
As true we are as flesh and blood can be
The sea will ebb and flow heaven show his face
Young blood doth not obey an old decree
We cannot cross the cause why we were born
Therefore of all hands must we be forsworn
King What did these rent lines show some love of thine? *220*
Biron Did they quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline
That like a rude and savage man of Ind
At the first opening of the gorgeous east
Bows not his vassal head and strucken blind
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory eagle sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow
That is not blinded by her majesty?
King What zeal what fury hath inspired thee now?
My love her mistress is a gracious moon *230*
She an attending star scarce seen a light
Biron My eyes are then no eyes nor I Biron
O but for my love day would turn to night!
Of all complexions the cull d sovereignty
Do meet as at a fair in her fair cheek
Where several worthies make one dignity
Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues—
Fie painted rhetoric! O she needs it not
To things of sale a seller s praise belongs *240*
She passes praise then praise too short doth blot
A wither d hermit five score winters worn

Might shake off fifty looking in her eye
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born
And gives the crutch the cradle s infancy
O tis the sun that maketh all things shine
King By heaven, thy love is black as ebony
Biron Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
A wife of such wood were felicity
O, who can give an oath? where is a book? 250
That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,
If that she learn not of her eye to look
No face is fair that is not full so black
King O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the suit of night
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well
Biron Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light
O, if in black my lady's brows be deck'd
It mourns that painting and usurping hair
Should ravish doters with a false aspect 260
And therefore is she born to make black fair
Her favour turns the fashion of the days
For native blood is counted painting now,
And therefore red that would avoid dispraise,
Paints itself black to imitate her brow
Dum To look like her are chimney sweepers black
Long And since her time are colliers counted bright
King And Ethiopes of their sweet complexion crack
Dum Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light
Biron Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours should be wash d away
King 'Twere good, yours did for sir, to tell you plain,
I ll find a fairer face not wash d to-day
Biron I ll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here
King No devil will fright thee then so much as she
Dum I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear
Long Look, here s thy love my foot and her face see
Biron O if the streets were paved with thine eyes
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!
Dum O vile! then as she goes what upward lies 280
The street should see as she walk d overhead
King But what of this? are we not all in love?
Biron Nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworn
King Then leave this chat and, good Biron now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn

Dum Ay, marry there, some flattery for this evil
Long O some authority how to proceed
Some tricks some quillets how to cheat the devil
Dum Some salve for perjury
Biron Tis more than need
Have at you then affection s men at arms 290
Consider what you first did swear unto,
To fast to study, and to see no woman
Flat treason gainst the kingly state of youth
Say can you fast? your stomachs are too young,
And abstinence engenders maladies
And where that you have vow d to study, lords,
In that each of you have forsworn his book
Can you still dream and pore and thereon look?
For when would you, my lord or you or you
Have found the ground of study s excellence 300
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
[From women s eye this doctrine I derive
They are the ground the books the academes
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire]
Why universal plodding poisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries
As motion and long-during action tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller
Now for not looking on a woman s face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes 310
And study too the causer of your vow,
For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman s eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself
And where we are our learning likewise is
Then when ourselves we see in ladies eyes
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O we have made a vow to study, lords
And in that vow we have forsworn our books
For when would you my liege or you or you,
In leaden contemplation have found out 321
Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes
Of beauty s tutors have enrich d you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain,
And therefore finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil
But love first learned in a lady s eyes
Lives not alone immured in the brain
But with the motion of all elements
Courses as swift as thought in every power 330
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices
It adds a precious seeing to the eye
A lover s eyes will gaze an eagle blind
A lover s ear will hear the lowest sound
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp d
Love s feeling is more soft and sensible
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails,

Love s tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste
For valour is not Love a Hercules 340
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as Sphinx as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo s lute strung with his hair
And when Love speaks the voice of all the gods
Make heaven drowsy with the harmony
Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were temper d with Love s sighs
O then h s lines would ravish savage ears
And plant in tyrants mild humility
From women s eyes this doctrine I derive 350
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire
They are the books the arts the academes
That show contain and nourish all the world
Else none at all in aught proves excellent
Then fools you were these women to forswear
Or keepin what is sworn you will prove fools
For wisdom s sake a word that all men love
Or for love s sake a word that loves all men,
Or for men s sake the authors of these women
Or women s sake by whom we men are men 360
Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths
It is religion to be thus forsworn
For charity itself fulfils the law
And who can sever love from charity?

King Saint Cupid then! and soldiers to the fiel l

Biron Advance your standards and upon them lords
Pell mell down with them but be first advised
In conflict that you get the sun of them 369

Long Now to plain dealing lay these glozes by
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

King An I win them too therefore let us de vise
Some enterta nment for them in their tents

Biron First from the park let us conduct them thither
Then homeward every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress in the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them
Such as the shortness of the time can shape
For revels dances masks and merry hours
Forerun fair Love strewing her way with flowers 380

King Away away! no time shall be omitted
That will betime and may by us be fitted

Biron *Allons! allons!* Sow d cockle reap d no corn
And justice always whirls in equal measure
Light wenches may prove plagues to men for sworn
If so our copper buys no better treasure

[*Exeunt*

ACT V

SCENE I *The same*

Enter HOLOFERNES SIR NATHANIEL, *and* DULL

Hol *Satis quod sufficit*

Nath I praise God for you sir your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious pleasant without scurrility witty without affec tion audacious without impudency learned without opinion, and strange without heresy I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the king s who is intituled nominated or called Don Adriano de Armado

Hol *Novi hominem tanquam te* his humour is lofty his discourse peremptory his tongue filed his eye ambitious his gait majestical and his general behaviour vain ridiculous and thrasonical He is too picked too spruce too affected too odd as it were too peregrinate as I may call it

Nath A most singular and choice epithet

Draws out his table book

Hol He draweth out the thread of his ver bosity finer than the staple of his argument I abhor such fanatical phantasimes such insociable and point-devise companions such rackers of orthography as to speak *dout* fine when he should say *doubt* *det* when he should pronounce *debt* —*d e b t* not *d e t* he clepeth a calf *cauf* half *hauf* neighbour *vocatur nebour* nei h abbre viated *ne* This is abhominable —which he would call abbominable it insinuateth me of insanie *anne intelligis domine?* to make frantic lunatic

Nath *Laus Deo bene intelligo* 30

Hol *Bon bon fort bon!* Priscian a little scratched twill serve

Nath *Videsne quis venit?*

Hol *Video et gaudeo*

Enter ARMADO MOTH *and* COSTARD

Arm [*To* MOTH] Chirrah!

Hol *Quare* chirrah not sirrah?

Arm Men of peace well encountered

Hol Most military sir salutation

Moth [*Aside to* COSTARD] They have been at a great feast of languages and stolen the scraps

Cost O they have li ed long on the almsbasket of words I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus* thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon

Moth Peace! the peal begins

Arm [*To* HOLOFERNES] Monsieur, are you not lettered?

Moth Yes yes he teaches boys the hornbook What is *a*, *b*, spelt backward with the horn on his head?

Hol *Ba puerītia*, with a horn added

Moth *Ba* most silly sheep with a horn You hear his learning

Hol *Quis*, *quis*, thou consonant?

Moth The third of the five vowels if you repeat them, or the fifth, if I

Hol I will repeat them—*a*, *e*, *i*,—

Moth The sheep the other two concludes it,—*o*, *u* 60

Arm Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterraneum a sweet touch a quick venue of wit! snip, snap, quick, and home! it rejoiceth my intellect true wit!

Moth Offered by a child to an old man, which is wit-old

Hol What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth Horns

Hol Thou disputest like an infant go whip thy gig 70

Moth Lend me your horn to make one and I will whip about your infamy *circum circa*—a gig of a cuckold s horn

Cost An I had but one penny in the world thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master thou halfpenny purse of wit thou pigeon egg of discretion O, an the heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers ends as they say

Hol O I smell false Latin *dunghill* for *unguem*

Arm Arts man preambulate, we will be singuled from the barbarous Do you not educate youth at the charge house on the top of the mountain?

Hol Or *mons*, the hill

Arm At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain

Hol I do sans question 91

Arm Sir it is the King s most sweet pleasure and affection to congratulate the Princess at her pavilion in the posteriors of this day which the rude multitude call the afternoon

Hol The posterior of the day most generous sir is liable congruent and measurable for the afternoon the word is well culled chose sweet and apt I do assure you sir I do assure 99

Arm Sir, the King is a noble gentleman and my familiar I do assure ye very good friend for what is inward between us let it pass I do beseech thee remember thy courtesy I beseech thee, apparel thy head and among other important and most serious designs and of great import indeed, too, but let that pass for I must tell thee, it will please his Grace by the world, sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger thus dally with my excrement with my mustachio, but sweet heart let that pass By the world I recount no fable some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world, but let that pass The very all of all is—but sweet heart, I do implore secrecy—that the King would have me present the Princess sweet chuck with some delightful ostentation or show or pageant, or antique or firework Now understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance

Hol Sir you shall present before her the Nine Worthies Sir as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day to be rendered by our assistants at the King s command and this most gallant illustrate and learned gentleman before the Princess, I say none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies 130

Nath Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol Joshua, yourself myself and this gallant gentleman Judas Maccabæus this swain because of his great limb or joint shall pass Pompey the Great the page Hercules—

Arm Pardon sir error he is not quantity enough for that Worthy s thumb he is not so big as the end of his club 139

Hol Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority his enter and exit shall be strangling a snake, and I will have an apology for that purpose

Moth An excellent device! so if any of the audience hiss you may cry "Well done Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!" That is the way to make an offence gracious though few have the grace to do it

Arm For the rest of the Worthies —

Hol I will play three myself 150

Moth Thrice worthy gentleman!

Arm Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol We attend

Arm We will have if this fadge not, an antique I beseech you follow

Hol *Via* goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while

Dull Nor understood none neither sir

Hol *Allons!* we will employ thee.

Dull I ll make one in a dance or so or I will play 160
On the tabor to the Worthies and let them dance the hay
Hol Most dull honest Dull! To our sport away! [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *The same*

Enter the PRINCESS KATHARINE ROSALINE *and* MARIA

Prin Sweet hearts we shall be rich ere we depart
If fairings come thus plentifully in
A lady wall d about with diamonds!
Look you what I have from the loving King
Ros Madame came nothing else along with that?
Prin Nothing but this! yes as much love in rhyme
As would be cramm d up in a sheet of paper
Writ o both sides the leaf margent and all
That he was fain to seal on Cupid s name
Ros That was the way to make his godhead wax 10
For he hath been five thousand years a boy
Kath Ay and a shrewd unhappy gallows too
Ros You ll ne er be friends with him a kill d your sister
Kath He made her melancholy sad and heavy
And so she died had she been light like you
Of such a merry nimble stirring spirit
She might ha been a grandam ere she died
And so may you for a light heart lives long
Ros What s your dark meaning mouse of this light word?
Kath A light condition in a beauty dark 20
Ros We need more light to find your meaning out
Kath You ll mar the light by taking it in snuff
Therefore I ll darkly end the argument
Ros Look what you do you do it still i the dark
Kath So do not you for you are a light wench
Ros Indeed I weigh not you and therefore light
Kath You weigh me not? O that s you care not for me
Ros Great reason for past cure is still past care
Prin Well bandied both a set of wit well play d
But Rosaline you have a favour too 30
Who sent it? and what is it?
Ros I would you knew
An if my face were but as fair as yours
My favour were as great be witness this
Nay I have verses too I thank Biron
The numbers true and were the numbering too
I were the fairest goddess on the ground
I am compared to twenty thousand fairs
O he hath drawn my picture in his letter!
Prin Any thing like?
Ros Much in the letters nothing in the praise
Prin Beauteous as ink a good conclusion 41
Kath Fair as a text *B* in a copy book
Ros Ware pencils ho! let me not die your debtor
My red dominical my golden letter
O that your face were not so full of O s!
Kath A pox of that jest! and I beshrew all shrows
Prin But Katherine what was sent to you from fair Dumain?
Kath Madam this glove
Prin Did he not send you twain?
Kath Yes madam and moreover
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover 50
A huge translation of hypocrisy
Vilely compiled profound simplicity
Mar This and these pearls to me sent Longaville
The letter is too long by half a mile
Prin I think no less Dost thou not wish in heart
The chain were longer and the letter short?
Mar Ay or I would these hands might never part
Prin We are wise girls to mock our lovers so
Ros They are worse fools to purchase mocking so
That same Biron I ll torture ere I go 60
O that I knew he were but in by the week!
How I would make him fawn and beg and seek
And wait the season and observe the times
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes
And shape his service wholly to my hests
And make him proud to make me proud that jests!
So perttaunt like would I o ersway his state
That he should be my fool and I his fate
Prin None are so surely caught when they are catch d
As wit turn d fool folly in wisdom hatch d 70
Hath wisdom s warrant and the help of school
And wit s own grace to grace a learned fool
Ros The blood of youth burns not with such excess
As gravity s revolt to wantonness
Mar Folly in fools bears not so strong a note
As foolery in the wise when wit doth dote
Since all the power thereof it doth apply
To prove by wit worth in simplicity
Prin Here comes Boyet and mirth is in his face

Enter BOYET

Boyet O I am stabb d with laughter! Where s her Grace? 80
Prin Thy news, Boyet?
Boyet Prepare madam prepare!
Arm wenches, arm! encounters mounted are
Against your peace Love doth approach disguised
Armed in arguments, you'll be surprised
Muster your wits stand in your own defence,
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence
Prin Saint Denis to Saint Cupid! What are they
That charge their breath against us? say scout, say
Boyet Under the cool shade of a sycamore
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour,
When, lo! to interrupt my purposed rest 91
Toward that shade I might behold addrest
The King and his companions warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear
That, by and by, disguised they will be here
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage
Action and accent did they teach him there
"Thus must thou speak, and "thus thy body bear'
And ever and anon they made a doubt 101
Presence majestical would put him out,
"For," quoth the King "an angel shalt thou see,
Yet fear not thou but speak audaciously'
The boy replied, "An angel is not evil
I should have fear d her had she been a devil"
With that, all laugh'd and clapp'd him on the shoulder,
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder
One rubb d his elbows thus and fleer d and swore
A better speech was never spoke before, 110
Another, with his finger and his thumb
Cried 'Via! we will do t come what will come',
The third he caper d, and cried "All goes well',
The fourth turn d on the toe, and down he fell
With that they all did tumble on the ground
With such a zealous laughter so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous appears
To check their folly passion's solemn tears
Prin But what, but what, come they to visit us?
Boyet They do, they do, and are apparell'd thus 120
Like Muscovites or Russians as I guess
Their purpose is to parle, to court and dance
And every one his love feat will advance
Unto his several mistress which they ll know
By favours several which they did bestow
Prin And will they so? the gallants shall be task d
For, ladies we will every one be mask'd,
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit to see a lady s face
Hold Rosaline this favour thou shalt wear 130
And then the King will court thee for his dear,
Hold take thou this, my sweet and give me thine
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline
And change you favours too so shall your loves
Woo contrary deceived by these removes
Ros Come on, then wear the favours most in sight
Kath But in this changing what is your intent?
Prin The effect of my intent is to cross theirs
They do it but in mocking merriment
And mock for mock is only my intent 140
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook, and so be mock'd withal
Upon the next occasion that we meet
With visages display d to talk and greet
Ros But shall we dance, if they desire us to t?
Prin No, to the death we will not move a foot
Nor to their penn d speech render we no grace,
But while tis spoke each turn away her face
Boyet Why that contempt will kill the speaker s heart
And quite divorce his memory from his part 150
Prin Therefore I do it and I make no doubt
The rest will ne er come in, if he be out
There s no such sport as sport by sport o erthrown
To make theirs ours and ours none but our own
So shall we stay mocking intended game
And they, well mock d depart away with shame
Trumpets sound within
Boyet The trumpet sounds be mask d, the maskers come [*The* LADIES *mask*]

Enter Blackamoors with music, MOTH *the* KING BIRON LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN *in Russian habits and masked*

Moth All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!—
Boyet Beauties no richer than rich taffeta
Moth A holy parcel of the fairest dames 160
[*The* LADIES *turn their backs to him*
That ever turn d their—backs—to mortal views!
Biron [*Aside to* MOTH] Their eyes villain, their eyes
Moth That ever turn d their eyes to mortal views!—
Out—
Boyet True out indeed

Moth Out of your favours heavenly spirits vouchsafe
Not to behold—
Biron [*Aside to* MOTH] Once to behold rogue
Moth Once to behold with your sun beamed eyes
—with your sun beamed eyes— 169
Boyet They will not answer to that epithet
You were best call it daughter beamed eyes
Moth They do not mark me and that brings me out
Biron Is this your perfectness? be gone you rogue! [*Exit* MOTH
Ros What would these strangers? know their minds Boyet
If they do speak our language tis our will
That some plain man recount their purposes
Know what they would
Boyet What would you with the Princess?
Biron Nothing but peace and gentle visitation
Ros What would they say they? 180
Boyet Nothing but peace and gentle visitation
Ros Why that they have and bid them so be gone
Boyet She says you have it and you may be gone
King Say to her we have measured many miles
To tread a measure with her on this grass
Boyet They say that they have measured many a mile
To tread a measure with you on this grass
Ros It is not so Ask them how many inches
Is in one mile if they have measured many
The measure then of one is easily told 190
Boyet If to come hither you ha e measured miles
And many miles the Princess bids you tell
How many inches doth fill up one m le
Biron Tell her we measure them by weary steps
Boyet She hears herself
Ros How many weary steps
Of many weary miles you have o ergone
Are number d in the travel of one mile?
Biron We number nothing that we spend for you
Our duty is so rich so infinite
That we may do it still without accompt 200
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face
That we l ke savages may worship it
Ros My face is but a moon, and clouded too
King Blessed are clouds to do as such clouds do!
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars to shine
Those clouds removed upon our watery eyne

Ros O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter
Thou now request st but moonshine in the water
King Then, in our measure do but vouchsafe one change
Thou bid st me beg this begging is not strange
Ros Play music, then! Nay you must do it soon [*Music plays*] 211
Not yet! no dance! Thus change I like the moon
King Will you not dance? How come you thus estranged?
Ros You took the moon at full but now she s changed
King Yet still she is the moon and I the man
The music plays vouchsafe some motion to it
Ros Our ears vouchsafe it
King But your legs should do it
Ros Since you are strangers and come here by chance,
We ll not be nice take hands We will not dance
King Why take we hands then?
Ros Only to part friends 220
Curtsy sweet hearts and so the measure ends
King More measure of this measure be not nice
Ros We can afford no more at such a price
King Prize you yourselves what buys your company?
Ros Your absence only
King That can never be
Ros Then cannot we be bought and so adieu
Twice to your visor and half once to you
King If you deny to dance let s hold more chat
Ros In private then
King I am best pleased with that
They converse apart
Biron White handed mistress one sweet word with three 230
Prin Honey and milk and sugar there is three
Biron Nay then two treys and if you grow so nice
Metheglin wort and malmsey well run dice!
There s half a-dozen sweets
Prin Seventh sweet adieu
Since you can cog I ll play no more with you
Biron One word in secret
Prin Let it not be sweet
Biron Thou grievest my gall
Prin Gall! bitter
Biron Therefore meet
They converse apart
Dum Will you vouchsafe with me to chan e a word?
Mar Name it
Dum Fair lady—
Mar Say you so? Fair lord—

Take that for your fair lady

Dum Please it you, *240*

As much in private, and I'll bid adieu

They converse apart

Kath What, was your vizard made without a tongue?

Long I know the reason lady, why you ask

Kath O for your reason! quickly, sir, I long

Long You have a double tongue within your mask

And would afford my speechless vizard half

Kath "Veal,' quoth the Dutchman Is not "veal" a calf?

Long A calf, fair lady!

Kath No, a fair lord calf

Long Let s part the word

Kath No, I'll not be your half

Take all, and wean it, it may prove an ox *250*

Long Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!

Will you give horns chaste lady? do not so

Kath Then die a calf, before your horns do grow

Long One word in private with you ere I die

Kath Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you cry

They converse apart

Boyet The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen

As is the razor's edge invisible,

Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen

Above the sense of sense so sensible

Seemeth their conference, their conceits have wings *260*

Fleeter than arrows, bullets wind thought, swifter things

Ros Not one word more my maids break off, break off

Biron By heaven all dry-beaten with pure scoff!

King Farewell mad wenches, you have simple wits

Prin Twenty adieus my frozen Muscovits

[*Exeunt* KING LORDS *and Blackamoors*

Are these the breed of wits so wonder d at?

Boyet Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out

Ros Well liking wits they have, gross, gross fat fat

Prin O poverty in wit, kingly poor flout!

Will they not, think you hang themselves to-night? *270*

Or ever but in vizards, show their faces?

This pert Biron was out of countenance quite

Ros O, they were all in lamentable cases!

The King was weeping ripe for a good word

Prin Biron did swear himself out of all suit

Mar Dumain was at my service, and his sword

"No point," quoth I, my servant straight was mute

Kath Lord Longaville said I came o'er his heart

And trow you what he call d me?

Prin Qualm, perhaps

Kath Yes, in good faith

Prin Go sickness as thou art! *280*

Ros Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps

But will you hear? the King is my love sworn

Prin And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me

Kath And Longaville was for my service born

Mar Dumain is mine as sure as bark on tree

Boyet Madam and pretty mistresses give ear

Immediately they will again be here

In their own shapes for it can never be

They will digest this harsh indignity

Prin Will they return?

Boyet They will they will, God knows, *290*

And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows

Therefore change favours, and when they repair

Blow like sweet roses in this summer air

Prin How blow? how blow? speak to be understood

Boyet Fair ladies mask d are roses in their bud,

Dismask d their damask sweet commixture shown

Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown

Prin Avaunt perplexity! What shall we do,

If they return in their own shapes to woo?

Ros Good madam if by me you'll be advised

Let s mock them still as well known as disguised

Let us complain to them what fools were here

Disguised like Muscovites, in shapeless gear

And wonder what they were and to what end

Their shallow shows and prologue vilely penn'd

And their rough carriage so ridiculous,

Should be presented at our tent to us

Boyet Ladies withdraw the gallants are at hand

Prin Whip to our tents as roes run o er land

[*Exeunt* PRINCESS ROSALINE, KATHARINE *and* MARIA

Re-enter the KING BIRON LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN *in their proper habits*

King Fair sir God save you! Where s the Princess?

Boyet Gone to her tent Please it your Majesty

Command me any service to her thither?

King That she vouchsafe me audience for one word

Boyet I will and so will she I know my lord [*Exit*

Biron This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons pease
And utters it again when God doth please
He is wit s pedler and retails his wares
At wakes and wassails meetings markets fairs
And we that sell by gross the Lord doth know
Have not the grace to grace it with such show
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve 321
Had he been Adam he had tempted Eve
A can carve too and lisp why this is he
That kiss d his hand away in courtesy
This is the ape of form monsieur the nice
That when he plays at tables chides the dice
In honourable terms nay he can sing
A mean most meanly and in ushering
Mend him who can the ladies call him sweet
The stairs as he treads on them kiss his feet
This is the flower that smiles on every one 331
To show his teeth as white as whale s bone
And consciences that will not die in debt
Pay him the due of honey tongued Boyet

King A blister on his sweet tongue with my heart
That put Armado s page out of his part!

Biron See where it comes! Behaviour what wert thou
Till this madman show d thee? and what art thou now?

Re enter the PRINCESS *ushered by* BOYET ROSALINE MARIA *and* KATHARINE

King All hail sweet madam and fair time of day! 339

Prin Fair in all hail is foul as I conceive

King Construe my speeches better if you may

Prin Then wish me better I will give you leave

King We came to visit you and purpose now
To lead you to our court vouchsafe it then

Prin This field shall hold me and so hold your vow
Nor God nor I delights in perjured men

King Rebuke me not for that which you provoke
The virtue of your eye must break my oath

Prin You nickname virtue vice you should have spoke
For virtue s office never breaks men s troth
Now by maiden honour yet as pure 351
As the unsullied lily I protest
A world of torments though I should endure
I would not yield to be your house s guest
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heavenly oaths vow d with integrity

King O you have lived in desolation here
Unseen unvisited much to our shame

Prin Not so my lord it is not so I swear
We have had pastimes here and pleasant game
A mess of Russians left us but of late 361

King How madam! Russians!

Prin Ay in truth my lord
Trim gallants full of courtship and of state

Ros Madam speak true It is not so my lord
My lady to the manner of the days
In courtesy gives undeserving praise
We four indeed confronted were with four
In Russian habit here they stay d an hour
And talk d apace and in that hour my lord
They did not bless us with one happy word 370
I dare not call them fools but this I think
When they are thirsty fools would fain have drink

Biron This jest is dry to me Fair gentle sweet
Your wit makes wise things foolish when we greet
With eyes best seeing heaven s fiery eye
By light we lose light your capacity
Is of that nature that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish and rich things but poor

Ros This proves you wise and rich for in my eye—

Biron I am a fool and full of poverty 380

Ros But that you take what doth to you belong
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue

Biron O I am yours and all that I possess!

Ros All the fool mine?

Biron I cannot give you less

Ros Which of the vizards was it that you wore?

Biron Where? when? what vizard? why demand you this?

Ros There then that vizard that superfluous case
That hid the worse and show d the better face

King We are descried they ll mock us now downright

Dum Let us confess and turn it to a jest

Prin Amazed my lord? why looks your Highness sad? 391

Ros Help hold his brows! he ll swoon! Why look you pale?
Sea sick I think coming from Muscovy

Biron Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury
Can any face of brass hold longer out?
Here stand I lady dart thy skill at me
Bruise me with scorn confound me with a flout

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit,
And I will wish thee never more to dance, *400*
Nor never more in Russian habit wait
O, never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue
Nor never come in vizard to my friend
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper s song!
Taffeta phrases silken terms precise,
Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical, these summer flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation
I do forswear them and I here protest, *410*
By this white glove—how white the hand God knows!—
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
In russet yeas and honest kersey noes
And to begin, wench—so God help me la!—
My love to thee is sound sans crack or flaw

Ros Sans sans, I pray you

Biron Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage bear with me, I am sick
I'll leave it by degrees Soft let us see
Write, "Lord have mercy on us ' on those three
They are infected, in their hearts it lies, *420*
They have the plague and caught it of your eyes,
These lords are visited you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see

Prin No, they are free that gave these tokens to us

Biron Our states are forfeit seek not to undo us

Ros It is not so for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?

Biron Peace! for I will not have to do with you

Ros Nor shall not if I do as I intend

Biron Speak for yourselves my wit is at an end *430*

King Teach us, sweet madam for our rude transgression
Some fair excuse

Prin The fairest is confession
Were not you here but even now disguised?

King Madam, I was

Prin And were you well advised?

King I was, fair madam

Prin When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

King That more than all the world I did respect her

Prin When she shall challenge this you will reject her

King Upon mine honour no

Prin Peace peace! forbear
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear

King Despise me, when I break this oath of mine *441*

Prin I will and therefore keep it Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

Ros Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear
As precious eyesight, and did value me
Above this world, adding thereto moreover
That he would wed me or else die my lover

Prin God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word

King What mean you madam? by my life, my troth *450*
I never swore this lady such an oath

Ros By heaven you did, and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this but take it sir again

King My faith and this the Princess I did give
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve

Prin Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear,
And Lord Biron I thank him is my dear
What will you have me, or your pearl again?

Biron Neither of either, I remit both twain
I see the trick on t here was a consent *460*
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To dash it like a Christmas comedy
Some carry tale some please man some slight zany,
Some mumble news some trencher-knight, some Dick
That smiles his cheek in years and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh when she's disposed
Told our intents before, which once disclosed,
The ladies did change favours and then we
Following the signs, woo d but the sign of she
Now to our perjury to add more terror, *470*
We are again forsworn in will and error
Much upon this it is and might not you

To BOYET

Forestall our sport to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady s foot by the squire,
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
And stand between her back, sir and the fire,
Holding a trencher jesting merrily?
You put our page out go you are allow d,
Die when you will a smock shall be your shroud
You leer upon me do you? there s an eye *480*
Wounds like a leaden sword

Boyet Full merrily
Hath this brave manage this career been run

Biron Lo he is tilting straight! Peace! I have done

Enter COSTARD

Welcome pure wit! thou partest a fair fray

Cost O Lord sir they would know
Whether the three Worthies shall come in or no—

Biron What are there but three?
Cost No sir but it is vara fine
For every one pursents three
Biron And three times thrice is nine
Cost Not so sir under correction sir I hope it is not so
You cannot beg us sir I can assure you sir we know what we know 490
I hope sir three times thrice sir—
Biron Is not nine
Cost Under correction sir we know whereuntil it doth amount
Biron By Jove I always took three threes for nine
Cost O Lord sir it were pity you should get your living by reckoning sir
Biron How much is it? 499
Cost O Lord sir the parties themselves the actors sir will show whereuntil it doth amount for mine own part I am as they say but to parfect one man in one poor man Pompion the Great sir
Biron Art thou one of the Worthies?
Cost It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompion the Great for mine own part I know not the degree of the Worthy but I am to stand for him
Biron Go bid them prepare 510
Cost We will turn it finely off sir we will take some care [*Exit*
King Biron they will shame us let them not approach
Biron We are shame proof my lord and tis some policy
To have one show worse than the King s and his company
King I say they shall not come
Prin Nay my good lord let me o errule you now
That sport best pleases that doth least know how
Where zeal strives to content and the contents
Dies in the zeal of that which it presents
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth 520
When great things labouring perish in their birth
Biron A right description of our sport my lord

Enter ARMADO

Arm Anointed I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath as will utter a brace of words

Converses apart with the KING *and delivers him a paper*

Prin Doth this man serve God?
Biron Why ask you?
Prin He speaks not like a man of God s making
Arm That is all one my fair sweet honey monarch for I protest the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical too too vain too too vain but we will put it as they say to *fortuna de la guerra* I wish you the peace of mind most royal couplement! [*Exit*
King Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies He presents Hector of Troy the swain Pompey the Great the parish curate, Alexander Armado s page, Hercules the pedant Judas Maccabæus 540
And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive
These four will change habits and present the other five
Biron There is five in the first show
King You are deceived tis not so
Biron The pedant the braggart the hedge-priest the fool and the boy
Abate throw at novum and the whole world again
Cannot pick out five such take each one in his vein
King The ship is under sail and here she comes amain

Enter COSTARD *for Pompey*

Cost I Pompey am —
Boyet You lie you are not he 550
Cost I Pompey am —
Boyet With libbard s head on knee
Biron Well said old mocker I must needs be friends with thee
Cost I Pompey am Pompey surnamed the Big —
Dum The Great
Cost It is Great sir —
Pompey surnamed the Great
That oft in field with targe and shield did make my foe to sweat
And travelling along this coast I here am come by chance
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France
If your ladyship would say Thanks Pompey I had done
Prin Great thanks great Pompey 560
Cost Tis not so much worth but I hope I was perfect I made a little fault in Great
Biron My hat to a halfpenny Pompey proves the best Worthy

Enter SIR NATHANIEL *for Alexander*

Nath When in the world I lived, I was the world s commander

By east, west, north, and south I spread my
conquering might
My scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander"—

Boyet Your nose says, no, you are not, for it stands too right

Biron Your nose smells "no" in this, most tender-smelling knight

Prin The conqueror is dismay d Proceed good Alexander 570

Nath "When in the world I lived, I was the world s commander —

Boyet Most true, 'tis right, you were so, Alisander

Biron Pompey the Great—

Cost Your servant, and Costard

Biron Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander

Cost [*To* SIR NATHANIEL] O, sir, you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this your lion that holds his poll axe sitting on a close-stool, will be given to Ajax he will be the ninth Worthy A conqueror, and afeard to speak! run away for shame Alisander [SIR NATHANIEL *retires*] There, an't shall please you, a foolish mild man, an honest man, look you, and soon dashed He is a marvellous good neighbour, faith, and a very good bowler but, for Alisander—alas, you see how 'tis—a little o'erparted But there are Worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort 590

Prin Stand aside good Pompey

Enter HOLOFERNES, *for Judas, and* MOTH, *for Hercules*

Hol "Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
Whose club kill d Cerberus, that three-headed *canus*,
And when he was a babe, a child a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his *manus*
Quoniam he seemeth in minority,
Ergo I come with this apology"
Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish

[MOTH *retires*

"Judas I am"—

Dum A Judas! 600

Hol Not Iscariot, sir
'Judas I am ycliped Maccabæus"

Dum Judas Maccabæus clipt is plain Judas

Biron A kissing traitor How art thou proved Judas?

Hol "Judas I am"—

Dum The more shame for you, Judas

Hol What mean you sir?

Boyet To make Judas hang himself

Hol Begin, sir, you are my elder

Biron Well followed Judas was hanged on an elder 610

Hol I will not be put out of countenance

Biron Because thou hast no face

Hol What is this?

Boyet A cittern head

Dum The head of a bodkin

Biron A Death s face in a ring

Long The face of an old Roman coin scarce seen

Boyet The pommel of Cæsar s falchion

Dum The carved bone face on a flask

Biron Saint George s half cheek in a brooch

Dum Ay and in a brooch of lead 621

Biron Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer
And now forward, for we have put thee in countenance

Hol You have put me out of countenance

Biron False, we have given thee faces

Hol But you have out faced them all

Biron An thou wert a lion we would do so

Boyet Therefore as he is an ass let him go
And so adieu sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum For the latter end of his name 630

Biron For the ass to the Jude give it him Jud as away!

Hol This is not generous not gentle, not humble

Boyet A light for Monsieur Judas! it grows dark he may stumble [HOLOFERNES *retires*

Prin Alas poor Maccabæus, how hath he been baited!

Enter ARMADO *for Hector*

Biron Hide thy head, Achilles here comes Hector in arms

Dum Though my mocks come home by me I will now be merry

King Hector was but a Troyan in respect of this 640

Boyet But is this Hector?

King I think Hector was not so clean timbered

Long His leg is too big for Hector s

Dum More calf, certain

Boyet No he is best indued in the small

Biron This cannot be Hector

Dum He s a god or a painter for he makes faces

Arm "The armipotent Mars of lances the almighty 650
Gave Hector a gift —

Dum A gilt nutmeg

Biron A lemon

Long Stuck with cloves
Dum No cloven
Arm Peace —
The armipotent Mars of lances the almighty
Gave Hector a gift the heir of Ilion
A man so breathed that certain he would fi ht
yea
From morn till night out of his pavilion 660
I am that flower —
Dum That mint
Long *That columbine*
Arm Sweet Lord Longaville rein thy tongue
Long I must rather give it the rein for it runs against Hector
Dum Ay and Hector s a greyhound
Arm The sweet war man is dead and rotten sweet chucks beat not the bones of the buried when he breathed he was a man But I will forward with my device [*To the* PRINCESS] Sweet royalty bestow on me the sense of hearing 670
Prin Speak brave Hector we are much de lighted
Arm I do adore thy sweet grace s slipper
Boyet [*Aside to* DUMAIN] Loves her by the foot
Dum [*Aside to* BOYET] He may not by the yard
Arm This Hector far surmounted Hanni bal —
Cost The party is gone fellow Hector she is gone she is two months on her way
Arm What meanest thou? 680
Cost Faith unless you play the honest Troyan the poor wench is cast away she s quick the child brags in her belly already tis yours
Arm Dost thou infamonize me among poten tates? thou shalt die
Cost Then shall Hector be whipped for Jaquen etta that is quick by him and hanged for Pompey that is dead by him
Dum Most rare Pompey!
Boyet Renowned Pompey! 690
Biron Greater than great great great great Pompey! Pompey the Huge!
Dum Hector trembles
Biron Pompey is moved More Ates more Ates! stir them on! stir them on!
Dum Hector will challenge him
Biron Ay if a ha e no more man s blood in s belly than will sup a flea
Arm By the north pole I do challenge thee
Cost I will not fight with a pole like a northern man I ll slash I ll do it by the sword I bepray you let me borrow my arms again
Dum Room for the incensed Worthies!
Cost I ll do it in my shirt
Dum Most resolute Pompey!
Moth Master let me take you a button hole lower Do you not see Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? You will lose your reputation
Arm Gentlemen and soldiers pardon me I will not combat in my shirt 711
Dum You may not deny it Pompey hath made the challenge
Arm Sweet bloods I both may and will
Biron What reason have you for t?
Arm The naked truth of it is I have no shirt I go woolward for penance
Boyet True and it was enjoined him in Rome for want of linen since when I ll be sworn, he wore none but a dishclout of Jaquenetta s and that a wears next his heart for a favour

Enter MERCADE

Mer God save you madam!
Prin Welcome Mercade
But that thou interrupt st our merriment
Mer I am sorry madam for the news I bring
Is heavy in my tongue The King your father—
Prin Dead for my life!
Mer Even so my tale is told
Biron Worthies away! the scene begins to cloud 731
Arm For mine own part I breathe free breath I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion and I will right myself like a soldier [*Exeunt Worthies*
King How fares your Majesty?
Prin Boyet prepare I will away to-night
King Madam not so I do beseech you stay
Prin Prepare I say I thank you gracious lords
For all your fair endeavours and entreat 740
Out of a new sad soul that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom to excuse or hide
The liberal opposition of our spirits
If over boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath your gentleness
Was guilty of it Farewell worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue
Excuse me so coming too short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain d
King The extreme parts of time extremely forms 750
All causes to the purpose of his speed
And often at his very loose decides
That which long process could not arbitrate
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love
The holy suit wh ch fain it would convince
Yet s nce love s argument was first on foot
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it
From what it purposed since to wail friends lost

Is not by much so wholesome-profitable 760
As to rejoice at friends but newly found

Prin I understand you not my griefs are double

Biron Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief,
And by these badges understand the King
For your fair sakes have we neglected time
Play d foul play with our oaths your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
Even to the opposed end of our intents
And what in us hath seem d ridiculous—
As love is full of unbefitting strains, 770
All wanton as a child, skipping and vain
Form'd by the eye and therefore like the eye
Full of strange shapes, of habits and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance
Which parti coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecomed our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes that look into these faults
Suggested us to make Therefore ladies 780
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true
To those that make us both—fair ladies, you
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin
Thus purifies itself and turns to grace

Prin We have received your letters full of love,
Your favours, the ambassadors of love,
And in our maiden council rated them
At courtship pleasant jest, and courtesy, 790
As bombast and as lining to the time
But more devout than this in our respects
Have we not been, and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion like a merriment

Dum Our letters madam, show d much more than jest

Long So did our looks

Ros We did not quote them so

King Now at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves

Prin A time, methinks too short
To make a world without-end bargain in
No no my lord your Grace is perjured much
Full of dear guiltiness, and therefore this 801
If for my love as there is no such cause
You will do aught this shall you do for me
Your oath I will not trust but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage
Remote from all the pleasures of the world
There stay until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about the annual reckoning
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood,
If frosts and fasts, hard lodging and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial and last love,
Then at the expiration of the year
Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,
And by this virgin palm now kissing thine,
I will be thine and till that instant shut
My woeful self up in a mourning house
Raining the tears of lamentation
For the remembrance of my father s death 820
If this thou do deny let our hands part
Neither intitled in the other s heart

King If this or more than this I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast

Biron And what to me, my love? and what to me?

Ros You must be purged too your sins are rack'd
You are attaint with faults and perjury
Therefore if you my favour mean to get 830
A twelvemonth shall you spend and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick

Dum But what to me, my love? but what to me?
A wife?

Kath A beard fair health and honesty,
With three fold love I wish you all these three

Dum O, shall I say 'I thank you gentle wife'?

Kath Not so my lord, a twelvemonth and a day
I'll mark no words that smooth faced wooers say
Come when the King doth to my lady come
Then if I have much love, I'll give you some 840

Dum I ll serve thee true and faithfully till then

Kath Yet swear not lest ye be forsworn again

Long What says Maria?

Mar At the twelvemonth s end
I ll change my black gown for a faithful friend

Long I ll stay with patience but the time is long

Mar The liker you few taller are so young

Biron Studies my lady? mistress look on me
Behold the window of my heart mine eye
What humble suit attends thy answer there
Impose some service on me for thy love 850

Ros Oft have I heard of you my Lord Biron,
Before I saw you and the world s large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts
Which you on all estates will execute

That lie within the mercy of your wit
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain
And therewithal to win me if you please
Without the which I am not to be won
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick and still converse 861
With groaning wretches and your task shall be
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit
To enforce the pained impotent to smile

Biron To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be it is impossible
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony

Ros Why that's the way to choke a gibing spirit
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear 871
Of him that hears it never in the tongue
Of him that makes it then if sickly ears
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans
Will hear your idle scorns continue then
And I will have you and that fault withal
But if they will not throw away that spirit
And I shall find you empty of that fault
Right joyful of your reformation

Biron A twelvemonth! well befall what will befall 880
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital

Prin [*To the* KING] Ay sweet my lord and so I take my leave

King No madam we will bring you on your way

Biron Our wooing doth not end like an old play
Jack hath not Jill these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy

King Come sir it wants a twelvemonth and a day
And then 'twill end

Biron That's too long for a play

Re-enter ARMADO

Arm Sweet majesty vouchsafe me—

Prin Was not that Hector

Dum The worthy knight of Troy 890

Arm I will kiss thy royal finger and take leave I am a votary I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years But most esteemed greatness will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? It should have followed in the end of our show

King Call them forth quickly we will do so

Arm Holla! approach 900

Re-enter HOLOFERNES NATHANIEL MOTH COSTARD *and others*

This side is Hiems Winter this Ver the Spring the one maintained by the owl the other by the cuckoo Ver begin

SONG

Spring

When daisies pied and violets blue
And lady smocks all silver white
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight
The cuckoo then on every tree
Mocks married men for thus sings he
Cuckoo 910
Cuckoo cuckoo O word of fear
Unpleasing to a married ear!
When shepherds pipe on oaten straws
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks
When turtles tread and rooks and daws
And maidens bleach their summer smocks
The cuckoo then on every tree
Mocks married men for thus sings he
Cuckoo
Cuckoo cuckoo O word of fear 920
Unpleasing to a married ear!

Winter

When icicles hang by the wall
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail
And Tom bears logs into the hall
And milk comes frozen home in pail
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul
Then nightly sings the staring owl
Tu whit
Tu who a merry note
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot 930
When all aloud the wind doth blow
And coughing drowns the parson's saw
And birds sit brooding in the snow
And Marian's nose looks red and raw
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl
Then nightly sings the staring owl
Tu whit
To-who a merry note
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot 939

Arm The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo You that way we this way [*Exeunt*

ROMEO AND JULIET

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ESCALUS PRINCE OF VERONA
PARIS *a young nobleman kinsman to the Prince*
MONTAGUE | *heads of two houses at variance with*
CAPULET | *each other*
COUSIN TO CAPULET *an old man*
ROMEO *son to Montague*
MERCUTIO *kinsman to the Prince, and friend to Romeo*
BENVOLIO *nephew to Montague and friend to Romeo*
TYBALT *nephew to Lady Capulet*
FRIAR LAURENCE | *Franciscans*
FRIAR JOHN |
BALTHASAR *servant to Romeo*
SAMPSON | *servants to Capulet*
GREGORY |
PETER *servant to Juliet s nurse*
ABRAHAM *servant to Montague*

AN APOTHECARY
THREE MUSICIANS
PAGE *to Paris*
THREE WATCHMEN
A CITIZEN *of Verona*
THREE SERVANTS *to Capulet*

LADY MONTAGUE *wife to Montague*
LADY CAPULET *wife to Capulet*
JULIET *daughter to Capulet*
NURSE *to Juliet*
CHORUS

NON-SPEAKING *Citizens of Verona Maskers Musicians Page to Mercutio Guards Watchmen, and Attendants*

SCENE *Verona and Mantua*



PROLOGUE

Two households, both alike in dignity,
  In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
  Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
  A pair of star-cross d lovers take their life,
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
  Do with their death bury their parents strife
The fearful passage of their death mark'd love,
  And the continuance of their parents rage   10
Which but their children s end nought could remove
  Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage,
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend

ACT I

SCENE I *Verona a public place*

Enter SAMPSON *and* GREGORY *of the house of Capulet, armed with swords and bucklers*

Sam Gregory, o my word, we ll not carry coals

Gre No for then we should be colliers

Sam I mean an we be in choler, we ll draw

Gre Ay, while you live draw your neck out o the collar

Sam I strike quickly being moved

Gre But thou art not quickly moved to strike

Sam A dog of the house of Montague moves me   10

Gre To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn st away

Sam A dog of that house shall move me to stand I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's

Gre That shows thee a weak slave for the weakest goes to the wall

Sam True and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall there fore I will push Montague s men from the wall and thrust his maids to the wall

Gre The quarrel is between our masters and us their men

Sam Tis all one I will show myself a tyrant when I have fought with the men I will be cruel with the maids and cut off their heads

Gre The heads of the maids?   29

Sam Ay the heads of the maids or their maidenheads, take it in what sense thou wilt

Gre They must take it in sense that feel it

Sam Me they shall feel while I am able to stand and tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh

Gre Tis well thou art not fish if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John Draw thy tool, here comes two of the house of the Montagues

Sam My naked weapon is out quarrel, I will back thee

Gre How! turn thy back and run?

Sam Fear me not

Gre No marry I fear thee!

Sam Let us take the law of our sides let them begin

Gre I will frown as I pass by and let them take it as they list

Sam Nay as they dare I will bite my thumb at them which is a disgrace to them if they bear it

Enter ABRAHAM *and* BALTHASAR

Abr Do you bite your thumb at us sir? 52

Sam I do bite my thumb sir

Abr Do you bite your thumb at us sir?

Sam [*Aside to* GREGORY] Is the law of our side if I say ay?

Gre No

Sam No sir I do not bite my thumb at you sir but I bite my thumb sir

Gre Do you quarrel sir?

Abr Quarrel sir! no sir 60

Sam If you do sir I am for you I serve as good a man as you

Abr No better

Sam Well sir

Gre Say better here comes one of my master s kinsmen

Sam Yes better sir

Abr You lie

Sam Draw if you be men Gregory remember thy swashing blow [*They fight*] 70

Enter BENVOLIO

Ben Part fools!
Put up your swords you know not what you do
Beats down their swords

Enter TYBALT

Tyb What art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?
Turn thee Benvolio look upon thy death

Ben I do but keep the peace put up thy sword
Or manage it to part these men with me

Tyb What drawn and talk of peace I hate the word
As I hate hell all Montagues and thee
Have at thee coward! [*They fight*]

Enter several of both houses who join the fray then enter CITIZENS *with clubs*

1st Cit Clubs bills and partisans! strike! beat them down! 80
Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET *in his gown and* LADY CAPULET

Cap What noise is this? Give me my long sword ho!

La Cap A crutch a crutch! why call you for a sword?

Cap My sword I say! Old Montague is come
And flourishes his blade in spite of me

Enter MONTAGUE *and* LADY MONTAGUE

Mon Thou villain Capulet Hold me not let me go

La Mon Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe

Enter PRINCE ESCALUS *with Attendants*

Prin Rebellious subjects enemies to peace
Profaners of this neighbour stained steel—
Will they not hear? What ho! you men you beasts 90
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins
On pain of torture from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper d weapons to the ground
And hear the sentence of your moved prince
Three civil brawls bred of an airy word
By thee old Capulet and Montague
Have thrice disturb d the quiet of our streets
And made Verona s ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments 100
To wield old partisans in hands as old,
Canker d with peace to part your canker d hate
If ever you disturb our streets again
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace
For this time all the rest depart away
You Capulet shall go along with me
And Montague come you this afternoon
To know our further pleasure in this case
To old Free town our common judgement place
Once more on pain of death all men depart 110
[*Exeunt all but* MONTAGUE LADY MONTAGUE *and* BENVOLIO

Mon Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?
Speak nephew were you by when it began?

Ben Here were the servants of your adversary
And yours close fighting ere I did approach
I drew to part them in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt with his sword prepared
Which as he breathed defiance to my ears
He swung about his head and cut the winds
Who nothing hurt withal hiss d him in scorn 119
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows
Came more and more and fought on part and part
Till the prince came who parted either part

La Mon O where is Romeo? saw you him to-day?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray

Ben Madam an hour before the worshipp d sun
Peer d forth the golden window of the east
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad

Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from the city's side,
So early walking did I see your son *130*
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me
And stole into the covert of the wood
I measuring his affections by my own,
That most are busied when they re most alone,
Pursued my humour not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn d who gladly fled from me

Mon Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs,
But all so soon as the all cheering sun *140*
Should in the furthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora s bed
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself,
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night
Black and portentous must this humour prove
Unless good counsel may the cause remove

Ben My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon I neither know it nor can learn of him *150*

Ben Have you importuned him by any means?

Mon Both by myself and many other friends
But he his own affections counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say how true—
But to himself so secret and so close
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow *160*
We would as willingly give cure as know

Enter ROMEO

Ben See, where he comes so please you, step aside,
I ll know his grievance or be much denied

Mon I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift Come madam let s away
[*Exeunt* MONTAGUE *and* LADY

Ben Good morrow cousin

Rom Is the day so young?

Ben But new struck nine

Rom Ay me! sad hours seem long
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben It was What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Rom Not having that, which having makes them short *170*

Ben In love?

Rom Out—

Ben Of love?

Rom Out of her favour where I am in love

Ben Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all *180*
Here s much to do with hate but more with love
Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O any thing of nothing first create!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis shapen chaos of well seeming forms!
Feather of lead bright smoke, cold fire sick health!
Still waking sleep that is not what it is!
This love feel I that feel no love in this
Dost thou not laugh?

Ben No coz, I rather weep *189*

Rom Good heart at what?

Ben At thy good heart s oppression

Rom Why, such is love s transgression
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest
With more of thine this love that thou hast shown
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own
Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs,
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes,
Being vex d a sea nourish d with lovers tears
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall and a preserving sweet *200*
Farewell my coz

Ben Soft! I will go along
An if you leave me so you do me wrong

Rom Tut I have lost myself I am not here,
This is not Romeo he's some other where

Ben Tell me in sadness who is that you love

Rom What shall I groan and tell thee?

Ben Groan! why, no,
But sadly tell me who

Rom Bid a sick man in sadness make his will
Ah word ill urged to one that is so ill!
In sadness cousin I do love a woman *210*

Ben I aim d so near when I supposed you loved

Rom A right good mark man! And she s fair I love

Ben A right fair mark fair coz is soonest hit

Rom Well in that hit you miss she ll not be hit
With Cupid s arrow she hath Dian s wit
And in strong proof of chastity well arm d
From love s weak childish bow she lives unharm d
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes
Nor ope her lap to saint seducing gold

O she is rich in beauty only poor
That when she dies with beauty dies her store
Ben Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?
Rom She hath and in that sparing makes huge waste
For beauty starved with her severity
Cuts beauty off from all posterity
She is too fair too wise wisely too fair
To merit bliss by making me despair
She hath forsworn to love and in that vow
Do I live dead that live to tell it now 230
Ben Be ruled by me forget to think of her
Rom O teach me how I should forget to think
Ben By giving liberty unto thine eyes
Examine other beauties
Rom Tis the way
To call hers exquisite in question more
These happy masks that kiss fair ladies brows
Being black put us in mind they hide the fair
He that is strucken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost
Show me a mistress that is passing fair 240
What doth her beauty serve but as a note
Where I may read who pass d that passing fair?
Farewell thou canst not teach me to forget
Ben I ll pay that doctrine or else die in debt
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II *A street*

Enter CAPULET PARIS *and* SERVANT

Cap But Montague is bound as well as I
In penalty alike and tis not hard I think
For men so old as we to keep the peace
Par Of honourable reckoning are you both
And pity tis you lived at odds so long
But now my lord what say you to my suit?
Cap But saying o er what I have said before
My child is yet a stranger in the world
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years
Let two more summers wither in their pride 10
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride
Par Younger than she are happy mothers made
Cap And too soon marr d are those so early made
The earth hath swallow d all my hopes but she
She is the hopeful lady of my earth
But woo her gentle Paris get her heart
My will to her consent is but a part
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice
This night I hold an old accustom d feast 20
Whereto I have invited many a guest
Such as I love and you among the store
One more most welcome, makes my number more
At my poor house look to behold this night
Earth treading stars that make dark heaven light
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
When well apparell d April on the heel
Of limping winter treads even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house hear all all see 30
And like her most whose merit most shall be
Which on more view of many mine being one
May stand in number though in reckoning none
Come go with me [*To* SERVANT *giving a paper*]
Go sirrah trudge about
Through fair Verona find those persons out
Whose names are written there and to them say
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay
[*Exeunt* CAPULET *and* PARIS

Serv Find them out whose names are written here! It is written that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard and the tailor with his last the fisher with his pencil and the painter with his nets but I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ I must to the learned —In good time

Enter BENVOLIO *and* ROMEO

Ben Tut man one fire burns out another s burning
One pain is lessen d by another s anguish
Turn giddy and be holp by backward turning
One desperate grief cures with another s languish
Take thou some new infection to thy eye 50
And the rank poison of the old will die
Rom Your plaintain leaf is excellent for that
Ben For what I pray thee?
Rom For your broken shin
Ben Why Romeo art thou mad?
Rom Not mad but bound more than a madman is
Shut up in prison, kept without my food
Whipp d and tormented and—God-den good fellow
Serv God gi god den I pray sir can you read?
Rom Ay mine own fortune in my misery 60
Serv Perhaps you have learned it without book but I pray can you read anything you see?
Rom Ay if I know the letters and the language
Serv Ye say honestly rest you merry!
Rom Stay fellow I can read [*Reads*]
Signior Martino and his wife and daughters County Anselme and his beauteous sisters the lady widow of Vitruvio Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces Mercutio and his brother Valentine mine uncle Capulet his wife and daughters my fair niece Rosaline Livia Signior

Valentio and his cousin Tybalt, Lucio and the lively Helena "
A fair assembly whither should they come?
Serv Up
Rom Whither?
Serv To supper, to our house
Rom Whose house?
Serv My master's 80
Rom Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before
Serv Now I'll tell you without asking my master is the great rich Capulet, and if you be not of the house of Montagues I pray come and crush a cup of wine Rest you merry! [*Exit*
Ben At this same ancient feast of Capulet s
Sups the fair Rosaline whom thou so lovest,
With all the admired beauties of Verona
Go thither, and, with unattained eye 90
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow
Rom When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood then turn tears to fires
And these, who often drown d could never die
Transparent heretics be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun
Ben Tut, you saw her fair none else being by,
Herself poised with herself in either eye 100
But in that crystal scales let there be weigh d
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will show you shining at this feast
And she shall scant show well that now shows best
Rom I ll go along no such sight to be shown
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III *A room in Capulet s house*

Enter LADY CAPULET *and* NURSE

La Cap Nurse, where s my daughter? call her forth to me
Nurse Now by my maidenhead at twelve year old,
I bade her come What lamb! what lady bird!
God forbid! Where s this girl? What Juliet!

Enter JULIET

Jul How now! who calls?
Nurse Your mother
Jul Madam I am here
What is your will?
La Cap This is the matter —Nurse give leave awhile
We must talk in secret —nurse come back again,
I have remember d me, thou s hear our counsel
Thou know st my daughter's of a pretty age 10
Nurse Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour
La Cap She s not fourteen
Nurse I ll lay fourteen of my teeth—
And yet to my teen be it spoken, I have but four—
She is not fourteen How long is it now
To Lammas tide?
La Cap A fortnight and odd days
Nurse Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen
Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls!—
Were of an age well Susan is with God,
She was too good for me but as I said, 20
On Lammas eve at night shall she be fourteen,
That shall she, marry I remember it well
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years
And she was wean d—I never shall forget it—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug
Sitting in the sun under the dove house wall,
My lord and you were then at Mantua—
Nay I do bear a brain— but as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug and felt it bitter pretty fool 31
To see it tetchy and fall out with the dug!
"Shake quoth the dove house twas no need, I trow
To bid me trudge
And since that time it is eleven years
For then he could stand alone nay by the rood
She could have run and waddled all about
For even the day before she broke her brow
And then my husband—God be with his soul!
A was a merry man—took up the child 40
Yea quoth he, ' dost thou fall upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit,
Wilt thou not, Jule? and by my holidame,
The pretty wretch left crying and said "Ay "
To see now how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years
I never should forget it "Wilt thou not Jule?" quoth he
And pretty fool it stinted and said "Ay "
La Cap Enough of this I pray thee hold thy peace
Nurse Yes madam yet I cannot choose but laugh 50
To think it should leave crying and say "Ay "
And yet I warrant it had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cockerel s stone
A parlous knock and it cried bitterly
"Yea quoth my husband fall st upon thy

Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age
Wilt thou not Jule? it stinted and said Ay
Jul And stint thou too I pray thee nurse say I
Nurse Peace I have done God mark thee to his grace!
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e er I nursed
An I might live to see thee married once 61
I have my wish
La Cap Marry that marry is the very theme
I came to talk of Tell me daughter Juliet
How stands your disposition to be married?
Jul It is an honour that I dream not of
Nurse An honour! were not I thine only nurse
I would say thou hadst suck d wisdom from thy teat
La Cap Well think of marriage now younger than you,
Here in Verona ladies of esteem 70
Are made already mothers by my count
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid Thus then in brief
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love
Nurse A man young lady! lady such a man
As all the world—why he s a man of wax
La Cap Verona s summer hath not such a flower
Nurse Nay he s a flower in faith a very flower
La Cap What say you? can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast 80
Read o er the volume of young Paris face
And find delight writ there with beauty s pen
Examine every married lineament
And see how one another lends content
And what obscured in this fair volume lies
Find written in the margent of his eyes
This precious book of love this unbound lover
To beautify him only lacks a cover
The fish lives in the sea and tis much pride
For fair without the fair within to hide 90
That book in many s eyes doth share the glory
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story
So shall you share all that he doth possess
By having him, making yourself no less
Nurse No less! nay bigger women grow by men
La Cap Speak briefly can you like of Paris love?
Jul I ll look to like, if looking liking move
But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly

Enter a SERVANT

Serv Madam the guests are come supper served up you called my young lady asked for the nurse cursed in the pantry and everything in extremity *I must hence to wait I beseech you* follow straight
La Cap We follow thee [*Exit* SERVANT
Juliet the County stays
Nurse Go girl seek happy nights to happy days [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *A street*

Enter ROMEO MERCUTIO BENVOLIO *with five or six Maskers Torch bearers and others*

Rom What shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apology?
Ben The date is out of such prolixity
We ll have no Cupid hoodwink d with a scarf
Bearing a Tartar s painted bow of lath
Scaring the ladies like a crow keeper
Nor no without book prologue faintly spoke
After the prompter for our entrance
But let them measure us by what they will
We ll measure them a measure and be gone 10
Rom Give me a torch I am not for this ambling
Being but heavy I will bear the light
Mer Nay gentle Romeo we must have you dance
Rom Not I believe me you have dancing shoes
With nimble soles I have a soul of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move
Mer You are a lover borrow Cupid s wings
And soar with them above a common bound
Rom I am too sore enpierced with his shaft
To soar with his light feathers and so bound 20
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe
Under love s heavy burden do I sink
Mer And to sink in it should you burden love
Too great oppression for a tender thing
Rom Is love a tender thing? it is too rough
Too rude too boisterous and it pricks like thorn
Mer If love be rough with you be rough with love
Prick love for pricking and you beat love down
Give me a case to put my visage in!
A visor for a visor! what care I 30
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me
Ben Come knock and enter and no sooner in
But every man betake him to his legs
Rom A torch for me let wantons light of heart
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels
For I am proverb d with a grandsire phrase
I ll be a candle holder and look on

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done
Mer Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable s own word 40
If thou art Dun we ll draw thee from the mire
Of this sir-reverence love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears Come, we burn daylight, ho!
Rom Nay, that's not so
Mer I mean, sir in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day
Take our good meaning for our judgment sits
Five times in that ere once in our five wits
Rom And we mean well in going to this mask,
But 'tis no wit to go
Mer Why, may one ask?
Rom I dream d a dream to-night
Mer And so did I 50
Rom Well, what was yours?
Mer That dreamers often lie
Rom In bed asleep, while they do dream things true
Mer O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men s noses as they lie asleep,
Her waggon spokes made of long spinners legs,
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers, 60
The traces of the smallest spider s web
The collars of the moonshine s watery beams
Her whip of cricket s bone the lash of film,
Her waggoner a small grey coated gnat
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick d from the lazy finger of a maid,
Her chariot is an empty hazel nut
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub
Time out o mind the fairies coachmakers
And in this state she gallops night by night 70
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love,
O er courtiers' knees, that dream on court sies straight,
O er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees,
O er lad es lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier s nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit
And sometime comes she with a tithe pig s tail
Tickling a parson's nose as a lies asleep, 80
Then dreams he of another benefice
Sometime she driveth o er a soldier s neck
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep and then anon
Drums in his ear at which he starts and wakes,
And being thus frighted swears a prayer or two
And sleeps again This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night
And bakes the elf locks in foul sluttish hairs 90
Which once untangled much misfortune bodes
This is the hag when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage
This is she—
Rom Peace, peace Mercutio peace!
Thou talk st of nothing
Mer True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air
And more inconstant than the wind, who wooes
Even now the frozen bosom of the north 101
And, being anger d puffs away from thence
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south
Ben This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves,
Supper is done and we shall come too late
Rom I fear, too early for my mind misgives
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night s revels and expire the term
Of a despised life closed in my breast 110
By some vile forfeit of untimely death
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail! On lusty gentlemen
Ben Strike drum [*Exeunt*

SCENE V *A hall in Capulet s house*

Musicians waiting Enter SERVINGMEN, *with napkins*

1st Serv Where s Potpan that he helps not to take away? He shift a trencher? he scrape a trencher!
2nd Serv When good manners shall lie all in one or two men s hands and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing
1st Serv Away with the joint stools remove the court-cupboard look to the plate Good thou save me a piece of marchpane and as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell Antony and Potpan! 11
2nd Serv Ay boy ready
1st Serv You are looked for and called for, asked for and sought for in the greater chamber
2nd Serv We cannot be here and there to Cheerly boys be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all

Enter CAPULET *with* JULIET *and others of his house meeting the Guests and Maskers*

Cap Welcome gentlemen' ladies that have their toes
Unplagued with corns will have a bout with you
Ah ha, my mistresses' which of you all 20
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty
She I ll swear hath corns am I come near ye now?
Welcome gentlemen' I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady s ear
Such as would please tis gone tis gone tis gone
You are welcome, gentlemen' Come musicians play
A hall a hall' give room' and foot it girls
Music plays and they dance
More light you knaves and turn the tables up
And quench the fire the room is grown too hot
Ah sirrah this unlook d for sport comes well 31
Nay sit nay sit good cousin Capulet
For you and I are past our dancing days
How long is t now since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?
Cousin Cap By r lady thirty years
Cap What man' tis not so much tis not so much
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio
Come pentecost as quickly as it will
Some five and twenty years and then we mask d
Cousin Cap 'Tis more tis more his son is elder sir 40
His son is thirty
Cap Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago
Rom [*To a* SERVINGMAN] What lady is that which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?
Serv I know not sir
Rom O she doth teach the torches to burn bright'
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope s ear
Beauty too rich for use for earth too dear'
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows 50
As yonder lady o er her fellows shows
The measure done I ll watch her place of stand,
And touching hers make blessed my rude hand
Did my heart love t ll now? forswear it sight'
For I ne er saw true beauty till this night
Tyb This by h s voice should be a Montague
Fetch me my rapier boy What dares the slave
Come hither cover d with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now by the stock and honour of my kin 60
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin
Cap Why how now kinsman' wherefore storm you so?
Tyb Uncle this is a Montague our foe
A villain that is hither come in spite
To scorn at our solemnity this night
Cap Young Romeo is it?
Tyb Tis he that villain Romeo
Cap Content thee, gentle coz let him alone
He bears him like a portly gentleman
And to say truth Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well govern d youth 70
I would not for the wealth of all the town
Here in my house do him disparagement
Therefore be patient take no note of him
It is my will the which if thou respect
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns
An ill beseeming semblance for a feast
Tyb It fits when such a villain is a guest
I ll not endure him
Cap He shall be endured
What goodman boy' I say he shall go to
Am I the master here or you? go to 80
You ll not endure him' God shall mend my soul'
You ll make a mutiny among my guests'
You will set cock a hoop' you ll be the man'
Tyb Why uncle tis a shame
Cap Go to go to
You are a saucy boy *is t so indeed*?
This trick may chance to scathe you I know what
You must contrary me' marry tis time
Well said my hearts' You are a princox go
Be quiet or—More light more light' For shame'
I ll make you quiet What cheerly *my* hearts'
Tyb Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting
Make my flesh tremble in their different greeting
I will withdraw but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet convert to bitter gall [*Exit*
Rom [*To* JULIET] If I profane with my unworthiest hand
This holy shrine the gentle fine is this
My lips two blushing pilgrims ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss
Jul Good pilgrim you do wrong your hand too much
Which mannerly devotion shows in this 100
For saints have hands that pilgrims hands do touch
And palm to palm is holy palmers kiss
Rom Have not saints lips and holy palmers too?
Jul Ay pilgrim lips that they must use in prayer

Rom O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do,
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair
Jul Saints do not move, though grant for prayers sake
Rom Then move not, while my prayer s effect I take
Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purged
Jul Then have my lips the sin that they have took *110*
Rom Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged!
Give me my sin again
Jul You kiss by the book
Nurse Madam, your mother craves a word with you
Rom What is her mother?
Nurse Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous
I nursed her daughter, that you talk'd withal,
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks
Rom Is she a Capulet?
O dear account! my life is my foe s debt *120*
Ben Away, be gone, the sport is at the best
Rom Ay, so I fear the more is my unrest
Cap Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards
Is it e en so? why then, I thank you all,
I thank you, honest gentlemen good night
More torches here! Come on then let s to bed
Ah sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late
I ll to my rest
[*Exeunt all but* JULIET *and* NURSE
Jul Come hither, nurse What is yond gentleman? *130*
Nurse The son and heir of old Tiberio
Jul What s he that now is going out of door?
Nurse Marry, that I think be young Petruchio
Jul What s he that follows there that would not dance?
Nurse I know not
Jul Go ask his name if he be married
My grave is like to be my wedding bed
Nurse His name is Romeo and a Montague,
The only son of your great enemy
Jul My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown and known too late! *141*
Prodigious birth of love it is to me
That I must love a loathed enemy
Nurse What s this what s this?
Jul A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danced withal
One calls within, "Juliet "
Nurse Anon, anon!
Come, let s away, the strangers all are gone
[*Exeunt*

ACT II

PROLOGUE

Enter CHORUS

Chor Now old desire doth in his death bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir,
That fair for which love groan'd for and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair
Now Romeo is beloved and loves again
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks,
But to his foe supposed he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks
Being held a foe he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear,
And she as much in love, her means much less *11*
To meet her new beloved anywhere
But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,
Tempering extremities with extreme sweet
[*Exit*

SCENE I *A lane by the wall of Capulet s orchard*

Enter ROMEO

Rom Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out
He climbs the wall and leaps down within it

Enter BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO

Ben Romeo! my cousin Romeo!
Mer He is wise,
And, on my life hath stol'n him home to bed
Ben He ran this way, and leap d this orchard wall
Call good Mercutio
Mer Nay, I'll conjure too
Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh
Speak but one rhyme and I am satisfied,
Cry but "Ay me!" pronounce but 'love and 'dove *10*
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word
One nick name for her purblind son and heir,
Young Adam Cupid he that shot so trim
When King Cophetua loved the beggar maid!
He heareth not he stirreth not he moveth not
The ape is dead and I must conjure him
I conjure thee by Rosaline s bright eyes
By her high forehead and her scarlet lip
By her fine foot straight leg and quivering thigh

And the demesnes that there adjacent lie 20
That in thy likeness thou appear to us!
Ben An if he hear thee thou wilt an er him
Mer This cannot anger him twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress circle
Of some strange nature letting it there stand
Till she had laid it and conjured it down
That were some spite my invocation
Is fair and honest and in his mistress name
I conjure only but to raise up him
Ben Come he hath hid himself among these trees 30
To be consorted with the humorous ni ht
Blind is his love and best befits the dark
Mer If love be blind love cannot hit the mark
Now will he sit under a medlar tree
And wish his mistress were that l in l of fruit
As maids call medlars when they lau h alone
O Romeo that she were O that he were
An open *et cætera* thou a poperin pear
Romeo good night I ll to my truckle bed
This field bed is too cold for me to sleep 40
Come shall we go?
Ben Go then for tis in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Capulet s orchard*

Enter ROMEO

Rom He jests at scars that never felt a wound
JULIET *appears above at a window*
But soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east and Juliet is the sun
Arise fair sun and kill the envious moon
Who is already sick and pale with grief
That thou her maid art far more fair than she
Be not her maid since she is envious
Her vestal livery is but s ck and green
And none but fools do wear it cast it off
It is my lady O it is my love! 10
O that she knew she were!
She speaks yet she says nothing what of that?
Her eye discourses I will answer it
I am too bold tis not to me she speaks
T o of the fairest stars in all the heaven
Having some business do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return
What if her eyes were there they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars
As daylight doth a lamp her eyes in heaven 20
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not ni ht
See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O that I were a glove upon that hand
That I might touch that cheek!
Jul Ay me!
Rom She speaks
O speak again bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night being o er my head
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him 30
When he bestrides the lazy pacing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air
Jul O Romeo Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name
Or if thou wilt not be but sworn my love,
And I ll no longer be a Capulet
Rom [*Aside*] Shall I hear more or shall I speak at this?
Jul Tis but thy name that is my enemy
Thou art thyself though not a Montague
What s Montague? it is nor hand nor foot 40
Nor arm nor face nor any other part
Belonging to a man O be some other name!
What s in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet
So Romeo would were he not Romeo call d
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title Romeo doff thy name,
And for that name which is no part of thee
Take all myself
Rom I take thee at thy word
Call me but love and I ll be new baptized 50
Henceforth I never will be Romeo
Jul What man art thou that thus bescreen d in night
So stumblest on my counsel?
Rom By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am
My name dear saint is hateful to myself
Because it is an enemy to thee
Had I it written I would tear the word
Jul My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue s utterance yet I know the sound
Art thou not Romeo and a Montague? 60
Rom Neither fair saint if either thee dislike
Jul How camest thou hither tell me and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb
And the place death considering who thou art
If any of my kinsmen find thee here
Rom With love s light wings did I o er perch these walls
For stony limits cannot hold love out
And what love can do that dares love attempt
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me

Jul If they do see thee, they will murder thee 70

Rom Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity

Jul I would not for the world they saw thee here

Rom I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight,
And but thou love me let them find me here
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love

Jul By whose direction found st thou out this place?

Rom By love, who first did prompt me to inquire, 80
He lent me counsel and I lent him eyes
I am no pilot, yet wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise

Jul Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke but farewell compliment! 89
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say Ay
And I will take thy word yet if thou swear st,
Thou mayst prove false at lovers perjuries
They say Jove laughs O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully
Or if thou think st I am too quickly won
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo, but else, not for the world
In truth fair Montague I am too fond
And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light
But trust me gentleman I'll prove more true 100
Than those that have more cunning to be strange
I should have been more strange I must confess
But that thou overheard st ere I was ware
My true love's passion therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered

Rom Lady by yonder blessed moon I swear
That tips with silver all these fruit tree tops—

Jul O, swear not by the moon the inconstant moon
That monthly changes in her circled orb 110
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable

Rom What shall I swear by?

Jul Do not swear at all
Or if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I ll believe thee

Rom If my heart s dear love—

Jul Well, do not swear although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night
It is too rash too unadvised too sudden,
Too like the lightning which doth cease to be
Ere one can say "It lightens ' Sweet, good night!
This bud of love by summer s ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet 122
Good night good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

Rom O wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine

Jul I gave thee mine before thou didst request it
And yet I would it were to give again

Rom Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love? 130

Jul But to be frank and give it thee again
And yet I wish but for the thing I have
My bounty is as boundless as the sea
My love as deep, the more I give to thee,
The more I have for both are infinite

Nurse calls within

I hear some noise within, dear love, adieu!
Anon good nurse! Sweet Montague be true
Stay but a little, I will come again [*Exit above*

Rom O blessed blessed night! I am afeard
Being in night all this is but a dream 140
Too flattering sweet to be substantial

Re-enter JULIET *above*

Jul Three words, dear Romeo and good night indeed
If that thy bent of love be honourable
Thy purpose marriage send me word to-morrow,
By one that I ll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite
And all my fortunes at thy foot I ll lay
And follow thee my lord throughout the world

Nurse [*Within*] Madam!

Jul I come anon —But if thou mean st not well 150
I do beseech thee—

Nurse [*Within*] Madam!

Jul By and by I come —
To cease thy suit and leave me to my grief
To-morrow will I send

Rom So thrive my soul—

Jul A thousand times good night!
[*Exit above*

Rom A thousand times the worse to want thy light

Love goes toward love as schoolboys from their
books
But love from love toward school with heavy
looks [*Retiring*

Re-enter JULIET *above*

Jul Hist! Romeo hist! O for a falconer s
voice
To lure this tassel-gentle back again! 160
Bondage is hoarse and may not speak aloud
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo s name

Rom It is my soul that calls upon my name
How silver sweet sound lovers tongues by night
Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul Romeo!

Rom My dear?

Jul At what o clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom At the hour of nine 169

Jul I will not fail tis twenty years till then
I have forgot why I did call thee back

Rom Let me stand here till thou remember it

Jul I shall forget to have thee still stand there
Remembering how I love thy company

Rom And I ll still stay to have thee still forget
Forgetting any other home but this

Jul Tis almost morning I would have thee
gone
And yet no further than a wanton s bird
Who lets it hop a little from her hand
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves 180
And with a silk thread plucks it back again
So loving jealous of his liberty

Rom I would I were thy bird

Jul Sweet so would I
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing
Good night good night! parting is such sweet
sorrow
That I shall say good night till it be morrow
[*Exit above*

Rom Sleep dwell upon thine eyes peace in thy
breast!
Would I were sleep and peace so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father s cell 189
His help to crave and my dear hap to tell [*Exit*

SCENE III *Friar Laurence s cell*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, *with a basket*

Fri L The grey-eyed morn smiles on the
frowning night
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of
light
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day s path and Titan s fiery wheels
Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer and night s dank dew to dry
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds and precious juiced flowers
The earth that s nature s mother is her tomb
What is her burying grave that is her womb 10
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find
Many for many virtues excellent
None but for some and yet all different
O mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs plants stones and their true qualities
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give,
Nor aught so good but strain d from that fair use
Revolts from true birth stumbling on abuse 20
Virtue itself turns vice being misapplied
And vice sometimes by action dignified
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence and medicine power
For this being smelt with that part cheers each
part
Being tasted slays all senses with the heart
Two such opposed kings encamp them still
In man as well as herbs grace and rude will
And where the worser is predominant
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant 30

Enter ROMEO

Rom Good morrow father

Fri L *Benedicite!*
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young son it argues a distemper d head
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed
Care keeps his watch in every old man s eye
And where care lodges sleep will never lie
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs there golden sleep doth
reign
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
Thou art up-roused by some distemperature 40
Or if not so then here I hit it right
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night

Rom That last is true the sweeter rest was
mine

Fri L God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosa
line?

Rom With Rosaline my ghostly father? no
I have forgot that name and that name s woe

Fri L That s my good son but where hast
thou been then?

Rom I ll tell thee ere thou ask it me again
I have been feasting with mine enemy
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me 50
That s by me wounded both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies

I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo
My intercession likewise steads my foe

Fri L Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift,
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift

Rom Then plainly know my heart s dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet
As mine on hers so hers is set on mine, *59*
And all combined, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage when and where and how
We met, we woo d and made exchange of vow,
I ll tell thee as we pass, but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day

Fri L Holy Saint Francis what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear
So soon forsaken? young men s love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes
Jesu Maria what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline! *70*
How much salt water thrown away in waste
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears,
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet
If e er thou wast thyself and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline
And art thou changed? pronounce this sentence then *79*
Women may fall when there's no strength in men

Rom Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline

Fri L For doting not for loving, pupil mine

Rom And bad'st me bury love

Fri L Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have

Rom I pray thee, chide not she whom I love now
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow,
The other did not so

Fri L O she knew well
Thy love did read by rote and could not spell
But come, young waverer come go with me
In one respect I ll thy assistant be *90*
For this alliance may so happy prove
To turn your households rancour to pure love

Rom O let us hence I stand on sudden haste

Fri L Wisely and slow they stumble that run fast [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *A street*

Enter BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO

Mer Where the devil should this Romeo be?
Came he not home to-night?

Ben Not to his father's, I spoke with his man

Mer Ah that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad

Ben Tybalt the kinsman of old Capulet,
Hath sen a letter to his father s house

Mer A challenge, on my life

Ben Romeo will answer it

Mer Any man that can write may answer a letter *10*

Ben Nay he will answer the letter s master, how he dares, being dared

Mer Alas poor Romeo! he is already dead, stabbed with a white wench s black eye shot thorough the ear with a love-song the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow boy s butt-shaft and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer More than prince of cats, I can tell you O he is the courageous captain of complements He fights as you sing prick song keeps time distance, an proportion res s me his minim rest, one two and the third in your bosom the very butcher of a silk button a duellist a duellist a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause ah, the immortal *passado!* the *punto reverso!* the *hai!*

Ben The what?

Mer The pox of such antic, lisping affecting fantasticoes these new tuners of accents! By Jesu a very good blade! a very tall man! a very good whore! Why is not this a lamentable thing grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies these fashion mongers these *perdona mi s*, who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their bones their bones!

Enter ROMEO

Ben Here comes Romeo here comes Romeo

Mer Without his roe like a dried herring O flesh flesh how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in Laura to his lady was but a kitchen wench marry she had a better love to be rhyme her Dido a dowdy, Cleopatra a gipsy Helen and Hero hildings and harlots Thisbe a grey eye or so but not to the purpose Signior Romeo *bon jour!* there s a French salutation to your French slop You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night

Rom Good morrow to you both What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer The slip sir the slip can you not conceive?

Rom Pardon good Mercutio my business was great and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy

Mer That s as much as to say such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams

Rom Meaning to court sy

Mer Thou hast most kindly hit it

Rom A most courteous exposition 60

Mer Nay I am the very pink of courtesy

Rom Pink for flower

Mer Right

Rom Why then is my pump well flowered

Mer Well said follow me this jest now till thou hast worn out thy pump that when the single sole of it is worn the jest may remain after the wearing sole singular

Rom O single soled jest solely singular for the singleness! 70

Mer Come between us good Benvolio my wits faint

Rom Switch and spurs switch and spurs or I ll cry a match

Mer Nay if thy wits run the wild goose chase I have done for thou hast more of the wild goose in one of thy wits than I am sure I have in my whole five was I with you there for the goose?

Rom Thou wast never with me for any thing when thou wast not there for the goose 80

Mer I will bite thee by the ear for that jest

Rom Nay good goose bite not

Mer Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting it is a most sharp sauce

Rom And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer O here s a wit of cheveril that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom I stretch it out for that word broad which added to the goose proves thee far and wide a broad goose 91

Mer Why is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable now art thou Romeo now art thou what thou art by art as well as by nature for this drivelling love is like a great natural that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole

Ben Stop there stop there

Mer Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair 100

Ben Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large

Mer O thou art deceived I would have made it short for I was come to the whole depth of my tale and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer

Rom Here s goodly gear!

Enter NURSE *and* PETER

Mer A sail a sail!

Ben Two two a shirt and a smock

Nurse Peter! 110

Peter Anon!

Nurse My fan Peter

Mer Good Peter to hide her face for her fan s the fairer face

Nurse God ye good morrow gentlemen

Mer God ye good den fair gentlewoman

Nurse Is it good den?

Mer Tis no less I tell you for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon

Nurse Out upon you! what a man are you! 120

Rom One gentlewoman that God hath made for himself to mar

Nurse By my troth it is well said for him self to mar quoth a ? Gentlemen can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom I can tell you but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him I am the youngest of that name for fault of a worse

Nurse You say well 130

Mer Yea is the worst well? very well took i faith wisely wisely

Nurse If you be he sir I desire some confid ence with you

Ben She will indite him to some supper

Mer A bawd a bawd a bawd! So ho!

Rom What hast thou found?

Mer No hare sir unless a hare sir in a lenten pie that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent [*Sings*] 140

An old hare hoar
And an old hare hoar
Is very good meat in lent
But a hare that is hoar
Is too much for a score
When it hoars ere it be spent

Romeo will you come to your father s? we ll to dinner thither

Rom I will follow you

Mer Farewell ancient lady farewell [*singing*] lady lady lady 151

[*Exeunt* MERCUTIO *and* BENVOLIO

Nurse Marry farewell! I pray you sir what saucy merchant was this that was so full of his ropery?

Rom A gentleman, nurse that loves to hear himself talk and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month

Nurse An a speak any thing against me I ll take him down, an a were lustier than he is and twenty such Jacks and if I cannot I ll find those

that shall Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills I am none of his skains mates And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Peter I saw no man use you at his pleasure if I had my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you I dare draw as soon as another man if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side *169*

Nurse Now, afore God I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir, a word and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out, what she bade me say, I will keep to myself but first let me tell ye if ye should lead her into a fool s paradise as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say for the gentlewoman is young, and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman and very weak dealing *181*

Rom Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress I protest unto thee—

Nurse Good heart and i' faith, I will tell her as much Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman

Rom What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me

Nurse I will tell her, sir, that you do protest, which, as I take it is a gentlemanlike offer

Rom Bid her devise *191*
Some means to come to shrift this afternoon,
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell
Be shrived and married Here is for thy pains

Nurse No, truly, sir, not a penny

Rom Go to, I say you shall

Nurse This afternoon, sir? well she shall be there

Rom And stay, good nurse behind the abbey wall
Within this hour my man shall be with thee *200*
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night
Farewell, be trusty and I ll quit thy pains
Farewell, commend me to thy mistress

Nurse Now God in heaven bless thee! Hark you sir

Rom What say'st thou my dear nurse?

Nurse Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say
"Two may keep counsel putting one away ?

Rom I warrant thee my man's as true as steel *210*

Nurse Well sir my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord Lord! when twas a little prating thing — O there is a nobleman in town one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard, but she good soul had as lief see a toad, a very toad, as see him I anger her sometimes and tell her that Paris is the properer man, but I ll warrant you, when I say so she looks as pale as any clout in the versal world Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter? *220*

Rom Ay, nurse what of that? both with an R

Nurse Ah, mocker! that s the dog s name, R is for the—No, I know it begins with some other letter — and she hath the prettiest sententious of it of you and rosemary that it would do you good to hear it

Rom Commend me to thy lady

Nurse Ay, a thousand times [*Exit* ROMEO]
Peter! *230*

Pet Anon!

Nurse Peter, take my fan and go before and apace [*Exeunt*

SCENE V *Capulet's orchard*

Enter JULIET

Jul The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse
In half an hour she promised to return
Perchance she cannot meet him that s not so
O she is lame! love s heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun s beams,
Driving back shadows over louring hills
Therefore do nimble pinion d doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind swift Cupid wings
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day s journey and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours yet she is not come *11*
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me
But old folks many feign as they were dead,
Unwieldy slow, heavy, and pale as lead
O God, she comes!

Enter NURSE *and* PETER

O honey nurse what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away

Nurse Peter stay at the gate [*Exit* PETER

Jul Now good sweet nurse—O Lord why look st thou sad? *21*
Though news be sad yet tell them merrily,
If good thou shamest the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face

Nurse I am a weary give me leave awhile
Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunt have I had!

Jul I would thou hadst my bones and I thy news

Nay come I pray thee speak good good nurse speak
Nurse Jesu what haste? can you not stay awhile?
Do you not see that I am out of breath? 30
Jul How art thou out of breath when thou hast breath
To say to me that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse
Is thy news good or bad? answer to that
Say either and I ll stay the circumstance
Let me be satisfied is t good or bad?
Nurse Well you have made a simple choice you know not how to choose a man Romeo! no not he though his fac be better than any man s yet his leg excels all men s and for a hand and a foot and a body though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare he is not the flower of courtesy but I ll warrant him as gentle as a lamb Go thy ways wench serve God What have you d ned at home?
Jul No no but all this did I know before
What says he of our marriage? what of that?
Nurse Lord how my head aches! what a head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces 50
My bacl o t other side—O my back my back!
Beshrew your heart for sending me about
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!
Jul I faith I am sorry that thou art not well
Sweet sweet sweet nurse tell me what says my love?
Nurse Your love says like an honest gentle man and a courteous and a kind and a hand some and I warrant a virtuous—Where is your mother?
Jul Where is my mother why she is within 60
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest!
Your love says like an honest gentleman
Where is your mother?
Nurse O God s lady dear!
Are you so hot? marry come up I trow
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself
Jul Here s such a coil! come what says Romeo?
Nurse Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?
Jul I have
Nurse Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence cell 70
There stays a husband to make you a wife
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks
They ll be in scarlet straight at any news
Hie you to church I must another way
To fetch a ladder by the which your love
Must climb a bird s nest soon when it is dark
I am the drudge and toil in your delight
But you shall bear the burden soon at night
Go I ll to dinner hie you to the cell
Jul Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse farewell [*Exeunt* 80

SCENE VI *Friar Laurence s cell*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE *and* ROMEO

Fri L So smile the heavens upon this holy act
That after hours with sorrow chide us not!
Rom Amen amen! but come what sorrow can
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute give me in her sight
Do thou but close our hands with holy words
Then love-devouring death do what he dare
It is enough I may call her mine
Fri L These violent delights have violent ends
And in their triumph die like fire and powder 10
Which as they kiss consume the sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness
And in the taste confounds the appetite
Therefore love moderately long love doth so
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow

Enter JULIET

Here comes the lady O so light a foot
Will ne er wear out the everlasting flint
A lover may bestride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air
And yet not fall so light is vanity 20
Jul Good even to my ghostly confessor
Fri L Romeo shall thank thee daughter for us both
Jul As much to him else is his thanks too much
Rom Ah Juliet if the measure of thy joy
Be heap d like mine and that thy skill be more
To blazon it then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air and let rich music s tongue
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter
Jul Conceit more rich in matter than in words
Brags of his substance not of ornament 31
They are but beggars that can count their worth
But my true love is grown to such excess
I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth
Fri L Come come with me and we will make short work
For by your leaves you shall not stay alone
Till holy church incorporate two in one
[*Exeunt*

ACT III

SCENE I *A public place*

Enter MERCUTIO BENVOLIO *Page, and Servants*

Ben I pray thee, good Mercutio, let s retire
The day is hot the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood
stirring

Mer Thou art like one of those fellows that when he enters the confines of a tavern claps me his sword upon the table and says, 'God send me no need of thee!' and by the operation of the second cup draws it on the drawer when indeed there is no need 10

Ben Am I like such a fellow?

Mer Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved

Ben And what to?

Mer Nay an there were two such, we should have none shortly for one would kill the other Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more or a hair less, in his beard than thou hast thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes what eye but such an eye would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

Ben An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art any man should buy the fee simple of my life for an hour and a quarter

Mer The fee simple—O simple!

Ben By my head here come the Capulets

Mer By my heel I care not 39

Enter TYBALT *and others*

Tyb Follow me close, for I will speak to them
Gentlemen good den a word with one of you

Mer And but one word with one of us? couple it with something make it a word and a blow

Tyb You shall find me apt enough to that sir an you will give me occasion

Mer Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb Mercutio thou consort st with Romeo—

Mer Consort! what dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us look to hear nothing but discords here's my fiddlestick, here s that shall make you dance 'Zounds, consort!

Ben We talk here in the public haunt of men
Either withdraw unto some private place
And reason coldly of your grievances
Or else depart, here all eyes gaze on us

Mer Men s eyes were made to look, and let
them gaze
I will not budge for no man s pleasure I

Enter ROMEO

Tyb Well peace be with you, sir here comes
my man

Mer But I'll be hang d, sir, if he wear your
livery 60
Marry, go before to field he ll be your follower,
Your worship in that sense may call him "man"

Tyb Romeo the hate I bear thee can afford
No better term than this thou art a villain

Rom Tybalt the reason that I have to love
thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting villain am I none
Therefore farewell I see thou know st me not

Tyb Boy this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me therefore turn and draw

Rom I do protest I never injured thee 71
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love
And so good Capulet—which name I tender
As dearly as my own—be satisfied

Mer O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
Alla stoccata carries it away [*Draws*]
Tybalt you rat-catcher will you walk?

Tyb What wouldst thou have with me? 79

Mer Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal, and as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? make haste lest mine be about your ears ere it be out

Tyb I am for you [*Drawing*]

Rom Gentle Mercutio put thy rapier up

Mer Come, sir your *passado* [*They fight*]

Rom Draw Benvolio beat down their weapons
Gentlemen for shame forbear this outrage! 90
Tybalt Mercutio the prince expressly hath
Forbidden bandying in Verona streets
Hold Tybalt! good Mercutio!

[TYBALT *under* ROMEO S *arm stabs* MERCUTIO, *and flies with his followers*

Mer I am hurt
A plague o both your houses! I am sped
Is he gone and hath nothing?

Ben What art

Mer Ay ay a scratch a scratch marry tis enough
Where is my page? Go villain fetch a surgeon
[*Exit* PAGE
Rom Courage man the hurt cannot be much
Mer No tis not so deep as a well nor so wide as a church-door but tis enough twill serve ask for me to morrow and you shall find me a grave man I am peppered I warrant for this world A plague o both your houses! Zounds a dog a rat a mouse a cat to scratch a man to death! a braggart a rogue a villain that fights by the book of arithmetic Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm
Rom I thought all for the best 109
Mer Help me into some house Benvolio
Or I shall faint A plague o both your houses!
They have made worms meat of me I have it
And soundly too your houses!
[*Exeunt* MERCUTIO *and* BENVOLIO
Rom This gentleman the Prince s near ally
My very friend hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf my reputation stain d
With Tybalt s slander—Tybalt that an hour
Hath been my kinsman! O sweet Juliet
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate
And in my temper soften d valour s steel! 120

Re-enter BENVOLIO

Ben O Romeo Romeo brave Mercutio s dead!
That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth
Rom This day s black fate on more days doth depend
This but begins the woe others must end
Ben Here comes the furious Tybalt back again
Rom Alive in triumph and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven respective lenity
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!

Re-enter TYBALT

Now Tybalt take the villain back again 130
That late thou gavest me for Mercutio s soul
Is but a little way above our heads
Staying for thine to keep him company
Either thou or I or both must go with him
Tyb Thou wretched boy that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence
Rom This shall determine that
They fight TYBALT *falls*
Ben Romeo away be gone
The citizens are up and Tybalt slain
Stand not amazed the Prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken hence be gone away 140
Rom O I am fortune s fool!
Ben Why dost thou stay?
[*Exit* ROMEO

Enter CITIZENS &c

1st Cit Which way ran he that kill d Mercutio?
Tybalt that murderer which way ran he?
Ben There lies that Tybalt
1st Cit Up sir go with me
I charge thee in the Prince s name, obey

Enter PRINCE *attended* MONTAGUE CAPULET *their* WIVES *and others*

Prin Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben O noble Prince I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl
There lies the man slain by young Romeo
That slew thy kinsman brave Mercutio 150
La Cap Tybalt my cousin! O my brother s child
O Prince! O cousin! husband! O the blood is spilt
Of my dear kinsman! Prince as thou art true,
For blood of ours shed blood of Montague
O cousin cousin
Prin Benvolio who began this bloody fray?
Ben Tybalt here slain whom Romeo s hand did slay
Romeo that spoke him fair bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was and urged withal
Your high displeasure all this uttered 160
With gentle breath calm look knees humbly bow d
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio s breast
Who all as hot turns deadly point to point
And with a martial scorn with one hand beats
Cold death aside and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt whose dexterity
Retorts it Romeo he cried aloud
Hold friends! friends part! and swifter than his tongue 170
His agile arm beats down their fatal points
And twixt them rushes underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio and then Tybalt fled
But by and by comes back to Romeo
Who had but newly entertain d revenge,
And to t they go like lightning for ere I
Could draw to part them was stout Tybalt slain,
And as he fell did Romeo turn and fly
This is the truth or let Benvolio die 180
La Cap He is a kinsman to the Montague
Affection makes him false he speaks not true
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife

And all those twenty could but kill one life
I beg for justice, which thou, Prince must give,
Romeo slew Tybalt Romeo must not live
Prin Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio,
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?
Mon Not Romeo, Prince, he was Mercutio s friend, 189
His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt
Prin And for that offence
Immediately we do exile him hence
I have an interest in your hate s proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding,
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine
That you shall all repent the loss of mine
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses
Therefore use none let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he s found, that hour is his last 200
Bear hence this body and attend our will
Mercy but murders pardoning those that kill
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Capulet s orchard*

Enter JULIET

Jul Gallop apace you fiery footed steeds
Towards Phœbus lodging such a waggoner
As Phaethon would whip you to the west
And bring in cloudy night immediately
Spread thy close curtain love-performing night,
That runaways eyes may wink and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk d of and unseen
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties or if love be blind
It best agrees with night Come civil night, 10
Thou sober suited matron, all in black
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play d for a pair of stainless maidenhoods
Hood my unmann d blood bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle till strange love grown bold
Think true love acted simple modesty
Come, night, come Romeo come, thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven s back
Come, gentle night, come, loving black brow d night, 20
Give me my Romeo and when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish sun
O I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess d it and though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy d so tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes 30
And may not wear them O here comes my nurse
And she brings news, and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo s name speaks heavenly eloquence

Enter NURSE *with cords*

Now nurse what news? What hast thou there? the cords
That Romeo bid thee fetch?
Nurse Ay ay the cords
Throws them down
Jul Ay me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands?
Nurse Ah well a-day! he s dead he s dead!
We are undone lady we are undone!
Alack the day! he s gone, he s kill d he s dead!
Jul Can heaven be so envious?
Nurse Romeo can 40
Though heaven cannot O Romeo Romeo!
Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!
Jul What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar d in dismal hell
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but ay,
And that bare vowel I shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice
I am not I, if there be such an ay
Or those eyes shut that make thee answer ay
If he be slain say ay or if not no 50
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe
Nurse I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes—
God save the mark!—here on his manly breast
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse
Pale pale as ashes all bedaub d in blood
All in gore-blood I swounded at the sight
Jul O break, my heart! poor bankrupt break at once!
To prison, eyes, ne er look on liberty!
Vile earth to earth resign end motion here,
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier! 60
Nurse O Tybalt Tybalt the best friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!
Jul What storm is this that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter d and is Tybalt dead?
My dear loved cousin and my dearer lord?
Then, dreadful trumpet sound the general doom!
For who is living if those two are gone?
Nurse Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banish
Romeo that kill d him he is banished

Jul O God' did Romeo s hand shed Tybalt s blood?
Nurse It did it did alas the day it did'
Jul O serpent heart hid with a flowering face'
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant' fiend angelical'
Dove feather d raven wolvish ravening lamb'
Despised substance of divinest show'
Just opposite to what thou justly seem st
A damned saint an honourable villain
O nature what hadst thou to do in hell 80
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace'
Nurse There s no trust
No faith no honesty in men all perjured
All forsworn all naught all dissemblers
Ah where s my man? give me some *aqua vitæ*
These griefs these woes these sorrows make me old
Shame come to Romeo'
Jul Blister d be thy tongue 90
For such a wish' he was not born to shame
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit
For tis a throne where honour may be crown d
Sole monarch of the universal earth
O what a beast was I to chide at him'
Nurs Will you speak well of him that kill d your cousin?
Jul Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah poor my lord what tongue shall smooth thy name
When I thy three hours wife have mangled it?
But wherefore villain didst thou kill my cousin? 100
That villain cousin would have kill d my husband
Back foolish tears back to your native spring
Your tributary drops belong to woe
Which you mistaking offer up to joy
My husband lives that Tybalt would have slain
And Tybalt s dead that would have slain my husband
All this is comfort wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was worser than Tybalt s death
That murder d me I would forget it fain
But O it presses to my memory 110
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners minds
'Tybalt is dead and Romeo—banished
That banished that one word banished
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts Tybalt s death
Was woe enough if it had ended there
Or if sour woe delights in fellowship
And needly will be rank d with other griefs
Why follow d not when she said Tybalt s dead
Thy father or thy mother nay or both 119
Which modern lamentation might have moved?
But with a rearward following Tybalt s death,
Romeo is banished to speak that word
Is father mother Tybalt Romeo Juliet
All slain all dead Romeo is banished'
There is no end no limit measure bound
In that word s death no words can that woe sound
Where is my father and my mother nurse?
Nurse Weeping and wailing over Tybalt s corse
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither
Jul Wash they his wounds with tears mine shall be spent 130
When theirs are dry for Romeo s banishment
Take up those cords poor ropes you are beguiled
Both you and I for Romeo is exiled
He made you for a highway to my bed
But I a maid die maiden widowed
Come cords come nurse I ll to my wedding bed
And death not Romeo take my maidenhead'
Nurse Hie to your chamber I ll find Romeo
To comfort you I wot well where he is
Hark ye your Romeo will be here at night 140
I ll to him he is hid at Laurence cell
Jul O find him' give this ring to my true knight
And bid him come to take his last farewell
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III *Friar Laurence s cell*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE

Fri L Romeo come forth come forth thou fearful man
Affliction is enamour d of thy parts
And thou art wedded to calamity

Enter ROMEO

Rom Father what news? what is the Prince s doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand
That I yet know not?
Fri L Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company
I bring thee tidings of the Prince s doom
Rom What less than dooms-day is the Prince s doom?
Fri L A gentler judgement vanish d from his lips 10
Not body s death but body s banishment

Rom Ha, banishment! be merciful, say "death",
For exile hath more terror in his look
Much more than death do not say "banishment"
Fri L Hence from Verona art thou banished
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide
Rom There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself
Hence banished is banish'd from the world,
And world s exile is death then "banished" 20
Is death mis term'd calling death "banishment,"
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me
Fri L O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush d aside the law
And turn'd that black word "death" to "banishment"
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not
Rom 'Tis torture and not mercy heaven is here
Where Juliet lives, and every cat and dog 30
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her,
But Romeo may not more validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies than Romeo they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
Who even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush as thinking their own kisses sin
But Romeo may not, he is banished 40
Flies may do this but I from this must fly
They are free men but I am banished
And say st thou yet that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mix d no sharp-ground knife
No sudden mean of death though ne er so mean,
But 'banished to kill me?—"banished"?
O friar the damned use that word in hell
Howlings attend it how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine a ghostly confessor,
A sin absolver, and my friend profess d 50
To mangle me with that word banished?
Fri L Thou fond mad man hear me but speak a word
Rom O thou wilt speak again of banishment
Fri L I'll give thee armour to keep off that word
Adversity's sweet milk philosophy
To comfort thee though thou art banished
Rom Yet banished? Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet
Displant a town reverse a prince s doom
It helps not it prevails not talk no more 60
Fri L O, then I see that madmen have no ears
Rom How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?
Fri L Let me dispute with thee of thy estate
Rom Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me and like me banished
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave 70
Knocking within
Fri L Arise, one knocks, good Romeo hide thyself
Rom Not I, unless the breath of heart sick groans
Mist-like infold me from the search of eyes
Knocking
Fri L Hark how they knock! Who s there? Romeo arise,
Thou wilt be taken Stay awhile! Stand up,
Knocking
Run to my study By and by! God s will,
What simpleness is this! I come I come!
Knocking
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?
Nurse [*Within*] Let me come in and you shall know my errand
I come from Lady Juliet
Fri L Welcome then 80

Enter NURSE

Nurse O holy friar O tell me, holy friar
Where is my lady s lord where s Romeo?
Fri L There on the ground with his own tears made drunk
Nurse O he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case! O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament! Even so lies she
Blubbering and weeping weeping and blubbering
Stand up stand up stand an you be a man
For Juliet s sake for her sake rise and stand,
Why should you fall into so deep an O? 90
Rom Nurse!
Nurse Ah sir! ah sir! Well death s the end of all
Rom Spakest thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer
Now I have stain d the childhood of our joy
With blood removed but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal d lady to our cancell d love?
Nurse O she says nothing sir, but weeps weeps

And now falls on her bed and then starts up 100
And Tybalt calls and then on Romeo cries
And then down falls again
Rom As if that name
Shot from the deadly level of a gun
Did murder her as that name s cursed hand
Murder d her kinsman O *tell me Friar tell me*
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me that I may sack
The hateful mansion [*Drawing his sword*]
Fri L Hold thy desperate hand
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art
Thy tears are womanish thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast 111
Unseemly woman in a seeming man
Or ill beseeming beast in seeming both!
Thou hast amazed me by my holy order
I thought thy disposition better temper d
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady too that lives in thee
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
Why rail st thou on thy birth the heaven and earth?
Since birth and heaven and earth all three do meet 120
In thee at once which thou at once wouldst lose
Fie fie thou shamest thy shape thy love thy wit
Which like a usurer abound st in all
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape thy love thy wit
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax
Digressing from the valour of a man
Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury
Killing that love which thou hast vow d to cherish
Thy wit that ornament to shape and love 130
Mis shapen in the conduct of them both
Like powder in a skilless soldier s flask
Is set a fire by thine own ignorance
And thou dismember d with thine own defence
What rouse thee man thy Juliet is alive
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead
There art thou happy Tybalt would kill thee
But thou slew st Tybalt there art thou happy too
The law that threaten d death becomes thy friend
And turns it to exile there art thou happy 140
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back
Happiness courts thee in her best array
But like a misbehaved and sullen wench
Thou pout st upon thy fortune and thy love
Take heed take heed for such die miserable
Go get thee to thy love as was decreed
Ascend her chamber hence and comfort her
But look thou stay not till the watch be set
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua
Where thou shalt live till we can find a time 150
To blaze your marriage reconcile your friends
Beg pardon of the Prince and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went st forth in lamentation
Go before nurse commend me to thy lady
And bid her hasten all the house to bed
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto
Romeo is coming
Nurse O Lord I could have stay d here all the night
To hear good counsel O what learning is! 160
My lord I ll tell my lady you will come
Rom Do so and bid my sweet prepare to chide
Nurse Here sir a ring she bid me give you sir
Hie you make haste for it grows very late [*Exit*
Rom How well my comfort is reviv ed by this!
Fri L Go hence good night and here stands all your state
Either be gone before the watch be set
Or by the break of day disguised from hence
Sojourn in Mantua I ll find out your man
And he shall signify from time to time 170
Every good hap to you that chances here
Give me thy hand tis late farewell good night
Rom But that a joy past joy calls out on me
It were a grief so brief to part with thee
Farewell [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *A room in Capulet s house*

Enter CAPULET LADY CAPULET *and* PARIS

Cap Things have fall n out sir so unluckily
That we have had no time to move our daughter
Look you she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly
And so did I Well we were born to die
Tis very late she ll not come down to-night
I promise you but for your company
I would have been a bed an hour ago
Par These times of woe afford no time to woo
Madam good night commend me to your daughter
La Cap I will and know her mind early to-morrow 10
To-night she is mew d up to her heaviness
Cap Sir Paris I will make a desperate tender
Of my child s love I think she will be ruled
In all respects by me nay more, I doubt it not
Wife go you to her ere you go to bed
Acquaint her here of my son Paris love
And bid her mark you me on Wednesday next—
But soft! what day is this?
Par Monday my lord

Cap Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon,
O' Thursday let it be o' Thursday tell her, 20
She shall be married to this noble earl
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
We'll keep no great ado—a friend or two,
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much
Therefore we ll have some half a dozen friends
And there an end But what say you to Thursday?
Par My lord I would that Thursday were to-morrow
Cap Well, get you gone o' Thursday be it, then 30
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed
Prepare her, wife against this wedding-day
Farewell, my lord Light to my chamber ho!
Afore me! it is so very very late,
That we may call it early by and by
Good night [*Exeunt*

SCENE V *Capulet s orchard*

Enter ROMEO *and* JULIET *above, at the window*

Jul Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day
It was the nightingale and not the lark
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear,
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale
Rom It was the lark, the herald of the morn
No nightingale look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east
Night's candles are burnt out and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops 10
I must be gone and live or stay and die
Jul Yon light is not day-light I know it, I
It is some meteor that the sun exhales
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua
Therefore stay yet thou need st not to be gone
Rom Let me be ta en let me be put to death,
I am content so thou wilt have it so
I'll say yon grey is not the morning s eye
Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia s brow 20
Nor that is not the lark whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads
I have more care to stay than will to go
Come death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so
How is t, my soul? let s talk it is not day
Jul It is it is hie hence be gone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps
Some say the lark makes sweet division
This doth not so for she divideth us 30
Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes
O now I would they had changed voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunt s up to the day
O, now be gone more light and light it grows
Rom More light and light, more dark and dark our woes!

Enter NURSE *to the chamber*

Nurse Madam!
Jul Nurse?
Nurse Your lady mother is coming to your chamber
The day is broke, be wary look about [*Exit* 40
Jul Then window let day in and let life out
Rom Farewell farewell! one kiss and I ll descend [*He goeth down*
Jul Art thou gone so? love, lord ay, husband friend!
I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days
O by this count I shall be much in years
Ere I again behold my Romeo!
Rom Farewell!
I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings love to thee 50
Jul O think st thou we shall ever meet again?
Rom I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come
Jul O God I have an ill-divining soul!
Methinks I see thee now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb
Either my eyesight fails or thou look st pale
Rom And trust me love in my eye so do you
Dry sorrow drinks our blood Adieu adieu! [*Exit*
Jul O Fortune Fortune! all men call thee fickle 60
If thou art fickle what dost thou with him
That is renown d for faith? Be fickle Fortune
For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long
But send him back
La Cap [*Within*] Ho daughter! are you up?
Jul Who is t that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late or up so early?
What unaccustom d cause procures her hither?

Enter LADY CAPULET

La Cap Why how now Juliet!
Jul Madam I am not well
La Cap Evermore weeping for your cousin s death? 70
What wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou couldst thou couldst not make him live

Therefore have done some grief shows much of love
But much of grief shows still some want of wit
Jul Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss
La Cap So shall you feel the loss but not the friend
Which you weep for
Jul Feeling so the loss
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend
La Cap Well girl thou weep st not so much for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughter d him
Jul What villain madam? 81
La Cap That same villain Romeo
Jul [*Aside*] Villain and he be many miles asunder —
God pardon him! I do with all my heart
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart
La Cap That is because the traitor murderer lives
Jul Ay madam from the reach of these my hands
Would none but I might venge my cousin s death!
La Cap We will have vengeance for it fear thou not
Then weep no more I ll send to one in Mantua
Where that same banish d runagate doth live,
Shall give him such an unaccustom d dram 91
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company
And then I hope, thou wilt be satisfied
Jul Indeed I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex d
Madam if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison I would temper it
That Romeo should upon receipt thereof
Soon sleep in quiet O how my heart abhors 100
To hear him named and cannot come to him
To wreak the love I bore my cousin
Upon his body that hath slaughter d him!
La Cap Find thou the means and I ll find such a man
But now I ll tell thee joyful tidings girl
Jul And joy comes well in such a needy time
What are they I beseech your ladyship?
La Cap Well well thou hast a careful father child
One who to put thee from thy heaviness
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy
That thou expect st not nor I look'd not for 110
Jul Madam in happy time what day is that?
La Cap Marry my child early next Thursday morn
The gallant young and noble gentleman,
The County Paris at Saint Peter s Church
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride
Jul Now by Saint Peter s Church and Peter too
He shall not make me there a joyful bride
I wonder at this haste that I must wed
Ere he that should be husband comes to woo
I pray you tell my lord and father madam 121
I will not marry yet and when I do I swear
It shall be Romeo whom you know I hate
Rather than Paris These are news indeed!
La Cap Here comes your father tell him so yourself
And see how he will take it at your hands

Enter CAPULET *and* NURSE

Cap When the sun sets the air doth drizzle dew
But for the sunset of my brother s son
It rains downright
How now! a conduit girl? what still in tears?
Evermore showering? In one little body 131
Thou counterfeit st a bark a sea a wind
For still thy eyes which I may call the sea
Do ebb and flow with tears the bark thy body is
Sailing in this salt flood the winds thy sighs
Who raging with thy tears and they with them,
Without a sudden calm will overset
Thy tempest tossed body How now wife!
Have you deliver d to her our decree?
La Cap Ay sir but she will none she gives you thanks 140
I would the fool were married to her grave!
Cap Soft! take me with you take me with you, wife
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest
Unworthy as she is that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?
Jul Not proud you have but thankful that you have
Proud can I never be of what I hate
But thankful even for hate that is meant love
Cap How now how now chop-logic! What is this? 150
Proud and I thank you and I thank you not
And yet not proud mistress minion you
Thank me no thankings nor proud me no prouds
But fettle your fine joints gainst Thursday next
To go with Paris to Saint Peter s Church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither
Out you green sickness carrion! out you baggage!
You tallow face!
La Cap Fie fie! what are you mad?
Jul Good father I beseech you on my knees
Hear me with patience but to speak a word 160

Cap Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face
Speak not, reply not do not answer me,
My fingers itch Wife, we scarce thought us blest
That God had lent us but this only child,
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her
Out on her, hilding!
Nurse God in heaven bless her!
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so 170
Cap And why, my lady Wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence smatter with your gossips, go
Nurse I speak no treason
Cap O, God ye god-den
Nurse May not one speak?
Cap Peace you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o er a gossip s bowl,
For here we need it not
La Cap You are too hot
Cap God s bread! it makes me mad
Day, night, hour, tide time work play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been 179
To have her match d and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage
Of fair demesnes youthful and nobly train d,
Stuff'd as they say with honourable parts
Proportion d as one s thought would wish a man,
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet in her fortune s tender
To answer ' I ll not wed, I cannot love,
I am too young I pray you, pardon me '
But an you will not wed I ll pardon you
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me 190
Look to t think on t I do not use to jest
Thursday is near lay hand on heart advise
An you be mine, I ll give you to my friend
An you be not, hang beg, starve die in the streets
For, by my soul I ll ne er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good
Trust to t bethink you, I ll not be forsworn
[*Exit*
Jul Is there no pity sitting in the clouds
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O sweet my mother cast me not away! 200
Delay this marriage for a month a week
Or if you do not make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies
La Cap Talk not to me for I ll not speak a word
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee [*Exit*

Jul O God!—O nurse, how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth my faith in heaven,
How shall that faith return again to earth
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth? comfort me, counsel me 210
Alack alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself!
What say st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort nurse
Nurse Faith here it is
Romeo is banish d, and all the world to nothing
That he dares ne er come back to challenge you,
Or if he do it needs must be by stealth
Then since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the County
O he s a lovely gentleman! 220
Romeo s a dishclout to him an eagle madam
Hath not so green so quick, so fair an eye
As Paris hath Beshrew my very heart
I think you are happy in this second match
For it excels your first or if it did not,
Your first is dead or twere as good he were
As living here and you no use of him
Jul Speakest thou from thy heart?
Nurse And from my soul too,
Or else beshrew them both
Jul Amen!
Nurse What?
Jul Well thou hast comforted me marvellous much 230
Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeased my father to Laurence cell
To make confession and to be absolved
Nurse Marry, I will, and this is wisely done
[*Exit*
Jul Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath praised him with above compare
So many thousand times? Go counsellor 239
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain
I ll to the friar to know his remedy
If all else fail myself have power to die [*Exit*

ACT IV

SCENE I *Friar Laurence s cell*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE *and* PARIS

Fri L On Thursday sir? the time is very short
Par My father Capulet will have it so
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.
Fri L You say you do not know the lady s mind

Uneven is the course I like it not
Par Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt s death
And therefore have I little talk d of love
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears
Now sir her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway 10
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage
To stop the inundation of her tears
Which too much minded by herself alone
May be put from her by society
Now do you know the reason of this haste
Fri L [*Aside*] I would I knew not why it should be slow d
Look sir here comes the lady toward my cell

Enter JULIET

Par Happily met my lady and my wife!
Jul That may be sir when I may be a wife
Par That may be must be love on Thursday next 20
Jul What must be shall be
Fri L That s a certain text
Par Come you to make confession to this father?
Jul To answer that I should confess to you
Par Do not deny to him that you love me
Jul I will confess to you that I love him
Par So will ye I am sure that you love me
Jul If I do so it will be of more price
Being spoke behind your back than to your face
Par Poor soul thy face is much abused with tears
Jul The tears have got small victory by that
For it was bad enough before their sp te 31
Par Thou wrong st it more than tears with that report
Jul That is no slander sir which is a truth
And what I spake I spake it to my face
Par Thy face is mine and thou hast slander d it
Jul It may be so for it is not mine own
Are you at leisure holy father now
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?
Fri L My leisure serves me pensive daughter now
My lord we must entreat the time alone 40
Par God shield I should disturb devotion!
Juliet on Thursday early will I rouse ye
Till then, adieu and keep this holy kiss [*Exit*
Jul O shut the door! and when thou hast done so
Come weep with me past hope past cure past help
Fri L Ah, Juliet I already know thy grief
It strains me past the compass of my wits
I hear thou must and nothing may prorogue it
On Thursday next be married to this County
Jul Tell me not friar that thou hear st of this
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it 51
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help
Do thou but call my resolution wise
And with this knife I ll help it presently
God join d my heart and Romeo s thou our hands
And ere this hand by thee to Romeo seal d
Shall be the label to another deed
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another this shall slay them both
Therefore out of thy long experienced time 60
Give me some present counsel or behold
Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring
Be not so long to speak I long to die
If what thou speak st speak not of remedy
Fri L Hold daughter I do spy a kind of hope
Which craves as d sperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent 70
If rather than to marry County Paris
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame
That copest with death himself to scape from it
And if thou darest I ll give thee remedy
Jul O bid me leap rather than marry Paris
From off the battlements of yonder tower
Or walk in thievish ways or bid me lurk
Where serpents are chain me with roaring bears
Or shut me nightly in a charnel house 81
O er cover d quite with dead men s rattling bones
With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls
Or bid me go into a new made grave
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud
Things that to hear them told have made me tremble
And I will do it without fear or doubt
To live an unstain d wife to my sweet love
Fri L Hold then go home be merry give consent
To marry Paris Wednesday is to-morrow 90
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber
Take thou this vial being then in bed
And this d stilled liquor drink thou off
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress but surcease
No warmth no breath shall testify thou livest
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes thy eyes windows fall 100

Like death, when he shuts up the day of life,
Each part, deprived of supple government,
Shall stiff and stark and cold, appear like death
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead
Then as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes uncover d on the bier *110*
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it *120*

Jul Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!

Fri L Hold, get you gone be strong and prosperous
In this resolve I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua with my letters to thy lord

Jul Love give me strength! and strength shall help afford
Farewell, dear father! [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Hall in Capulet's house*

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, NURSE, *and* TWO SERVINGMEN

Cap So many guests invite as here are writ
[*Exit* 1ST SERVANT
Sirrah go hire me twenty cunning cooks

2nd Serv You shall have none ill, sir, for I ll try if they can lick their fingers

Cap How canst thou try them so?

2nd Serv Marry, sir, tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers therefore he that can not lick his fingers goes not with me

Cap Go, be gone [*Exit* 2ND SERVANT
We shall be much unfurnish d for this time *10*
What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

Nurse Ay, forsooth

Cap Well he may chance to do some good on her
A peevish self will'd harlotry it is

Nurse See where she comes from shrift with merry look

Enter JULIET

Cap How now, my headstrong! where have you been gadding?

Jul Where I have learn d me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests and am enjoin d
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here, *20*
And beg your pardon pardon I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever ruled by you

Cap Send for the County go tell him of this
I ll have this knot knit up to morrow morning

Jul I met the youthful lord at Laurence cell,
And gave him what becomed love I might,
Not stepping o er the bounds of modesty

Cap Why, I am glad on t this is well stand up
This is as't should be Let me see the County,
Ay, marry, go, I say and fetch him hither *30*
Now, afore God! this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him

Jul Nurse will go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La Cap No not till Thursday, there is time enough

Cap Go nurse go with her we ll to church to morrow [*Exeunt* JULIET *and* NURSE

La Cap We shall be short in our provision
'Tis now near night

Cap Tush I will stir about
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her, *41*
I'll not to bed to night, let me alone,
I'll play the housewife for this once What ho!
They are all forth Well, I will walk myself
To County Paris to prepare him up
Against to-morrow my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim d
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III *Juliet's chamber*

Enter JULIET *and* NURSE

Jul Ay, those attires are best but, gentle nurse
I pray thee leave me to myself to-night,
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which well thou know st, is cross and full of sin

Enter LADY CAPULET

La Cap What are you busy ho? need you my help?

Jul No madam we have cull d such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow
So please you let me now be left alone
And let the nurse this night sit up with you *10*
For I am sure, you have your hands full all
In this so sudden business

La Cap Good night

Move them no more by crossing their high will
[*Exeunt* CAPULET LADY CAPULET PARIS *and* FRIAR

1st Mus Faith we may put up our pipes and be gone

Nurse Honest good fellows ah put up put up
For well you know this is a pitiful case [*Exit*

1st Mus Ay by my troth the case may be amended *101*

Enter PETER

Pet Musicians O musicians Heart s ease Heart s ease O an you will have me live play Heart s ease

1st Mus Why Heart s ease ?

Pet O musicians because my heart itself plays My heart is full of woe O play me some merry dump to comfort me

1st Mus Not a dump we tis no time to play now *110*

Pet You will not then?

1st Mus No

Pet I will then give it you soundly

1st Mus What will you give us?

Pet No money on my faith but the gleek I will give you the minstrel

1st Mus Then will I give you the serving creature

Pet Then will I lay the serving-creature s dagger on your pate I will carry no crotchets I ll *re* you I ll *fa* you do you note me? *121*

1st Mus An you *re* us and *fa* us you note us

2nd Mus Pray you put up your dagger and put out your wit

Pet Then have at you with my wit! I will dry beat you with an iron wit and put up my iron dagger Answer me like men

When griping grief the heart doth wound
And doleful dumps the mind oppress
Then music with her silver sound — *130*

why silver sound ? why music with her silver sound ? What say you Simon Catling?

1st Mus Marry sir because silver hath a sweet sound

Pet Pretty! What say you Hugh Rebeck?

2nd Mus I say silver sound because musicians sound for silver

Pet Pretty too! What say you James Soundpost? *139*

3rd Mus Faith, I know not what to say

Pet O I cry you mercy you are the singer I will say for you It is music with her silver sound because musicians have no gold for sounding

Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress [*Exit*

1st Mus What a pestilent knave is this same!

2nd Mus Hang him Jack! Come we ll in here tarry for the mourners and stay dinner [*Exeunt*

ACT V

Scene I *Mantua a street*

Enter ROMEO

Rom If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand
My bosom s lord sits lightly in his throne
And all this day an unaccustom d spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead—
Strange dream that gives a dead man leave to think!—
And breathed such life with kisses in my lips
That I revived and was an emperor
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess d *10*
When but love s shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter BALTHASAR *booted*

News from Verona!—How now Balthasar!
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? that I ask again
For nothing can be ill if she be well

Bal Then she is well and nothing can be ill
Her body sleeps in Capel s monument
And her immortal part with angels lives
I saw her laid low in her kindred s vault *20*
And presently took post to tell it you
O pardon me for bringing these ill news
Since you did leave it for my office sir

Rom Is it even so? then I defy you stars!
Thou know st my lodging get me ink and paper
And hire post horses I will hence to-night

Bal I do beseech you sir have patience
Your looks are pale and wild and do import
Some misadventure

Rom Tush thou art deceived
Leave me and do the thing I bid thee do *30*
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal No my good lord

Rom No matter get thee gone
And hire those horses I ll be with thee straight
[*Exit* BALTHASAR

Well Juliet I will lie with thee to-night
Let s see for means O mischief thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary—
And hereabouts he dwells—which late I noted
In tatter d weeds with overwhelming brows
Culling of simples meagre were his looks *40*
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones

And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill shaped fishes, and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter d, to make up a show
Noting this penury, to myself I said
"An if a man did need a poison now, 50
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him "
O, this same thought did but forerun my need,
And this same needy man must sell it me
As I remember, this should be the house
Being holiday, the beggar s shop is shut
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter APOTHECARY

Ap Who calls so loud?
Rom Come hither, man I see that thou art poor
Hold, there is forty ducats let me have
A dram of poison, such soon speeding gear 60
As will disperse itself through all the veins
That the life weary taker may fall dead
And that the trunk may be discharged of breath
As violently as hasty powder fired
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon s womb
Ap Such mortal drugs I have but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them
Rom Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes 70
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back,
The world is not thy friend nor the world s law,
The world affords no law to make thee rich,
Then be not poor but break it and take this
Ap My poverty, but not my will consents
Rom I pay thy poverty, and not thy will
Ap Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drink it off and if you had the strength
Of twenty men it would dispatch you straight
Rom There is thy gold worse poison to men's souls 80
Doing more murders in this loathsome world
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell
I sell thee poison thou hast sold me none
Farewell buy food and get thyself in flesh
Come cordial and not poison go with me
To Juliet s grave for there must I use thee
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Friar Laurence s cell*

Enter FRIAR JOHN

Fri J Holy Franciscan friar! brother ho!

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE

Fri L This same should be the voice of Friar John
Welcome from Mantua what says Romeo?
Or if his mind be writ, give me his letter
Fri J Going to find a bare foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign, 10
Seal d up the doors and would not let us forth
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd
Fri L Who bare my letter then to Romeo?
Fri J I could not send it—here it is again—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection
Fri L Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood
The letter was not nice but full of charge
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger Friar John go hence, 20
Get me an iron crow and bring it straight
Unto my cell
Fri J Brother, I ll go and bring it thee [*Exit*
Fri L Now must I to the monument alone,
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake
She will beshrew me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents,
But I will write again to Mantua
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come
Poor living corse, closed in a dead man s tomb!
[*Exit*

SCENE III *A churchyard, in it a tomb belonging to the Capulets*

Enter PARIS *and his* PAGE *bearing flowers and a torch*

Par Give me thy torch boy hence and stand aloof
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen
Under yond yew trees lay thee all along
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread
Being loose, unfirm with digging up of graves,
But thou shalt hear it whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear st something approach
Give me those flowers Do as I bid thee go
Page [*Aside*] I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard yet I will adventure 11
[*Retires*
Par Sweet flower with flowers thy bridal bed I strew—
O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones—
Which with sweet water nightly I will

Or wanting that with tears distill d by moans
The obsequies that I for thee will keep
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep
The PAGE *whistles*
The boy gives warning something doth approach
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night
To cross my obsequies and true love s rite? 20
What with a torch! muffle me night awhile
[*Retires*

Enter ROMEO *and* BALTHASAR *with a torch mattock &c*

Rom Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron
Hold take this letter early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father
Give me the light upon thy life I charge thee
Whate er thou hear st or seest stand all aloof
And do not interrupt me in my course
Why I descend into this bed of death
Is partly to behold my lady s face 29
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring a ring that I must use
In dear employment therefore hence be gone
But if thou jealous dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do
By heaven I will tear thee joint by joint
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs
The time and my intents are savage wild
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tigers or the roaring sea 39
Bal I will be gone sir and not trouble you
Rom So shalt thou show me friendship Take thou that
Live and be prosperous and farewell good fellow
Bal [*Aside*] For all this same I ll hide me hereabout
His looks I fear and his intents I doubt
[*Retires*
Rom Thou detestable maw thou womb of death
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
And in despite I ll cram thee with more food!
Opens the tomb
Par This is that banish d haughty Montague 49
That murder d my love s cousin with which grief 50
It is supposed the fair creature died
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies I will apprehend him
Comes forward
Stop thy unhallow d toil vile Montague!
Can vengeance be pursued further than death?
Condemned villain I do apprehend thee
Obey and go with me for thou must die
Rom I must indeed and therefore came I hither
Good gentle youth tempt not a desperate man
Fly hence and leave me think upon these gone
Let them affright thee I beseech thee youth
Put not another sin upon my head
By urging me to fury O be gone!
By heaven I love thee better than myself
For I come hither arm d against myself
Stay not be gone live and hereafter say
A madman s mercy bade thee run away
Par I do defy thy conjurations
And apprehend thee for a felon here
Rom Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee boy! [*They fight*] 70
Page O Lord they fight! I will go call the watch [*Exit*
Par O I am slain! [*Falls*] If thou be merciful
Open the tomb lay me with Juliet [*Dies*
Rom In faith I will Let me peruse this face
Mercutio s kinsman noble County Paris!
What said my man when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad hearing him talk of Juliet 80
To think it was so? O give me thy hand
One writ with me in sour misfortune s book!
I ll bury thee in a triumphant grave
A grave? O no! a lantern slaughter d youth
For here lies Juliet and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light
Death lie thou there by a dead man interr d
Laying Paris in the tomb
How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry! which their keepers call
A lightning before death O how may I 90
Call this a lightning? O my love! my wife!
Death that hath suck d the honey of thy breath
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty
Thou art not conquer d beauty s ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks
And death s pale flag is not advanced there
Tybalt liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O what more favour can I do to thee
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
To sunder his that was thine enemy? 100
Forgive me cousin! Ah dear Juliet
Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that I still will stay with thee
And never from this palace of dim night

Depart again here here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber maids, O,
here
Will I set up my everlasting rest, *110*
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh Eyes look your
last!
Arms take your last embrace! and lips O you
The doors of breath seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea sick weary bark!
Here s to my love! [*Drinks*] O true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick Thus with a kiss I die *120*
[*Dies*

Enter, at the other end of the churchyard, FRIAR LAURENCE *with a lantern crow and spade*

Fri L Saint Francis be my speed! how oft
to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves! Who's
there?
Bal Here s one, a friend and one that knows
you well
Fri L Bliss be upon you! Tell me good my
friend
What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument
Bal It doth so, holy sir, and there s my master,
One that you love
Fri L Who is it?
Bal Romeo
Fri L How long hath he been there?
Bal Full half an hour *130*
Fri L Go with me to the vault
Bal I dare not sir
My master knows not but I am gone hence
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents
Fri L Stay, then I ll go alone Fear comes
upon me
O much I fear some ill unlucky thing
Bal As I did sleep under this yew-tree here
I dreamt my master and another fought
And that my master slew him
Fri L Romeo!
Advances
Alack, alack what blood is this which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre? *141*
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour d by this place of peace?
Enters the tomb
Romeo! O pale! Who else? what Paris too?
And steep d in blood? Ah what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!
The lady stirs
JULIET *wakes*
Jul O comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be
And there I am Where is my Romeo? *150*
Noise within
Fri L I hear some noise Lady, come from that
nest
Of death contagion and unnatural sleep
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents Come come away
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead,
And Paris too Come I ll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns
Stay not to question for the watch is coming
Come go good Juliet [*Noise again*] I dare no
longer stay *159*
Jul Go get thee hence for I will not away
[*Exit* FRIAR LAURENCE
What s here? a cup, closed in my true love s
hand?
Poison I see hath been his timeless end
O churl! drunk all and left no friendly drop
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them
To make me die with a restorative [*Kisses him*
Thy lips are warm
1st Watch [*Within*] Lead boy which way?
Jul Yea noise? then I'll be brief O happy
dagger! [*Snatching Romeo s dagger*]
This is thy sheath [*Stabs herself*], there rust and
let me die *170*
[*Falls on Romeo s body and dies*

Enter FIRST WATCH, *with the* PAGE *of* PARIS

Page This is the place there where the torch
doth burn
1st Watch The ground is bloody search about
the churchyard
Go some of you whoe er you find attach
Pitiful sight! here lies the County slain
And Juliet bleeding warm and newly dead
Who here hath lain these two days buried
Go tell the Prince run to the Capulets
Raise up the Montagues some others search
We see the ground whereon these woes do
lie
But the true ground of all these piteous woes *180*
We cannot without circumstance descry

Re-enter some of the WATCH *with* BALTHASAR

2nd Watch Here s Romeo s man we found
him in the churchyard
1st Watch Hold him in safety till the Prince
come hither

Re-enter others of the WATCH *with* FRIAR LAURENCE

3rd Watch Here is a friar that trembles sighs
and weeps
We took this mattock and this spade from him
As he was coming from this churchyard side
1st Watch A great suspicion stay the friar too

Enter PRINCE *and Attendants*

Prince What misadventure is so early up
That calls our person from our morning s rest?

Enter CAPULET LADY CAPULET *and others*

Cap What should it be that they so shriek
abroad? 190
L Cap The people in the street cry Romeo
Some Juliet and some Paris and all run
With open outcry toward our monument
Prince What fear is this which startles in our
ears?
1st Watch Sovereign here lies the County
Paris slain
And Romeo dead and Juliet dead before
Warm and new kill d
Prince Search seek and know how this foul
murder comes
First Watch Here is a friar and slaughter d
Romeo s man
With instruments upon them fit to open 200
These dead men s tombs
Cap O heavens! O wife look how our daugh
ter bleeds
This dagger hath mista en—for lo his house
Is empty on the back of Montague—
And it mis sheathed in my daughter s bosom!
La Cap O me! this sight of death is as a bell
That warns my old age to a sepulchre

Enter MONTAGUE *and others*

Prince Come Montague for thou art early up
To see thy son and heir more early down 209
Mon Alas my liege my wife is dead to-night
Grief of my son s exile hath stopp d her breath
What further woe conspires against mine age?
Prince Look and thou shalt see
Mon O thou untaught what manners is in this
To press before thy father to a grave?
Prince Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while
Till we can clear these ambiguities
And know their spring their head their true
descent
And then will I be general of your woes 219
And lead you even to death meantime forbear
And let mischance be slave to patience
Bring forth the parties of suspicion

Fri L I am the greatest able to do least
Yet most suspected as the time and place
Doth make against me of this direful murder
And here I stand both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excused
Prince Then say at once what thou dost know
in this
Fri L I will be brief for my short date of
breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale 230
Romeo there dead was husband to that Juliet
And she there dead that Romeo s faithful wife
I married them and their stol n marriage day
Was Tybalt s dooms-day whose untimely death
Banish d the new made bridegroom from this
city
For whom and not for Tybalt Juliet pined
You to remove that siege of grief from her
Betroth d and would have married her perforce
To County Paris then comes she to me 239
And with wild looks bid me devise some mean
To rid her from this second marriage
Or in my cell there would she kill herself
Then gave I her so tutor d by my art
A sleeping potion which so took effect
As I intended for it wrought on her
The form of death meantime I writ to Romeo
That he should hither come as this dire night
To help to take her from her borrow d grave
Being the time the potion s force should cease
But he which bore my letter Friar John 250
Was stay d by accident and yesternight
Return d my letter back Then all alone
At the prefixed hour of her waking
Came I to take her from her kindred s vault
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo
But when I came some minute ere the time
Of her awaking here untimely lay
The noble Paris and true Romeo dead
She wakes and I entreated her come forth 260
And bear this work of heaven with patience
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb
And she too desperate would not go with me,
But as it seems did violence on herself
All this I know and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy and if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault let my old life
Be sacrificed some hour before his time
Unto the rigour of severest law
Prince We still have known thee for a holy
man 270
Where s Romeo s man? what can he say in this?
Bal I brought my master news of Juliet s death
And then in post he came from Mantua
To this same place to this same monument

This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not and left him there

Prince Give me the letter, I will look on it
Where is the County's page, that raised the
watch?
Sirrah, what made your master in this place? *280*

Page He came with flowers to strew his lady's
grave,
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb,
And by and by my master drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the watch

Prince This letter doth make good the friar's
words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death
And here he writes that he did buy a poison
Of a poor pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet *290*
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with
love
And I for winking at your discords too
Have lost a brace of kinsmen all are punish'd

Cap O brother Montague give me thy hand
This is my daughter s jointure, for no more
Can I demand

Mon But I can give thee more
For I will raise her statue in pure gold,
That while Verona by that name is known, *300*
There shall no figure at such rate be set
As that of true and faithful Juliet

Cap As rich shall Romeo s by his lady's lie,
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince A glooming peace this morning with it
brings,
The sun for sorrow, will not show his head
Go hence to have more talk of these sad things,
Some shall be pardon d and some punished
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo [*Exeunt* *310*

The Tragedy of
KING RICHARD II

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING RICHARD THE SECOND
JOHN OF GAUNT, DUKE OF LANCASTER | *uncles to*
EDMUND OF LANGLEY, DUKE OF YORK | *the King*
HENRY, *surnamed* BOLINGBROKE, DUKE OF HEREFORD, *son to John of Gaunt; afterwards* KING HENRY IV
DUKE OF AUMERLE, *son to the Duke of York*
THOMAS MOWBRAY, DUKE OF NORFOLK
DUKE OF SURREY
EARL OF SALISBURY
LORD BERKELEY
BUSHY |
BAGOT | *servants to King Richard*
GREEN |
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND
HENRY PERCY, *surnamed Hotspur, his son*
LORD ROSS
LORD WILLOUGHBY
LORD FITZWATER
BISHOP OF CARLISLE
ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER
LORD MARSHAL
SIR STEPHEN SCROOP
SIR PIERCE OF EXTON
CAPTAIN *of a band of Welshmen*
TWO HERALDS
ANOTHER LORD
GARDENER
GROOM OF THE STABLE
KEEPER
TWO SERVANTS *to York*
SERVANT *to Exton*

QUEEN *to King Richard*
DUCHESS OF YORK
DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER
LADY *attending on the Queen*

NON-SPEAKING: *Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Gardeners, Guards, and other Attendants*

SCENE: *England and Wales*

ACT I

SCENE I. *London. King Richard's palace*

Enter KING RICHARD, JOHN OF GAUNT, *with other Nobles and Attendants*

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son,
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?
Gaunt. I have, my liege.
K. Rich. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the Duke on ancient malice;
Or worthily, as a good subject should, 10
On some known ground of treachery in him?
Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,
On some apparent danger seen in him
Aim'd at your Highness, no inveterate malice.
K. Rich. Then call them to our presence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser and the accused freely speak:
High stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Enter BOLINGBROKE *and* MOWBRAY

Boling. Many years of happy days befall 20
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!
Mow. Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!
K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?
Boling. First, heaven be the record to my speech! 30
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor and a miscreant,

Too good to be so and too bad to live, 40
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat,
And wish, so please my sovereign ere I move,
What my tongue speaks my right drawn sword may prove

Mow Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain, 50
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast
As to be hush'd and nought at all to say
First, the fair reverence of your Highness curbs me
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech
Which else would post until it had return d
These terms of treason doubled down his throat
Setting aside his high blood s royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege
I do defy him and I spit at him 60
Call him a slanderous coward and a villain
Which to maintain I would allow him odds,
And meet him, were I tied to run afoot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable
Where ever Englishman durst set his foot
Meantime let this defend my loyalty,
By all my hopes most falsely doth he lie

Boling Pale trembling coward there I throw my gage
Disclaiming here the kindred of the King, 70
And lay aside my high blood s royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except
If guilty dread have left thee so much strength
As to take up mine honour s pawn then stoop
By that and all the rites of knighthood else
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm
What I have spoke or thou canst worse devise

Mow I take it up and by that sword I swear
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder
I ll answer thee in any fair degree 80
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial
And when I mount alive may I not light
If I be traitor or unjustly fight!

K Rich What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray s charge?
It must be great that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him

Boling Look, what I speak my life shall prove it true,
That Mowbray hath received eight thousand nobles
In name of lendings for your Highness soldiers,
The which he hath detain d for lewd employments
Like a false traitor and injurious villain 91
Besides I say and will in battle prove,
Or here or elsewhere to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye
That all the treasons for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring
Further I say and further will maintain
Upon his bad life to make all this good
That he did plot the Duke of Gloucester s death,
Suggest his soon believing adversaries, 101
And consequently like a traitor coward
Sluiced out his innocent soul through streams of blood
Which blood like sacrificing Abel s cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for justice and rough chastisement,
And by the glorious worth of my descent
This arm shall do it or this life be spent

K Rich How high a pitch his resolution soars!
Thomas of Norfolk what say st thou to this? 110

Mow O, let my sovereign turn away his face
And bid his ears a little while be deaf
Till I have told this slander of his blood
How God and good men hate so foul a liar

K Rich Mowbray impartial are our eyes and ears
Were he my brother, nay my kingdom s heir,
As he is but my father s brother s son
Now by my sceptre s awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him nor partialize 120
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul
He is our subject Mowbray so art thou
Free speech and fearless I to thee allow

Mow Then Bolingbroke as low as to thy heart
Through the false passage of thy throat thou liest
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais
Disbursed I duly to his Highness soldiers
The other part reserved I by consent
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt
Upon remainder of a dear account 130
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen
Now swallow down that lie For Gloucester s death
I slew him not but to my own disgrace
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.
For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster

The honourable father to my foe
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul
But ere I last received the sacrament
I did confess it and exactly begg d 140
Your Grace s pardon and I hope I had it
This is my fault as for the rest appeal d
It issues from the rancour of a villain
A recreant and most degenerate traitor
Which in myself I boldly will defend
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor s foot
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chamber d in his bosom
In haste whereof most heartily I pray 150
Your Highness to assign our trial day

K Rich Wrath kindled gentlemen be ruled by me
Let s purge this choler without letting blood
This we prescribe though no physician
Deep malice makes too deep incision
Forget forgive conclude and be agreed
Our doctors say this is no month to bleed
Good uncle let this end where it begun
We ll calm the Duke of Norfolk you your son

Gaunt To be a make peace shall become my age 160
Throw down my son the Duke of Norfolk s gage

K Rich And Norfolk throw down his

Gaunt When Harry when?
Obedience bids I should not bid again

K Rich Norfolk throw down, we bid there is no boot

Mow Myself I throw dread sovereign at thy foot
My life thou shalt command but not my shame
The one my duty owes but my fair name
Despite of death that lives upon my grave
To dark dishonour s use thou shalt not have
I am disgraced impeach d and baffled here 170
Pierced to the soul with slander s venom d spear
The which no balm can cure but his heart blood
Which breathed this poison

K Rich Rage must be withstood
Give me his gage lions make leopards tame

Mow Yea, but not change his spots take but my shame,
And I resign my gage My dear dear lord
The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation that away
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay
A jewel in a ten times barr d up chest 180
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast
Mine honour is my life both grow in one
Take honour from me, and my life is done
Then dear my liege mine honour let me try
In that I live and for that will I die

K Rich Cousin throw up your gage do you begin

Boling O God defend my soul from such deep sin!
Shall I seem crest fall n in my father s sight?
Or with pale beggar fear impeach my height 190
Before this out-dared dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound my honour with such feeble wrong
Or sound so base a parle my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace
Where shame doth harbour even in Mowbray s face [*Exit* GAUNT

K Rich We were not born to sue but to command
Which since we cannot do to make you friends
Be ready as your lives shall answer it
At Coventry upon Saint Lambert s day
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate 200
The swelling difference of your settled hate
Since we can not atone you we shall see
Justice design the victor s chivalry
Lord marshal command our officers at arms
Be ready to direct these home alarms [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *The Duke of Lancaster s palace*

Enter JOHN OF GAUNT *with the* DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER

Gaunt Alas the part I had in Woodstock s blood
Doth more solicit me than your exclaims
To stir against the butchers of his life!
But since correction lieth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven
Who when they see the hours ripe on earth
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders heads

Duch Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire? 10
Edward s seven sons whereof thyself art one
Were as seven vials of his sacred blood
Or seven fair branches spring ng from one root
Some of those seven are dried by nature s course
Some of those branches by the Destinies cut
But Thomas my dear lord my life my Gloucester
One vial full of Edward s sacred blood
One flourishing branch of his most royal root
Is crack d and all the precious liquor spilt
Is hack d down and his summer leaves all faded,
By Envy s hand and Murder s bloody axe 21
Ah Gaunt his blood was thine! that bed that womb
That metal that self mould that fashion d thee

Made him a man, and though thou livest and
breathest,
Yet art thou slain in him thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy father s death
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life
Call it not patience, Gaunt it is despair
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter d 30
Thou showest the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee
That which in mean men we entitle patience
Is pale cowardice in noble breasts
What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
The best way is to venge my Gloucester s death
Gaunt God s is the quarrel, for God s substitute,
His deputy anointed in His sight
Hath caused his death the which if wrongfully
Let heaven revenge, for I may never lift 40
An angry arm against His minister
Duch Where then, alas, may I complain myself?
Gaunt To God, the widow's champion and defence
Duch Why, then, I will Farewell old Gaunt
Thou goest to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight
O sit my husband s wrongs on Hereford s spear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray s breast!
Or if misfortune miss the first career
Be Mowbray s sins so heavy in his bosom 50
That they may break his foaming courser's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford!
Farewell old Gaunt thy sometimes brother s
wife
With her companion grief must end her life
Gaunt Sister, farewell I must to Coventry
As much good stay with thee as go with me!
Duch Yet one word more grief boundeth
where it falls
Not with the empty hollowness but weight
I take my leave before I have begun 60
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done
Commend me to thy brother Edmund York
Lo this is all —nay, yet depart not so
Though this be all do not so quickly go
I shall remember more Bid him—ah what?—
With all good speed at Plashy visit me
Alack, and what shall good old York there see
But empty lodgings and unfurnish d walls
Unpeopled offices untrodden stones?
And what hear there for welcome but my
groans? 70
Therefore commend me let him not come there
To seek out sorrow that dwells every where
Desolate, desolate will I hence and die
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III *The lists at Coventry*

Enter the LORD MARSHAL *and the* DUKE OF AUMERLE

Mar My Lord Aumerle is Harry Hereford
arm d?
Aum Yea at all points and longs to enter in
Mar The Duke of Norfolk sprightfully and
bold
Stays but the summons of the appellant s trumpet
Aum Why then the champions are prepared
and stay
For nothing but his Majesty s approach

The trumpets sound and the KING *enters with his nobles* GAUNT BUSHY BAGOT GREEN *and others When they are set enter* MOWBRAY *in arms, defendant with a* HERALD

K Rich Marshal demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms
Ask him his name and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause 10
Mar In God s name and the King s say who
thou art
And why thou comest thus knightly clad in arms,
Against what man thou comest, and what thy
quarrel
Speak truly on thy knighthood and thy oath
As so defend thee heaven and thy valour!
Mow My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of
Norfolk,
Who hither come engaged by my oath—
Which God defend a knight should violate!—
Both to defend my loyalty and truth
To God my King and my succeeding issue 20
Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me,
And by the grace of God and this mine arm,
To prove him in defending of myself
A traitor to my God my King and me
And as I truly fight defend me heaven!

The trumpets sound Enter BOLINGBROKE, *appellant in armour with a* HERALD

K Rich Marshal ask yonder knight in arms
Both who he is and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war
And formally according to our law
Depose him in the justice of his cause 30
Mar What is thy name? and wherefore comest
thou hither
Before King Richard in his royal lists?
Against whom comest thou? and what s thy
quarrel?

Speak like a true knight so defend thee heaven'
Bolmg Harry of Hereford Lancaster and Derby
Am I who ready here do stand in arms
To prove by God s grace and my body s valour
In lists on Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk
That he is a traitor foul and dangerous
To God of heaven King Richard and to me 40
And as I truly fi ht defend me heaven'
Mar On pain of death no person be so bold
Or daring hardy as to touch the lists
Except the Marshal and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs
Bolin Lord Marshal let me kiss my sovereign s hand
And bow my knee before his Majesty
For Mowbray and myself are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage
Then let us take a ceremonious leave 50
And loving farewell of our several friends
Mar The appellant in all duty greets your Highness
And craves to kiss your hand and take his leave
K Rich We will descend and fold him in our arms
Cousin of Hereford as thy cause is right
So be thy fortune in this royal fight'
Farewell my blood which if to-day thou shed
Lament we may but not revenge thee dead
Boling O let no noble eye profane a tear
For me if I be gored with Mowbray s spear 60
As confident as is the falcon s flight
Again t a bird do I with Mowbray fight
My loving lord I take my leave of you
Of you my noble cousin Lord Aumerle
Not sick although I have to do with death
But lusty young and cheerly drawing breath
Lo as at English feasts so I regreet
The daintiest last to make the end most sweet
O thou the earthly author of my blood
Whose youthful spirit in me regenerate, 70
Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers
And with thy blessings steel my lance s point
That it may enter Mowbray s waxen coat
And furbish new the name of John o Gaunt
Even in the lusty haviour of his son
Gaunt God in thy good cause make thee prosperous
Be swift like lightning in the execution
And let thy blows doubly redoubled, 80
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live

Boling Mine innocency and Saint George to thrive'
Mow However God or fortune cast my lot
There lives or dies true to King Richard s throne
A loyal just and upright gentleman
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage and embrace
His golden uncontroll d enfranchisement 90
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary
Most mighty liege and my companion peers
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years
As gentle and as jocund as to jest
Go I to fight truth hath a quiet breast
K Rich Farewell my lord securely I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye
Order the trial Marshal and begin
Mar Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby 100
Receive thy lance and God defend the right'
Boling Strong as a tower in hope I cry amen
Mar Go bear this lance to Thomas Duke of Norfolk
1st Her Harry of Hereford Lancaster and Derby
Stands here for God his sovereign and himself
On pain to be found false and recreant
To prove the Duke of Norfolk Thomas Mowbray
A traitor to his God his King and him
And dares him to set forward to the fight
2nd Her Here standeth Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk 110
On pain to be found false and recreant
Both to defend himself and to approve
Henry of Hereford Lancaster and Derby
To God his sovereign and to him disloyal
Courageously and with a free desire
Attending but the signal to begin
Mar Sound trumpets and set forward combatants
A charge sounded
Stay the King hath thrown his warder down
K Rich Let them lay by their helmets and their spears
And both return back to their chairs again 120
Withdraw with us and let the trumpets sound
While we return these Dukes what we decree
A long flourish
Draw near
And list what with our council we have done
For that our kingdom s earth should not be soil d
With that dear blood which it hath fostered
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect

Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' sword,
And for we think the eagle-winged pride
Of sky aspiring and ambitious thoughts, *130*
With rival hating envy set on you
To wake our peace which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep,
Which so roused up with boisterous untuned drums,
With harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace
And make us wade even in our kindred s blood,
Therefore we banish you our territories
You, cousin Hereford upon pain of life, *140*
Till twice five summers have enrich d our fields
Shall not regreet our fair dominions
But tread the stranger paths of banishment

Boling Your will be done this must my com fort be,
That sun that warms you here shall shine on me,
And those his golden beams to you here lent
Shall point on me and gild my banishment

K Rich Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce
The sly slow hours shall not determinate *150*
The dateless limit of thy dear exile
The hopeless word of "never to return'
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life

Mow A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all unlook d for from your Highness mouth
A dearer merit not so deep a maim
As to be cast forth in the common air
Have I deserved at your Highness' hands
The language I have learn d these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego *160*
And now my tongue's use is to me no more
Than an unstringed viol or a harp,
Or like a cunning instrument cased up
Or, being open put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony
Within my mouth you have engaol d my tongue
Doubly portcullis d with my teeth and lips,
And dull unfeeling barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse, *170*
Too far in years to be a pupil now
What is thy sentence then but speechless death
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

K Rich It boots thee not to be compassionate
After our sentence plaining comes too late

Mow Then thus I turn me from my country's light
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night

K Rich Return again, and take an oath with thee
Lay on our royal sword your banish d hands,
Swear by the duty that you owe to God— *180*
Our part therein we banish with yourselves—
To keep the oath that we administer
You never shall, so help you truth and God!
Embrace each other s love in banishment,
Nor never look upon each other s face
Nor never write regreet nor reconcile
This louring tempest of your home bred hate,
Nor never by advised purpose meet
To plot, contrive or complot any ill
'Gainst us our state our subjects or our land *190*

Boling I swear

Mow And I to keep all this

Boling Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy —
By this time, had the King permitted us
One of our souls had wander d in the air,
Banish d this frail sepulchre of our flesh
As now our flesh is banish d from this land
Confess thy treasons ere thou fly the realm,
Since thou hast far to go bear not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty soul *200*

Mow No Bolingbroke if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life
And I from heaven banish d as from hence!
But what thou art, God thou and I do know,
And all too soon I fear the King shall rue
Farewell my liege Now no way can I stray,
Save back to England all the world s my way
[*Exit*

K Rich Uncle even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish d years *210*
Pluck d four away [*To* BOLINGBROKE] Six frozen winters spent
Return with welcome home from banishment

Boling How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters and four wanton springs
End in a word such is the breath of Kings

Gaunt I thank my liege, that in regard of me
He shortens four years of my son s exile
But little vantage shall I reap thereby
For ere the six years that he hath to spend
Can change their moons and bring their times about *220*
My oil-dried lamp and time bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age and endless night
My inch of taper will be burnt and done
And blindfold death not let me see my son

K Rich Why uncle, thou hast many years to live

Gaunt But not a minute King that thou canst give
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow
And pluck nights from me but not lend a morrow
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage 230
Thy word is current with him for my death
But dead thy kingdom cannot buy my breath
K Rich Thy son is banish d upon good advice
Whereto thy tongue a party verdict gave
Why at our justice seem st thou then to lour?
Gaunt Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour
You urged me as a judge but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a father
O had it been a stranger not my child
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild
A partial slander sought I to avoid 241
And in the sentence my own life destroy d
Alas I look d when some of you should say
I was too strict to make mine own away
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue
Against my will to do myself this wrong
K Rich Cousin farewell and uncle bid him so
Six years we banish him and he shall go
[*Flourish Exeunt* KING RICHARD *and train*
Aum Cousin farewell what presence must not know
From where you do remain let paper show 250
Mar My lord no leave take I for I will ride
As far as land will let me by your side
Gaunt O to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words
That thou return st no greeting to thy friends?
Boling I have too few to take my leave of you
When the tongue s office should be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart
Gaunt Thy grief is but thy absence for a time
Boling Joy absent grief is present for that time
Gaunt What is six winters? they are quickly gone 260
Boling To men in joy but grief makes one hour ten
Gaunt Call it a travel that thou takest for pleasure
Boling My heart will sigh when I miscall it so
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage
Gaunt The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem as foil wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home return
Boling Nay rather every tedious stride I make
Will but remember me what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love 270
Must I not serve a long apprenticehood
To foreign passages and in the end
Having my freedom boast of nothing else
But that I was a journeyman to grief?
Gaunt All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens
Teach thy necessity to reason thus
There is no virtue like necessity
Think not the King did banish thee
But thou the King Woe doth the heavier sit 280
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne
Go say I sent thee forth to purchase honour
And not the King exiled thee or suppose
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air
And thou art flying to a fresher clime
Look what thy soul holds dear imagine it
To lie that way thou go st not whence thou comest
Suppose the singing birds musicians
The grass whereon thou tread st the presence strew d
The flowers fair ladies and thy steps no more
Than a delightful measure or a dance 291
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light
Boling O who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastic summer s heat?
O no! the apprehension of the good 300
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse
Fell sorrow s tooth doth never rankle more
Than when he bites but lanceth not the sore
Gaunt Come come my son I ll bring thee on thy way
Had I thy youth and cause I would not stay
Boling Then England s ground farewell sweet soil adieu
My mother and my nurse that bears me yet!
Where er I wander boast of this I can,
Though banish d yet a trueborn Englishman
[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *The court*

Enter the KING *with* BAGOT *and* GREEN *at one door and the* DUKE OF AUMERLE *at another*

K Rich We did observe Cousin Aumerle
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?
Aum I brought high Hereford if you call him so
But to the next highway and there I left him
K Rich And say what store of parting tears were shed?

Aum Faith, none for me, except the northeast wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces
Awaked the sleeping rheum, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear
K Rich What said our cousin when you parted with him? 10
Aum "Farewell"
And, for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so profane the word that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave
Marry would the word "farewell" have length en'd hours
And added years to his short banishment
He should have had a volume of farewells,
But since it would not, he had none of me
K Rich He is our cousin, cousin, but 'tis doubt, 20
When time shall call him from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends
Ourself and Bushy, Bagot here and Green
Observed his courtship to the common people,
How he did seem to dive into their hearts
With humble and familiar courtesy,
What reverence he did throw away on slaves,
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As twere to banish their affects with him 30
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench
A brace of draymen bid God speed him well
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With 'Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends'
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects next degree in hope
Green Well, he is gone, and with him go these thoughts
Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland,
Expedient manage must be made my liege
Ere further leisure yield them further means 40
For their advantage and your Highness' loss
K Rich We will ourself in person to this war
And for our coffers with too great a court
And liberal largess are grown somewhat light
We are inforced to farm our royal realm
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand if that come short
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters,
Whereto when they shall know what men are rich
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold
And send them after to supply our wants 51
For we will make for Ireland presently

Enter BUSHY

Bushy, what news?
Bushy Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick my lord
Suddenly taken and hath sent post haste
To entreat your Majesty to visit him
K Rich Where lies he?
Bushy At Ely House
K Rich Now put it God in the physician's mind
To help him to his grave immediately! 60
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars
Come, gentlemen let's all go visit him
Pray God we may make haste and come too late!
All Amen [*Exeunt*

ACT II

SCENE I *Ely House*

Enter JOHN OF GAUNT *sick with the* DUKE OF YORK *&c*

Gaunt Will the King come that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth?
York Vex not yourself nor strive not with your breath
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear
Gaunt O but they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain
He that no more must say is listen'd more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose 10
More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before
The setting sun and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets is sweetest last
Writ in remembrance more than things long past
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear
York No, it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds
As praises of whose taste the wise are fond
Lascivious metres to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen 20
Report of fashions in proud Italy
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after in base imitation

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity—
So it be new there s no respect how vile—
That is not quickly buzz d into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard
Where will doth mutiny with wit s regard
Direct not him whose way himself will choose
'Tis breath thou lack st and that breath wilt thou lose 30

Gaunt Methinks I am a prophet new inspired
And thus expiring do foretell of him
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last
For violent fires soon burn out themselves
Small showers last long but sudden storms are short
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder
Light vanity insatiate cormorant
Consuming means soon preys upon itself
This royal throne of kings this scepter d isle 40
This earth of majesty this seat of Mars
This other Eden demi paradise
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war
This happy breed of men this little world
This precious stone set in the silver sea
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house
Against the envy of less happier lands
This blessed plot this earth this realm this England 50
This nurse this teeming womb of royal kings
Fear d by their breed and famous by their birth
Renowned for their deeds as far from home
For Christian service and true chivalry
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world s ransom blessed Mary s Son
This land of such dear souls this dear dear land
Dear for her reputation through the world
Is now leased out I die pronouncing it
Like to a tenement or pelting farm 60
England bound in with the triumphant sea
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds
That England that was wont to conquer others
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself
Ah would the scandal vanish with my life
How happy then were my ensuing death!

Enter KING RICHARD *and* QUEEN AUMERLE, BUSHY GREEN BAGOT ROSS *and* WILLOUGHBY

York The King is come deal mildly with his youth 69
For young hot colts being raged do rage the more

Queen How fares our noble uncle Lancaster?

K Rich What comfort man? how is t with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt O how that name befits my composition!
Old Gaunt indeed and gaunt in being old
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast
And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watch d
Watching breeds leanness leanness is all gaunt
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon
Is my strict fast I mean my children s looks 80
And therein fasting hast thou made me gaunt
Gaunt am I for the grave gaunt as a grave
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones

K Rich Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt No misery makes sport to mock itself
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name great King to flatter thee

K Rich Should dying men flatter with those that live?

Gaunt No no men living flatter those that die

K Rich Thou now a-dying say st thou flatter est me 90

Gaunt O no! thou diest though I the sicker be

K Rich I am in health I breathe and see thee ill

Gaunt Now He that made me knows I see thee ill
Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill
Thy death bed is no lesser than thy land
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick
And thou too careless patient as thou art
Commit st thy anointed body to the cure
Of those physicians that first wounded thee
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown 100
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head
And yet incaged in so small a verge
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land
O had thy grandsire with a prophet s eye
Seen how his son s son should destroy his sons
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame
Deposing thee before thou wert possess d
Which art possess d now to depose thyself
Why cousin wert thou regent of the world
It were a shame to let this land by lease 110
But for thy world enjoying but this land
Is it not more than shame to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou now not king
Thy state of law is bondslave to the law
And thou—

K Rich A lunatic lean witted fool
Presuming on an ague s privilege
Darest with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek chasing the royal blood

With fury from his native residence
Now by my seat's right royal majesty 120
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head
Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders

Gaunt O, spare me not, my brother Edward s son,
For that I was his father Edward s son,
That blood already, like the pelican
Hast thou tapp d out and drunkenly caroused
My brother Gloucester, plain well meaning soul,
Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls!
May be a precedent and witness good 130
That thou respect st not spilling Edward's blood
Join with the present sickness that I have,
And thy unkindness be like crooked age
To crop at once a too long wither d flower
Live in thy shame but die not shame with thee!
These words hereafter thy tormentors be!
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave
Love they to live that love and honour have,
[*Exit, borne off by his Attendants*

K Rich And let them die that age and sullens have,
For both hast thou, and both become the grave

York I do beseech your majesty, impute his words 141
To wayward sickliness and age in him
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry Duke of Hereford, were he here

K Rich Right you say true as Hereford s love, so his,
As theirs so mine and all be as it is

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND

North My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your Majesty

K Rich What says he?

North Nay nothing, all is said
His tongue is now a stringless instrument
Words, life and all, old Lancaster hath spent 150

York Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!
Though death be poor it ends a mortal woe

K Rich The ripest fruit first falls and so doth he,
His time is spent our pilgrimage must be
So much for that Now for our Irish wars
We must supplant those rough rug headed kerns
Which live like venom where no venom else
But only they have privilege to live
And for these great affairs do ask some charge
Towards our assistance we do seize to us 160
The plate coin revenues and moveables
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess d

York How long shall I be patient? ah how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloucester s death, nor Hereford s banishment,
Not Gaunt s rebukes, nor England s private wrongs
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign s face 170
I am the last of noble Edward s sons,
Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first
In war was never lion raged more fierce
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild
Than was that young and princely gentleman
His face thou hast for even so look d he
Accomplish d with the number of thy hours,
But when he frown d it was against the French
And not against his friends, his noble hand
Did win what he did spend and spent not that 180
Which his triumphant father s hand had won,
His hands were guilty of no kindred blood
But bloody with the enemies of his kin
O Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between

K Rich Why, uncle, what s the matter?

York O my liege,
Pardon me if you please, if not I, pleased
Not to be pardon d, am content withal
Seek you to seize and gripe into your hands 189
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
Take Hereford s rights away, and take from Time
His charters and his customary rights
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day,
Be not thyself for how art thou a king
But by fair sequence and succession?
Now afore God—God forbid I say true!— 200
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford s rights
Call in the letters patents that he hath
By his attorneys-general to sue
His livery, and deny his offer d homage,
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think

K Rich Think what you will we seize into our hands
His plate his goods his money and his lands

York I ll not be by the while my liege fare well 211
What will ensue hereof there s none can tell

But by bad courses may be understood
That their events can never fall out good [*Exit*
K *Rich* Go Bushy to the Earl of Wiltshire
straight
Bid him repair to us to Ely House
To see this business To-morrow next
We will for Ireland and tis time I trow
And we create in absence of ourself
Our uncle York lord governor of England 220
For he is just and always loved us well
Come on our queen to morrow must we part
Be merry for our time of stay is short
[*Flourish Exeunt* KING QUEEN AUMERLE
BUSHY GREEN *and* BAGOT
North Well lords the Duke of Lancaster is
dead
Ross And living too for now his son is duke
Willo Barely in title not in revenues
North Richly in both if justice had her
right
Ross My heart is great but it must break with
silence
Ere t be disburden d with a liberal tongue
North Nay speak thy mind and let him ne er
speak more 230
That speaks thy words again to do thee harm!
Willo Tends that thou wouldst speak to the
Duke of Hereford?
If it be so out with it boldly man
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him
Ross No good at all that I can do for him
Unless you call it good to pity him
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony
North Now afore God tis shame such wrongs
are borne
In him, a royal prince and many moe
Of noble blood in this declining land 240
The King is not himself but basely led
By flatterers and what they will inform,
Merely in hate gainst any of us all
That will the King severely prosecute
Gainst us our lives our children, and our heirs
Ross The commons hath he pill d with grievous
taxes
And quite lost their hearts the nobles hath he
fined
For ancient quarrels and quite lost their hearts
Willo And daily new exactions are devised
As blanks benevolences and I wot not what 250
But what o God s name doth become of this?
North Wars have not wasted it for warr d he
hath not
But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his noble ancestors achieved with
blows
More hath he spent in peace than they in wars

Ross The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in
farm
Willo The King s grown bankrupt like a bro-
ken man
North Reproach and dissolution hangeth over
him
Ross He hath not money for these Irish wars
His burthenous taxations notwithstanding 260
But by the robbing of the banish d Duke
North His noble kinsman most degenerate
king!
But lords we hear this fearful tempest sing
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails
And yet we strike not but securely perish
Ross We see the very wreck that we must
suffer
And unavoided is the danger now
For suffering so the causes of our wreck
North Not so even through the hollow eyes of
death 270
I spy life peering but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is
Willo Nay let us share thy thoughts as thou
dost ours
Ross B confident to speak Northumberland
We three are but thyself and speaking so
Thy words are but as thoughts therefore be
bold
North Then thus I have from Port le Blanc, a
bay
In Brittany received intelligence
That Harry Duke of Hereford Rainold Lord
Cobham
280
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter
His brother Archbishop late of Canterbury
Sir Thomas Erpingham Sir John Ramston
Sir John Norbery Sir Robert Waterton and
Francis Quoint
All these well furnish d by the Duke of Bretagne
With eight tall ships three thousand men of war
Are making hither with all due expedience
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore
Perhaps they had ere this but that they stay
The first departing of the King for Ireland 290
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke
Imp out our drooping country s broken wing
Redeem from broking pawn the blemish d crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre s gilt
And make high majesty look like itself
Away with me in post to Ravenspurgh
But if you faint as fearing to do so
Stay and be secret and myself will go
Ross To horse to horse! urge doubts to them
that fear

Willo Hold out my horse, and I will first be there [*Exeunt* 300

SCENE II *Windsor Castle*

Enter QUEEN, BUSHY, *and* BAGOT

B I v–Madam, your majesty is too much sad
parted with the King,
heaviness
isposition
ng I did, to please my-

no cause
ich a guest as grief
o sweet a guest
t again methinks
in fortune s womb,
d my inward soul 11
it some thing it grieves,
om my lord the king
of a grief hath twenty

tself but is not so
with blinding tears,
to many objects,
rightly gazed upon
ion eyed awry
ir sweet Majesty, 20
r lord s departure,
re than himself to wail,
is nought but shadows
Of what it is not thrice-gracious Queen,
More than your lord s departure weep not more s not seen
Or if it be 'tis with false sorrow s eye,
Which for things true weeps things imaginary

Queen It may be so but yet my inward soul
Persuades me it is otherwise howe er it be,
I cannot but be sad so heavy sad 30
As though on thinking on no thought I think
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink

Bushy 'Tis nothing but conceit my gracious lady

Queen Tis nothing less conceit is still derived
From some forefather grief mine is not so
For nothing hath begot my something grief
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve
'Tis in reversion that I do possess
But what it is that is not yet known what
I cannot name, tis nameless woe I wot 40

Enter GREEN

Green God save your Majesty! and well met gentlemen
I hope the King is not yet shipp d for Ireland

Queen Why hopest thou so? tis better hope he is,
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipp d?

Green That he, our hope, might have retired his power,
And driven into despair an enemy s hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land
The banish d Bolingbroke repeals himself
And with uplifted arms is safe arrived 50
At Ravenspurgh

Queen Now God in heaven forbid!

Green Ah, madam, tis too true and that is worse,
The Lord Northumberland, his son young Henry Percy,
The Lords of Ross Beaumond and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends are fled to him

Bushy Why have you not proclaim d Northumberland
And all the rest revolted faction traitors?

Green We have whereupon the Earl of Worcester
Hath broke his staff resign'd his stewardship
And all the household servants fled with him 60
To Bolingbroke

Queen So Green thou art the midwife to my woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow s dismal heir
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy,
And I a gasping new-deliver d mother
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join d

Bushy Despair not madam

Queen Who shall hinder me?
I will despair and be at enmity
With cozening hope he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper back of death 70
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity

Enter YORK

Green Here comes the Duke of York

Queen With signs of war about his aged neck
O full of careful business are his looks!
Uncle, for God s sake speak comfortable words

York Should I do so I should belie my thoughts
Comfort s in heaven and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses cares and grief
Your husband he is gone to save far off 80
Whilst others come to make him lose at home
Here am I left to underprop his land
Who weak with age, cannot support myself
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made
Now shall he try his friends tha flatter d him

Enter a SERVANT

Serv My lord you son was gone before I

York He was? Why so! go all which way it will!
The nobles they are fled the commons they are cold
And will I fear revolt on Hereford s side
Sirrah get thee to Plashy to my sister Glou cester 90
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound
Hold take my ring
Serv My lord, I had forgot to tell your lord ship
To-day as I came by I called there
But I shall grieve you to report the rest
York What is t knave?
Serv An hour before I came the Duchess died
York God for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!
I know not what to do I would to God 100
So my untruth had not provoked him to it,
The King had cut off my head with my brother s
What are there no posts dispatch d for Ireland?
How shall we do for money for these wars?
Come sister—cousin I would say—pray par don me
Go fellow get thee home provide some carts
And bring away the armour that is there
[*Exit Servant*
Gentlemen, will you go muster men?
If I know how or which way to order these affairs
Thus thrust disorderly into my hands 110
Never believe me Both are my kinsmen
The one is my sovereign whom both my oath
And duty bids defend the other again
Is my kinsman whom the King hath wrong d
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right
Well somewhat we must do Come, cousin I ll
Dispose of you
Gentlemen go muster up your men
And meet me presently at Berkeley
I should to Plashy too 120
But time will not permit all is uneven
And every thing is left at six and seven
[*Exeunt* YORK *and* QUEEN
Bushy The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland
But none returns For us to levy power
Proportionable to the enemy
Is all unpossible
Green Besides our nearness to the King in love
Is near the hate of those love not the King
Bagot And that s the wavering commons for their love
Lies in their purses and whoso empties them 130
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate
Bushy Wherein the King stands generally con demn d
Bagot If judgement lie in them then so do we,
Because we ever have been near the King
Green Well I will for refuge straight to Bristol castle
The Earl of Wiltshire is already there
Bushy Thither will I with you for little office
The hateful commons will perform for us
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces
Will you go along with us? 140
Bagot No I will to Ireland to his Majesty
Farewell if heart s presages be not vain,
We three here part that ne er shall meet again
Bushy That s as York thrives to beat back Bol ingbroke
Green Alas poor duke! the task he undertakes
Is numbering sands and drinking oceans dry
Where one on his side fights thousands will fly
Farewell at once for once for all and ever
Bushy Well we may meet again
Bagot I fear me never
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III *Wilds in Gloucestershire*

Enter BOLINGBROKE *and* NORTHUMBERLAND *with Forces*

Boling How far is it my lord, to Berkeley now?
North Believe me noble lord
I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire
These high wild hills and rough uneven ways
Draws out our miles and makes them weari some
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar
Making the hard way sweet and delectable
But I bethink me what a weary way
From Ravenspurgh to Cotswold will be found
In Ross and Willoughby wanting your company
Which I protest hath very much beguiled 11
The tediousness and process of my travel
But theirs is sweetened with the hope to have
The present benefit which I possess
And hope to joy is little less in joy
Than hope enjoy d by this the weary lords
Shall make their way seem short as mine hath done
By sight of what I have your noble company
Boling Of much less value is my company
Than your good words But who comes here?

Enter HENRY PERCY

North It is my son young Harry Percy 21
Sent from my brother Worcester whencesoever
Harry how fares your uncle?
Percy I had thought my lord to have learn d his health of you
North Why is he not with the Queen?

Percy No, my good Lord, he hath forsook the court
Broken his staff of office and dispersed
The household of the King
North What was his reason?
He was not so resolved when last we spake together
Percy Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor 30
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh
To offer service to the Duke of Hereford
And sent me over by Berkeley, to discover
What power the Duke of York had levied there
Then with directions to repair to Ravenspurgh
North Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford boy?
Percy No my good lord for that is not forgot
Which ne er I did remember to my knowledge
I never in my life did look on him
North Then learn to know him now, this is the Duke 40
Percy My gracious lord, I tender you my service
Such as it is being tender, raw and young,
Which elder days shall ripen and confirm
To more approved service and desert
Boling I thank thee gentle Percy, and be sure
I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul remembering my good friends
And as my fortune ripens with thy love
It shall be still thy true love's recompense
My heart this covenant makes my hand thus seals it 50
North How far is it to Berkeley? and what stir
Keeps good old York there with his men of war?
Percy There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,
Mann d with three hundred men as I have heard
And in it are the Lords of York, Berkeley and Seymour,
None else of name and noble estimate

Enter ROSS *and* WILLOUGHBY

North Here come the Lords of Ross and Willoughby
Bloody with spurring fiery red with haste
Boling Welcome my lords I wot your love pursues
A banish d traitor all my treasury 60
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which more enrich d
Shall be your love and labour s recompense
Ross Your presence makes us rich most noble lord
Willo And far surmounts our labour to attain it
Boling Evermore thanks the exchequer of the poor
Which till my infant fortune comes to years
Stands for my bounty But who comes here?

Enter BERKELEY

North It is my Lord of Berkeley as I guess
Berk My Lord of Hereford, my message is to you 69
Boling My lord my answer is—to Lancaster,
And I am come to seek that name in England,
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say
Berk Mistake me not my lord 'tis not my meaning
To raze one title of your honour out
To you, my lord I come what lord you will,
From the most gracious regent of this land
The Duke of York, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time
And fright our native peace with self born arms

Enter YORK *attended*

Boling I shall not need transport my words by you, 81
Here comes his Grace in person
My noble uncle! [*Kneels*
York Show me thy humble heart and not thy knee
Whose duty is deceivable and false
Boling My gracious uncle—
York Tut tut!
Grace me no grace nor uncle me no uncle
I am no traitor s uncle, and that word grace'
In an ungracious mouth is but profane
Why have those banish d and forbidden legs 90
Dared once to touch a dust of England s ground?
But then more why?' Why have they dared to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom
Frighting her pale faced villages with war
And ostentation of despised arms?
Comest thou because the anointed King is hence?
Why, foolish boy the King is left behind
And in my loyal bosom lies his power
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth
As when brave Gaunt thy father and myself 100
Rescued the Black Prince that young Mars of men
From forth the ranks of many thousand French
O then how quickly should this arm of mine
Now prisoner to the palsy chastise thee
And minister correction to thy fault!
Boling My gracious uncle let me know my fault
On what condition stands it and wherein
York Even in condition of the worst degree
In gross rebellion and detested treason

Thou art a banish d man and here art come 110
Before the expiration of thy time
In braving arms against thy sovereign
Boling As I was banish d I was banish d Here ford
But as I come I come for Lancaster
And noble uncle I beseech your Grace
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye
You are my father for methinks in you
I see old Gaunt alive O then my father
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn d
A wandering vagabond my rights and royalties
Pluck d from my arms perforce and given away
To upstart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin king be King of England
It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster
You have a son Aumerle my noble cousin
Had you first died and he been thus trod down
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father
To rouse his wrongs and chase them to the bay
I am denied to sue my livery here
And yet my letters patents give me leave 130
My father s goods are all distrain d and sold
And these and all are all amiss employ d
What would you have me do? I am a subject
And I challenge law attorneys are denied me
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent
North The noble Duke hath been too much abused
Ross It stands your Grace upon to do him right
Willo Base men by his endowments are made great
York My lords of England let me tell you this
I have had feeling of my cousin s wrongs 141
And labour d all I could to do him right
But in this kind to come in braving arms
Be his own carver and cut out his way
To find out right with wrong it may not be
And you that do abet him in this kind
Cherish rebellion and are rebels all
North The noble Duke hath sworn his coming is
But for his own and for the right of that
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid 150
And let him ne er see joy that breaks that oath!
York Well well I see the issue of these arms
I cannot mend it I must needs confess
Because my power is weak and all ill left
But if I could by Him that gave me life
I would attach you all and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the King
But since I cannot be it known to you
I do remain as neuter So fare you well
Unless you please to enter in the castle 160
And there repose you for this night
Boling An offer uncle that we will accept
But we must win your Grace to go with us
To Bristol castle which they say is held
By Bushy Bagot and their complices
The caterpillars of the commonwealth
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away
York It may be I will go with you but yet I ll pause
For I am loath to break our country s laws
Nor friends nor foes to me welcome you are 170
Things past redress are now with me past care
[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *A camp in Wales*

Enter SALISBURY *and a* WELSH CAPTAIN

Cap My Lord of Salisbury we have stay d ten days
And hardly kept our countrymen together
And yet we hear no tidings from the King
Therefore we will disperse ourselves farewell
Sal Stay yet another day thou trusty Welshman
The King reposeth all his confidence in thee
Cap Tis thought the King is dead we will not stay
The bay trees in our country are all wither d
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven
The pale faced moon looks bloody on the earth 10
And lean look d prophets whisper fearful change
Rich men look sad and ruffians dance and leap
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy
The other to enjoy by rage and war
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings
Farewell our countrymen are gone and fled
As well assured Richard their king is dead
[*Exit*
Sal Ah Richard with the eyes of heavy mind
I see thy glory like a shooting star
Fall to the base earth from the firmament 20
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west
Witnessing storms to come woe and unrest
Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes [*Exit*

ACT III

SCENE I *Bristol Before the castle*

Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK NORTHUMBERLAND ROSS PERCY WILLOUGHBY *with* BUSHY *and* GREEN *prisoners*

Boling Bring forth these men
Bushy and Green I will not vex your souls—
Since presently your souls must part your bodies—
With too much urging your pernicious lives

For 'twere no charity, yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men
I will unfold some causes of your deaths
You have misled a prince a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied and disfigured clean *10*
You have in manner with your sinful hours
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him,
Broke the possession of a royal bed
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul
  wrongs
Myself, a prince by fortune of my birth,
Near to the King in blood and near in love
Till you did make him misinterpret me,
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment, *21*
Whilst you have fed upon my signories
Dispark'd my parks and fell'd my forest woods,
From my own windows torn my household
  coat
Razed out my imprese leaving me no sign,
Save men's opinions and my living blood,
To show the world I am a gentleman
This and much more, much more than twice all
  this,
Condemns you to the death See them deliver'd
  over
To execution and the hand of death *30*

Bushy More welcome is the stroke of death to
  me
Than Bolingbroke to England Lords, farewell

Green My comfort is that heaven will take our
  souls
And plague injustice with the pains of hell

Boling My Lord Northumberland see them
  dispatch'd

[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND *and others with the prisoners*

Uncle you say the Queen is at your house
For God's sake fairly let her be entreated
Tell her I send to her my kind commends,
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd

York A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large *41*

Boling Thanks, gentle uncle Come, lords
  away
To fight with Glendower and his complices
Awhile to work and after holiday [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *The coast of Wales a castle in view*

Drums flourish and colours Enter KING RICHARD, *the* BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE *and Soldiers*

K Rich Barkloughly castle call they this at
  hand?

Aum Yea, my lord How brooks your Grace
  the air,
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

K Rich Needs must I like it well I weep for
  joy
To stand upon my kingdom once again
Dear earth I do salute thee with my hand
Though rebels wound thee with their horses'
  hoofs
As a long parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting
So weeping smiling greet I thee my earth *10*
And do thee favours with my royal hands
Feed not thy sovereign's foe my gentle earth
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense,
But let thy spiders that suck up thy venom
And heavy gaited toads lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
Which with usurping steps do trample thee
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it I pray thee with a lurking adder *20*
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies
Mock not my senseless conjuration lords
This earth shall have a feeling and these stones
Prove armed soldiers ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms

Car Fear not my lord that Power that made
  you king
Hath power to keep you king in spite of all
The means that heaven yields must be embraced
And not neglected else if heaven would *30*
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse
The proffer'd means of succour and redress

Aum He means my lord that we are too
  remiss
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security
Grows strong and great in substance and in
  power

K Rich Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou
  not
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe that lights the lower world
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen
In murders and in outrage boldly here *40*
But when from under this terrestrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders treasons and detested sins
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their
  backs
Stand bare and naked trembling at themselves
So when this thief this traitor Bolingbroke,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night
Whilst we were wandering with the antipodes,

Shall see us rising in our throne the east 50
His treasons will sit blushing in his face
Not able to endure the sight of day
But self affrighted tremble at his sin
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm off from an anointed king
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press d
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay 60
A glorious angel then if angels fight
Weak men must fall for heaven still guards the right

Enter SALISBURY

Welcome my lord how far off lies your power?
Sal Nor near nor farther off my gracious lord
Than this weak arm discomfort guides my tongue
And bids me speak of nothing but despair
One day too late I fear me noble lord
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth
O call back yesterday bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men! 70
To-day to-day unhappy day too late
O erthrows thy joys friends fortune and thy state
For all the Welshmen hearing thou wert dead
Are gone to Bolingbroke dispersed and fled
Aum Comfort my liege why looks your grace so pale?
K Rich But now the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face and they are fled
And till so much blood thither come again
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?
All souls that will be safe fly from my side 80
For time hath set a blot upon my pride
Aum Comfort my liege remember who you are
K Rich I had forgot myself am I not king?
Awake thou coward majesty! thou sleepest
Is not the King s name twenty thousand names?
Arm arm my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory Look not to the ground
Ye favourites of a king are we not high?
High be our thoughts I know my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn But who comes here? 90

Enter SCROOP

Scroop More health and happiness betide my liege
Than can my care tuned tongue deliver him!
K Rich Mine ear is open and my heart prepared
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold
Say is my kingdom lost? why twas my care
And what loss is it to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be if he serve God
We ll serve Him too and be his fellow so
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend 100
They break their faith to God as well as us
Cry woe destruction ruin and decay
The worst is death and death will have his day
Scroop Glad am I that your Highness is so arm d
To bear the tidings of calamity
Like an unseasonable stormy day
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores
As if the world were all dissolved to tears
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke covering your fearful land 110
With hard bright steel and hearts harder than steel
White beards have arm d their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy Majesty boys with women s voices
Strive to speak big and clap their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double fatal yew against thy state
Yea distaff women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat both young and old rebel
And all goes worse than I have power to tell 120
K Rich Too well too well thou tell st a tale so ill
Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail their heads shall pay for it
I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke
Scroop Peace have they made with him indeed my lord
K Rich O villains vipers damn d without redemption!
Dogs easily won to fawn on any man! 130
Snakes in my heart blood warm d that sting my heart!
Three Judases each one thrice worse than Judas!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!
Scroop Sweet love I see changing his property
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate
Again uncurse their souls their peace is made

With heads, and not with hands those whom you curse
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound
And lie full low, graved in the hollow ground

Aum Is Bushy, Green, and the Earl of Wiltshire dead? *141*

Scroop Ay, all of them at Bristol lost their heads

Aum Where is the Duke my father with his power?

K Rich No matter where of comfort no man speak
Let's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs
Make dust our paper and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth
Let's choose executors and talk of wills
And yet no so, for what can we bequeath
Save our deposed bodies to the ground? *150*
Our lands our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death
And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings
How some have been deposed some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed,
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd
All murder'd for within the hollow crown *160*
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize be fear'd and kill with looks
Infusing him with self and vain conceit
As if this flesh which walls about our life
Were brass impregnable and humour'd thus
Comes at the last and with a little pin *169*
Bores through his castle wall and farewell king!
Cover your heads and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence throw away respect
Tradition form and ceremonious duty
For you have but mistook me all this while
I live with bread like you, feel want
Taste grief need friends subjected thus
How can you say to me I am a king?

Car My lord wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes,
But presently prevent the ways to wail *179*
To fear the foe since fear oppresseth strength
Gives in your weakness strength unto your foe
And so your follies fight against yourself
Fear and be slain no worse can come to fight
And fight and die is death destroying death
Where fearing dying pays death servile breath

Aum My father hath a power, inquire of him,
And learn to make a body of a limb

K Rich Thou chidest me well proud Bolingbroke I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom
This ague fit of fear is over blown *190*
An easy task it is to win our own
Say, Scroop where lies our uncle with his power?
Speak sweetly, man although thy looks be sour

Scroop Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say
I play the torturer by small and small
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken
Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke, *200*
And all your northern castles yielded up
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party

K Rich Thou hast said enough
Beshrew thee, cousin which didst lead me forth
To AUMERLE
Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
What say you now? what comfort have we now?
By heaven I'll hate him everlastingly
That bids me be of comfort any more
Go to Flint castle there I'll pine away
A king woe's slave shall kingly woe obey *210*
That power I have discharge and let them go
To ear the land that hath some hope to grow
For I have none let no man speak again
To alter this for counsel is but vain

Aum My liege, one word

K Rich He does me double wrong
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue
Discharge my followers let them hence away
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III *Wales before Flint castle*

Enter, with drum and colours BOLINGBROKE YORK NORTHUMBERLAND *Attendants and forces*

Boling So that by this intelligence we learn
The Welshmen are dispersed and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the King who lately landed
With some few private friends upon this coast

North The news is very fair and good, my lord
Richard not far from hence hath hid his head

York It would beseem the Lord Northumberland
To say King Richard alack the heavy day
When such a sacred king should hide his head

North Your Grace mistakes only to be brief
Left I his title o..

York The time hath been, 11
Would you have been so brief with him he would
Have been so brief with you to shorten you
For taking so the head your whole head s length
Boling Mistake not uncle further than you should
York Take not good cousin further than you should
Lest you mistake the heavens are o er our heads
Boling I know it uncle and oppose not myself
Against their will But who comes here? 19

Enter PERCY

Welcome Harry what will not this castle yield?
Percy The castle royally is mann d my lord
Against thy entrance
Boling Royally!
Why it contains no king?
Percy Yes my good lord
It doth contain a king King Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stone
And with him are the Lord Aumerle Lord Salisbury
Sir Stephen Scroop besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence who I cannot learn
North O belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle
Boling Noble lords
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle 31
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parley
Into his ruin d ears and thus deliver
Henry Bolingbroke
On both his knees doth kiss King Richard s hand
And sends allegiance and true faith of heart
To his most royal person, hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power
Provided that my banishment repeal d
And lands restored again be freely granted 40
If not I ll use the advantage of my power
And lay the summer s dust with showers of blood
Rain d from the wounds of slaughter d English men
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair King Richard s land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall show
Go s gn fy as much, while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain
Let s march without the noise of threatening drum 50
That from this castle s tatter d battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perused
Methinks King Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water when their thundering shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven
Be he the fire I ll be the yielding water
The rage be his whilst on the earth I rain
My waters on the earth and not on him 60
March on, and mark King Richard how he looks

Parle without and answer within Then a flourish
Enter on the walls KING RICHARD *the* BISHOP OF CARLISLE AUMERLE SCROOP *and* SALISBURY

See see King Richard doth himself appear
As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident
York Yet looks he like a king behold his eye
As bright as is the eagle s lightens forth
Controlling majesty alack alack for woe 70
That any harm should stain so fair a show!
K Rich We are amazed and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee
To NORTHUMBERLAND
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king
And if we be how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not show us the hand of God
That hath dismiss d us from our stewardship
For well we know no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre 80
Unless he do profane steal or usurp
And thou h you think that all as you have done,
Have torn their souls by turning them from us
And we are barren and bereft of friends
Yet know my master God omnipotent
Is mustering in his clouds on our behalf
Armies of pestilence and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn and unbegot
That lift your vassal hands against my head
And threat the glory of my precious crown 90
Tell Bolingbroke—for yond methinks he stands—
That every stride he makes upon my land
Is dangerous treason he is come to open
The purple testament of bleeding war
But ere the crown he looks for li e in peace
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers sons
Shall ill become the flower of England s face
Change the complexion of her maid p le peace
To scarlet indignation and bedew
Her pastures grass with faithful English blood
North The King of heaven forbid our lord the king 101
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush d upon! Thy thrice noble cousin
Harry Bol ngbroke doth humbly kiss thy hand
And by the honourable tomb he swears

That stands upon your royal grandsire s bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods
Currents that spring from one most gracious head,
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
And by the worth and honour of himself, 110
Comprising all that may be sworn or said
His coming hither hath no further scope
Than for his lineal royalties and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables and his heart
To faithful service of your Majesty
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just,
And as I am a gentleman I credit him 120

K Rich Northumberland, say thus the King returns
His noble cousin is right welcome hither
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish d without contradiction
With all the gracious utterance thou hast
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends
We do debase ourselves, cousin, do we not,
To AUMERLE
To look so poorly and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland and send
Defiance to the traitor and so die? 130

Aum No, good my lord, let s fight with gentle words
Till time lend friends and friends their helpful swords

K Rich O God O God! that e er this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yon proud man should take it off again
With words of sooth! O that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell st thou proud heart? I ll give thee scope to beat 140
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me

Aum Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke

K Rich What must the King do now? must he submit?
The King shall do it must he be deposed?
The King shall be contented must he lose
The name of king? o God s name, let it go
I ll give my jewels for a set of beads
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage
My gay apparel for an almsman s gown
My figured goblets for a dish of wood 150
My sceptre for a palmer s walking staff
My subjects for a pair of carved saints
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave an obscure grave,
Or I ll be buried in the King's highway,
Some way of common trade where subjects feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign s head,
For on my heart they tread now whilst I live
And buried once why not upon my head?
Aumerle, thou weep st my tender hearted cousin!
We ll make foul weather with despised tears, 161
Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn
And make a dearth in this revolting land
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus to drop them still upon one place
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth and therein laid—there lies
Two kinsmen digg d their graves with weeping eyes
Would not this ill do well? Well well I see 170
I talk but idly and you laugh at me
Most mighty prince my Lord Northumberland,
What says King Bolingbroke? will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg and Bolingbroke says ay

North My lord in the base court he doth attend
To speak with you may it please you to come down

K Rich Down down I come like glist ring Phaethon
Wanting the manage of unruly jades
In the base court? Base court where kings grow base, 180
To come at traitors calls and do them grace
In the base court? Come down? Down court! down king!
For night-owls shriek where mounting larks should sing [*Exeunt from above*

Boling What says his majesty?

North Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly like a frantic man
Yet he is come

Enter KING RICHARD *and his attendants below*

Boling Stand all apart
And show fair duty to his majesty
He kneels down
My gracious lord—

K Rich Fair cousin you debase your princely knee 190
To make the base earth proud with kissing it
Me rather had my heart might feel your love
Than my unpleased eye see your courtesy
Up cousin, up your heart is up I know
Thus high at least although your knee be low

Boling My gracious lord I come but for mine own

K Rich Your own is yours and I am yours and all

Boling So far be mine my most redoubted lord
As my true service shall deserve your love

K Rich Well you deserve they well deserve to have 200
That know the strong st and surest way to get
Uncle give me your hands nay dry your eyes
Tears show their love but want their remedies
Cousin I am too young to be your father
Though you are old enough to be my heir
What you will have I ll give and willing too
For do we must what force will have us do
Set on towards London, cousin is it so?

Boling Yea my good lord

K Rich Then I must not say no

[*Flourish Exeunt*

SCENE IV *Langley the* DUKE OF YORK S *garden*

Enter the QUEEN *and* TWO LADIES

Queen What sport shall we devise here in this garden
To drive away the heavy thought of care?

Lady Madam we ll play at bowls

Queen Twill make me think the world is full of rubs
And that my fortune runs against the bias

Lady Madam we ll dance

Queen My legs can keep no measure in delight
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief
Therefore, no dancing girl some other sport

Lady Madam we ll tell tales 10

Queen Of sorrow or of joy?

Lady Of either madam

Queen Of neither girl
For if of joy being altogether wanting
It doth remember me the more of sorrow
Or if of grief being altogether had
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy
For what I have I need not to repeat
And what I want it boots not to complain

Lady Madam I ll sing

Queen 'Tis well that thou has cause
But thou shouldst please me better wouldst thou weep 20

Lady I could weep madam would it do you good

Queen And I could sing would weeping do me good
And never borrow any tear of thee

Enter a GARDENER *and two* SERVANTS

But stay here come the gardeners
Let s step into the shadow of these trees
My wretchedness unto a row of pins
They ll talk of state for every one doth so
Against a change woe is forerun with woe

[QUEEN *and* LADIES *retire*

Gard Go bind thou up yon dangling apricocks
Which like unruly children make their sire 30
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight
Give some supportance to the bending twigs
Go thou and like an executioner
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays
That look too lofty in our commonwealth
All must be even in our government
You thus employ d I will go root away
The noisome weeds which without profit suck
The soil s fertility from wholesome flowers

Serv Why should we in the compass of a pale
Keep law and form and due proportion 41
Showing as in a model our firm estate,
When our sea walled garden, the whole land
Is full of weeds her fairest flowers choked up
Her fruit trees all unpruned her hedges ruin d
Her knots disorder d and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard Hold thy peace
He that hath suffer d this disorder d spring
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf
The weeds which his broad spreading leaves did shelter 50
That seem d in eating him to hold him up
Are pluck d up root and all by Bolingbroke
I mean the Earl of Wiltshire Bushy Green

Serv What are they dead?

Gard They are and Bolingbroke
Hath seized the wasteful king O what pity is it
That he had not so trimm d and dress d his land
As we this garden! We at time of year
Do wound the bark the skin of our fruit trees
Lest being over proud in sap and blood
With too much riches it confound itself 60
Had he done so to great and growing men
They might have lived to bear and he to taste
Their fruits of duty superfluous branches
We lop away that bearing boughs may live
Had he done so himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down

Serv What think you then the king shall be deposed?

Gard Depress d he is already and deposed
'Tis doubt he will be letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good Duke of York s 70
That tell black tidings

Queen O, I am press'd to death through want of speaking! [*Coming forward*]
Thou old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,
How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this unpleasing news?
What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man?
Why dost thou say King Richard is deposed?
Darest thou thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how,
Camest thou by this ill tidings? speak, thou wretch 80

Gard Pardon me, madam little joy have I
To breathe this news, yet what I say is true
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke their fortunes both are weigh'd
In your lord s scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light,
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs King Richard down
Post you to London and you will find it so 90
I speak no more than every one doth know

Queen Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O, thou think st
To serve me last that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast Come ladies, go,
To meet at London London s king in woe
What, was I born to this, that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?
Gardener, for telling me these news of woe 100
Pray God the plants thou graft st may never grow

[*Exeunt* QUEEN *and* LADIES

Gard Poor queen! so that thy state might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse
Here did she fall a tear here in this place
I ll set a bank of rue sour herb of grace
Rue, even for ruth here shortly shall be seen
In the remembrance of a weeping queen [*Exeunt*

ACT IV

SCENE I *Westminster Hall*

Enter, as to the Parliament, BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY FITZWATER SURREY, *the* BISHOP OF CARLISLE, *the* ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER *and another* LORD, *Herald, Officers and* BAGOT

Boling Call forth Bagot
Now Bagot freely speak thy mind,
What thou dost know of noble Gloucester's death
Who wrought it with the King and who perform d
The bloody office of his timeless end

Bagot Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle

Boling Cousin, stand forth and look upon that man

Bagot My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver d
In that dead time when Gloucester s death was plotted, 10
I heard you say "Is not my arm of length
That reacheth from the restful English court
As far as Calais to mine uncle s head?
Amongst much other talk that very time,
I heard you say that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns
Than Bolingbroke s return to England
Adding withal how blest this land would be
In this your cousin s death

Aum Princes and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man? 20
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must or have mine honour soil d
With the attainder of his slanderous lips
There is my gage the manual seal of death
That marks thee out for hell I say, thou liest,
And will maintain what thou hast said is false
In thy heart blood though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword

Boling Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it up 30

Aum Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence that hath moved me so

Fitz If that thy valour stand on sympathy,
There is my gage Aumerle, in gage to thine
By that fair sun which shows me where thou stand st,
I heard thee say and vauntingly thou spakest it
That thou wert cause of noble Gloucester s death
If thou deny st it twenty times thou liest
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart
Where it was forged with my rapier s point 40

Aum Thou darest not coward live to see that day

Fitz Now by my soul I would it were this hour

Aum Fitzwater thou art damn d to hell for this

Percy Aumerle thou liest his honour is as true
In this appeal as thou art all unjust
And that thou art so there I throw my gage

To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal bieathing seize it if thou darest
Aum An if I do not may my hands rot off
And never brandish more revengeful steel 50
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!
Another Lord I task the earth to the like for sworn Aumerle
And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be hollod in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun there is my honour s pawn
Engage it to the trial if thou darest
Aum Who sets me else? by heaven I ll throw at all
I have a thousand spirits in one breast
To answer twenty thousand such as you
Surrey My Lord Fitzwater I do remember well 60
The very time Aumerle and you did talk
Fitz Tis very true you were in presence then
And you can witness with me this is true
Surrey As false by heaven as heaven itself is true
Fitz Surrey thou liest
Surrey Dishonourable boy!
That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword
That it shall render vengeance and revenge
Till thou the lie giver and that lie do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father s skull
In proof whereof there is my honour s pawn 70
Engage it to the trial if thou darest
Fitz How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!
If I dare eat or drink or breathe or live
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness
And spit upon him whilst I say he lies
And lies and lies there is my bond of faith
To tie thee to my strong correction
As I intend to thrive in this new world
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal
Besides I heard the banish d Norfolk say 80
That thou Aumerle didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais
Aum Some honest Christian trust me with a gage
That Norfolk lies here do I throw down this
If he may be repeal d to try his honour
Boling These differences shall all rest under gage
Till Norfolk be repeal d repeal d he shall be
And though mine enemy restored again
To all his lands and signories when he s re turn d
Again t Aumerle we will enforce h s trial 90
Car That honourable day shall never be seen
Many a time hath banish d Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross
Against black pagans Turks and Saracens
And toil d with works of war retired himself
To Italy and there at Venice gave
His body to that pleasant country s earth
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ
Under whose colours he had fought so long 100
Boling Why bishop is Norfolk dead?
Car As surely as I live my lord
Boling Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
Of good old Abraham! Lords appellants
Your differences shall all rest under gage
Till we assign you to your days of trial

Enter YORK *attended*

York Great Duke of Lancaster I come to thee
From plume pluck d Richard who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand 110
Ascend his throne descending now from him
And long live Henry fourth of that name!
Boling In God s name I ll ascend the regal throne
Car Marry God forbid!
Worst in this royal presence may I speak
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth
Would God that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard! then true noblesse would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong 120
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here that is not Richard s subject?
Thieves are not judged but they are by to hear
Although apparent guilt be seen in them
And shall the figure of God s majesty
His captain steward deputy-elect
Anointed crowned planted many years
Be judged by subject and inferior breath
And he himself not present? O forfend it God
That in a Christian climate souls refined 130
Should show so heinous black obscene a deed
I speak to subjects and a subject speaks
Stirr d up by God thus boldly for his king
My Lord of Hereford here whom you call king
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford s king
And if you crown him let me prophesy
The blood of English shall manure the ground
And future ages groan for this foul act
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars 140
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound
Disorder horror fear and mutiny
Shall here inhabit and this land be call d
The field of Golgotha and dead men s skulls

O, if you raise this house against this house,
It will the woefullest division prove
That ever fell upon this cursed earth
Prevent it, resist it let it not be so,
Lest child child's children, cry against you
"woe!

North Well have you argued sir, and, for your
pains, *150*
Of capital treason we arrest you here
My Lord of Westminster be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial
May it please you, lords, to grant the commons
suit

Boling Fetch hither Richard that in common
view
He may surrender, so we shall proceed
Without suspicion

York I will be his conduct [*Exit*

Boling Lords, you that here are under our
arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer
Little are we beholding to your love *160*
And little look'd for at your helping hands

Re-enter YORK, *with* RICHARD, *and Officers bearing the regalia*

K Rich Alack why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter bow, and bend my limbs
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
To this submission Yet I well remember
The favours of these men were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry "all hail! to me?
So Judas did to Christ but he in twelve *170*
Found truth in all but one, I, in twelve thousand,
none
God save the King! Will no man say amen?
Am I both priest and clerk? well then amen
God save the King! although I be not he
And yet, amen if heaven do think him me
To do what service am I sent for hither?

York To do that office of thine own good
will
Which tired majesty did make thee offer
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke *180*

K Rich Give me the crown Here cousin
seize the crown,
Here cousin,
On this side my hand and on that side yours
Now is this golden crown like a deep well
That owes two buckets filling one another
The emptier ever dancing in the air
The other down unseen and full of water
That bucket down and full of tears am I
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on
high

Boling I thought you had been willing to resign

K Rich My crown I am but still my griefs are
mine *191*
You may my glories and my state depose
But not my griefs, still am I king of those

Boling Part of your cares you give me with
your crown

K Rich Your cares set up do not pluck my
cares down
My care is loss of care by old care done
Your care is gain of care by new care won
The cares I give I have though given away
They tend the crown yet still with me they stay

Boling Are you contented to resign the
crown? *200*

K Rich Ay, no no ay, for I must nothing be,
Therefore no no for I resign to thee
Now mark me, how I will undo myself
I give this heavy weight from off my head
And this unwieldly sceptre from my hand
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duty's rites
All pomp and majesty I do forswear, *211*
My manors rents revenues I forego
My acts, decrees and statutes I deny
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke that swear to thee!
Make me, that nothing have with nothing
grieved
And thou with all pleased that hast all achieved!
Long mayst thou live in Richard s seat to sit
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!
God save King Harry unking'd Richard says
And send him many years of sunshine days! *221*
What more remains?

North No more but that you read
These accusations and these grievous crimes
Committed by your person and your followers
Against the state and profit of this land
That by confessing them the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily deposed

K Rich Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weaved up folly? Gentle Northumberland
If thy offences were upon record *230*
Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop
To read a lecture of them If thou would'st
There should'st thou find one heinous article
Containing the deposing of a king
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath
Mark'd with a blot damn'd in the book of
heaven

Nay all of you that stand and look upon
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself
Though some of you with Pilate wash your
hands
Showing an outward pity yet you Pilates 40
Have here deliver d me to my sour cross
And water cannot wash away your sin

North My lord dispatch read o er these
articles

K Rich Mine eyes are full of tears I cannot
see
And yet salt water blinds them not so much
But they can see a sort of traitors here
Nay if I turn mine eyes upon myself
I find myself a traitor with the rest
For I have given here my soul s consent
To undeck the pompous body of a king 250
Made glory base and sovereignty a slave
Proud majesty a subject state a peasant

North My lord—

K Rich No lord of thine thou haught insulting
man
Nor no man s lord I have no name no title
No not that name was given me at the font
But tis usurp d alack the heavy day
That I have worn so many winters out
And know not now what name to call myself!
O that I were a mockery king of snow 260
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke
To melt myself away in water-drops!
Good king great king and yet not greatly good
An if my word be sterling yet in England
Let it command a mirror hither straight
That it may show me what a face I have
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty

Boling Go some of you and fetch a looking
glass *[Exit an attendant*

North Read o er this paper while the glass doth
come

K Rich Fiend thou torment st me ere I come
to hell! 270

Boling Urge it no more my Lord Northumber
land

North The commons will not then be satisfied

K Rich They shall be satisfied I ll read
enough,
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ and that s myself

Re-enter Attendant with a glass

Give me the glass and therein will I read
No deeper wrinkles yet? hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine
And made no deeper wounds? O flattering glass
Like to my followers in prosperity 280
Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? was this the face
That like the sun did make beholders wink?
Was this the face that faced so many follies
And was at last out faced by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face
As brittle as the glory is the face

Dashes the glass against the ground

For there it is crack d in a hundred shivers
Mark silent king the moral of this sport, 290
How soon my sorrow hath destroy d my face

Boling The shadow of your sorrow hath de
stroy d
The shadow of your face

K Rich Say that again
The shadow of my sorrow! ha! let s see
Tis very true, my grief lies all within
And these external manners of laments
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
That swells with silence in the tortured soul
There lies the substance and I thank thee
King
For thy great bounty that not only givest 300
Me cause to wail but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause I ll beg one boon
And then be gone and trouble you no more
Shall I obtain it?

Boling Name it fair cousin

K Rich Fair cousin ? I am greater than a
king
For when I was a king my flatterers
Were then but subjects being now a subject
I have a king here to my flatterer
Being so great I have no need to beg

Boling Yet ask 310

K Rich And shall I have?

Boling You shall

K Rich Then give me leave to go

Boling Whither?

K Rich Whither you will so I were from
your sights

Boling Go some of you convey him to the
Tower

K Rich O good! convey? conveyers are you
all
That rise thus nimbly by a true king s fall
[Exeunt KING RICHARD *some Lords
and a Guard*

Boling On Wednesday next we solemnly set
down
Our coronation lords prepare yourselves 320
[Exeunt all except the BISHOP OF CARLISLE *the*
ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER *and* AUMERLE

Abbot A woeful pageant have we here beheld

Car The woe s to come the children yet un
born

Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn
Aum You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?
Abbot My lord,
Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury mine intents, but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise 330
I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow and your eyes of tears
Come home with me to supper, and I ll lay
A plot shall show us all a merry day [*Exeunt*

ACT V

SCENE I *London a street leading to the Tower*

Enter QUEEN *and* LADIES

Queen This way the King will come, this is the way
To Julius Cæsar's ill erected tower,
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king s queen

Enter RICHARD *and Guard*

But soft, but see or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither yet look up behold,
That you in pity may dissolve to dew 9
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears
Ah thou, the model where old Troy did stand
Thou map of honour, thou King Richard s tomb
And not King Richard thou most beauteous inn
Why should hard favour d grief be lodged in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouse guest?
K Rich Join not with grief, fair woman do not so,
To make my end too sudden learn good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream
From which awaked, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this I am sworn brother, sweet 20
To grim Necessity, and he and I
Will keep a league till death I hie thee to France
And cloister thee in some religious house
Our holy lives must win a new world s crown
Which our profane hours here have stricken down
Queen What, is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform d and weaken d? hath Bolingbroke deposed
Thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw
And wounds the earth if nothing else with rage
To be o erpower d and wilt thou pupil like 31
Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility
Which art a lion and a king of beasts?
K Rich A king of beasts, indeed, if aught but beasts
I had been still a happy king of men
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France
Think I am dead and that even here thou takest,
As from my death bed thy last living leave
In winter s tedious nights sit by the fire 40
With good old folks and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages long ago betid
And ere thou bid good night, to quit their griefs,
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me
And send the hearers weeping to their beds
For why the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue
And in compassion weep the fire out
And some will mourn in ashes some coal black,
For the deposing of a rightful king 50

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND *and others*

North My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is changed,
You must to Pomfret not unto the Tower
And, madam there is order ta en for you
With all swift speed you must away to France
K Rich Northumberland thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is ere foul sin gathering head
Shall break into corruption thou shalt think
Though he divide the realm and give thee half
It is too little helping him to all 61
And he shall think that thou, which know st the way
To plant unrightful kings wilt know again
Being ne er so little urged another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne
The love of wicked men converts to fear
That fear to hate and hate turns one or both
To worthy danger and deserved death
North My guilt be on my head and there an end
Take leave and part for you must part forthwith 70
K Rich Doubly divorced! Bad men you violate
A twofold marriage twixt my crown and me,
And then betwixt me and my married wife
Let me unkiss the oath twixt thee and me
And yet not so for with a kiss twas made
Part us Northumberland I towards the north,

Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime
My w fe to France from whence set forth in pomp
She came adorned hither like sweet May
Sent back like Hallowmas or short st of day 80
Queen And must we be divided? must we part?
K Rich Ay hand from hand my love and heart from heart
Queen Banish us both and send the King with me
North That were some love but little policy
Queen Then whither he goes thither let me go
K Rich So two together weeping make one woe
Weep thou for me in France I for thee here
Better far off than near be ne er the near
Go count thy way with sighs I mine with groans
Queen So longest way shall have the longest moans 90
K Rich Twice for one step I ll groan the way being short
And piece the way out with a heavy heart
Come come in wooing sorrow let s be brief
Since wedding it there is such length in grief
One kiss shall stop our mouths and dumbly part
Thus give I mine and thus take I thy heart
Queen Give me mine own again twere no good part
To take on me to keep and kill thy heart
So now I have mine own again be gone
That I may strive to kill it with a groan 100
K Rich We make woe wanton with this fond delay
Once more adieu the rest let sorrow say
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II *The Duke of York s palace*

Enter YORK *and his* DUCHESS

Duch My lord you told me you would tell the rest
When weeping made you break the story off
Of our two cousins coming into London
York Where did I leave?
Duch At that sad stop my lord
Where rude misgovern d hands from windows tops
Threw dust and rubb sh on King Richard s head
York Then as I sa d, the Duke great Bolingbroke
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed
Which his aspiring rider seem d to know
With slow but stately pace kept on h s course 10
Whilst all tongues cried God save thee Bolingbroke
You would have thought the very windows spake
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage and that all the walls
With painted imagery had said at once
Jesu preserve thee! Welcome Bolingbroke!
Whilst he from the one side to the other turning
Bareheaded lower than his proud steed s neck
Bespake them thus I thank you countrymen
And thus still doing thus he pass d along 21
Duch Alack poor Richard! where rode he the whilst?
York As in a theatre the eyes of men,
After a well graced actor leaves the stage
Are idly bent on him that enters next
Thinking his prattle to be tedious
Even so or with much more contempt men s eyes
Did scowl on gentle Richard no man cried God save him!
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head 30
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off
His face still combating with tears and smiles
The badges of his grief and patience
That had not God for some strong purpose steel d
The hearts of men they must perforce have melted
And barbarism itself have pitied him
But heaven hath a hand in these events
To whose high will we bound our calm contents
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now
Whose state and honour I for aye allow 40
Duch Here comes my son Aumerle
York Aumerle that was
But that is lost for being Richard s friend
And madam you must call him Rutland now
I am in parliament pledge for his truth
And lasting fealty to the new made king

Enter AUMERLE

Duch Welcome my son who are the violets now
That strew the green lap of the new come spring?
Aum Madam, I know not nor I greatly care not
God knows I had as lief be none as one
York Well bear you well in this new spring of time 50
Lest you be cropp d before you come to prime
What news from Oxford? hold those jousts and triumphs?
Aum For aught I know my lord they do
York You will be there, I know
Aum If God prevent not I purpose so

York What seal is that that hangs without thy bosom?
Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.
Aum My lord, 'tis nothing.
York No matter, then, who see it:
I will be satisfied; let me see the writing.
Aum I do beseech your Grace to pardon me:
It is a matter of small consequence, 61
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.
York Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear—
Duch What should you fear?
'Tis nothing but some bond that he is enter'd into
For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph day.
York Bound to himself! what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.
Boy, let me see the writing.
Aum I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not show it. 70
York I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.
He plucks it out of his bosom and reads it
Treason! foul treason! Villain! traitor! slave!
Duch What is the matter, my lord?
York Ho! who is within there?

Enter a SERVANT

Saddle my horse.
God for his mercy, what treachery is here!
Duch Why, what is it, my lord?
York Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse. [*Exit* SERVANT
Now, by mine honour, by my life, by my troth,
I will appeach the villain.
Duch What is the matter?
York Peace, foolish woman. 80
Duch I will not peace. What is the matter, Aumerle?
Aum Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.
Duch Thy life answer!
York Bring me my boots: I will unto the King.

Re-enter SERVANT *with boots*

Duch Strike him, Aumerle. Poor boy, thou art amazed.
Hence, villain! never more come in my sight.
York Give me my boots, I say.
Duch Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?
Have we more sons? or are we like to have? 90
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?
York Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
And interchangeably set down their hands,
To kill the King at Oxford.
Duch He shall be none; 99
We'll keep him here: then what is that to him?
York Away, fond woman! were he twenty times my son,
I would appeach him.
Duch Hadst thou groan'd for him
As I have done, thou wouldst be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son:
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, or any of my kin,
And yet I love him.
York Make way, unruly woman! 110 [*Exit*
Duch After, Aumerle! mount thee upon his horse,
Spur post, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:
And never will I rise up from the ground
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away, be gone! [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *A royal palace*

Enter BOLINGBROKE, PERCY, *and other Lords*

Boling Can no man tell me of my unthrifty son?
'Tis full three months since I did see him last:
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I would to God, my lords, he might be found:
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions,
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;
Which he, young wanton and effeminate boy, 10
Takes on the point of honour to support
So dissolute a crew.
Percy My lord, some two days since I saw the prince,
And told him of those triumphs held at Oxford.
Boling And what said the gallant?
Percy His answer was, he would unto the stews,
And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling As dissolute as desperate yet through both 20
I see some sparks of better hope which elder years
May happily bring forth But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle

Aum Where is the King?
Boling What means our cousin that he stares and looks
So wildly?
Aum God save your Grace! I do beseech your Majesty
To have some conference with your Grace alone
Boling Withdraw yourselves and leave us here alone [*Exeunt* PERCY *and Lords*
What is the matter with our cousin now?
Aum For ever may my knees grow to the earth 30
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth
Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak
Boling Intended or committed was this fault?
If on the first how heinous e'er it be
To win thy after love I pardon thee
Aum Then give me leave that I may turn the key
That no man enter till my tale be done
Boling Have thy desire
AUMERLE *locks the door* YORK *knocks at the door and cries*
York [*Within*] My liege beware look to thy self
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there 40
Boling Villain, I'll make thee safe
Drawing
Aum Stay thy revengeful hand thou hast no cause to fear
York [*Within*] Open the door secure, fool hardy King
Shall I for love speak treason to thy face?
Open the door or I will break it open

Enter YORK

Boling What is the matter uncle? speak
Recover breath tell us how near is danger
That we may arm us to encounter it
York Peruse this writing here and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show 50
Aum Remember as thou read'st thy promise pass'd
I do repent me read not my name there
My heart is not confederate with my hand
York It was villain ere thy hand did set it down
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, King
Fear and not love begets his penitence
Forget to pity him lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart
Boling O heinous strong and bold conspiracy!
O loyal father of a treacherous son! 60
Thou sheer immaculate and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages
Hath held his current and defiled himself!
Thy overflow of good converts to bad
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son
York So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers gold
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies 70
Or my shamed life in his dishonour lies
Thou kill'st me in this life giving him breath
The traitor lives the true man's put to death
Duch [*Within*] What ho my liege! for God's sake let me in
Boling What shrill voiced suppliant makes this eager cry?
Duch A woman, and thy aunt great King tis I
Speak with me pity me open the door
A beggar begs that never begg'd before
Boling Our scene is alter'd from a serious thing
And now changed to 'The Beggar and the King'
My dangerous cousin let your mother in 81
I know she is come to pray for your foul sin
York If thou do pardon, whosoever pray
More sins for this forgiveness prosper may
This fester'd joint cut off the rest rest sound
This let alone will all the rest confound

Enter DUCHESS

Duch O King believe not this hard hearted man!
Love loving not itself none other can
York Thou frantic woman what dost thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear? 90
Duch Sweet York be patient Hear me gentle liege [*Kneels*]
Boling Rise up good aunt
Duch Not yet I thee beseech
For ever will I walk upon my knees
And never see day that the happy sees
Till thou give joy until thou bid me joy
By pardoning Rutland my transgressing boy
Aum Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee
York Against them both my true joints bended be
Ill mayst thou thrive if thou grant any grace!

Duch Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face, 100
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast
He prays but faintly and would be denied,
We pray with heart and soul and all beside
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know,
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy,
Ours of true zeal and deep integrity
Our prayers do out-pray his, then let them have
That mercy which true prayer ought to have 110
Boling Good aunt stand up
Duch Nay, do not say, "Stand up
Say "Pardon" first and afterwards "Stand up"
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach
"Pardon" should be the first word of thy speech
I never long'd to hear a word till now,
Say "pardon" King, let pity teach thee how
The word is short, but not so short as sweet
No word like "pardon" for kings mouths so meet
York Speak it in French, King, say *Pardonne moi*
Duch Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy? 120
Ah, my sour husband, my hard hearted lord
That set st the word itself against the word!
Speak "pardon" as tis current in our land,
The chopping French we do not understand
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there,
Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear,
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee "pardon" to rehearse
Boling Good aunt stand up
Duch I do not sue to stand
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand 130
Boling I pardon him as God shall pardon me
Duch O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I sick for fear speak it again,
Twice saying "pardon" doth not pardon twain
But makes one pardon strong
Boling With all my heart
I pardon him
Duch A god on earth thou art
Boling But for our trusty brother in law and the abbot
With all the rest of that consorted crew
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels
Good uncle help to order several powers 140
To Oxford or where er these traitors are
They shall not live within this world I swear,
But I will have them, if I once know where
Uncle farewell and, cousin too adieu
Your mother well hath pray d, and prove you true
Duch Come my old son I pray God make thee new [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *The same*

Enter EXTON *and* SERVANT

Exton Didst thou not mark the King what words he spake
"Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?"
Was it not so?
Ser These were his very words
Exton 'Have I no friend?' quoth he he spake it twice
And urged it twice together, did he not?
Serv He did
Exton And speaking, it, he wistly look d on me,
As who should say I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart'
Meaning the king at Pomfret Come let s go 10
I am the king s friend and will rid his foe
[*Exeunt*

SCENE V *Pomfret castle*

Enter KING RICHARD

K Rich I have been studying how I may compare
This prison where I live unto the world
And for because the world is populous
And here is not a creature but myself
I cannot do it, yet I ll hammer it out
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,
My soul the father and these two beget
A generation of still breeding thoughts
And these same thoughts people this little world
In humours like the people of this world 10
For no thought is contented The better sort
As thoughts of things divine are intermix d
With scruples and do set the word itself
Against the word
As thus 'Come little ones' and then again
"It is as hard to come as for a camel
To thread the postern of a small needle s eye
Thoughts tending to ambition they do plot
Unlikely wonders how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs 20
Of this hard world my ragged prison walls
And for they cannot die in their own pride
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves
That they are not the first of fortune s slaves
Nor shall not be the last like silly beggars
Who sitting in the stocks refuge their shame,
That many have and others must sit there,
And in this thought they find a kind of

Bearing their own misfortunes on the back
Of such as have before endured the like 30
Thus play I in one person many people
And none contented sometimes am I king
Then treasons make me wish myself a beggar
And so I am then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king
Then am I king d again and by and by
Think that I am unking d by Bolingbroke
And straight am nothing but whate er I be,
Nor I nor any man that but man is
With nothing shall be pleased till he be eased 40
With being nothing Music do I hear? [*Music*
Ha ha keep time how sour sweet music is
When time is broke and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men s lives
And here have I the daintiness of ear
To check time broke in a disorder d strong
But for the concord of my state and time
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke
I wasted time and now doth time waste me
For now hath time made me his numbering clock 50
My thoughts are minutes and with sighs they jar
Their watches on unto mine eyes the outward watch
Whereto my finger like a dial s point
Is pointing still in cleansing them from tears
Now sir the sound that tells what hour it is
Are clamorous groans which strike upon my heart
Which is the bell so sighs and tears and groans
Show minutes times and hours but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke s proud joy
While I stand fooling here his Jack o the clock
This music mads me let it sound no more 61
For though it have holp madmen to their wits
In me it seems it will make wise men mad
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For tis a sign of love and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all hating world

Enter a GROOM OF THE STABLE

Groom Hail royal prince!
K Rich Thanks noble peer
The cheapest of us is ten groats too deer
What art thou? and how comest thou hither
Where no man never comes but that sad dog 70
That brings me food to make misfortune live?
Groom I was a poor groom of thy stable King
When thou wert king who travelling towards York
With much ado at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes royal master s face
O how it yearn'd my heart when I beheld
In London streets that coronation-day
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid
That horse that I so carefully have dress d! 80
K Rich Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend
How went he under him?
Groom So proudly as if he disdain d the ground
K Rich So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him
Would he not stumble? would he not fall down,
Since pride must have a fall and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness horse! why do I rail on thee 90
Since thou created to be awed by man
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse
And yet I bear a burthen like an ass
Spurr d gall d and tired by jauncing Bolingbroke

Enter KEEPER *with a dish*

Keep Fellow give place here is no longer stay
K Rich If thou love me tis time thou wert away
Groom What my tongue dares not that my heart shall say [*Exit*
Keep My lord will t please you to fall to?
K Rich Taste of it first as thou art wont to do 99
Keep My lord I dare not Sir Pierce of Exton who lately came from the King commands the contrary
K Rich The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee!
Patience is stale and I am weary of it
Beats the keeper
Keep Help help help!

Enter EXTON *and servants armed*

K Rich How now! what means death in this rude assault?
Villain thy own hand yields thy death s instrument
Snatching an axe from a Servant and killing him
Go thou and fill another room in hell
He kills another Then EXTON *strikes him down*
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire
That staggers thus my person Exton thy fierce hand 110
Hath with the King s blood stain d the King s own land
Mount mount my soul! thy seat is up on high

Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die [*Dies*

Exton As full of valour as of royal blood
Both have I spill'd, O would the deed were good!
For now the devil that told me I did well
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell
This dead king to the living king I ll bear
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI *Windsor castle*

Flourish Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, *with other Lords, and Attendants*

Boling Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear
Is that the rebels have consumed with fire
Our town of Cicester in Gloucestershire
But whether they be ta en or slain we hear not

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND

Welcome my lord what is the news?
North First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness
The next news is, I have to London sent
The heads of Oxford Salisbury Blunt, and Kent
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here 10
Boling We thank thee gentle Percy, for thy pains
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains

Enter FITZWATER

Fitz My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow
Boling Thy pains Fitzwater, shall not be forgot
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot

Enter PERCY, *and the* BISHOP OF CARLISLE

Percy The grand conspirator Abbot of Westminster,
With clog of conscience and sour melancholy 20
Hath yielded up his body to the grave
But here is Carlisle living to abide
Thy kingly doom and sentence of his pride
Boling Carlisle this is your doom
Choose out some secret place some reverend room
More than thou hast and with it joy thy life
So as thou livest in peace die free from strife
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen

Enter EXTON *with persons bearing a coffin*

Exton Great King within this coffin I present 30
Thy buried fear herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bordeaux by me hither brought
Boling Exton I thank thee not for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander with thy fatal hand
Upon my head and all this famous land
Exton From your own mouth my lord did I this deed
Boling They love not poison that do poison need
Nor do I thee though I did wish him dead
I hate the murderer love him murdered 40
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour
But neither my good word nor princely favour
With Cain go wander through shades of night
And never show thy head by day nor light
Lords I protest my soul is full of woe
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow
Come mourn with me for that I do lament
And put on sullen black incontinent
I ll make a voyage to the Holy Land
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand 50
March sadly after grace my mournings here
In weeping after this untimely bier [*Exeunt*

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THESEUS *Duke of Athens*
EGEUS *father to Hermia*
LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS *in love with Hermia*
PHILOSTRATE *master of the revels to Theseus*
QUINCE, *a carpenter*
SNUG *joiner*
BOTTOM *a weaver*
FLUTE, *a bellows mender*
SNOUT *tinker*
STARVELING *a tailor*

HIPPOLYTA *Queen of the Amazons betrothed to Theseus*
HERMIA, *daughter to Egeus in love with Lysander*
HELENA *in love with Demetrius*

OBERON *King of the fairies*
TITANIA *Queen of the fairies*
PUCK *Robin Goodfellow*
PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARDSEED *fairies*
TWO FAIRIES

NON SPEAKING *Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta fairies attending their King and Queen*

SCENE *Athens and a wood near it*



ACT I

SCENE I *Athens the palace of Theseus*

Enter THESEUS HIPPOLYTA PHILOSTRATE, *and Attendants*

The Now fair Hippolyta our nuptial hour
Draws on apace four happy days bring in
Another moon but O methinks how slow
This old moon wanes[1] she lingers my desires
Like to a step-dame or a dowager
Long withering out a young man s revenue
Hip Four days will quickly steep themselves in night
Four nights will quickly dream away the time
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New bent in heaven, shall behold the night 10
Of our solemnities
The Go Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth
Turn melancholy forth to funerals
The pale companion is not for our pomp
[*Exit* PHILOSTRATE
Hippolyta, I woo d thee with my sword
And won thy love doing thee injuries
But I will wed thee in another key
With pomp with triumph, and with revelling

Enter EGEUS HERMIA LYSANDER *and* DEMETRIUS

Eg Happy be Theseus our renowned Duke!
The Thanks good Egeus what s the news with thee? 21
Ege Full of vexation come I with complaint
Against my child my daughter Hermia
Stand forth Demetrius My noble lord
This man hath my consent to marry her
Stand forth Lysander and my gracious Duke
This man hath bewitch d the bosom of my child
Thou thou Lysander thou hast given her rhymes
And interchanged love tokens with my child
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung 30
With feigning voice verses of feigning love
And stolen the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair rings gawds conceits
Knacks trifles nosegays sweetmeats messengers
Of strong prevailment in unharden d youth
With cunning hast thou filch d my daughter s heart
Turn d her obedience which is due to me
To stubborn harshness and my gracious Duke,
Be it so she will not here before your Grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius 40
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens
As she is mine I may dispose of her
Which shall be either to this gentleman
Or to her death according to our law
Immediately provided in that case
The What say you Hermia? be advised fair maid

To you your father should be as a god,
One that composed your beauties yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted and within his power 50
To leave the figure or disfigure it
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman
Her So is Lysander
The In himself he is,
But in this kind wanting your father s voice,
The other must be held the worthier
Her I would my father look d but with my eyes
The Rather your eyes must with his judgement look
Her I do entreat your Grace to pardon me
I know not by what power I am made bold
Nor how it may concern my modesty 60
In such a presence here to plead my thoughts,
But I beseech your Grace that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius
The Either to die the death or to abjure
For ever the society of men
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth examine well your blood
Whether, if you yield not to your father s choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun 70
For aye to be in shady cloister mew d
To live a barren sister all your life
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon
Thrice-blessed they that master so their blood
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage
But earthlier happy is the rose distill d
Than that which withering on the virgin thorn
Grows, lives and dies in single blessedness
Her So will I grow, so live so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up 80
Unto his lordship whose unwished yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty
The Take time to pause and, by the next new moon—
The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship—
Upon that day either prepare to die
For disobedience to your father s will
Or else to wed Demetrius as he would,
Or on Diana s altar to protest
For aye austerity and single life 90
Dem Relent sweet Hermia and Lysander yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right
Lys You have her father s love Demetrius
Let me have Hermia s do you marry him
Ege Scornful Lysander! true he hath my love
And what is mine my love shall render him
And she is mine and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius
Lys I am my lord as well derived as he
As well possess'd, my love is more than his, 100
My fortunes every way as fairly rank d,
If not with vantage as Demetrius ,
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am beloved of beauteous Hermia
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius I ll avouch it to his head
Made love to Nedar s daughter, Helena,
And won her soul and she sweet lady dotes,
Devoutly dotes dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man 110
The I must confess that I have heard so much
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof,
But being over-full of self affairs
My mind did lose it But Demetrius come
And come Egeus you shall go with me
I have some private schooling for you both
For you fair Hermia look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father s will
Or else the law of Athens yields you up—
Which by no means we may extenuate—
To death or to a vow of single life
Come my Hippolyta what cheer my love?
Demetrius and Egeus go along
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves
Ege With duty and desire we follow you
[*Exeunt all but* LYSANDER *and* HERMIA
Lys How now my love! why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?
Her Belike for want of rain which I could well 130
Beteem them from the tempest of my eyes
Lys Ay me! for aught that I could ever read
Could ever hear by tale or history
The course of true love never did run smooth
But either it was different in blood—
Her O cross! too high to be enthrall d to low
Lys Or else misgraffed in respect of years—
Her O spite! too old to be engaged to young
Lys Or else it stood upon the choice of friends—
Her O hell! to choose love by another s eyes
Lys Or if there were a sympathy in choice
War death or sickness did lay siege to it
Making it momentany as a sound
Swift as a shadow short as any dream
Brief as the lightning in the collied night
That in a spleen, unfold both heaven and earth
And ere a man hath power to say Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up
So quick bright things come to confusion
Her If then true lovers have been ever cross'd

It stands as an edict in destiny 151
Then let us teach our trial patience
Because it is a customary cross
As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs
Wishes and tears poor Fancy s followers
Lys A good persuasion therefore hear me Hermia
I have a widow aunt a dowager
Of great revenue and she hath no child
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues
And she respects me as her only son 160
There gentle Hermia may I marry thee
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us If thou lovest me then,
Steal forth thy father s house to-morrow night
And in the wood a league without the town
Where I did meet thee once with Helena
To do observance to a morn of May
There will I stay for thee
Her My good Lysander!
I swear to thee by Cupid s strongest bow
By his best arrow with the golden head 170
By the simplicity of Venus' doves
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves
And by that fire which burn d the Carthage queen
When the false Troyan under sail was seen
By all the vows that ever men have broke
In number more than ever women spoke
In that same place thou hast appointed me
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee
Lys Keep promise love Look here comes Helena

Enter HELENA

Her God speed fair Helena! whither away?
Hel Call you me fair? that fair again unsay
Demetrius loves your fair O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode stars and your tongue s sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd s ear
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear
Sickness is catching O were favour so
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go
My ear should catch your voice my eye your eye
My tongue should catch your tongue s sweet melody
Were the world mine Demetrius being bated
The rest I ld give to be to you translated 191
O teach me how you look and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius heart
Her I frown upon him, yet he loves me still
Hel O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!
Her I give him curses yet he gives me love
Hel O that my prayers could such affection move!
Her The more I hate the more he follows me
Hel The more I love the more he hateth me
Her His folly Helena is no fault of mine
Hel None but your beauty would that fault were mine! 01
Her Take comfort he no more shall see my face
Lysander and myself will fly this place
Before the time I did Lysander see
Seem d Athens as a paradise to me
O then, what graces in my love do dwell
That he hath turn d a heaven unto a hell!
Lys Helen to you our minds we will unfold
To-morrow night when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the watery glass 210
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass
A time that lovers flights doth still conceal
Through Athens gates have we devised to steal
Her And in the wood where often you and I
Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet
There my Lysander and myself shall meet
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes
To seek new friends and stranger companies
Farewell sweet playfellow pray thou for us
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius! 221
Keep word Lysander we must starve our sight
From lovers food till morrow deep midnight
Lys I will my Hermia [*Exit Hermia*
Helena adieu
As you on him Demetrius dote on you! [*Exit*
Hel How happy some o er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so
He will not know what all but he do know
And as he errs doting on Hermia s eyes 30
So I admiring of his qualities
Things base and vile holding no quantity
Love can transpose to form and dignity
Love looks not with the eyes but with the mind
And therefore is wing d Cupid painted blind
Nor hath Love s mind of any judgement taste
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste
And therefore is Love said to be a child
Because in choice he is so oft beguiled
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear 240
So the boy Love is perjured every where
For ere Demetrius look d on Hermia s eyne
He hail d down oaths that he was only mine
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt
So he dissolved and showers of oaths did melt
I will go tell him of fair Hermia s flight

Then to the wood will he to morrow night
Pursue her, and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense
But herein mean I to enrich my pain *250*
To have his sight thither and back again [*Exit*

SCENE II *Athens Quince s house*

Enter QUINCE SNUG, BOTTOM FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING

Quin Is all our company here?

Bot You were best to call them generally man by man, according to the scrip

Quin Here is the scroll of every man s name, which is thought fit, through all Athens to play in our interlude before the Duke and the Duchess, on his wedding day at night

Bot First, good Peter Quince say what the play treats on, then read the names of the actors, and so grow to a point

Quin Marry our play is *The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby*

Bot A very good piece of work I assure you and a merry Now, good Peter Quince call forth your actors by the scroll Masters spread yourselves

Quin Answer as I call you Nick Bottom the weaver

Bot Ready Name what part I am for and proceed *21*

Quin You, Nick Bottom are set down for Pyramus

Bot What is Pyramus? a lover or a tyrant?

Quin A lover, that kills himself most gallant for love

Bot That will ask some tears in the true performing of it if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes I will move storms I will condole in some measure To the rest yet my chief humour is for a tyrant I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in to make all split

'The raging rocks
And shivering shocks
Shall break the locks
Of prison gates
And Phibbus car
Shall shine from far
And make and mar
The foolish Fates *40*

This was lofty! Now name the rest of the players This is Ercles vein a tyrant s vein a lover is more condoling

Quin Francis Flute the bellows mender

Flu Here Peter Quince

Quin Flute you must take Thisby on you

Flu What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quin It is the lady that Pyramus must love

Flu Nay, faith let not me play a woman I have a beard coming *50*

Quin That s all one you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will

Bot An I may hide my face let me play Thisby too I ll speak in a monstrous little voice, "Thisne Thisne "Ah Pyramus my lover dear! thy Thisby dear and lady dear!"

Quin No no you must play Pyramus and, Flute you Thisby

Bot Well proceed

Quin Robin Starveling, the tailor *60*

Star Here Peter Quince

Quin Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother Tom Snout the tinker

Snout Here Peter Quince

Quin You Pyramus father myself Thisby s father Snug the joiner you the lion s part and I hope here is a play fitted

Snug Have you the lion s part written? pray you if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study

Quin You may do it extempore for it is nothing but roaring *71*

Bot Let me play the lion too I will roar that I will do any man s heart good to hear me I will roar that I will make the Duke say, "Let him roar again let him roar again

Quin An you should do it too terribly you would fright the Duchess and the ladies that they would shriek, and that were enough to hang us all

All That would hang us, every mother s son

Bot I grant you friends if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits they would have no more discretion but to hang us but I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove I will roar you an twere any nightingale

Quin You can play no part but Pyramus, for Pyramus is a sweet faced man a proper man as one shall see in a summer s day a most lovely gentleman like man therefore you must needs play Pyramus *91*

Bot Well I will undertake it What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin Why what you will

Bot I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard your orange tawny beard your purple in-grain beard or your French-crown colour beard your perfect yellow

Quin Some of your French crowns have no hair at all and then you will play barefaced But masters here are your parts and I am to entreat you request you and desire you to con them by to-morrow night and meet me in the

palace wood a mile without the town by moon light there will we rehearse for if we meet in the city we shall be dogged with company and our devices known In the meantime I will draw a bill of properties such as our play wants I pray you fail me not 109

Bot We will meet and there we may rehearse most obscenely and courageously Take pains be perfect adieu

Quin At the Duke s oak we meet

Bot Enough hold or cut bow strings

[*Exeunt*

ACT II

SCENE I *A wood near Athens*

Enter from opposite sides a FAIRY *and* PUCK

Puck How now spirit! whither wander you?

Fai Over hill over dale
Thorough bush thorough brier
Over park over pale
Thorough flood thorough fire
I do wander every where
Swifter than the moon s sphere
And I serve the fairy Queen
To dew her orbs upon the green
The cowslips tall her pensioners be 10
In their gold coats spots you see
Those be rubies fairy favours
In those freckles live their savours
I must go seek some dewdrops here
And hang a pearl in every cowslip s ear
Farewell thou lob of spirits I ll be gone
Our Queen and all her elves come here anon

Puck The King doth keep his revels here to-night
Take heed the Queen come not within his sight
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath, 20
Because that she as her attendant hath
A lovely boy stolen from an Indian king
She never had so sweet a changeling
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild
But she perforce withholds the loved boy
Crowns him with flowers and makes him all her joy
And now they never meet in grove or green,
By fountain clear or spangled starlight sheen
But they do square that all their elves for fear 30
Creep into acorn-cups and hide them there

Fai Either I mistake your shape and making quite
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Call d Robin Goodfellow are not you he
That frights the maidens of the villagery
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm
Mislead night wanderers laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you and sweet Puck
You do their work and they shall have good luck
Are not you he?

Puck Thou speak st aright
I am that merry wanderer of the night
I jest to Oberon and make him smile
When I a fat and bean fed horse beguile
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal
And sometime lurk I in a gossip s bowl
In very likeness of a roasted crab
And when she drinks against her lips I bob
And on her wither d dewlap pour the ale 50
The wisest aunt telling the saddest tale
Sometime for three foot stool mistaketh me
Then slip I from her bum down topples she,
And tailor cries and falls into a cough
And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh
And waxen in their mirth and neeze and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there
But room fairy! here comes Oberon

Fai And here my mistress Would that he were gone!

Enter from one side OBERON *with his train from the other* TITANIA *with hers*

Obe Ill met by moonlight proud Titania 60

Tita What jealous Oberon! Fairies skip hence
I have forsworn his bed and company

Obe Tarry rash wanton am not I thy lord?

Tita Then I must be thy lady but I know
When thou hast stolen away from fairy land
And in the shape of Corin sat all day
Playing on pipes of corn and versing love
To amorous Phillida Why art thou here
Come from the farthest steppe of India?
But that forsooth the bouncing Amazon 70
Your buskin d mistress and your warrior love
To Theseus must be wedded and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity

Obe How canst thou thus for shame Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From Perigenia whom he ravished?
And make him with fair Ægle break his faith
With Ariadne and Antiopa? 80

Tita These are the forgeries of jealousy

And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest or mead,
By paved fountain or by rushy brook
Or in the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our
    sport
Therefore the winds piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs which falling in the land *90*
Have every pelting river made so proud
That they have overborne their continents
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain
The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green corn
Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard
The fold stands empty in the drowned field
And crows are fatted with the murrion flock,
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green
For lack of tread are undistinguishable *100*
The human mortals want their winter here,
No night is now with hymn or carol blest
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound
And thorough this distemperature we see
The seasons alter hoary headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,
And on old Hiems thin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds *110*
Is as in mockery set the spring the summer,
The childing autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries and the mazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is
    which
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension
We are their parents and original
  Obe Do you amend it then, it lies in you
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy *120*
To be my henchman
  Tita Set your heart at rest
The fairy land buys not the child of me
His mother was a votaress of my order
And in the spiced Indian air by night
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands
Marking the embarked traders on the flood
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive
And grow big bellied with the wanton wind
Which she with pretty and with swimming gait
Following—her womb then rich with my young
    squire— *130*
Would imitate and sail upon the land
To fetch me trifles and return again,
As from a voyage rich with merchandise
But she being mortal of that boy did die,
And for her sake do I rear up her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him
  Obe How long within this wood intend you
    stay?
  Tita Perchance till after Theseus wedding
    day
If you will patiently dance in our round *140*
And see our moonlight revels go with us,
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts
  Obe Give me that boy, and I will go with thee
  Tita Not for thy fairy kingdom Fairies away!
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay
[*Exit* TITANIA *with her train*
  Obe Well go thy way thou shalt not from
    this grove
Till I torment thee for this injury
My gentle Puck, come hither Thou remem
    b rest
Since once I sat upon a promontory
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back *150*
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea maid's music
  Puck I remember
  Obe That very time I saw, but thou couldst not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth
Cupid all arm'd a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the west
And loosed his love shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts *160*
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery
    moon
And the imperial votaress passed on
In maiden meditation fancy free
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell
It fell upon a little western flower
Before milk white, now purple with love's
    wound
And maidens call it love in idleness
Fetch me that flower, the herb I shew'd thee
    once
The juice of it on sleeping eye lids laid *170*
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees
Fetch me this herb and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan can swim a league
  Puck I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes [*Exit*
  Obe Having once this juice
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes
The next thing then she waking looks upon

Be it on lion bear or wolf or bull *180*
On meddling monkey or on busy ape
She shall pursue it with the soul of love
And ere I take this charm from off her sight
As I can take it with another herb
I ll make her render up her page to me
But who comes here? I am invisible
And I will overhear their conference

Enter DEMETRIUS HELENA *following him*

Dem I love thee not therefore pursue me not
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?
The one I ll slay the other slayeth me *190*
Thou told st me they were stolen unto this wood
And here am I and wood within this wood
Because I cannot meet my Hermia
Hence get thee gone and follow me no more
Hel You draw me you hard hearted adamant
But yet you draw not iron for my heart
Is true as steel leave you your power to draw
And I shall have no power to follow you
Dem Do I entice you? do I speak you fair?
Or rather do I not in plainest truth *200*
Tell you I do not nor I cannot love you?
Hel And even for that do I love you the more
I am your spaniel and Demetrius
The more you beat me I will fawn on you
Use me but as your spaniel spurn me strike me
Neglect me lose me only give me leave
Unworthy as I am to follow you
What worser place can I beg in your love—
And yet a place of high respect with me—
Than to be used as you use your dog? *210*
Dem Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit
For I am sick when I do look on thee
Hel And I am sick when I look not on you
Dem You do impeach your modesty too much
To leave the city and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not
To trust the opportunity of night
And the ill counsel of a desert place
With the rich worth of your virginity
Hel Your virtue is my privilege for that *220*
It is not night when I do see your face
Therefore I think I am not in the night
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company
For you in my respect are all the world
Then how can it be said I am alone
When all the world is here to look on me?
Dem I ll run from thee and hide me in the brakes
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts
Hel The wildest hath not such a heart as you
Run when you will the story shall be changed
Apollo flies and Daphne holds the chase *231*
The dove pursues the griffin the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger bootless speed
When cowardice pursues and valour flies
Dem I will not stay thy questions let me go
Or if thou follow me do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood
Hel Ay in the temple in the town the field
You do me mischief Fie Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex *240*
We cannot fight for love as men may do
We should be woo d and were not made to woo
[*Exit* DEMETRIUS
I ll *follow thee and make a heaven of* hell
To die upon the hand I love so well [*Exit*
Obe Fare thee well nymph ere he do leave this grove
Thou shalt fly him and he shall seek thy love

Re-enter PUCK

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer
Puck Ay there it is
Obe I pray thee give it me
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows *250*
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine
With sweet musk roses and with eglantine
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night
Lull d in these flowers with dances and delight
And there the snake throws her enamell d skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in
And with the juice of this I ll streak her eyes
And make her full of hateful fantasies
Take thou some of it and seek through this grove
A sweet Athenian lady is in love *260*
With a disdainful youth anoint his eyes
But do it when the next thing he espies
May be the lady thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on
Effect it with some care that he may prove
More fond on her than she upon her love
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow
Puck Fear not my lord your servant shall do so [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Another part of the wood*

Enter TITANIA *with her train*

Tita Come now a roundel and a fairy song
Then for the third part of a minute hence
Some to kill cankers in the musk rose buds
Some war with rere mice for their leathern wings
To make my small elves coats and some keep back
The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wonders

At our quaint spirits Sing me now asleep,
Then to your offices and let me rest

The FAIRIES *sing*

1st Fai You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen, *10*
Newts and blind worms, do no wrong
Come not near our fairy queen
Chorus Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla lullaby
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh
So, good night with lullaby

1st Fai Weaving spiders come not here *20*
Hence, you long legg d spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near,
Worm nor snail do no offence
Chorus Philomel, with melody, &c

2nd Fai Hence away! now all is well
One aloof stand sentinel
[*Exeunt* FAIRIES TITANIA *sleeps*

Enter OBERON, *and squeezes the flower on* TITANIA S *eyelids*

Obe What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true love take
Love and languish for his sake
Be it ounce or cat or bear, *30*
Pard or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wakest it is thy dear
Wake when some vile thing is near [*Exit*

Enter LYSANDER *and* HERMIA

Lys Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood,
And to speak troth I have forgot our way
We'll rest us Hermia if you think it good
And tarry for the comfort of the day
Her Be it so Lysander find you out a bed
For I upon this bank will rest my head *40*
Lys One turf shall serve as pillow for us both
One heart one bed two bosoms and one troth
Her Nay, good Lysander for my sake my dear
Lie further off yet do not lie so near
Lys O, take the sense sweet of my innocence!
Love takes the meaning in love s conference
I mean that my heart unto yours is knit
So that but one heart we can make of it
Two bosoms interchained with an oath
So then two bosoms and a single troth *50*
Then by your side no bed room me deny,
For lying so, Hermia I do not lie
Her Lysander riddles very prettily
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied
But gentle friend for love and courtesy
Lie further off in human modesty,
Such separation as may well be said
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,
So far be distant and good night sweet friend
Thy love ne er alter till thy sweet life end! *61*
Lys Amen amen to that fair prayer say I,
And then end life when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed sleep give thee all his rest!
Her With half that wish the wisher s eyes be press d! [*They sleep*

Enter PUCK

Puck Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower s force in stirring love
Night and silence —Who is here? *70*
Weeds of Athens he doth wear
This is he my master said
Despised the Athenian maid
And here the maiden sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack love this kill-courtesy
Churl upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe
When thou wakest, let love forbid *80*
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid
So awake when I am gone
For I must now to Oberon [*Exit*

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* HELENA *running*

Hel Stay though thou kill me sweet Demetrius
Dem I charge thee hence and do not haunt me thus
Hel O wilt thou darkling leave me do not so
Dem Stay on thy peril I alone will go
[*Exit*

Hel O I am out of breath in this fond chase!
The more my prayer the lesser is my grace
Happy is Hermia wheresoe er she lies *90*
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes
How came her eyes so bright Not with salt tears
If so my eyes are oftener wash d than hers
No no I am as ugly as a bear
For beasts that meet me run away for fear
Therefore no marvel though Demetrius

Do as a monster fly my presence thus
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia s sphery eyne?
But who is here? Lysander! on the ground! *100*
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood no wound
Lysander if you live good sir awake

Lys [*Awaking*] And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake
Transparent Helena! Nature shows art
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart
Where is Demetrius? O how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

Hel Do not say so Lysander say not so
What though he love your Hermia? Lord what though?
Yet Hermia still loves you then be content *110*

Lys Content with Hermia! No I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent
Not Hermia but Helena I love
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway d
And reason says you are the worthier maid
Things growing are not ripe until their season
So I being young till now ripe not to reason
And touching now the point of human skill
Reason becomes the marshal to my will *120*
And leads me to your eyes where I o erlook
Love s stories written in love s richest book

Hel Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
Is t not enough is t not enough young man
That I did never no nor never can
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius eye
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth you do me wrong good sooth you do
In such disdainful manner me to woo *130*
But fare you well perforce I must confess
I thought you lord of more true gentleness
O that a lady of one man refused
Should of another therefore be abused! [*Exit*

Lys She sees not Hermia Hermia sleep thou there
And never mayst thou come Lysander near!
For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings
Or as the heresies that men do leave
Are hated most of those they did deceive, *140*
So thou my surfeit and my heresy
Of all be hated, but the most of me!
And all my powers address your love and might
To honour Helen and to be her knight! [*Exit*

Her [*Awaking*] Help me Lysander help me! do thy best
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ay me for pity! what a dream was here!
Lysander look how I do quake with fear
Methought a serpent eat my heart away
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey *150*
Lysander! what removed? Lysander! lord!
What out of hearing? gone? no sound no word?
Alack where are you? speak an if you hear
Speak of all loves! I swoon almost with fear
No? then I well perceive you are not nigh
Either death or you I ll find immediately [*Exit*

ACT III

SCENE I *The wood* TITANIA *lying asleep*

Enter QUINCE SNUG BOTTOM FLUTE SNOUT *and* STARVELING

Bot Are we all met?

Quin Pat pat and here s a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal This green plot shall be our stage this hawthorn brake our tiring house and we will do it in action as we will do it before the Duke

Bot Peter Quince —

Quin What sayest thou bully Bottom?

Bot There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby that will never please First Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself which the ladies cannot abide How answer you that?

Snout By r lakin a parlous fear

Star I believe we must leave the killing out when all is done

Bot Not a whit I have a device to make all well Write me a prologue and let the prologue seem to say we will do no harm with our swords and that Pyramus is not killed indeed and for the more better assurance tell them that I Pyramus am not Pyramus but Bottom the weaver this will put them out of fear

Quin Well we will have such a prologue and it shall be written in eight and six

Bot No make it two more let it be written in eight and eight

Snout Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star I fear it I promise you *29*

Bot Masters you ought to consider with yourselves to bring in—God shield us!—a lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing for there is not a more fearful wild fowl than your lion living and we ought to look to t

Snout Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion

Bot Nay you must name his name and half his face must be seen through the lion s neck and he himself must speak through saying thus or to the same defect Ladies or Fair ladies I

would wish you," or "I would request you" or "I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble my life for yours If you think I come hither as a lion, it were a pity of my life no, I am no such thing, I am a man as other men are , and there indeed let him name his name and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner

Quin Well it shall be so But there is two hard things, that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber, for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight *51*

Snout Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot A calendar a calendar! look in the almanac, find out moonshine, find out moonshine

Quin Yes, it doth shine that night

Bot Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open, and the moon may shine in at the casement

Quin Ay, or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn and say he comes to disfigure or to present, the person of Moonshine Then there is another thing we must have a wall in the great chamber, for Pyramus and Thisby says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall

Snout You can never bring in a wall What say you Bottom?

Bot Some man or other must present Wall and let him have some plaster or some loam or some rough-cast about him to signify wall and let him hold his fingers thus and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper

Quin If that may be then all is well Come, sit down every mother's son and rehearse your parts Pyramus you begin when you have spoken your speech enter into that brake and so every one according to his cue

Enter PUCK *behind*

Puck What hempen home spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen? *80*
What a play toward! I ll be an auditor
An actor too perhaps if I see cause

Quin Speak Pyramus Thisby stand forth

Bot 'Thisby the flowers of odious savours sweet —

Quin Odours odours

Bot —'odours savours sweet
So hath thy breath my dearest Thisby dear
But hark a voice! stay thou but here awhile
And by and by I will to thee appear [*Exit*

Puck A stranger Pyramus than e er play d here [*Exit* *90*

Flu Must I speak now?

Quin Ay marry must you for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again

Flu "Most radiant Pyramus, most lily white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier
Most brisky juvenal and eke most lovely Jew
As true as truest horse that yet would never tire
I ll meet thee Pyramus at Ninny s tomb' *99*

Quin Ninus tomb man why, you must not speak that yet, that you answer to Pyramus you speak all your part at once cues and all Pyramus enter your cue is past, it is 'never tire"

Flu O —' As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire '

Re-enter PUCK *and* BOTTOM *with an ass s head*

Bot If I were fair, Thisby I were only thine"

Quin O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted Pray masters! *fly masters! Help!*

[*Exeunt* QUINCE, SNUG FLUTE, SNOUT *and* STARVELING

Puck I ll follow you I ll lead you about a round
Through bog through bush through brake, through brier *110*
Sometime a horse I ll be sometime a hound
A hog a headless bear sometime a fire,
And neigh and bark, and grunt and roar and burn
Like horse hound hog bear fire, at every turn [*Exit*

Bot Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me afeard

Re-enter SNOUT

Snout O Bottom thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

Bot What do you see? you see an ass head of your own, do you? [*Exit* SNOUT *120*

Re-enter QUINCE

Quin Bless thee Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated [*Exit*

Bot I see their knavery this is to make an ass of me to fright me if they could But I will not stir from this place do what they can I will walk up and down here, and I will sing that they shall hear I am not afraid [*Sings*]

The ousel cock so black of hue,
With orange tawny bill
The throstle with his note so true *130*
The wren with little quill —

Tita [*Awaking*] What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?
Bot [*Sings*]
The finch the sparrow and the lark
The plain song cuckoo gray
Whose note full many a man doth mark
And dares not answer nay —
for indeed who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie though he cry cuckoo never so?
Tita I pray thee gentle mortal sing again
Mine ear is much enamour d of thy note 141
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape
And thy fair virtue s force perforce doth move me
On the first view to say to swear I love thee
Bot Methinks mistress you should have little reason for that and yet to say the truth reason and love keep little company together now a days the more the pity that some honest neigh bours will not make them friends Nay I can gleek upon occasion 150
Tita Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful
Bot Not so neither but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood I have enough to serve mine own turn
Tita Out of this wood do not desire to go
Thou shalt remain here whether thou wilt or no
I am a spirit of no common rate
The summer still doth tend upon my state
And I do love thee therefore go with me
I ll give thee fairies to attend on thee 160
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep
And s ng while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go
Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard seed

Enter PEASEBLOSSOM COBWEB MOTH *and* MUSTARDSEED

Peas Ready
Cob And I
Moth And I
Mus And I
All Where shall we go?
Tita Be kind and courteous to this gentleman
Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries
With purple grapes green figs and mulberries
The honey bags steal from the humble bees 171
And for night tapers crop their waxen thighs
And light them at the fiery glow worm s eyes
To have my love to bed and to arise
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes
Nod to him elves and do him courtesies
Peas Hail mortal!
Cob Hail!
Moth Hail! 180
Mus Hail!
Bot I cry your worships mercy heartily I be seech your worship s name
Cob Cobweb
Bot I shall desire you of more acquaintance good Master Cobweb if I cut my fin er I shall make bold with you Your name, honest gentle man?
Peas Peaseblossom
Bot I pray you commend me to Mistress Squash your mother and to Master Peascod your father Good Master Peaseblossom I shall desire you of more acquaintance too Your name I beseech you sir?
Mus Mustardseed
Bot Good Master Mustardseed I know your patience well that same cowardly giant like ox beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house I promis you your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now I desire your more ac quaintance good Master Mustardseed 201
Tita Come wait upon him lead him to my bower
The moon methinks looks with a watery eye
And when she weeps weeps every little flower
Lamenting some enforced chastity
Tie up my love s tongue, bring him silently
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Another part of the wood*

Enter OBERON

Obe I wonder if Titania be awaked
Then what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity

Enter PUCK

Here comes my messenger
How now mad spirit!
What night rule now about this haunted grove?
Puck My mistress with a monster is in love
Near to her close and consecrated bower
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour
A crew of patches rude mechanicals
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls 10
Were met together to rehearse a play
Intended for great Theseus nuptial-day
The shallowest thick skin of that barren sort
Who Pyramus presented in their sport
Forsook his scene and enter d in a brake
When I did him at this advantage take

An ass's nole I fixed on his head:
Anon his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye, 20
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky,
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly,
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all things catch. 30
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
When in that moment, so it came to pass,
Titania waked and straightway loved an ass.

Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping—that is finish'd too—
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he waked, of force she must be eyed. 40

Enter HERMIA *and* DEMETRIUS

Obe. Stand close: this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide; but I should use thee worse,
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.
The sun was not so true unto the day 50
As he to me: would he have stolen away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon
This whole earth may be bored and that the moon
May through the centre creep and so displease
Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes.
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murder'd look, and so should I,
Pierced through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere. 61

Her. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou drivest me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
O, once tell true, tell true, even for my sake!
Durst thou have look'd upon him being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch! 70
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a misprised mood:
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A privilege never to see me more.
And from thy hated presence part I so: 80
See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [*Exit*

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here therefore for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay.
Lies down and sleeps

Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue 90
Some true love turn'd and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick she is and pale of cheer,
With sighs of love, that costs the fresh blood dear:
By some illusion see thou bring her here:
I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look how I go, 100
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit*

Obe. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye.
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wakest, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter PUCK

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,

Helena is here at hand
And the youth mistook by me
Pleading for a lover s fee
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord what fools these mortals be!

Obe Stand aside the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake

Puck Then will two at once woo one
That must needs be sport alone
And those things do best please me 120
That befall preposterously

Enter LYSANDER *and* HELENA

Lys Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears
Look when I vow I weep and vows so born
In their nativity all truth appears
How can these things in me seem scorn to you
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true?

Hel You do advance your cunning more and more
When truth kills truth O devilish holy fray!
These vows are Hermia s will you give her o er?
Weigh oath with oath and you will nothing weigh 131
Your vows to her and me put in two scales
Will even weigh and both as light as tales

Lys I had no judgement when to her I swore

Hel Nor none in my mind now you give her o er

Lys Demetrius loves her and he loves not you

Dem [*Awaking*] O Helen goddess nymph perfect divine!
To what my love shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy O how ripe in show
Thy lips those kissing cherries tempting grow!
That pure congealed white high Taurus snow
Fann d with the eastern wind turns to a crow
When thou hold st up thy hand O let me kiss
This princess of pure white this seal of bliss!

Hel O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me for your merriment
If you were civil and knew courtesy
You would not do me thus much injury
Can you not hate me as I know you do
But you must join in souls to mock me too? 150
If you were men, as men you are in show
You would not use a gentle lady so
To vow and swear and superpraise my parts
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts
You both are rivals and love Hermia
And now both rivals to mock Helena
A trim exploit a manly enterprise
To conjure tears up in a poor maid s eyes
With your derision! none of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin and extort 160
A poor soul s patience all to make you sport

Lys You are unkind Demetrius be not so
For you love Hermia this you know I know
And here with all good will with all my heart
In Hermia s love I yield you up my part
And yours of Helena to me bequeath
Whom I do love and will do till my death

Hel Never did mockers waste more idle breath

Dem Lysander keep thy Hermia I will none
If e er I loved her all that love is gone 170
My heart to her but as guest wise sojourn d
And now to Helen is it home return d
There to remain

Lys Helen it is not so

Dem Disparage not the faith thou dost not know
Lest to thy peril thou aby it dear
Look where thy love comes yonder is thy dear

Re-enter HERMIA

Her Dark night that from the eye his function takes
The ear more quick of apprehension makes
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense
It pays the hearing double recompense 180
Thou art not by mine eye Lysander found
Mine ear I thank it brought me to thy sound
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

Lys Why should he stay whom love doth press to go?

Her What love could press Lysander from my side?

Lys Lysander s love that would not let him bide
Fair Helena who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light
Why seek st thou me? could not this make thee know
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so? 190

Her You speak not as you think it cannot be

Hel Lo she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoin d all three
To fashion this false sport in spite of me
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspired have you with these contrived
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shared
The sisters vows the hours that we have spent
When we have chid the hasty footed time 200
For parting us—O is it all forgot?
All school-days friendship childhood innocence?
We Hermia, like two artificial gods
Have with our needles created both one flower

Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition, 210
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one and crowned with one crest.
And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words.
I scorn you not: it seems that you scorn me. 220

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,
To call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection, 230
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,
But miserable most, to love unloved?
This you should pity rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, persever, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;
Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled. 240
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But fare ye well: 'tis partly my own fault;
Which death or absence soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse:
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat:
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers. 250
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do:
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come!

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you Ethiope!

Dem. No, no; he'll but
Seem to break loose; take on as you would follow,
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go!

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! vile thing, let loose, 260
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent!

Her. Why are you grown so rude? what change is this?
Sweet love—

Lys. Thy love! out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!

Her. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes, sooth; and so do you.

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond, for I perceive
A weak bond holds you: I'll not trust your word.

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so. 270

Her. What, can you do me greater harm than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love!
Am not I Hermia? are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
Since night you loved me; yet since night you left me:
Why, then you left me—O, the gods forbid!—
In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest 280
That I do hate thee and love Helena.

Her. O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! what, have you come by night
And stolen my love's heart from him?

Hel. Fine, i' faith!
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

Her. Puppet? why so? ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare 290
Between our statures; she hath urged her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel I pray you though you mock me gentle men
Let her not hurt me I was never curst 300
I have no gift at all in shrewishness
I am a right maid for my cowardice
Let her not strike me You perhaps may think
Because she is something lower than myself
That I can match her
Her Lower ! hark again
Hel Good Hermia do not be so bitter with me
I evermore did love you Hermia
Did ever keep your counsels never wrong d you
Save that in love unto Demetrius
I told him of your stealth unto this wood 310
He follow d you for love I follow d him
But he hath chid me hence and threaten d me
To strike me spurn me nay to kill me too
And now so you will let me quiet go
To Athens will I bear my folly back
And follow you no further let me go
You see how simple and how fond I am
Her Why get you gone who is t that hinders you?
Hel A foolish heart that I leave here behind
Her What with Lysander?
Hel With Demetrius 320
Lys Be not afraid she shall not harm thee Helena
Dem No sir she shall not though you take her part
Hel O when she s angry she is keen and shrewd!
She was a vixen when she went to school
And though she be but little she is fierce
Her Little again! nothing but low and little !
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her
Lys Get you gone you dwarf
You minimus of hindering knot-grass made
You bead you acorn
Dem You are too officious 330
In her behalf that scorns your services
Let her alone speak not of Helena
Take not her part for if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her
Thou shalt aby it
Lys Now she holds me not
Now follow if thou darest to try whose right
Of thine or mine is most in Helena
Dem Follow nay I ll go with thee cheek by jole [*Exeunt* LYSANDER *and* DEMETRIUS
Her You mistress all this coil is long of you
Nay go not back
Hel I will not trust you I 340
Nor longer stay in your curst company
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray
My legs are longer though to run away [*Exit*
Her I am amazed and know not what to say [*Exit*
Obe This is thy negligence still thou mistakest
Or else committ st thy knaveries wilfully
Puck Believe me king of shadows I mistook
Did not you tell me I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise 350
That I have nointed an Athenian s eyes
And so far am I glad it so did sort
As this their jangling I esteem a sport
Obe Thou see st these lovers seek a place to fight
Hie therefore Robin overcast the night
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog as black as Acheron
And lead these testy rivals so astray
As one come not within another s way
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong 361
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius
And from each other look thou lead them thus
Till o er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep
Then crush this herb into Lysander s eye
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property
To take from thence all error with his might
And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight
When they next wake all this derision 370
Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend
With league whose date till death shall never end
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ
I ll to my queen and beg her Indian boy
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster s view and all things shall be peace
Puck My fairy lord this must be done with haste
For night s swift dragons cut the clouds full fast
And yonder shines Aurora s harbinger 380
At whose approach ghosts wandering here and there
Troop home to churchyards damned spirits all
That in crossways and floods have burial
Already to their wormy beds are gone
For fear lest day should look their shames upon
They wilfully themselves exile from light
And must for aye consort with black brow d night
Obe But we are spirits of another sort
I with the morning s love have oft made sport

And, like a forester, the groves may tread 390
Even till the eastern gate all fiery red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams
But, notwithstanding, haste make no delay
We may effect this business yet ere day [*Exit*

Puck Up and down up and down,
I will lead them up and down
I am fear'd in field and town
Goblin lead them up and down
Here comes one 400

Re-enter LYSANDER

Lys Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now

Puck Here villain, drawn and ready Where art thou?

Lys I will be with thee straight

Puck Follow me then,
To plainer ground
[*Exit* LYSANDER, *as following the voice*

Re-enter DEMETRIUS

Dem Lysander! speak again
Thou runaway thou coward art thou fled?
Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?

Puck Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars
Telling the bushes that thou look st for wars
And wilt not come? Come, recreant come thou child
I ll whip thee with a rod he is defiled 410
That draws a sword on thee

Dem Yea art thou there?

Puck Follow my voice we ll try no manhood here [*Exeunt*

Re-enter LYSANDER

Lys He goes before me and still dares me on
When I come where he calls then he is gone
The villain is much lighter heel d than I
I follow d fast but faster he did fly
That fallen am I in dark uneven way
And here will rest me [*Lies down*] Come thou gentle day!
For if but once thou show me thy grey light
I ll find Demetrius and revenge this spite [*Sleeps*

Re-enter PUCK *and* DEMETRIUS

Puck Ho ho ho! Coward why comest thou not? 420

Dem Abide me if thou darest for well I wot
Thou runn st before me shifting every place
And darest not stand nor look me in the face
Where art thou now?

Puck Come hither I am here

Dem Nay, then, thou mock st me Thou shalt buy this dear
If ever I thy face by daylight see
Now, go thy way Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed
By day s approach look to be visited 430
Lies down and sleeps

Re-enter HELENA

Hel O weary night O long and tedious night
Abate thy hours! Shine comforts from the east
That I may back to Athens by daylight
From these that my poor company detest
And sleep that sometimes shuts up sorrow s eye
Steal me awhile from mine own company
Lies down and sleeps

Puck Yet but three? Come one more
Two of both kinds makes up four
Here she comes curst and sad
Cupid is a knavish lad 440
Thus to make poor females mad

Re-enter HERMIA

Her Never so weary never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew and torn with briers,
I can no further crawl no further go
My legs can keep no pace with my desires
Here will I rest me till the break of day
Heavens shield Lysander if they mean a fray!
Lies down and sleeps

Puck On the ground
Sleep sound
I ll apply 450
To your eye
Gentle lover remedy
Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eyes
When thou wakest
Thou takest
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady s eye
And the country proverb known
That every man should take his own
In your waking shall be shown 460
Jack shall have Jill
Nought shall go ill
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well [*Exit*

ACT IV

SCENE I *The same* LYSANDER DEMETRIUS HELENA *and* HERMIA *lying asleep*

Enter TITANIA *and* BOTTOM PEASEBLOSSOM COBWEB MOTH MUSTARDSEED *and other Fairies attending* OBERON *behind* [illegible]

Tita Come sit thee down upon this flowery bed
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy
And stick musk roses in thy sleek smooth head
And kiss thy fair large ears my gentle joy
Bot Where s Peaseblossom?
Peas Ready
Bot Scratch my head Peaseblossom Where s Mounsieur Cobweb?
Cob Ready
Bot Mounsieur Cobweb good mounsieur get you your weapons in your hand and kill me a red hipped humble bee on the top of a thistle and good mounsieur bring me the honey bag Do not fret yourself too much in the action mounsieur and good mounsieur have a care the honey bag break not I would be loath to have you o erflown with a honey bag signior Where s Mounsieur Mustardseed?
Mus Ready 19
Bot Give me your neaf Mounsieur Mustard seed Pray you leave your courtesy good moun sieur
Mus What s your will?
Bot Nothing good mounsieur but to help Cavalery Cobweb to scratch I must to the bar ber s mounsieur for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face and I am such a tender ass if my hair do but tickle me I must scratch
Tita What wilt thou hear some music my sweet love?
Bot I have a reasonable good ear in music Let s have the tongs and the bones
Tita Or say sweet love what thou desirest to eat
Bot Truly a peck of provender I could munch your good dry oats Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay good hay sweet hay hath no fellow
Tita I have a venturous fairy that shall seek The squirrel s hoard and fetch thee new nuts
Bot I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas But I pray you let none of your people stir me I have an exposition of sleep come upon me 42
Tita Sleep thou and I will wind thee in my arms
Fairies be gone and be all ways away

[*Exeunt fairies*

So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm
O how I love thee! how I dote on thee!
They sleep

Enter Puck

Obe [*Advancing*] Welcome good Robin
See st thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity
For meeting her of late behind the wood
Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool
I did upbraid her and fall out with her
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers
And that same dew which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls
Stood now within the pretty flowerets eyes
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail
When I had at my pleasure taunted her 60
And she in mild terms begg d my patience
I then did ask her of her changeling child
Which straight she gave me and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land
And now I have the boy I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes
And gentle Puck take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain
That he awaking when the other do
May all to Athens back again repair 70
And think no more of this night s accidents
But as the fierce vexation of a dream
But first I will release the fairy queen [*Touching her eyes*]
Be as thou wast wont to be
See as thou wast wont to see
Dian s bud o er Cupid s flower
Hath such force and blessed power
Now my Titania wake you my sweet queen.
Tita My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamour d of an ass 80
Obe There lies your love
Tita How came these things to pass?
O how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!
Obe Silence awhile Robin take off this head
Titania music call and strike more dead
Than common sleep of all these five the sense
Tita Music, ho! music such as charmeth sleep!
Music still
Puck Now when thou wak est with thine own fool s eyes peep
Obe Sound music! Come my queen take hands with me 89
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be
Now thou and I are new in amity
And will to-morrow midnight solemnly
Dance in Duke Theseus house triumphantly
And bless it to all fair prosperity
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded with Theseus all in jollity
Puck Fairy king attend and mark

I do hear the morning lark
Obe Then my queen in silence sad
Trip we after night s shade 100
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon
Tita Come, my lord, and in our flight
Tell me how it came this night
That I sleeping here was found
With these mortals on the ground
[*Exeunt*

Horns winded within

Enter THESEUS HIPPOLYTA EGEUS *and train*

The Go one of you find out the forester,
For now our observation is perform d,
And since we have the vaward of the day
My love shall hear the music of my hounds 110
Uncouple in the western valley, let them go
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester
[*Exit an Attendant*
We will, fair queen up to the mountain s top
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction
Hip I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay d the bear
With hounds of Sparta never did I hear
Such gallant chiding, for, besides the groves
The skies the fountains every region near 120
Seem d all one mutual cry I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder
The My hounds are bred out of the Spartan
kind
So flew d so sanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew
Crook knee'd, and dew lapp d like Thessalian
bulls,
Slow in pursuit, but match d in mouth like bells
Each under each A cry more tuneable
Was never holla d to, nor cheer'd with horn
In Crete in Sparta nor in Thessaly 130
Judge when you hear But, soft! what nymphs
are these?
Ege My lord this is my daughter here asleep
And this, Lysander, this Demetrius is
This Helena old Nedar s Helena
I wonder of their being here together
The No doubt they rose up early to observe
The rite of May, and hearing our intent
Came here in grace of our solemnity
But speak Egeus is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?
Ege It is, my lord 141
The Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with
their horns *Horns and shout within*
LYSANDER DEMETRIUS HELENA *and* HERMIA
wake and start up

Good morrow friends Saint Valentine is past
Begin these wood birds but to couple now?
Lys Pardon, my lord
The I pray you all, stand up
I know you two are rival enemies
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy
To sleep by hate and fear no enmity?
Lys My lord I shall reply amazedly 150
Half sleep, half waking but as yet I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here,
But as I think—for truly would I speak,
And now I do bethink me so it is—
I came with Hermia hither our intent
Was to be gone from Athens where we might,
Without the peril of the Athenian law—
Ege Enough, enough my lord you have
enough
I beg the law, the law, upon his head
They would have stolen away, they would,
Demetrius 160
Thereby to have defeated you and me
You of your wife and me of my consent,
Of my consent that she should be your wife
Dem My lord, fair Helen told me of their
stealth,
Of this their purpose hither to this wood,
And I in fury hither follow d them,
Fair Helena in fancy following me
But my good lord I wot not by what power—
But by some power it is—my love to Hermia,
Melted as the snow seems to me now 170
As the remembrance of an idle gawd
Which in my childhood I did dote upon,
And all the faith the virtue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena To her my lord
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia
But like in sickness did I loathe this food,
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now I do wish it, love it, long for it
And will for evermore be true to it 180
The Fair lovers you are fortunately met
Of this discourse we more will hear anon
Egeus I will overbear your will,
For in the temple by and by with us
These couples shall eternally be knit
And for the morning now is something worn,
Our purposed hunting shall be set aside
Away with us to Athens three and three,
We ll hold a feast in great solemnity
Come, Hippolyta 190
[*Exeunt* THESEUS HIPPOLYTA EGEUS *and train*
Dem These things seem small and undistin
guishable
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds

Her Methinks I see these things with parted
eye
When every thing seems double
Hel So methinks
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel
Mine own and not mine own
Dem Are you sure
That we are awake? It seems to me
That yet we sleep we dream Do not you think
The Duke was here and bid us follow him? *199*
Her Yea and my father
Hel And Hippolyta
Lys And he did bid us follow to the temple
Dem Why then we are awake let s follow
him
And by the way let us recount our dreams
[*Exeunt*

Bot [*Awaking*] When my cue comes call me and I will answer my next is Most fair Pyramus Heigh ho! Peter Quince! Flute the bellows mender! Snout the tinker! Starveling! God s my life stolen hence and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision I have had a dream past the wit of man to say what dream it was man is but an ass if he go about to expound this dream Methought I was—there is no man can tell what Methought I was—and methought I had—but man is but a patched fool if he will offer to say what methought I had The eye of man hath not heard the ear of man hath not seen man s hand is not able to taste his tongue to conceive nor his heart to report what my dream was I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream it shall be called Bottom s Dream because it hath no bottom and I will sing it in the latter end of a play before the Duke peradventure to make it the more gracious I shall sing it at her death [*Exit*

SCENE II *Athens Quince s house*

Enter QUINCE FLUTE, SNOUT *and* STARVELING

Quin Have you sent to Bottom s house? is he come home yet?
Star He cannot be heard of Out of doubt he is transported
Flu If he come not then the play is marred it goes not forward doth it?
Quin It is not possible you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he
Flu No he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens *10*
Quin Yea and the best person too and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice
Flu You must say paragon a paramour is God bless us a thing of naught

Enter SNUG

Snug Masters the Duke is coming from the temple and there is two or three lords and ladies more married if our sport had gone forward we had all been made men
Flu O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life he could not have scaped sixpence a day an the Duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus I ll be hanged he would have deserved it sixpence a day in Pyramus or nothing

Enter BOTTOM

Bot Where are these lads? where are these hearts?
Quin Bottom! O most courageous day! O most happy hour!
Bot Masters I am to discourse wonders but ask me not what for if I tell you I am no true Athenian I will tell you everything right as it fell out
Quin Let us hear sweet Bottom
Bot Not a word of me All that I will tell you is that the Duke hath dined Get your apparel together good strings to your beards new ribbons to your pumps meet presently at the palace every man look o er his part for the short and the long is our play is preferred In any case let Thisby have clean linen and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails for they shall hang out for the lion s claws And most dear actors eat no onions nor garlic for we are to utter sweet breath and I do not doubt but to hear them say it is a sweet comedy No more words away! go away! [*Exeunt*

ACT V

SCENE I *Athens the palace of Theseus*

Enter THESEUS HIPPOLYTA PHILOSTRATE *Lords and Attendants*

Hip Tis strange my Theseus that these
lovers speak of
The More strange than true I never may be
lieve
These antique fables nor these fairy toys
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains
Such shaping fantasies that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends
The lunatic the lover and the poet
Are of imagination all compact
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold
That is the madman the lover all as frantic, *10*
Sees Helen s beauty in a brow of Egypt
The poet s eye in a fine frenzy rolling

Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy, 20
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

Hip But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigured so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images
And grows to something of great constancy,
But, howsoever, strange and admirable

The Here come the lovers full of joy and mirth

Enter LYSANDER DEMETRIUS HERMIA, *and* HELENA

Joy, gentle friends! joy and fresh days of love
Accompany your hearts!

Lys More than to us 30
Wait in your royal walks, your board your bed!

The Come now, what masques, what dances shall we have
To wear away this long age of three hours
Between our after supper and bed time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate

Phil Here, mighty Theseus

The Say, what abridgement have you for this evening?
What masque? what music? How shall we beguile 40
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Phil There is a brief how many sports are ripe
Make choice of which your highness will see first
Giving a paper

The [*Reads*] "The battle with the Centaurs to be sung
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp"
We ll none of that that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules
"The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage"
That is an old device, and it was play d 50
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror
'The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning late deceased in beggary
That is some satire keen and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony
"A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus
And his love Thisby, very tragical mirth'
Merry and tragical! tedious and brief!
That is hot ice and wondrous strange snow
How shall we find the concord of this discord? 60

Phil A play there is my lord some ten words long,
Which is as brief as I have known a play,
But by ten words my lord it is too long,
Which makes it tedious for in all the play
There is not one word apt one player fitted
And tragical my noble lord it is,
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself
Which when I saw rehearsed I must confess,
Made mine eyes water, but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed 70

The What are they that do play it?

Phil Hard handed men that work in Athens here,
Which never labour d in their minds till now,
And now have toil'd their unbreathed memories
With this same play against your nuptial

The And we will hear it

Phil No, my noble lord,
It is not for you I have heard it over
And it is nothing nothing in the world,
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretch d and conn'd with cruel pain, 80
To do you service

The I will hear that play,
For never anything can be amiss
When simpleness and duty tender it
Go, bring them in and take your places ladies
[*Exit* PHILOSTRATE

Hip I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharged
And duty in his service perishing

The Why, gentle sweet you shall see no such thing

Hip He says they can do nothing in this kind

The The kinder we to give them thanks for nothing
Our sport shall be to take what they mistake 90
And what poor duty cannot do, noble respect
Takes it in might not merit
Where I have come great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale
Make periods in the midst of sentences
Throttle their practised accent in their fears
And in conclusion dumbly have broke off
Not paying me a welcome Trust me sweet,
Out of this silence yet I pick d a welcome,
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence
Love, therefore, and tongue tied simplicity

In least speak most to my capacity

Re-enter PHILOSTRATE

Phil So please your grace the Prologue is address'd

The Let him approach [*Flourish of trumpets*

Enter QUINCE *for the* PROLOGUE

Pro If we offend it is with our good will
That you should think we come not to offend
But with good will To show our simple skill 110
That is the true beginning of our end
Consider then we come but in despite
We do not come as minding to content you
Our true intent is All for your delight
We are not here That you should here repent you
The actors are at hand and by their show
You shall know all that you are like to know

The This fellow doth not stand upon points

Lys He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt he knows not the stop A good moral my lord it is not enough to speak but to speak true

Hip Indeed he hath played on his prologue like a child on a recorder a sound but not in government

The His speech was like a tangled chain nothing impaired but all disordered Who is next?

Enter PYRAMUS *and* THISBE WALL MOONSHINE *and* LION

Pro Gentles perchance you wonder at this show
But wonder on till truth make all things plain
This man is Pyramus if you would know 130
This beauteous lady Thisby is certain
This man with lime and rou h-cast doth present
Wall that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder
And through Wall's chink poor souls they are content
To whisper At the which let no man wonder
This man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn,
Presenteth Moonshine for if you will know
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
To meet at Ninus' tomb there there to woo
This grisly beast which Lion hight by name 140
The trusty Thisby coming first by night
Did scare away or rather did affright
And as she fled her mantle she did fall
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain
Anon comes Pyramus sweet youth and tall
And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain
Whereat with blade with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast
And Thisby tarrying in mulberry shade
His dagger drew and died For all the rest,
Let Lion Moonshine Wall and lovers twain 151
At large discourse while here they do remain

[*Exeunt* PROLOGUE PYRAMUS THISBE LION *and* MOONSHINE

The I wonder if the lion be to speak

Dem No wonder my lord one lion may when many asses do

Wall In this same interlude it doth befall
That I one Snout by name present a wall
And such a wall as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink
Through which the lovers Pyramus and Thisby
Did whisper often very secretly 161
This loam this rough-cast and this stone doth show
That I am that same wall the truth is so
And this the cranny is right and sinister
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper

The Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse my lord

Re-enter PYRAMUS

The Pyramus draws near the wall silence!

Pyr O grim look'd night! O night with hue so black! 171
O night which ever art when day is not!
O night O night! alack alack alack
I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!
And thou O wall O sweet O lovely wall
That stand'st between her father's ground and mine!
Thou wall O wall O sweet and lovely wall
Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne! [WALL *holds up his fingers*
Thanks courteous wall Jove shield thee well for this!
But what see I? No Thisby do I see 180
O wicked wall through whom I see no bliss!
Curs'd be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

The The wall methinks being sensible should curse again

Pyr No in truth sir he should not Deceiving me is Thisby's cue she is to enter now and I am to spy her through the wall You shall see it will fall pat as I told you Yonder she comes

Re-enter THISBE

This O wall full often hast thou heard my moans 190
For parting my fair Pyramus and me!
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones

Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee

Pyr I see a voice now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisby s face
Thisby!

This My love thou art, my love I think

Pyr Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace,
And, like Limander, am I trusty still

This And I like Helen till the Fates me kill

Pyr Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true 200

This As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you

Pyr O kiss me through the hole of this vile wall!

This I kiss the wall s hole, not your lips at all

Pyr Wilt thou at Ninny s tomb meet me straightway?

This 'Tide life tide death, I come without delay [*Exeunt* PYRAMUS *and* THISBE

Wall Thus have I Wall, my part discharged so,
And being done, thus Wall away doth go [*Exit*

The Now is the mural down between the two neighbours

Dem No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning 211

Hip This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard

The The best in this kind are but shadows and the worst are no worse if imagination amend them

Hip It must be your imagination then and not theirs

The If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion 221

Re-enter LION *and* MOONSHINE

Lion You, ladies you whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor
May now perchance both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar
Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am
A lion fell, nor else no lion s dam
For, if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place 'twere pity on my life

The A very gentle beast and of a good conscience 231

Dem The very best at a beast my lord that e er I saw

Lys This lion is a very fox for his valour

The True, and a goose for his discretion

Dem Not so my lord for his valour cannot carry his discretion, and the fox carries the goose

The His discretion I am sure cannot carry his valour for the goose carries not the fox It is well leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon

Moon This lanthorn doth the horned moon present—

Dem He should have worn the horns on his head

The He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference

Moon This lanthorn doth the horned moon present
Myself the man i the moon do seem to be

The This is the greatest error of all the rest the man should be put into the lanthorn How is it else the man i the moon?

Dem He dares not come there for the candle for, you see it is already in snuff

Hip I am aweary of this moon would he would change!

The It appears by his small light of discretion that he is in the wane, but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time

Lys Proceed, Moon 260

Moon All that I have to say, is to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon, I the man in the moon, this thorn bush my thorn bush and this dog, my dog

Dem Why, all these should be in the lanthorn, for all these are in the moon But, silence! here comes Thisbe

Re-enter THISBE

This This is old Ninny s tomb Where is my love?

Lion [*Roaring*] Oh— [THISBE *runs off*

Dem Well roared Lion 270

The Well run Thisbe

Hip Well shone Moon Truly, the moon shines with a good grace

[*The* LION *shakes* THISBE S *mantle, and exit*

The Well moused Lion

Lys And so the lion vanished

Dem And then came Pyramus

Re-enter PYRAMUS

Pyr Sweet Moon I thank thee for thy sunny beams
I thank thee, Moon for shining now so bright,
For by thy gracious golden glittering gleams
I trust to take of truest Thisby sight 280

But stay, O spite!
But mark poor knight
What dreadful dole is here!
Eyes do you see?
How can it be?

The Life and Death of KING JOHN

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING JOHN
PRINCE HENRY *son to the King*
ARTHUR *Duke of Bretagne nephew to the King*
EARL OF PEMBROKE
EARL OF ESSEX
EARL OF SALISBURY
LORD BIGOT
HUBERT DE BURGH
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE *son to Sir Robert Faulconbridge*
PHILIP THE BASTARD *his half brother later dubbed Richard Plantagenet*
JAMES GURNEY *servant to Lady Faulconbridge*
PETER OF POMFRET *a prophet*
EXECUTIONER
TWO MESSENGERS
ENGLISH HERALD

PHILIP *King of France*
LEWIS *the Dauphin*
LYMOGES DUKE OF AUSTRIA
CARDINAL PANDULPH *the Pope's legate*
MELUN *a French Lord*
CHATILLON *ambassador from France to King John*
CITIZEN *of Angiers*
FRENCH HERALD

QUEEN ELINOR *mother to King John*
CONSTANCE *mother to Arthur*
BLANCH *of Spain niece to King John*
LADY FAULCONBRIDGE

NON-SPEAKING *Lords Citizens of Angiers Sheriff Officers Soldiers and their Attendants*

SCENE *Partly in England and partly in France*



ACT I

SCENE I *King John's palace*

Enter KING JOHN QUEEN ELINOR PEMBROKE ESSEX SALISBURY *and others with* CHATILLON

K *John* Now say Chatillon what would France with us?
Chat Thus after greeting speaks the King of France
In my behaviour to the majesty
The borrow d majesty of England here
Eli A strange beginning borrow d majesty!
K *John* Silence good mother hear the embassy
Chat Philip of France in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey s son,
Arthur Plantagenet lays most lawful claim
To this fair island and the territories 10
To Ireland Poictiers Anjou Touraine Maine
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
Which sways usurpingly these several titles
And put the same into young Arthur s hand
Thy nephew and right royal sovereign
K *John* What follows if we d sallow of this?
Chat The proud control of fierce and bloody war
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld
K *John* Here have we war for war and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment so answer France
Chat Then take my king s defiance from my mouth 21
The farthest limit of my embassy
K *John* Bear mine to him and so depart in peace
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France
For ere thou canst report I will be there
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard
So hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath
And sullen presage of your own decay
An honourable conduct let him have
Pembroke look to t Farewell Chatillon 30
[*Exeunt* CHATILLON *and* PEMBROKE
Eli What now my son! have I not ever said
How that ambitious Constance would not cease
Till she had kindled France and all the world
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented and made whole
With very easy arguments of love
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate
K *John* Our strong possession and our right for us
Eli Your strong possession much more than your right
Or else it must go wrong with you and me
So much my conscience whispers in your ear
Which none but heaven and you and I shall hear

Enter a Sheriff

Essex My liege, here is the strangest controversy
Come from the country to be judged by you
That e'er I heard shall I produce the men?
K John Let them approach
Our abbeys and our priories shall pay
This expedition's charge

Enter ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *and* PHILIP THE BASTARD

What men are you?
Bast Your faithful subject I a gentleman 50
Born in Northamptonshire and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de lion knighted in the field
K John What art thou?
Rob The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge
K John Is that the elder and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then it seems
Bast Most certain of one mother mighty king,
That is well known, and, as I think one father
But for the certain knowledge of that truth 61
I put you o er to heaven and to my mother
Of that I doubt as all men's children may
Eli Out on thee rude man! thou dost shame thy mother
And wound her honour with this diffidence
Bast I madam? no, I have no reason for it,
That is my brother's plea and none of mine,
The which if he can prove, a' pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year
Heaven guard my mother s honour and my land!
K John A good blunt fellow Why, being younger born, 71
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?
Bast I know not why, except to get the land
But once he slander d me with bastardy
But whether I be as true begot or no
That still I lay upon my mother s head
But that I am as well begot my liege—
Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!—
Compare our faces and be judge yourself
If old sir Robert did beget us both 80
And were our father and this son like him,
O old sir Robert father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee!
K John Why what a madcap hath heaven lent us here!
Eli He hath a trick of Cœur-de lion s face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?
K John Mine eye hath well examined his parts
And finds them perfect Richard Sirrah speak, 90
What doth move you to claim your brother s land?
Bast Because he hath a half face like my father
With half that face would he have all my land
A half faced groat five hundred pound a year!
Rob My gracious liege when that my father lived
Your brother did employ my father much—
Bast Well sir by this you cannot get my land
Your tale must be how he employ d my mother
Rob And once dispatch d him in an embassy
To Germany there with the Emperor 100
To treat of high affairs touching that time
The advantage of his absence took the king
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's
Where how he did prevail I shame to speak
But truth is truth large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay
As I have heard my father speak himself
When this same lusty gentleman was got
Upon his death bed he by will bequeath d
His lands to me and took it on his death 110
That this my mother s son was none of his,
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time
Then good my liege let me have what is mine,
My father s land as was my father s will
K John Sirrah your brother is legitimate
Your father s wife did after wedlock bear him
And if she did play false the fault was hers
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives Tell me how if my brother
Who as you say, took pains to get this son 121
Had of your father claim d this son for his?
In sooth good friend your father might have kept
This calf bred from his cow from all the world
In sooth he might then if he were my brother s,
My brother might not claim him nor your father,
Being none of his refuse him this concludes
My mother s son did get your father s heir
Your father s heir must have your father s land
Rob Shall then my father s will be of no force 130
To dispossess that child which is not his?
Bast Of no more force to dispossess me sir
Than was his will to get me, as I think
Eli Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge
And like thy brother to enjoy thy land
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de lion
Lord of thy presence and no land beside?

Bast Madam an if my brother had my shape
And I had his Sir Robert s his like him
And if my legs were two such riding rods 140
My arms such eel skins stuff'd my face so thin
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose
Lest men should say Look where three farth ings goes!
And to his shape were heir to all this land
Would I might never stir from off this place,
I would give it every foot to have this face
I would not be Sir Nob in any case

Eli I like thee well wilt thou forsake thy fortune
Bequeath thy land to him and follow me?
I am a soldier and now bound to France 150

Bast Brother take you my land I ll take my chance
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year
Yet sell your face for five pence and tis dear
Madam I ll follow you unto the death

Eli Nay I would have you go before me thither

Bast Our country manners give our betters way

K John What is thy name?

Bast Philip my liege so is my name begun
Philip good old Sir Robert s wife s eldest son

K John From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bear st 160
Kneel thou down Philip but rise more great
Arise Sir Richard and Plantagenet

Bast Brother by the mother s side give me your hand
My father gave me honour yours gave land
Now blessed be the hour by night or day
When I was got Sir Robert was away!

Eli The very spirit of Plantagenet!
I am thy grandam Richard call me so

Bast Madam by chance but not by truth what though?
Something about a little from the right 170
In at the window or else o er the hatch
Who dares not stir by day must walk by night
And have is have however men do catch
Near or far off well won is still well shot
And I am I howe er I was begot

K John Go, Faulconbridge now hast thou thy desire
A landless knight makes thee a landed squire
Come madam and come Richard, we must speed
For France for France, for it is more than need

Bast Brother adieu good fortune come to thee 180
For thou wast got i the way of honesty
[*Exeunt all but* BASTARD

A foot of honour better than I was
But many a many foot of land the worse
Well now can I make any Joan a lady
Good den sir Richard! God a mercy fel low!
And if his name be George I ll call him Peter
For new made honour doth forget men s names
Tis too respective and too sociable
For your conversion Now your traveller
He and his toothpick at my worship s mess 190
And when my knightly stomach is sufficed
Why then I suck my teeth and catechize
My picked man of countries My dear sir
Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin
I shall beseech you —that is question now
And then comes answer like an Absey book
O sir says answer at you best command
At your employment at your service sir
No sir says question I sweet sir at yours
And so ere answer knows what question would
Saving in dialogue of compliment 201
And talking of the Alps and Apennines
The Pyrenean and the river Po
It draws toward supper in conclusion so
But this is worshipful society
And fits the mounting spirit like myself
For he is but a bastard to the time
That doth not smack of observation
And so am I whether I smack or no
And not alone in habit and device 210
Exterior form outward accoutrement
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet sweet sweet poison for the age s tooth
Which though I will not practise to deceive
Yet to avoid deceit I mean to learn
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising
But who comes in such haste in riding robes?
What woman-post is this? hath she no husband
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter LADY FAULCONBRIDGE *and* JAMES GURNEY

O me! it is my mother How now good lady!
What brings you here to court so hastily? 221

Lady F Where is that slave thy brother? where is he
That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

Bast My brother Robert? old Sir Robert s son?
Colbrand the giant that same mighty man?
Is it Sir Robert s son that you seek so?

Lady F Sir Robert s son Ay thou unreverend boy
Sir Robert s son why scorn st thou at Sir Robert?
He is Sir Robert s son, and so art thou

Bast James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile? 230
Gur Good leave, good Philip
Bast Philip! sparrow James
There's toys abroad anon I ll tell thee more
[*Exit* GURNEY
Madam I was not old Sir Robert s son
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-Friday and ne er broke his fast
Sir Robert could do well marry to confess
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it
We know his handiwork therefore good mother
To whom am I beholding for these limbs?
Sir Robert never holp to make this leg 240
Lady F *Hast thou conspired with thy brother too*
That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honour?
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?
Bast ' Knight, knight, good mother, Basilisco like
What! I am dubb'd! I have it on my shoulder
But mother, I am not Sir Robert s son
I have disclaim d Sir Robert and my land
Legitimation name and all is gone
Then good my mother let me know my father,
Some proper man I hope who was it mother?
Lady F Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?
Bast As faithfully as I deny the devil
Lady F King Richard Cœur-de lion was thy father
By long and vehement suit I was seduced
To make room for him in my husband s bed
Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!
Thou are the issue of my dear offence
Which was so strongly urged past my defence
Bast Now by this light were I to get again
Madam I would not wish a better father 260
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth
And so doth yours your fault was not your folly
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Subjected tribute to commanding love
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The aweless lion could not wage the fight
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard s hand
He that perforce robs lions of their hearts
May easily win a woman s Ay my mother
With all my heart I thank thee for my father! 270
Who lives and dares but say thou didst not well
When I was got I ll send his soul to hell
Come lady I will show thee to my kin
And they shall say when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay it had been sin
Who says it was, he lies, I say 'twas not
[*Exeunt*

ACT II

SCENE I *France before Angiers*

Enter AUSTRIA *and forces drums, etc on one side on the other* KING PHILIP *of France and his power,* LEWIS ARTHUR, CONSTANCE *and attendants*

Lew Before Angiers well met brave Austria
Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood
Richard, that robb d the lion of his heart
And fought the holy wars in Palestine
By this brave duke came early to his grave
And for amends to his posterity,
At our importance hither is he come
To spread his colours boy in thy behalf,
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle English John 10
Embrace him love him give him welcome hither
Arth God shall forgive you Cœur de lion s death
The rather that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war
I give you welcome with a powerless hand
But with a heart full of unstained love
Welcome before the gates of Angiers Duke
Lew A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?
Aust Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss
As seal to this indenture of my love 20
That to my home I will no more return
Till Angiers and the right thou hast in France
Together with that pale that white faced shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean s roaring tides
And coops from other lands her islanders
Even till that England hedged in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark still secure
And confident from foreign purposes
Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king till then fair boy, 30
Will I not think of home but follow arms
Const O take his mother s thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength
To make a more requital to your love!
Aust The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war
K Phi *Well then to work our cannon shall be bent*
Against the brows of this resisting town
Call for our chiefest men of discipline
To cull the plots of best advantages 40
We ll lay before this town our royal bones,

Made to the market place in Frenchmen s blood
But we will make it subject to this boy
Const Stay for an answer to your embassy
Lest unad ised you stain your swords with
blood
My Lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace which here we urge in war
And then we shall repent each drop of blood
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed

Enter CHATILLON

K Phi A wonder lady! lo upon thy wish
Our messen er Chatillon is arrived 51
What England says say briefly gentle lord
We coldly pause for thee Chatillon speak
Chat Then turn your forces from this paltry
siege
And stir them up against a mightier task
England impatient of your just demands
Hath put him elf in arms the adverse winds
Whose leisure I have stay d have given him
time
To land his legions all as soon as I
His marches are expedient to this town 60
His forces strong his soldiers confident
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Ate stirring him to blood and strife
With her her niece the Lady Blanch of Spain
With them a bastard of the king s deceased
And all the unsettled humours of the land
Rash inconsiderate fiery voluntaries
With ladies faces and fierce dragons spleens
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs
To make a hazard of new fortunes here 71
In brief a braver choice of dauntless spirits
Than now the English bottoms have waft o er
Did never float upon the swelling tide
To do offence and scath in Christendom
Drum beats
The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance they are at hand
To parley or to fight therefore prepare
K Phi How much unlook d for is this expedi
tion!
Aust By how much unexpected by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence 81
For courage mounteth with occasion
Let them be welcome then we are prepared

Enter KING JOHN ELINOR, BLANCH *the*
BASTARD *Lords and forces*

K John Peace be to France if France in peace
permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own
If not bleed France and peace ascend to heaven,
Whiles we God s wrathful agent do correct
Their proud contempt that beats His peace to
heaven
K Phi Peace be to England if that war return
From France to England there to live in peace
England we love and for that England s sake 91
With burden of our armour here we sweat
This toil of ours should be a work of thine
But thou from loving England art so far
That thou hast under wrought his lawful king
Cut off the sequence of posterity
Out faced infant state and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown
Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey s face
These eyes these brows were moulded out of
his 100
This little abstract doth contain that large
Which died in Geoffrey and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume
That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born
And this his son England was Geoffrey s right
And this is Geoffrey s in the name of God
How comes it then that thou art call d a king
When living blood doth in these temples beat
Which owe the crown that thou o ermasterest?
K John From whom hast thou this great com
mission France 110
To draw my answer from thy articles?
K Phi From that supernal judge that stirs good
thoughts
In any breast of strong authority
To look into the blots and stains of right
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong
And by whose help I mean to chastise it
K John Alack thou dost usurp authority
K Phi Excuse it is to beat usurping down
Eli Who is it thou dost call usurper France?
Const Let me make answer thy usurping son
Eli Out insolent! thy bastard shall be king
That thou mayst be a queen and check the
world!
Const My bed was ever to thy son as true
As thine was to thy husband and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geoffrey
Than thou and John in manners being as like
As rain to water or devil to his dam
My boy a bastard! By my soul I think
His father never was so true begot 130
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother
Eli There s a good mother boy that blots thy
father
Const There s a good grandam boy that would
blot thee
Aust Peace!
Bast Hear the crier

Aust What the devil art thou?
Bast One that will play the devil, sir with you,
An a may catch your hide and you alone
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard
I ll smoke your skin-coat an I catch you right
Sirrah, look to t i faith I will i faith 140
Blanch O well did he become that lion s robe
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!
Bast It lies as sightly on the back of him
As great Alcides shows upon an ass
But, ass I ll take that burthen from your back
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack
Aust What cracker is this same that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?
K Phi Lewis, determine what we shall do straight
Lew Women and fools, break off your conference 150
King John this is the very sum of all,
England and Ireland Anjou Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee
Wilt thou resign them and lay down thy arms?
K John My life as soon I do defy thee France
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand
And out of my dear love I ll give thee more
Than e er the coward hand of France can win
Submit thee boy
Eli Come to thy grandam child
Const Do child go to it grandam child 160
Give grandam kingdom and it grandam will
Give it a plum a cherry and a fig
There s a good grandam
Arth Good my mother peace!
I would that I were low laid in my grave
I am not worth this coil that s made for me
Eli His mother shames him so poor boy, he weeps
Const Now shame upon you whether she does or no!
His grandam s wrongs, and not his mother s shames,
Draws those heaven moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee 170
Ay with these crystal beads heaven shall be bribed
To do him justice and revenge on you
Eli Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!
Const Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!
Call not me slanderer thou and thine usurp
The dominations royalties and rights
Of this oppressed boy this is thy eld st son s son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee
Thy sins are visited in this poor child,
The canon of the law is laid on him, 180
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin conceiving womb
K John Bedlam, have done
Const I have but this to say,
That he is not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue plagued for her
And with her plague her sin his injury,
Her injury the beadle to her sin
All punish d in the person of this child
And all for her a plague upon her! 190
Eli Thou unadvised scold I can produce
A will that bars the title of thy son
Const Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will
A woman s will, a canker d grandam s will!
K Phi Peace lady! pause, or be more temperate
It ill beseems this presence to cry aim
To these ill tuned repetitions
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers let us hear them speak
Whose title they admit, Arthur s or John s 200

Trumpet sounds Enter a CITIZEN *upon the walls attended*

Cit Who is it that hath warn d us to the walls?
K Phi Tis France for England
K John England for itself
You men of Angiers and my loving subjects—
K Phi You loving men of Angiers Arthur s subjects,
Our trumpet call d you to this gentle parle—
K John For our advantage, therefore hear us first
These flags of France that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town
Have hither march d to your endamagement
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath 210
And ready mounted are they to spit forth
Their iron indignation gainst your walls
All preparation for a bloody siege
And merciless proceeding by these French
Confronts your city s eyes your winking gates,
And but for our approach those sleeping stones,
That as a waist doth girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordinance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited and wide havoc made 220
For bloody power to rush upon your peace
But on the sight of us your lawful king
Who painfully with much expedient march

Have brought a countercheck before your gates
To save unscratch d your city s threatened cheeks
Behold the French amazed vouchsafe a parle
And now in tead of bullets wrapp d in fire
To make a shaking fever in your walls
They shoot but calm words folded up in smoke
To make a faithless error in your ears 230
Which trust accordingly kind citizens
And let us in your king whose labour d spirits
Forwearied in this action of swift speed
Crave harbourage within your city walls

K Phi When I have said make answer to us both
So in this right hand whose protection
Is most divinely vow d upon the right
Of him it holds stands young Plantagenet
Son to the elder brother of this man
And king o er him and all that he enjoys 240
For this down-trodden equity we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town,
Being no further enemy to you
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal
In the relief of this oppressed child
Religiously provokes Be pleased then
To pay that duty which you truly owe
To him that owes it namely this young prince
And then our arms like to a muzzled bear
Save in aspect hath all offence seal d up 250
Our cannons malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven
And with a blessed and unvex d retire
With unhack d swords and helmets all unbruised
We will bear home that lusty blood again
Which here we came to spout against your town
And leave your children wives and you in peace
But if you fondly pass our proffer d offer
'Tis not the roundure of your old faced walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war 260
Though all these English and their discipline
Were harbour d in their rude circumference
Then tell us shall your city call us lord
In that behalf which we have challenged it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage
And stalk in blood to our possession?

Cit In brief we are the King of England s subjects
For him, and in his right we hold this town

K John Acknowledge then the King and let me in

Cit That can we not but he that proves the King 270
To him will we prove loyal till that time
Have we ramm d up our gates against the world

K John Doth not the crown of England prove the King?
And if not that I bring you witnesses
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England s breed—

Bast Bastards and else

K John To verify our title with their lives

K Phi As many and as well born bloods as those—

Bast Some bastards too

K Phi Stand in his face to contradict his claim

Cit Till you compound whose right is worthiest 281
We for the worthiest hold the right from both

K John Then God forgive the sin of all those souls
That to their everlasting residence
Before the dew of evening fall shall fleet
In dreadful trial of our kingdom s king!

K Phi Amen amen! Mount chevaliers! to arms!

Bast Saint George that swinged the dragon, and e er since
Sits on his horse back at mine hostess door
Teach us some fence! [*To* AUSTRIA] Sirrah were I at home 290
At your den sirrah with your lioness
I would set an ox head to your lion s hide
And make a monster of you

Aust Peace! no more

Bast O tremble for you hear the lion roar

K John Up higher to the plain where we ll set forth
In best appointment all our regiments

Bast Speed then, to take advantage of the field

K Phi It shall be so and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand God and our right!

[*Exeunt*

Here after excursions enter the HERALD OF FRANCE, *with trumpets to the gates*

F Her You men of Angiers open wide your gates 300
And let young Arthur Duke of Bretagne in
Who by the hand of France this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother
Whose sons lie scattered on the bleeding ground
Many a widow s husband grovelling lies
Coldly embracing the discolour d earth
And victory with little loss doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French
Who are at hand triumphantly display d,
To enter conquerors and to proclaim 310
Arthur of Bretagne England s king and yours

Enter ENGLISH HERALD *with trumpet*

E Her Rejoice you men of Angiers ring your bells

King John your king and England's, doth approach
Commander of this hot malicious day
Their armours that march d hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen s blood,
There stuck no plume in any English crest
That is removed by a staff of France,
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth,
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen come 321
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes
Open your gates and give the victors way

Cit Heralds from off our towers we might behold,
From first to last the onset and retire
Of both your armies, whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured
Blood hath bought blood and blows have answer d blows
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power 330
Both are alike, and both alike we like
One must prove greatest while they weigh so even
We hold our town for neither, yet for both

Re-enter the two KINGS *with their powers, severally*

K John France hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right run on?
Whose passage vex d with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel and o erswell
With course disturb d even thy confining shores
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean 340

K Phi England thou hast not saved one drop of blood,
In this hot trial more than we of France,
Rather lost more And by this hand I swear
That sways the earth this climate overlooks
Before we will lay down our just borne arms
We'll put thee down 'gainst whom these arms we bear
Or add a royal number to the dead
Gracing the scroll that tells of this war s loss
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings

Bast Ha majesty! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire! 351
O now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel,
The swords of soldiers are his teeth his fangs,
And now he feasts mousing the flesh of men
In undetermined differences of kings
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry, "havoc!" kings, back to the stained field,
You equal potents, fiery kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other s peace, till then blows, blood, and death! 360

K John Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

K Phi Speak citizens, for England, who's your king?

Cit The King of England when we know the King

K Phi Know him in us, that here hold up his right

K John In us that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you

Cit A greater power than we denies all this,
And till it be undoubted we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong barr d gates,
King d of our fears, until our fears, resolved 371
Be by some certain king purged and deposed

Bast By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you kings,
And stand securely on their battlements
As in a theatre whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death
Your royal presences be ruled by me
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem
Be friends awhile and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town 380
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon charged to the mouths,
Till their soul fearing clamours have brawl d down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city
I'ld play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air
That done dissever your united strengths
And part your mingled colours once again
Turn face to face and bloody point to point, 390
Then in a moment Fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion,
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory
How like you this wild counsel mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?

K John Now by the sky that hangs above our heads
I like it well France shall we knit our powers
And lay this Angiers even with the ground
Then after fight who shall be king of it?

Bast An if thou hast the mettle of a king
Being wrong d as we are by this peevish town
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,

And being rich my virtue then shall be
To say there is no vice but beggary
Since kings break faith upon Commodity
Gain be my lord for I will worship thee [*Exit*

ACT III

SCENE I *The French king's pavilion*

Enter CONSTANCE ARTHUR *and* SALISBURY

Const Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood join'd! gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch and Blanch those provinces?
It is not so thou hast misspoke misheard
Be well advised tell o'er thy tale again
It cannot be thou dost but say 'tis so
I trust I may not trust thee for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man
Believe me I do not believe thee man
I have a king's oath to the contrary 10
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frighting me,
For I am sick and capable of fears
Oppress'd with wrongs and therefore full of fears
A widow husbandless subject to fears
A woman naturally born to fears
And though thou now confess thou didst but jest
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce
But they will quake and tremble all this day
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son? 20
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again not all thy former tale
But this one word whether thy tale be true
Sal As true as I believe you think them false
That give you cause to prove my saying true
Const O if thou teach me to believe this sorrow
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die, 30
And let belief and life encounter so
As doth the fury of two desperate men
Which in the very meeting fall and die
Lewis marry Blanch O boy then where art thou?
France friend with England, what becomes of me?
Fellow be gone I cannot brook thy sight
This news hath made thee a most ugly man
Sal What other harm have I good lady done
But spoke the harm that is by others done?
Const Which harm within itself so heinous is
As it makes harmful all that speak of it 41
Arth I do beseech you, madam be content

Const If thou that bid'st me be content wert grim,
Ugly and slanderous to thy mother's womb
Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains
Lame foolish crooked swart prodigious
Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks
I would not care I then would be content
For then I should not love thee no nor thou
Become thy great birth nor deserve a crown 50
But thou art fair and at thy birth dear boy
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great
Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast
And with the half blown rose But Fortune O
She is corrupted changed and won from thee
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs
France is a bawd to Fortune and King John 60
That strumpet Fortune that usurping John!
Tell me thou fellow is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words or get thee gone
And leave those woes alone which I alone
Am bound to under bear
Sal Pardon me madam
I may not go without you to the kings
Const Thou mayst thou shalt I will not go with thee
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud
For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop
To me and to the state of my great grief 70
Let kings assemble for my grief's so great
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up here I and sorrows sit
Here is my throne bid kings come bow to it
Seats herself on the ground

Enter KING JOHN KING PHILIP LEWIS BLANCH ELINOR *the* BASTARD AUSTRIA *and Attendants*

K Phi 'Tis true fair daughter and this blessed day
Ever in France shall be kept festival
To solemnize this day the glorious sun
Stays in his course and plays the alchemist
Turning with splendour of his precious eye
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold 80
The yearly course that brings this day about
Shall never see it but a holiday
Const A wicked day and not a holy day!
Rising
What hath this day deserved? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the calendar?
Nay rather turn this day out of the week
This day of shame oppression perjury
Or if it must stand still let wives with child

Pray that their burthens may not fall this day 90
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross d
But on this day let seamen fear no wreck,
No bargains break that are not this day made
This day, all things begun come to ill end,
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K Phi By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day
Have I not pawn d to you my majesty?

Const You have beguiled me with a counterfeit
Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd and tried 100
Proves valueless you are forsworn forsworn,
You came in arms to spill mine enemies blood
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war
Is cold in amity and painted peace
And our oppression hath made up this league
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjured kings!
A widow cries be husband to me heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace but ere sunset, 110
Set armed discord twixt these perjured kings!
Hear me, O hear me!

Aust Lady Constance peace!

Const War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war
O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil thou slave thou wretch, thou coward!
Thou little valiant great in villainy!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou Fortune s champion that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjured too 120
And soothest up greatness What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool to brag and stamp and swear
Upon my party! Thou cold blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side
Been sworn my soldier bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune and thy strength
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion s hide! doff it for shame
And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs

Aust O that a man should speak those words to me! 130

Bast And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs

Aust Thou darest not say so, villain, for thy life

Bast And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs

K John We like not this, thou dost forget thyself

Enter PANDULPH

K Phi Here comes the holy legate of the Pope

Pand Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!
To thee King John my holy errand is
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal
And from Pope Innocent the legate here,
Do in his name religiously demand 140
Why thou against the church our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn, and force perforce
Keep Stephen Langton chosen Archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our foresaid Holy Father s name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee

K John What earthly name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, Cardinal devise a name
So slight, unworthy and ridiculous 150
To charge me to an answer as the Pope
Tell him this tale and from the mouth of England
Add thus much more that no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions
But as we under heaven are supreme head,
So under Him that great supremacy
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand
So tell the Pope all reverence set apart
To him and his usurp d authority 160

K Phi *Brother of England, you blaspheme in this*

K John Though you and all the kings of Christendom
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out,
And by the merit of vile gold dross dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man
Who in that sale sells pardon from himself
Though you and all the rest so grossly led
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish,
Yet I alone alone do me oppose 170
Against the Pope and count his friends my foes

Pand Then by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand cursed and excommunicate
And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic
And meritorious shall that hand be call d
Canonized and worshipp'd as a saint
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life

Const O lawful let it be
That I have room with Rome to curse awhile! 180
Good father Cardinal cry thou amen
To my keen curses for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right

Pand There s law and warrant lady for my curse
Const And for mine too when law can do no right
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here
For he that holds his kingdom holds the law
Therefore since law itself is perfect wrong
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?
Pand Philip of France on peril of a curse
Let go the hand of that arch heretic
And raise the power of France upon his head
Unless he do submit himself to Rome
Eli Look st thou pale France? do not let go thy hand
Const Look to that devil lest that France re pent
And by disjoining hands hell lose a soul
Aust King Philip listen to the Cardinal
Bast And hang a calf's skin on his recreant limbs
Aust Well ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs 200
Because—
Bast Your breeches best may carry them
K John Philip what say st thou to the Car dinal?
Const What should he say but as the Car dinal?
Lew Bethink you father for the difference
Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome
Or the light lo s of England for a friend
Forego the easier
Blanch That s the curse of Rome
Const O Lewis stand fast! the devil tempts thee here
In likeness of a new untrimmed bride
Blanch The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith 210
But from her need
Const O if thou grant my need
Which only lives but by the death of faith
That need must needs infer this principle
That faith would live again by death of need
O then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up
Keep my need up and faith is trodden down
K John The King is moved and answers not to this
Const O be removed from him and answer well
Aust Do so King Philip hang no more in doubt
Bast Hang nothing but a calf's skin most sweet lout 220

K Phi I am perplex d and know not what to say
Pand What canst thou say but will perplex thee more
If thou stand excommunicate and cursed?
K Phi Good reverend father make my person yours
And tell me how you would bestow yourself
This royal hand and mine are newly knit
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league coupled and link d together
With all religious strength of sacred vows
The latest breath that gave the sound of words 230
Was deep-sworn faith peace amity true love
Between our kingdoms and our royal selves
And even before this truce but new before,
No longer than we well could wash our hands
To clap this royal bargain up of peace
Heaven know they were besmear d and over stain d
With slaughter s pencil where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensed kings
And shall these hands so lately purged of blood
So newly join d in love so strong in both 240
Unyoke this seizure and this kind regreet?
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven
Make such unconstant children of ourselves
As now again to snatch our palm from palm
Unswear faith sworn and on the marriage bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O holy sir
My reverend father let it not be so!
Out of your grace devise ordain, impose 250
Some gentle order and then we shall be blest
To do your pleasure and continue friends
Pand All form is formless order orderless
Save what is opposite to England s love
Therefore to arms! be champion of our church
Or let the church our mother breathe her curse
A mother s curse on her revolting son
France thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue
A chafed lion by the mortal paw
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth 260
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold
K Phi I may disjoin my hand but not my faith
Pand So makest thou faith an enemy to faith
And like a civil war set st oath to oath
Thy tongue against thy tongue O let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven per form d
That is to be the champion of our church!
What s nce thou sworest is sworn against thyself

And may not be performed by thyself,
For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss 270
Is not amiss when it is truly done,
And being not done where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it
The better act of purposes mistook
Is to mistake again, though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood falsehood cures as fire cools fire
Within the scorched veins of one new burn d
It is religion that doth make vows kept
But thou hast sworn against religion 280
By what thou swear st against the thing thou swear st,
And makest an oath the surety for thy truth
Against an oath the truth thou art unsure
To swear, swears only not to be forsworn,
Else what a mockery should it be to swear!
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn,
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear
Therefore thy later vows against thy first
Is in thy self rebellion to thyself
And better conquest never canst thou make 290
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them But if not, then know
The peril of our curses light on thee
So heavy as thou shalt not shake them off
But in despair die under their black weight

Aust Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Bast Will t not be?
Will not a calf's skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lew Father, to arms!

Blanch Upon thy wedding day? 300
Against the blood that thou hast married?
What shall our feast be kept with slaughter d men?
Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish drums,
Clamours of hell be measures to our pomp?
O husband hear me! ay alack how new
Is husband in my mouth! even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne er pronounce
Upon my knee I beg go not to arms
Against mine uncle

Const O upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling I do pray to thee, 310
Thou virtuous Dauphin alter not the doom
Forethought by heaven!

Blanch Now shall I see thy love what motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
His honour O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!

Lew I muse your Majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on

Pand I will denounce a curse upon his head

K Phi Thou shalt not need England I will fall from thee 320

Const O fair return of banish d majesty!

Eli O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K John France thou shalt rue this hour within this hour

Bast Old Time the clock setter that bald sexton Time
Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue

Blanch The sun s o ercast with blood fair day, adieu!
Which is the side that I must go withal?
I am with both each army hath a hand,
And in their rage I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder and dismember me 330
Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine
Grandam I will not wish thy wishes thrive
Whoever wins on that side shall I lose
Assured loss before the match be play d

Lew Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies

Blanch There where my fortune lives there my life dies

K John Cousin go draw our puissance together [*Exit* BASTARD
France I am burn d up with inflaming wrath 340
A rage whose heat hath this condition
That nothing can allay nothing but blood
The blood and dearest valued blood of France

K Phi Thy rage shall burn thee up and thou shalt turn
To ashes ere our blood shall quench that fire
Look to thy self thou art in jeopardy

K John No more than he that threats To arms let s hie! [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *The same plains near Angiers*

Alarums, excursions Enter the BASTARD *with* AUSTRIA S *head*

Bast Now by my life this day grows wondrous hot
Some airy devil hovers in the sky
And pours down mischief Austria s head lie there
While Philip breathes

Enter KING JOHN ARTHUR *and* HUBERT

K John Hubert keep this boy Philip make up

My mother is assailed in our tent
And ta en I fear
Bast My lord I rescued her
Her Highness is in safety fear you not
But on my liege for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *The same*

Alarums excursions retreat Enter KING JOHN ELINOR ARTHUR, *the* BASTARD HUBERT *and Lords*

K *John* [*To* ELINOR] So shall it be your Grace shall stay behind
So strongly guarded [*To* ARTHUR] Cousin look not sad
Thy grandam loves thee and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was
Arth O this will make my mother die with grief?
K *John* [*To the* BASTARD] Cousin away for England! haste before
And ere our coming see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots imprisoned angels
Set at liberty the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon 10
Use our commission in his utmost force
Bast Bell book and candle shall not drive me back
When gold and silver becks me to come on
I leave your highness Grandam I will pray
If ever I remember to be holy
For your fair safety so I kiss your hand
Eli Farewell gentle cousin
K *John* Coz, farewell [*Exit* BASTARD
Eli Come hither little kinsman hark a word
K *John* Come hither Hubert O my gentle Hubert
We owe thee much within this wall of flesh 20
There is a soul counts thee her creditor
And with advantage means to pay thy love
And, my good friend thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom dearly cherished
Give me thy hand I had a thing to say
But I will fit it with some better time
By heaven, Hubert I am almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee
Hub I am much bounden to your Majesty
K *John* Good friend thou hast no cause to say so yet 30
But thou shalt have and creep time ne er so slow
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good
I had a thing to say but let it go
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day
Attended with the pleasures of the world
Is all too wanton and too full of gawds
To give me audience if the midnight bell
Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth
Sound on into the drowsy race of night
If this same were a churchyard where we stand
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs 41
Or if that surly spirit melancholy
Had baked thy blood and made it heavy thick
Which else runs tickling up and down the veins
Making that idiot laughter keep men s eyes
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment
A passion hateful to my purposes
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes
Hear me without thine ears and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone 50
Without eyes ears and harmful sound of words
Then in despite of brooded watchful day
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts
But ah I will not! yet I love thee well
And by my troth I think thou lovest me well
Hub So well that what you bid me undertake
Though that my death were adjunct to my act
By heaven I would do it
K *John* Do not I know thou wouldst?
Good Hubert Hubert Hubert throw thine eye
On yon young boy I ll tell thee what my friend 60
He is a very serpent in my way
And wheresoe er this foot of mine doth tread
He lies before me dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper
Hub And I ll keep him so
That he shall not offend your Majesty
K *John* Death
Hub My lord?
K *John* A grave
Hub He shall not live
K *John* Enough
I could be merry now Hubert I love thee
Well I ll not say what I intend for thee
Remember Madam fare you well
I ll send those powers o er to your Majesty 70
Eli My blessing go with thee!
K *John* For England cousin go
Hubert shall be your man attend on you
With all true duty On toward Calais ho!
[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *The same the French King s tent*

Enter KING PHILIP LEWIS PANDULPH *and Attendants*

K *Phi* So by a roaring tempest on the flood
A whole armado of convicted sail
Is scatter d and disjoin d from fellowship
Pand Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well
K *Phi* What can go well when we have run so ill?

Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

Lew What he hath won that hath he fortified 10
So hot a speed with such advice disposed,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example who hath read or heard
Of any kindred action like to this?

K Phi Well could I bear that England had this praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame

Enter CONSTANCE

Look who comes here! a grave unto a soul,
Holding the eternal spirit against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath
I prithee lady, go away with me 20

Const Lo now! now see the issue of your peace

K Phi Patience, good lady! comfort gentle Constance!

Const No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death, O amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity
And I will kiss thy detestable bones
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows 30
And ring these fingers with thy household worms
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust
And be a carrion monster like thyself
Come grin on me, and I will think thou smilest
And buss thee as thy wife Misery's love,
O, come to me!

K Phi O fair affliction peace!

Const No no I will not having breath to cry
O, that my tongue were in the thunder s mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy 40
Which cannot hear a lady s feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation

Pand Lady you utter madness, and not sorrow

Const Thou art not holy to belie me so,
I am not mad this hair I tear is mine
My name is Constance I was Geoffrey's wife,
Young Arthur is my son and he is lost
I am not mad I would to heaven I were!
For then 'tis like I should forget myself
O, if I could, what grief should I forget! 50
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canonized Cardinal
For being not mad but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver d of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself
If I were mad I should forget my son,
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he
I am not mad, too well too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity 60

K Phi Bind up those tresses O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glue themselves in sociable grief
Like true inseparable faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity

Const To England if you will,

K Phi Bind up your hairs

Const Yes that I will, and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds and cried aloud 70
"O that these hands could so redeem my son
As they have given these hairs their liberty!"
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner
And father Cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven
If that be true, I shall see my boy again,
For since the birth of Cain the first male child
To him that did but yesterday suspire, 80
There was not such a gracious creature born
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud
And chase the native beauty from his cheek
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an ague s fit
And so he ll die and, rising so again
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him therefore never never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more

Pand You hold too heinous a respect of grief 90

Const He talks to me that never had a son

K Phi You are as fond of grief as of your child

Const Grief fills the room up of my absent child
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form,
Then have I reason to be fond of grief?
Fare you well had you such a loss as I
I could give better comfort than you do 100
I will not keep this form upon my head [*tearing her hair*]
When there is such disorder in my wit
O Lord! my boy, my Arthur my fair son!
My life, my joy my food, my all the world!

My widow-comfort and my sorrows cure!
[*Exit*
K. Phi I fear some outrage and I ll follow her
[*Exit*
Lew There s nothing in this world can make me joy
Life is as tedious as a twice told tale
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man
And bitter shame hath spoil d the sweet world s taste, 110
That it yields nought but shame and bitterness
Pand Before the curing of a strong disease
Even in the instant of repair and health
The fit is strongest evils that take leave
On their departure most of all show evil
What have you lost by losing of this day?
Lew All days of glory joy and happiness
Pand If you had won it certainly you had
No no when Fortune means to men most good
She looks upon them with a threatening eye 120
'Tis strange to think how much King John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won
Are not you grieved that Arthur is his prisoner?
Lew As heartily as he is glad he hath him
Pand Your mind is all as youthful as your blood
Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust each straw each little rub
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England s throne and therefore mark
John hath seized Arthur and it cannot be 131
That whiles warm life plays in that infant s veins
The misplaced John should entertain an hour
One minute nay one quiet breath of rest
A sceptre snatch d with an unruly hand
Must be as boisterously maintain d as gain d
And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up
That John may stand then Arthur needs must fall
So be it for it cannot be but so 140
Lew But what shall I gain by young Arthur s fall?
Pand You in the right of Lady Blanch your wife
May then make all the claim that Arthur did
Lew And lose it life and all as Arthur did
Pand How green you are and fresh in this old world
John lays you plots the times conspire with you
For he that steeps his safety in true blood
Shall find but bloody safety and untrue
This act so evilly born shall cool the hearts
Of all his people and freeze up their zeal 150
That none so small advantage shall step forth
To check his reign but they will cherish it
No natural exhalation in the sky
No scope of nature no distemper d day
No common wind no customed event
But they will pluck away his natural cause
And call them meteors prodigies and signs
Abortives presages and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John
Lew May be he will not touch young Arthur s life 160
But hold himself safe in his prisonment
Pand O sir when he shall hear of your approach
If that young Arthur be not gone already
Even at that news he dies and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change
And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath
Out of the bloody fingers ends of John
Methinks I see this hurly all on foot
And O what better matter breeds for you 170
Than I have named! The bastard Faulconbridge
Is now in England ransacking the church
Offending charity if but a dozen French
Were there in arms they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side
Or as a little snow tumbled about
Anon becomes a mountain O noble Dauphin
Go with me to the King tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their discontent
Now that their souls are topfull of offence 180
For England go I will whet on the King
Lew Strong reasons make strong actions let us go
If you say ay the King will not say no [*Exeunt*

ACT IV

SCENE I *A room in a castle*

Enter HUBERT *and* EXECUTIONERS

Hub Heat me these irons hot and look thou stand
Within the arras when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground rush forth
And bind the boy which you shall find with me
Fast to the chair be heedful hence and watch
1st Exec I hope your warrant will bear out the deed
Hub Uncleanly scruples! fear not you look to t
[*Exeunt* EXECUTIONERS
Young lad come forth I have to say with you

Enter ARTHUR

Arth Good morrow, Hubert
Hub Good morrow, little prince
Arth As little prince having so great a title
To be more prince as may be You are sad *11*
Hub Indeed, I have been merrier
Arth Mercy on me!
Methinks no body should be sad but I
Yet, I remember, when I was in France
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness By my christendom,
So I were out of prison and kept sheep
I should be as merry as the day is long,
And so I would be here but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me *20*
He is afraid of me and I of him
Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?
No, indeed is t not, and I would to heaven
I were your son, so you would love me Hubert
Hub [*Aside*] If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy which lies dead
Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch
Arth Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day
In sooth I would you were a little sick
That I might sit all night and watch with you *30*
I warrant I love you more than you do me
Hub [*Aside*] His words do take possession of my bosom
Read here, young Arthur [*Showing a paper*]
[*Aside*] How now foolish rheum!
Turning dispiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?
Arth Too fairly, Hubert for so foul effect
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?
Hub Young boy, I must
Arth And will you?
Hub And I will *40*
Arth Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkercher about your brows
The best I had, a princess wrought it me,
And I did never ask it you again
And with my hand at midnight held your head,
And like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer d up the heavy time
Saying ' What lack you? ' and "Where lies your grief?"
Or What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man s son would have lien still *50*
And ne er have spoke a loving word to you,
But you at your sick service had a prince
Nay you may think my love was crafty love
And call it cunning do an if you will
If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill
Why then you must Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did nor never shall
So much as frown on you
Hub I have sworn to do it,
And with hot irons must I burn them out
Arth Ah, none but in this iron age would do it! *60*
The iron of itself, though heat red hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears
And quench his fiery indignation
Even in the matter of mine innocence
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye
Are you more stubborn hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed him—no tongue but Hubert s *70*
Hub Come forth [*Stamps*]

Re-enter EXECUTIONERS *with a cord, irons, &c*

Do as I bid you do
Arth O save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men
Hub Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here
Arth Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough?
I will not struggle I will stand stone-still
For heaven sake Hubert let me not be bound!
Nay hear me Hubert drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb *80*
I will not stir nor wince nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly
Thrust but these men away and I'll forgive you
Whatever torment you do put me to
Hub Go stand within let me alone with him
1st Exec I am best pleased to be from such a deed [*Exeunt* EXECUTIONERS
Arth Alas I then have chid away my friend!
He hath a stern look but a gentle heart
Let him come back that his compassion may
Give life to yours
Hub Come, boy prepare yourself *90*
Arth Is there no remedy?
Hub None but to lose your eyes
Arth O heaven that there were but a mote in yours
A grain a dust a gnat a wandering hair
Any annoyance in that precious sense!

Then feeling what small things are boisterous there
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible
Hub Is this your promise? go to hold your tongue
Arth Hubert the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes
Let me not hold my tongue let me not Hubert
Or Hubert if you will cut out my tongue *101*
So I may keep mine eyes O spare mine eyes
Though to no use but still to look on you!
Lo by my troth the instrument is cold
And would not harm me
Hub I can heat it boy
Arth No in good sooth the fire is dead with grief
Being create for comfort to be used
In undeserved extremes see else yourself
There is no malice in this burning coal
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out *110*
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head
Hub But with my breath I can revive it boy
Arth An if you do you will but make it blush
And glow with shame of your proceedings Hubert
Nay it perchance will sparkle in your eyes
And like a dog that is compell'd to fight
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends *120*
Creatures of note for mercy lacking uses
Hub Well see to live I will not touch thine eye
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes
Yet am I sworn and I did purpose, boy
With this same very iron to burn them out
Arth O now you look like Hubert all this while
You were disguised
Hub Peace no more Adieu
Your uncle must not know but you are dead
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports
And pretty child sleep doubtless and secure *130*
That Hubert for the wealth of all the world
Will not offend thee
Arth O heaven! I thank you Hubert
Hub Silence no more go closely in with me
Much danger do I undergo for thee [*Exeunt*

SCENE II KING JOHN'S *palace*

Enter KING JOHN PEMBROKE, SALISBURY *and other Lords*

K John Here once again we sit once again crown'd
And looked upon I hope with cheerful eyes
Pem This once again but that your Highness pleased
Was once superfluous you were crown'd before
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt
Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd for change or better state
Sal Therefore to be possess'd with double pomp
To guard a title that was rich before *10*
To gild refined gold to paint the lily
To throw a perfume on the violet
To smooth the ice or add another hue
Unto the rainbow or with taper light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess
Pem But that your royal pleasure must be done
This act is as an ancient tale new told
And in the last repeating troublesome
Being urged at a time unseasonable *20*
Sal In this the antique and well noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured
And like a shifted wind unto a sail
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about
Startles and frights consideration,
Makes sound opinion sick and truth suspected
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe
Pem When workmen strive to do better than well
They do confound their skill in covetousness
And oftentimes excusing of a fault *30*
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse
As patches set upon a little breach
Discredit more in hiding of the fault
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd
Sal To this effect before you were new crown'd
We breathed our counsel but it pleased your highness
To overbear it and we are all well pleased
Since all and every part of what we would
Doth make a stand at what your Highness will
K John Some reasons of this double coronation *40*
I have possess'd you with and think them strong
And more more strong then lesser is my fear
I shall indue you with meantime but ask
What you would have reform'd that is not well
And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests
Pem Then I as one that am the tongue of these
To sound the purposes of all their hearts
Both for myself and them but chief of all

Your safety, for the which myself and them 50
Bend their best studies heartily request
The enfranchisement of Arthur, whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument—
If what in rest you have in right you hold,
Why then your fears, which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise? 60
That the time s enemies may not have this
To grace occasions let it be our suit
That you have bid us ask his liberty,
Which for our goods we do no further ask
Than whereupon our weal on you depending,
Counts it your weal he have his liberty

Enter HUBERT

K John Let it be so I do commit his youth
To your direction Hubert what news with you?
[*Taking him apart*]
Pem This is the man should do the bloody deed,
He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine 70
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much troubled breast,
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done
What we so fear d he had a charge to do
Sal The colour of the King doth come and go
Between his purpose and his conscience
Like heralds twixt two dreadful battles set
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break
Pem And when it breaks, I fear will issue thence 80
The foul corruption of a sweet child s death
K John We cannot hold mortality's strong hand
Good lords although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead
He tells us Arthur is deceased to-night
Sal Indeed we fear'd his sickness was past cure
Pem Indeed we heard how near his death he was
Before the child himself felt he was sick
Thus must be answer d either here or hence
K John Why do you bend such solemn brows on me? 90
Think you I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?
Sal It is apparent foul play and tis shame
That greatness should so grossly offer it
So thrive it in your game! and so, farewell
Pem Stay yet, Lord Salisbury, I ll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave
That blood which owed the breadth of all this isle, 99
Three foot of it doth hold bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long I doubt
[*Exeunt Lords*
K John They burn in indignation I repent
There is no sure foundation set on blood,
No certain life achieved by others death

Enter a MESSENGER

A fearful eye thou hast where is that blood
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm
Pour down thy weather how goes all in France?
Mess From France to England Never such a power 110
For any foreign preparation
Was levied in the body of a land
The copy of your speed is learn d by them
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come that they are all arrived
K John O where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother s care,
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?
Mess My liege her ear
Is stopp'd with dust, the first of April died 120
Your noble mother and as I hear, my lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard if true or false I know not
K John Withhold thy speed dreadful occasion!
O make a league with me till I have pleased
My discontented peers! What! mother dead!
How wildly then walks my estate in France!
Under whose conduct came those powers of France
That thou for truth givest out are landed here?
Mess Under the Dauphin
K John Thou hast made me giddy 131
With these ill tidings

Enter the BASTARD *and* PETER OF POMFRET

Now what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news for it is full
Bast But if you be afeard to hear the worst
Then let the worst unheard fall on your head
K John Bear with me cousin for I was amazed

Under the tide but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood and can give audience
To any tongue speak it of what it will 140
Bast How I have sped among the clergymen
The sums I have collected shall express
But as I travell d hither through the land
I find the people strangely fantasied
Possess d with rumours full of idle dreams
Not knowing what they fear but full of fear
And here s a prophet that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels
To whom he sung in rude harsh sounding rhymes
That ere the next Ascension-day at noon 151
Your highness should deliver up your crown
K John Thou idle dreamer wherefore didst thou so?
Peter Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so
K John Hubert away with him imprison him
And on that day at noon whereon he says
I shall yield up my crown let him be hang d
Deliver him to safety and return
For I must use thee [*Exit* HUBERT *with* PETER
O my gentle cousin
Hear st thou the news abroad who are arrived?
Bast The French my lord men s mouths are full of it 161
Besides I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire
And others more going to seek the grave
Of Arthur whom they say is kill d to-night
On your suggestion
K John Gentle kinsman, go
And thrust thyself into their companies
I have a way to win their loves again
Bring them before me
Bast I will seek them out
K John Nay but make haste the better foot before 170
O let me have no subject enemies
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion
Be Mercury set feathers to thy heels
And fly like thought from them to me again
Bast The spirit of the time shall teach me speed [*Exit*
K John Spoke like a sprightful noble gentleman
Go after him for he perhaps shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers
And be thou he
Mess With all my heart my liege 180
[*Exit*
K John My mother dead!

Re-enter HUBERT

Hub My lord they say five moons were seen to-night
Four fixed and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wondrous motion
K John Five moons!
Hub Old men and beldams in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously
Young Arthur s death is common in their mouths
And when they talk of him they shake their heads
And whisper one another in the ear
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer s wrist
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action 191
With wrinkled brows with nods with rolling eyes
I saw a smith stand with his hammer thus
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool
With open mouth swallowing a tailor s news
Who with his shears and measure in his hand
Standing on slippers which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet
Told of a many thousand warlike French
That were embattailed and rank d in Kent 200
Another lean unwash d artificer
Cuts off his tale and talks of Arthur s death
K John Why seek st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur s death?
Thy hand hath murder d him I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead but thou hadst none to kill him
Hub No had my lord! why did you not provoke me?
K John It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life 210
And on the winking of authority
To understand a law to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty when perchance it frowns
More upon humour than advised respect
Hub Here is your hand and seal for what I did
K John O when the last account twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Make deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by
A fellow by the hand of nature mark d 221
Quoted and sign d to do a deed of shame
This murder had not come into my mind
But taking note of thy abhorr d aspect
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy
Apt liable to be employ d in danger

I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death,
And thou to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince
Hub My lord— 230
K John Hadst thou but shook thy head or made a pause
When I spake darkly what I purposed,
Or turn d an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words,
Deep shame had struck me dumb made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me
But thou didst understand me by my signs
And didst in signs again parley with sin
Yea without stop, didst let thy heart consent
And consequently thy rude hand to act 240
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name
Out of my sight and never see me more!
My nobles leave me, and my state is braved,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers
Nay in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom this confine of blood and breath
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience and my cousin s death
Hub Arm you against your other enemies,
I ll make a peace between your soul and you 250
Young Arthur is alive this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood
Within this bosom never enter d yet
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought,
And you have slander d nature in my form,
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child
K John Doth Arthur live? O haste thee to the peers 260
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art
O answer not, but to my closet bring
The angry lords with all expedient haste
I conjure thee but slowly, run more fast
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III *Before the castle*

Enter ARTHUR *on the walls*

Arth The wall is high and yet will I leap down
Good ground be pitiful and hurt me not!
There s few or none do know me if they did
This ship-boy s semblance hath disguised me quite
I am afraid, and yet I ll venture it
If I get down and do not break my limbs,
I ll find a thousand shifts to get away
As good to die and go as die and stay
Leaps down
O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones! [*Dies* 10

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY *and* BIGOT

Sal Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmundsbury
It is our safety and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time
Pem Who brought that letter from the Cardinal?
Sal The Count Melun, a noble lord of France
Whose private with me of the Dauphin s love
Is much more general than these lines import
Big To-morrow morning let us meet him then
Sal Or rather then set forward for twill be
Two long days journey lords, or ere we meet 20

Enter the BASTARD

Bast Once more to-day well met, distemper d lords!
The King by me requests your presence straight
Sal The King hath dispossess d himself of us
We will not line his thin bestained cloak
With our pure honours nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where er it walks
Return and tell him so we l now the worst
Bast Whate er you think, good words I think were best
Sal Our griefs and not our manners reason now 29
Bast But there is little reason in your grief,
Therefore twere reason you had manners now
Pem Sir sir impatience hath his privilege
Bast 'Tis true, to hurt his master no man else
Sal This is the prison What is he lies here?
Seeing ARTHUR
Pem O death made proud with pure and princely beauty!
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed
Sal Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge
Big Or when he doom d this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious princely for a grave 40
Sal Sir Richard what think you have you beheld,
Or have you read or heard? or could you think?
Or do you almost think although you see

That you do see? could thought without this
 object
Form such another? This is the very top
The height the crest or crest unto the crest
Of murder s arms this is the bloodiest shame
The wildest savagery the vilest stroke
That ever wall eyed wrath or staring rage
Presented to the tears of soft remorse 50
Pem All murders past do stand excused in this
And this so sole and so unmatchable
Shall give a holiness a purity
To the yet unbegotten sin of times
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest
Exampled by this heinous spectacle
Bast It is a damned and a bloody work
The graceless action of a heavy hand
If that it be the work of any hand
Sal If that it be the work of any hand! 60
We had a kind of light what would ensue
It is the shameful work of Hubert s hand
The practice and the purpose of the King
From whose obedience I forbid my soul
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow a holy vow
Never to taste the pleasures of the world
Never to be infected with delight
Nor conversant with ease and idleness 70
Till I have set a glory to this hand
By giving it the worship of revenge
Pem
Big } Our souls religiously confirm thy words

Enter HUBERT

Hub Lords I am hot with haste in seeking you
Arthur doth live the King hath sent for you
Sal O he is bold and blushes not at death
Avaunt thou hateful villain get thee gone!
Hub I am no villain
Sal Must I rob the law?
Drawing his sword
Bast Your sword is bright sir put it up again
Sal Not till I sheathe it in a murderer s skin 80
Hub Stand back Lord Salisbury stand back I
 say
By heaven I think my sword s as sharp as yours
I would not have you lord forget yourself
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence
Lest I by marking of your rage forget
Your worth your greatness and nobility
Pem Out dunghill! darest thou brave a noble
 man?
Hub Not for my life but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor
Sal Thou art a murderer
Hub Do not prove me so 90
Yet I am none whose tongue soe er speaks false
Not truly speaks who speaks not truly lies
Pem Cut him to pieces
Bast Keep the peace, I say
Sal Stand by or I shall gall you Faulcon
 bridge
Bast Thou wert better gall the devil Salisbury
If thou but frown on me or stir thy foot
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame
I ll strike thee dead Put up thy sword betime
Or I ll so maul you and your toasting iron
That you shall think the devil is come from hell
Big What wilt thou do renowned Faulcon
 bridge? 101
Second a villain and a murderer?
Hub Lord Bigot I am none
Big Who kill d this prince?
Hub Tis not an hour since I left him well
I honour d him I loved him and will weep
My date of life out for his sweet life s loss
Sal Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes
For villainy is not without such rheum
And he long traded in it makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency 110
Away with me all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter house
For I am stifled with this smell of sin
Big Away toward Bury to the Dauphin there!
Pem There tell the King he may inquire us out
[*Exeunt Lords*
Bast Here s a good world! Knew you of this
 fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy if thou didst this deed of death
Art thou damn d Hubert
Hub Do but hear me sir
Bast Ha! I ll tell thee what 120
Thou rt damn d as black—nay nothing is so
 black
Thou art more deep damn d than Prince Lucifer
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be if thou didst kill this child
Hub Upon my soul—
Bast If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act do but despair
And if thou want st a cord the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee a rush will be a
 beam
To hang thee on or wouldst thou drown thyself
Put but a little water in a spoon 131
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up
I do suspect thee very grievously
Hub If I in act consent or sin of thought
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath

Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me
I left him well

Bast Go, bear him in thine arms
I am amazed, methinks, and lose my way 140
Among the thorns and dangers of this world
How easy dost thou tal e all England up'
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven and England now is left
To tug and scamble and to part by the teeth
The unowed interest of proud-swelling state
Now for the bare pick'd bone of majesty
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace 150
Now powers from home and discontents at home
Meet in one line, and vast confusion waits,
As doth a raven on a sick-fall n beast
The imminent decay of wrested pomp
Now happy he whose cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempest Bear away that child
And follow me with speed I ll to the King
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land
[*Exeunt*

ACT V

SCENE I *King John s palace*

Enter KING JOHN PANDULPH, *and Attendants*

K John Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory [*Giving the crown*

Pand Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope
Your sovereign greatness and authority

K John Now keep your holy word go meet the French
And from his Holiness use all your power
To stop their marches fore we are inflamed
Our discontented counties do revolt
Our people quarrel with obedience
Swearing allegiance and the love of soul 10
To stranger blood to foreign royalty
This inundation of mistemper d humour
Rests by you only to be qualified
Then pause not, for the present time s so sick
That present medicine must be minister d
Or overthrow incurable ensues

Pand It was my breath that blew this tempest up
Upon your stubborn usage of the Pope
But since you are a gentle convertite
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war 20
And make fair weather in your blustering land
On this Ascension-day remember well
Upon your oath of service to the Pope
Go I to make the French lay down their arms
[*Exit*

K John Is this Ascension day? Did not the prophet
Say that before Ascension day at noon
My crown I should give off? Even so I have
I did suppose it should be on constraint
But, heaven be thank d, it is but voluntary

Enter the BASTARD

Bast All Kent hath yielded nothing there holds out 30
But Dover castle London hath received
Like a kind host the Dauphin and his powers
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy,
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends

K John Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Bast They found him dead and cast into the streets
An empty casket, where the jewel of life 40
By some damn'd hand was robb d and ta en away

K John That villain Hubert told me he did live

Bast So on my soul he did for aught he knew
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act as you have been in thought,
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
Govern the motion of a kingly eye
Be stirring as the time be fire with fire
Threaten the threatener and outface the brow
Of bragging horror so shall inferior eyes, 50
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution
Away and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field
Show boldness and aspiring confidence
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
O let it not be said forage and run
To meet displeasure farther from the doors, 60
And grapple with him ere he come so nigh

K John The legate of the Pope hath been with me
And I have made a happy peace with him
And he hath promised to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin

Bast O inglorious league
Shall we upon the footing of our land
Send fair play orders and make c
Insinuation parley and base truce

With that same weak wind which enkindled it
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea thrust this enterprise into my heart 90
And come ye now to tell me John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed
After young Arthur claim this land for mine,
And, now it is half conquer d must I back
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome s slave? What penny hath Rome borne
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? Is t not I
That undergo this charge? who else but I 100
And such as to my claim are liable
Sweat in this business and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out
Vive le roi! as I have bank d their towns?
Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match play d for a crown?
And shall I now give o er the yielded set?
No no, on my soul it never shall be said

Pand You look but on the outside of this work

Lew Outside or inside I will not return 110
Till my attempt so much be glorified
As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull d these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook conquest and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death

Trumpet sounds

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the BASTARD *attended*

Bast According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience, I am sent to speak
My holy lord of Milan from the King 120
I come to learn how you have dealt for him,
And as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue

Pand The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite
And will not temporize with my entreaties
He flatly says he ll not lay down his arms

Bast By all the blood that ever fury breathed
The youth says well Now hear our English King,
For thus his royalty doth speak in me
He is prepared and reason too he should 130
This apish and unmannerly approach
This harness d masque and unadvised revel
This unhair d sauciness and boyish troops
The King doth smile at and is well prepared
To whip this dwarfish war these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories
That hand which had the strength, even at your door,
To cudgel you and make you take the hatch,
To dive like buckets in concealed wells,
To crouch in litter of your stable planks 140
To lie like pawns lock d up in chests and trunks,
To hug with swine, to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons and to thrill and shake
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Thinking his voice an armed Englishman,
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No know the gallant monarch is in arms
And like an eagle o er his aery towers
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest 150
And you degenerate you ingrate revolts
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England blush for shame,
For your own ladies and pale visaged maids
Like Amazons come tripping after drums
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change
Their needles to lances and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination

Lew There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace,
We grant thou canst outscold us fare thee well,
We hold our time too precious to be spent 161
With such a brabbler

Pand Give me leave to speak

Bast No, I will speak

Lew We will attend to neither
Strike up the drums, and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest and our being here

Bast Indeed, your drums being beaten will cry out,
And so shall you being beaten do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum
And even at hand a drum is ready braced
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine, 170
Sound but another, and another shall
As loud as thine rattle the welkin s ear
And mock the deep-mouth d thunder for at hand
Not trusting to this halting legate here
Whom he hath used rather for sport than need,
Is warlike John and in his forehead sits
A bare ribb d death whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French

Lew Strike up our drums to find this danger out

Bast And thou shalt find it Dauphin do not doubt [*Exeunt* 180

SCENE III *The field of battle*

Alarums Enter KING JOHN *and* HUBERT

K John How goes the day with us? O tell me, Hubert

Hub Badly I fear How fares your Majesty?
K John This fever that hath troubled me so long
Lies heavy on me O my heart is sick!

Enter a MESSENGER

Mess My lord your valiant kinsman Faulconbridge
Desires your Majesty to leave the field
And send him word by me which way you go
K John Tell him toward Swinstead to the abbey there
Mess Be of good comfort for the great supply
That was expected by the Dauphin here 10
Are wreck d three nights a o on Goodwin Sand
This ne s was brought to Richard but even now
The French fight coldly and retire themselves
K John Ay me! this tyrant fever burns me up
And will not let me welcome this good news
Set on toward Swinstead to my litter straight
Weakness possesseth me and I am faint
[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *Another part of the field*

Enter SALISBURY PEMBROKE *and* BIGOT

Sal I did not think the King so stored with friends
Pem Up once a ain put spirit in the French
If they miscarry we miscarry too
Sal That misbegotten devil Faulconbridge
In spite of spite alone upholds the day
Pem They say King John sore sick hath left the field

Enter MELUN *wounded*

Mel Lead me to the revolts of England here
Sal When we were happy we had other names
Pem It is the Count Melun
Sal Wounded to death
Mel Fly noble English you are bou ht and sold 10
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion
And welcome home a ain discarded faith
Seek out King John and fall before his feet
For if the French be lords of this loud day
He means to recompense the pains you take
By cutting off your heads thus hath he sworn
And I with him and many moe with me
Upon the altar at Saint Edmundsbury
Even on that altar where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlastin love 20
Sal May this be possible? may this be true?
Mel Have I not hideous death within my view
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false since it is true
That I must die here and live hence by truth?
I say again if Lewis do win the day 30
He is forsworn if e er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east
But even this night whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old feeble and day wearied sun
Even this ill night your breathing shall expire
Paying the fine of rated treachery
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives
If Lewis by your assistance win the day
Commend me to one Hubert with your king 40
The love of him and this respect besides
For that my grandsire was an Englishman
Awakes my conscience to confess all this
In lieu whereof I pray you bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires
Sal We do believe thee and beshrew my soul
But I do love the favour and the form 50
Of this most fair occasion by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight
And like a bated and retired flood
Leaving our rankness and irregular course
Stoop low within those bounds we have o er look d
And calmly run on in obedience
Even to our ocean to our great King John
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye Away my friends! New flight 60
And happy newness that intends old right
[*Exeunt leading off* MELUN

SCENE V *The French camp*

Enter LEWIS *and his train*

Lew The sun of heaven methou ht was loath to set
But stay d and made the western welkin blush
When English measure backward their own ground
In faint retire O bravely came we off
When with a volley of our needless shot
After such bloody toil we bid good night
And wound our tattering colours clearly up
Last in the field and almost lords of it!

Enter a MESSENGER

Mess Where is my prince the Dauphin?
Lew Here what news?
Mess The Count Melun is slain, the English lords 10
By his persuasion are again fall n off
And your supply, which you have wish d so long
Are cast away and sunk on Goodwin Sands
Lew Ah, foul shrewd news! beshrew thy very heart!
I did not think to be so sad to night
As this hath made me Who was he that said
King John did fly an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?
Mess Whoever spoke it, it is true my lord
Lew Well, keep good quarter and good care to-night 20
The day shall not be up so soon as I
To try the fair adventure of to morrow [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI *An open place in the neighbourhood of Swinstead Abbey*

Enter the BASTARD *and* HUBERT, *severally*

Hub Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot
Bast A friend What art thou?
Hub Of the part of England
Bast Whither dost thou go?
Hub What's that to thee? why may not I demand
Of thine affairs as well as thou of mine?
Bast Hubert, I think?
Hub Thou hast a perfect thought
I will upon all hazards well believe
Thou art my friend that know st my tongue so well
Who art thou?
Bast Who thou wilt and if thou please
Thou mayst befriend me so much as to think 10
I come one way of the Plantagenets
Hub Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeless night
Have done me shame brave soldier, pardon me
That any accent breaking from thy tongue
Should scape the true acquaintance of mine ear
Bast Come come sans compliment what news abroad?
Hub Why, here walk I in the black brow of night,
To find you out
Bast Brief then, and what s the news?
Hub O my sweet sir, news fitting to the night
Black fearful, comfortless and horrible 20
Bast Show me the very wound of this ill news
I am no woman I ll not swoon at it
Hub The King I fear is poison'd by a monk
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time
Than if you had at leisure known of this
Bast How did he take it? who did taste to him?
Hub A monk I tell you a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out the King 30
Yet speaks and peradventure may recover
Bast Who didst thou leave to tend his Majesty?
Hub Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,
And brought Prince Henry in their company
At whose request the King hath pardon d them,
And they are all about his Majesty
Bast Withhold thine indignation mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!
I ll tell thee, Hubert half my power this night,
Passing these flats are taken by the tide 40
These Lincoln Washes have devoured them,
Myself well mounted, hardly have escaped
Away before conduct me to the King,
I doubt he will be dead or ere I come [*Exeunt*

SCENE VII *The orchard in Swinstead Abbey*

Enter PRINCE HENRY SALISBURY *and* BIGOT

P Hen It is too late the life of all his blood
Is touch d corruptibly and his pure brain
Which some suppose the soul s frail dwelling-house
Doth by the idle comments that it makes
Foretell the ending of mortality

Enter PEMBROKE

Pem His Highness yet doth speak, and holds belief
That being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him
P Hen Let him be brought into the orchard here 10
Doth he still rage? [*Exit* BIGOT
Pem He is more patient
Than when you left him even now he sung
P Hen O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes
In their continuance will not feel themselves
Death having prey d upon the outward parts
Leaves them invisible and his siege is now
Against the mind the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies
Which in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves Tis strange that death should sing
I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan

Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death
And from the organ pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest
Sal Be of good comfort Prince for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude

Enter Attendants and BIGOT *carrying* KING JOHN *in a chair*

K John Ay marry now my soul hath elbow room
I would not out at windows nor at doors
There is so hot a summer in my bosom 30
That all my bowels crumble up to dust
I am a scribbled form drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment and against this fire
Do I shrink up
P Hen How fares your Majesty?
K John Poison d—ill fare—dead forsook cast off
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw
Nor let my kingdom s rivers take their course
Through my burn d bosom nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips 40
And comfort me with cold I do not ask you much
I beg cold comfort and you are so strait
And so ingrateful you deny me that
P Hen O that there were some virtue in my tears
That might relieve you!
K John The salt in them is hot
Within me is a hell and there the poison
Is as a fiend confined to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemned blood

Enter the BASTARD

Bast O I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your Majesty! 50
K John O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye
The tackle of my heart is crack d and burn d
And all the shrouds wherewith my life should sail
Are turned to one thread one little hair
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by
Which holds but till thy news be uttered
And then all this thou seest is but a clod
And module of confounded royalty
Bast The Dauphin is preparing hitherward
Where heaven He knows how we shall answer him 60
For in a night the best part of my power
As I upon advantage did remove
Were in the Washes all unwarily
Devoured by the unexpected flood
[*The king dies*
Sal You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear
My liege! my lord! but now a king now thus
P Hen Even so must I run on and even so stop
What surety of the world what hope what stay
When this was now a king and now is clay?
Bast Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind 70
To do the office for thee of revenge
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven
As it on earth hath been thy servant still
Now now you stars that move in your right spheres
Where be your powers? show now your mended faiths
And instantly return with me again
To push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land
Straight let us seek or straight we shall be sought
The Dauphin rages at our very heels 80
Sal It seems you know not then so much as we
The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take
With purpose presently to leave this war
Bast He will the rather do it when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence
Sal Nay it is in a manner done already
For many carriages he hath dispatch d 90
To the sea side and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the Cardinal
With whom yourself myself and other lords
If you think meet this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily
Bast Let it be so and you my noble prince
With other princes that may best be spared
Shall wait upon your father's funeral
P Hen At Worcester must his body be interr d
For so he will d it
Bast Thither shall it then 100
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!
To whom with all submission on my knee
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly
Sal And the like tender of our love we make

To rest without a spot for evermore

P Hen I have a kind soul that would give you thanks

And knows not how to do it but with tears

Bast O let us pay the time but needful woe,

Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs 111

This England never did, nor never shall,

Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,

But when it first did help to wound itself

Now these her princes are come home again,

Come the three corners of the world in arms,

And we shall shock them Nought shall make us rue

If England to itself do rest but true [*Exeunt*

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THE DUKE OF VENICE
PRINCE OF MOROCCO | *suitors to Portia*
PRINCE OF ARRAGON |
ANTONIO *a merchant of Venice*
BASSANIO *his friend suitor likewise to Portia*
SALANIO |
SALARINO | *friends to Antonio and Bassanio*
GRATIANO |
SALERIO |
LORENZO *in love with Jessica*
SHYLOCK *a rich Jew*
TUBAL *a Jew his friend*
LAUNCELOT GOBBO *the clown servant to Shylock*
OLD GOBBO *father to Launcelot*
LEONARDO *servant to Bassanio*

BALTHASAR | *servants to Portia*
STEPHANO |
SERVANT *to Antonio*
SERVANT *to Portia*

PORTIA *a rich heiress*
NERISSA *her waiting maid*
JESSICA *daughter to Shylock*

NON-SPEAKING *Magnificoes of Venice Officers of the Court of Justice Gaoler Musicians Servants to Portia and other Attendants*

SCENE *Partly in Venice and partly at Belmont the seat of Portia on the continent*

ACT I

SCENE I *Venice a street*

Enter ANTONIO SALARINO *and* SALANIO

Ant In sooth I know not why I am so sad
It wearies me you say it wearies you
But how I caught it found it or came by it
What stuff 'tis made of whereof it is born
I am to learn
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me
That I have much ado to know myself
Salar Your mind is tossing on the ocean
There where your argosies with portly sail
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood 10
Or as it were the pageants of the sea
Do overpeer the petty traffickers
That curtsy to them do them reverence
As they fly by them with their woven wings
Salan Believe me sir had I such venture forth
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad I should be still
Plucking the grass to know where sits the wind
Peering in maps for ports and piers and roads
And every object that might make me fear 20
Misfortune to my ventures out of doubt
Would make me sad
Salar My wind cooling my broth
Would blow me to an ague when I thought
What harm a wind too great at sea might do
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run
But I should think of shallows and of flats
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs
To kiss her burial Should I go to church
And see the holy edifice of stone 30
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side
Would scatter all her spices on the stream
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks
And in a word but even now worth this
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing bechanced would make me sad?
But tell not me I know Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise 40
Ant Believe me no I thank my fortune for it
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted
Nor to one place nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad
Salar Why then you are in love
Ant Fie fie!
Salar Not in love neither? Then let us say you are sad
Because you are not merry and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh and leap and say you are merry
Because you are not sad Now by two-headed Janus 50
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper
And other of such vinegar aspect
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable

Enter BASSANIO LORENZO *and* GRATIANO

Salan Here comes Bassanio your most noble kinsman

Gratiano, and Lorenzo Fare ye well
We leave you now with better company
Salar I would have stay d till I had made you
merry 60
If worthier friends had not prevented me
Ant Your worth is very dear in my regard
I take it, your own business calls on you
And you enbrace the occasion to depart
Salar Good morrow, my good lords
Bass Good signiors both, when shall we laugh?
say, when?
You grow exceeding strange, must it be so?
Salar We'll make our leisures to attend on
yours
[*Exeunt* SALARINO *and* SALANIO
Lor My lord Bassanio since you have found
Antonio
We two will leave you but at dinner-time 70
I pray you have in mind where we must meet
Bass I will not fail you
Gra You look not well Signior Antonio
You have too much respect upon the world
They lose it that do buy it with much care
Believe me, you are marvellously changed
Ant I hold the world but as the world Gratiano,
A stage where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one
Gra Let me play the fool
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine 81
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio—
I love thee and it is my love that speaks—
There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain 90
With purpose to be dress d in an opinion
Of wisdom gravity, profound conceit,
As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!"
O my Antonio I do know of these
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing when I am very sure,
If they should speak would almost damn those
ears
Which hearing them would call their brothers
fools
I ll tell thee more of this another time 100
But fish not, with this melancholy bait
For this fool gudgeon this opinion
Come good Lorenzo Fare ye well awhile
I'll end my exhortation after dinner
Lor Well we will leave you then till dinnertime
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak
Gra Well, keep me company but two years
moe,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own
tongue 109
Ant Farewell I ll grow a talker for this gear
Gra Thanks i faith for silence is only com
mendable
In a neat s tongue dried and a maid not vendible
[*Exeunt* GRATIANO *and* LORENZO
Ant Is that any thing now?
Bass Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff you shall seek all day ere you find them and when you have them they are not worth the search
Ant Well tell me now what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage 120
That you to day promised to tell me of?
Bass Tis not unknown to you Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance
Nor do I now make moan to be abridged
From such a noble rate but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time something too prodigal
Hath left me gaged To you Antonio 130
I owe the most in money and in love
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburden all my plots and purposes
How to get clear of all the debts I owe
Ant I pray you good Bassanio let me know it,
And if it stand as you yourself still do
Within the eye of honour, be assured
My purse my person my extremest means
Lie all unlock d to your occasions
Bass In my school-days when I had lost one
shaft, 140
I shot his fellow of the self same flight
The self same way with more advised watch
To find the other forth, and by adventuring both
I oft found both I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence
I owe you much and like a wilful youth
That which I owe is lost but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first I do not doubt
As I will watch the aim or to find both 150
Or bring your latter hazard back again
And thankfully rest debtor for the first
Ant You know me well and herein spend but
time
To wind about my love with circumstance,

And out of doubt you do me now more wrong
In making question of my uttermost
Than if you had made waste of all I have
Then do but say to me what I should do
That in your knowledge may by me be done
And I am prest unto it therefore speak 160

Bass In Belmont is a lady richly left
And she is fair and fairer than that word
Of wondrous virtues sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages
Her name is Portia nothing undervalued
To Cato s daughter Brutus Portia
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece 170
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos strand
And many Jasons come in quest of her
O my Antonio had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them
I have a mind presages me such thrift
That I should questionless be fortunate!

Ant Thou know st that all my fortunes are at sea
Neither have I money nor commodity
To raise a present sum therefore go forth
Try what my credit can in Venice do 180
That shall be rack d even to the uttermost
To furnish thee to Belmont to fair Portia
Go presently inquire and so will I
Where money is and I no question make
To have it of my trust or for my sake [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Belmont a room in Portia s house*

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA

Por By my troth Nerissa my little body is aweary of this great world

Ner You would be, sweet madam if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are and yet for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing It is no mean happiness therefore, to be seated in the mean superfluity comes sooner by white hairs but competency lives longer

Por Good sentences and well pronounced 10

Ner They would be better if well followed

Por If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do chapels had been churches and poor men s cottages princes palaces It is a good divine that follows his own instructions I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o er a cold decree such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o meshes of good counsel the cripple But this reasoning is not the fashion to choose me husband O me the word choose! I may ther choose whom I would nor refuse whom dislike so is the will of a living daughter curt by the will of a dead father Is it not hard Nerissa that I cannot choose one nor none? 2

Ner Your father was ever virtuous and holy men at their death have good inspirations therefore the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests of gold silver and lead, whereo who chooses his meaning chooses you will no doubt never be chosen by any rightly but on who shall rightly love But what warmth is in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por I pray thee over name them and as thou namest them I will describe them and according to my description level at my affection

Ner First there is the Neapolitan prince

Por Ay that s a colt indeed for he doth noth but talk of his horse and he makes it a grea appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself I am much afeard my lady hi mother played false with a smith

Ner Then there is the County Palatine

Por He doth nothing but frown as who should say If you will not have me choose he hears merry tales and smiles not I fear he will pro e the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth I had rather be married to a death s head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these God defend me from these two!

Ner How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon? 59

Por God made him and therefore let him pass for a man In truth I know it is a sin to be a mocker but he! why he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan s a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine he is every man in no man if a throstle sing he falls strai ht a capering he will fence with his own shadow if I should marry him I should marry twenty husbands If he would despise me I would forgi e him for if he love me to madness I shall never requite him 70

Ner What say you then to Falconbrid e, the young baron of England?

Por You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me nor I him he hath neither Latin French nor Italian and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English He is a proper man s

picture but, alas, who can converse with a dumb-show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany and his behaviour every-where

Ner What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

Por That he hath a neighbourly charity in him, for he borrowed a box of the ear of the English-man and swore he would pay him again when he was able I think the Frenchman became his surety and sealed under for another

Ner How like you the young German the Duke of Saxony s nephew? *91*

Por Very vilely in the morning when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon when he is drunk when he is best, he is a little worse than a man, and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast an the worst fall that ever fell I hope I shall make shift to go without him

Ner If he should offer to choose and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will if you should refuse to accept him

Por Therefore, for fear of the worst I pray thee, set a deep glass of rhenish wine on the contrary casket for if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it I will do anything Nerissa ere I ll be married to a sponge

Ner You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords they have acquainted me with their determinations, which is, indeed, to return suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father s imposition depending on the caskets

Por If I live to be as old as Sibylla I will die as chaste as Diana unless I be obtained by the manner of my father s will I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure

Ner Do you not remember lady in your father s time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por Yes yes, it was Bassanio as I think, he was so called

Ner True, madam he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon was the best deserving a fair lady *121*

Por I remember him well and I remember him worthy of thy praise

Enter a SERVING MAN

How now! what news?

Serv The four strangers seek for you madam, to take their leave and there is a forerunner come from a fifth the Prince of Morocco, who brings word the Prince his master will be here to night *129*

Por If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good a heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach, if he have the condition of a saint and the complexion of a devil *I had rather he should shrive me than wive* me

Come, Nerissa Sirrah, go before

Whiles we shut the gates upon one wooer,
another knocks at the door [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *Venice a public place*

Enter BASSANIO *and* SHYLOCK

Shy Three thousand ducats, well

Bass Ay, sir, for three months

Shy For three months, well

Bass For the which as I told you, Antonio shall be bound

Shy Antonio shall become bound well

Bass May you stead me? will you pleasure me? shall I know your answer?

Shy Three thousand ducats for three months and Antonio bound *10*

Bass Your answer to that

Shy Antonio is a good man

Bass Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy Oh, *no, no, no, no my meaning in saying he is a good man is to have you understand me* that he is sufficient Yet his means are in supposi tion he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis an-other to the Indies I understand moreover upon the Rialto he hath a third at Mexico a fourth *for England and other ventures he hath squan-*dered abroad But ships are but boards, sailors but men there be land rats and water rats water thieves and land thieves, I mean pirates and then there is the peril of waters winds and rocks The man is notwithstanding sufficient Three thousand ducats I think I may take his bond

Bass Be assured you may

Shy I will be assured I may and that I may be assured I will bethink me May I speak with Antonio?

Bass If it please you to dine with us

Shy Yes to smell pork to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into I will buy with you sell with you talk with you walk with you and so following but I will not eat with you drink with you nor pray with you What news on the Rialto Who is he comes here? *40*

Enter ANTONIO

Bass This is Signior Antonio
Shy [*Aside*] How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian
But more for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice
If I can catch him once upon the hip
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him
He hates our sacred nation and he rails
Even there where merchants most do congregate
On me my bargains and my well won thrift *51*
Which he calls interest Cursed be my tribe
If I forgive him!
Bass Shylock do you hear?
Shy I am debating of my present store
And by the near guess of my memory
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats What of that?
Tubal a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe
Will furnish me But soft how many months
Do you desire? [*To* ANTONIO] Rest you fair good signior *60*
Your worship was the last man in our mouths
Ant Shylock although I neither lend nor borrow
By taking nor by giving of excess
Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend
I ll break a custom Is he yet possess d
How much ye would?
Shy Ay ay three thousand ducats
Ant And for three months
Shy I had forgot three months you told me so
Well then your bond and let me see but hear you
Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage
Ant I do never use it *71*
Shy When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban s sheep—
This Jacob from our holy Abram was
As his wise mother wrought in his behalf
The third possessor ay he was the third—
Ant And what of him? did he take interest?
Shy No not take interest not as you would say
Directly interest mark what Jacob did
When Laban and himself were compromised
That all the eanlings which were streak d and pied *80*
Should fall as Jacob s hire the ewes being rank
In the end of autumn turned to the rams
And when the work of generation was
Between these wooly breeders in the act
The skilful shepherd peel d me certain wands
And in the doing of the deed of kind
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes
Who then conceiving did in eaning time
Fall parti colour d lambs and those were Jacob s
This was a way to thrive and he was blest *90*
And thrift is blessing if men steal it not
Ant This was a venture sir that Jacob served for
A thing not in his power to bring to pass
But sway d and fashion d by the hand of heaven
Was this inserted to make interest good
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?
Shy I cannot tell I make it breed as fast
But note me signior
Ant Mark you this Bassanio
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose
An evil soul producing holy witness *100*
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek
A goodly apple rotten at the heart
O what a goodly outside falsehood hath!
Shy Three thousand ducats tis a good round sum
Three months from twelve then let me see the rate—
Ant Well Shylock shall we be beholding to you?
Shy Signior Antonio many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug *110*
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe
You call me misbeliever cut throat dog
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine
And all for use of that which is mine own
Well then it now appears you need my help
Go to then you come to me and you say
Shylock we would have moneys' you say so
You that did void your rheum upon my beard
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold moneys is your suit *120*
What should I say to you? Should I not say
Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats? Or
Shall I bend low and in a bondman s key
With bated breath and whispering humbleness
Say this
Fair sir you spit on me on Wednesday last
You spurn d me such a day another time
You call d me dog and for these courtesies
I ll lend you thus much moneys ? *130*
Ant I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again to spurn thee too
If thou wilt lend this money lend it not
As to thy friends for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?

But lend it rather to thine enemy,
Who if he break thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalty
Shy Why, look you how you storm!
I would be friends with you and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain d me
with
Supply your present wants and take no doit 141
Of usance for my moneys and you'll not hear
me
This is kind I offer
Bass This were kindness
Shy This kindness will I show
Go with me to a notary seal me there
Your single bond and in a merry sport
If you repay me not on such a day
In such a place such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound 150
Of your fair flesh to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me
Ant Content, i' faith I ll seal to such a bond
And say there is much kindness in the Jew
Bass You shall not seal to such a bond for me
I'll rather dwell in my necessity
Ant Why, fear not, man I will not forfeit it
Within these two months, that s a month be-
fore
This bond expires I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond 160
Shy O father Abram what these Christians
are
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you tell me this,
If he should break his day what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man s flesh taken from a man
Is not so estimable profitable neither
As flesh of muttons beefs or goats I say
To buy his favour I extend this friendship
If he will take it so if not, adieu 170
And for my love I pray you wrong me not
Ant Yes Shylock I will seal unto this bond
Shy Then meet me forthwith at the notary s
Give him direction for this merry bond
And I will go and purse the ducats straight
See to my house left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave and presently
I will be with you
Ant Hie thee, gentle Jew [*Exit* SHYLOCK
The Hebrew will turn Christian he grows
kind
Bass I like not fair terms and a villain s mind
Ant Come on in this there can be no dismay
My ships come home a month before the day
[*Exeunt*

ACT II

SCENE I *Belmont a room in Portia s house*

Flourish of cornets Enter the PRINCE OF MOROCCO *and his train,* PORTIA, NERISSA *and others attending*

Mor Mislike me not for my complexion
The shadow d livery of the burnish d sun
To whom I am a neighbour and near bred
Bring me the fairest creature northward born
Where Phœbus fire scarce thaws the icicles
And let us make incision for your love
To prove whose blood is reddest his or mine
I tell thee lady this aspect of mine
Hath fear d the valiant by my love I swear
The best regarded virgins of our clime 10
Have loved it too I would not change this hue
Except to steal your thoughts my gentle queen
Por In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden s eyes,
Besides the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing
But if my father had not scanted me
And hedged me by his wit to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself renowned Prince then stood as fair 20
As any comer I have look'd on yet
For my affection
Mor Even for that I thank you
Therefore I pray you lead me to the caskets
To try my fortune By this scimitar
That slew the Sophy and a Persian prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman
I would outstare the sternest eyes that look
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she bear,
Yea mock the lion when he roars for prey 30
To win thee lady But alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand
So is Alcides beaten by his page
And so may I blind fortune leading me
Miss that which one unworthier may attain
And die with grieving
Por You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to choose at all
Or swear before you choose if you choose
wrong
Never to speak to lady afterward 41
In way of marriage therefore be advised
Mor Nor will not Come bring me unto my
chance
Por First forward to the temple after dinner
Your hazard shall be made
Mor Good

To make me blest or cursed st among men
[*Cornets and exeunt*

SCENE II *Venice a street*
Enter LAUNCELOT

Laun Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master The fiend is at mine elbow and tempts me saying to me Gobbo Launcelot Gobbo good Launcelot or good Gobbo or good Launcelot Gobbo use your legs take the start run away My conscience says No take heed honest Launcelot take heed honest Gobbo or as aforesaid honest Launcelot Gobbo do not run scorn running with thy heels Well the most courageous fiend bids me pack Via says the fiend away! says the fiend for the heavens rouse up a brave mind says the fiend and run Well my conscience hanging about the neck of my heart says very wisely to me My honest friend Launcelot being an honest man s son or rather an honest woman s son for indeed my father did something smack something grow to he had a kind of taste well my conscience says Launcelot budge not Budge says the fiend Budge not says my conscience Conscience say I you counsel well Fiend say I you counsel well to be ruled by my conscience I should stay with the Jew my master who God bless the mark is a kind of devil and to run away from the Jew I should be ruled by the fiend who saving your reverence is the devil himself Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnal and in my conscience my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew The fiend gives the more friendly counsel I will run, fiend my heels are at your command I will run

Enter OLD GOBBO *with a basket*

Gob Master young man you I pray you which is the way to master Jew s?

Laun [*Aside*] O heavens this is my true begotten father who being more than sand blind high-gravel blind knows me not I will try confusions with him

Gob Master young gentleman I pray you which is the way to master Jew s? 41

Laun Turn up on your right hand at the next turning but at the next turning of all on your left marry at the very next turning turn of no hand but turn down indirectly to the Jew s house

Gob By God s sonties twill be a hard way to hit Can you tell me whether one Launcelot that dwells with him dwell with him or no? 49

Laun Talk you of young Master Launcelot? [*Aside*] Mark me now now will I raise the waters Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob No master sir but a poor man s son his father though I say it is an honest exceeding poor man and God be thanked well to live

Laun Well let his father be what a will we talk of young Master Launcelot

Gob Your worship s friend and Launcelot sir

Laun But I pray you ergo old man ergo I beseech you talk you of young Master Launcelot? 60

Gob Of Launcelot an t please your mastership

Laun Ergo Master Launcelot Talk not of Master Launcelot father for the young gentleman according to Fates and Destinies and such odd sayings the Sisters Three and such branches of learning is indeed deceased or as you would say in plain terms gone to heaven

Gob Marry God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age my very prop 70

Laun Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post a staff or a prop? Do you know me father?

Gob Alack the day I know you not young gentleman but I pray you tell me is my boy God rest his soul alive or dead?

Laun Do you not know me father?

Gob Alack Sir I am sand blind I know you not

Laun Nay indeed if you had your eyes you might fail of the knowing me it is a wise father that knows his own child Well old man I will tell you news of your son give me your blessing truth will come to light murder cannot be hid long a man s son may but at the length truth will out

Gob Pray you sir stand up I am sure you are not Launcelot my boy

Laun Pray you let s have no more fooling about it but give me your blessing I am Launcelot your boy that was your son that is your child that shall be 91

Gob I cannot think you are my son

Laun I know not what I shall think of that but I am Launcelot the Jew s man and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother

Gob Her name is Margery indeed I ll be sworn if thou be Launcelot thou art mine own flesh and blood Lord worshipped might he be what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill horse has on his tail 101

Laun It should seem then that Dobbin s tail grows backward I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face when I last saw him

Gob Lord how art thou changed! How dost

thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present How 'gree you now?

Laun Well well but, for mine own part as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground My master's a very Jew give him a present! give him a halter I am famished in his service, you may tell every finger I have with my ribs Father I am glad you are come give me your present to one Master Bassanio who indeed, gives rare new liveries if I serve not him I will run as far as God has any ground O rare fortune! here comes the man *to him father, for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew* any longer *120*

Enter BASSANIO, *with* LEONARDO *and other followers*

Bass You may do so, but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock See these letters delivered, put the liveries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging [*Exit a Servant*

Laun To him father

Gob God bless your worship!

Bass Gramercy! wouldst thou aught with me?

Gob Here s my son sir a poor boy— *129*

Laun Not a poor boy sir but the rich Jew s man that would sir, as my father shall specify—

Gob He hath a great infection sir as one would say, to serve—

Laun Indeed the short and the long is I serve the Jew and have a desire as my father shall specify—

Gob His master and he saving your worship s reverence are scarce cater cousins— *139*

Laun To be brief the very truth is that the Jew, having done me wrong doth cause me as my father being I hope an old man shall frutify unto you—

Gob I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your worship and my *suit is*—

Laun In very brief the suit is impertinent to myself as your worship shall know by this honest old man and, though I say it though old man yet poor man my father

Bass One speak for both What would you?

Laun Serve you sir *151*

Gob That is the very defect of the matter sir

Bass I know thee well thou hast obtain d thy suit
Shylock thy master spoke with me this day
And hath preferr d thee if it be preferment
To leave a rich Jew s service to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman

Laun The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you sir you have the grace of God sir, and he hath enough

Bass Thou speak st it well Go father, with thy son
Take leave of thy old master and inquire
My lodging out Give him a livery
More guarded than his fellows' see it done

Laun Father, in I cannot get a service, no, I have ne er a tongue in my head Well if any man in Italy have a fairer table which doth offer to swear upon a book I shall have good fortune Go to, here s a simple line of life here's a small trifle of wives alas fifteen wives is nothing! eleven widows and nine maids is a simple coming in for *one man and then to 'scape drowning thrice,* and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a featherbed, here are simple scapes Well if Fortune be a woman she s a good wench for this gear Father, come *I ll take my leave of the Jew in* the twinkling of an eye

[*Exeunt* LAUNCELOT *and* OLD GOBBO

Bass I pray thee good Leonardo think on this
These things being bought and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to night *180*
My best esteem d acquaintance hie thee go

Leon My best endeavours shall be done herein

Enter GRATIANO

Gra Where is your master?

Leon Yonder sir, he walks [*Exit*

Gra Signior Bassanio!

Bass Gratiano!

Gra I have a suit to you

Bass You have obtain'd it

Gra You must not deny me I must go with you to Belmont

Bass Why then you must But hear thee, Gratiano
Thou art too wild too rude and bold of voice,
Parts that become thee happily enough *191*
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults,
But where thou art not known why there they show
Something too liberal Pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit lest through thy wild behaviour
I be misconstrued in the place I go to
And lose my hopes

Gra Signior Bassanio hear me
If I do not put on a sober habit *199*
Talk with respect and swear but now and then
Wear prayer books in my pocket, look demurely,
Nay more, while grace is saying hood mine eyes
Thus *with my hat and sigh and say* amen
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam never trust me more.

Bass Well we shall see your bearing

Gra Nay but I bar to-night you shall not
gauge me
By what we do to-night
Bass No that were pity
I would entreat you rather to put on 10
Your boldest suit of mirth for we have friends
That purpose merriment But fare you well
I have some business
Gra And I must to Lorenzo and the rest
But we will visit you at supper time [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *The same a room in Shylock s house*

Enter JESSICA *and* LAUNCELOT

Jes I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so
Our house is hell and thou a merry devil
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness
But fare thee well there is a ducat for thee
And Launcelot soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo who is thy new master s guest
Give him this letter do it secretly
And so farewell I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee 9
Laun Adieu! tears exhibit my tongue Most
beautiful pagan most sweet Jew if a Christian
did not play the knave and get thee I am much
deceived But adieu these foolish drops do
something drown my manly spirit adieu
Jes Farewell good Launcelot
[*Exit* LAUNCELOT
Alack what heinous sin is it in me
To be ashamed to be my father s child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners O Lorenzo
If thou keep promise I shall end this strife 20
Become a Christian and thy loving wife [*Exit*

SCENE IV *The same a street*

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO SALARINO *and* SALANIO

Lor Nay we will slink away in supper time,
Disguise us at my lodging and return,
All in an hour
Gra We have not made good preparation.
Salar We have not spoke us yet of torch
bearers
Salan 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly
order d,
And better in my mind not undertook
Lor 'Tis now but four o clock we have two
hours
To furnish us

Enter LAUNCELOT *with a letter*

Friend Launcelot what s the news?
Laun An it shall please you to break up this
it shall seem to signify 11
Lor I know the hand in faith tis a fair hand
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ
Gra Love news in faith
Laun By your leave sir
Lor Whither goest thou?
Laun Marry sir to bid my old master the Jew
to sup to-night with my new master the Christian
Lor Hold here take this tell gentle Jessica I
will not fail her speak it privately 21
Go gentlemen, [*Exit* LAUNCELOT
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch bearer
Salar Ay marry I ll be gone about it straight
Salan And so will I
Lor Meet me and Gratiano
At Gratiano s lodging some hour hence
Salar Tis good we do so
[*Exeunt* SALARINO *and* SALANIO
Gra Was not that letter from fair Jessica?
Lor I must needs tell thee all She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father s house, 31
What gold and jewels she is furnish d with
What page s suit she hath in readiness
If e er the Jew her father come to heaven
It will be for his gentle daughter s sake
And never dare misfortune cross her foot
Unless she do it under this excuse
That she is issue to a faithless Jew
Come go with me peruse this as thou goest
Fair Jessica shall be my torch bearer [*Exeunt*

SCENE V *The same before Shylock s house*

Enter SHYLOCK *and* LAUNCELOT

Shy Well thou shalt see thy eyes shall be thy
judge
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio —
What Jessica —thou shalt not gormandise,
As thou hast done with me —What Jessica!—
And sleep and snore and rend apparel out —
Why Jessica, I say!
Laun Why Jessica
Shy Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call
Laun Your worship was wont to tell me that
I could do nothing without bidding

Enter JESSICA

Jes Call you? what is your will? 10
Shy I am bid forth to supper Jessica
There are my keys But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love they flatter me
But yet I ll go in hate to feed upon
The prodigal Christian Jessica my girl
Look to my house I am right loath to go
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest
For I did dream of money bags to-night

Laun I beseech you, sir, go my young master doth expect your reproach 20

Shy So do I his

Laun And they have conspired together I will not say you shall see a masque, but if you do then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black-Monday last at six o clock i' the morning falling out that year on Ash Wednesday was four year in the afternoon

Shy What, are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica

Lock up my doors, and when you hear the drum
And the vile squealing of the wry neck'd fife 30
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish d faces,
But stop my house s ears, I mean my casements
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house By Jacob's staff I swear
I have no mind of feasting forth to night
But I will go Go you before me sirrah,
Say I will come

Laun I will go before, sir *Mistress, look out at* window, for all this 41

There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye [*Exit*

Shy What says that fool of Hagar s offspring, ha?

Jes His words were "Farewell mistress', nothing else

Shy The patch is kind enough but a huge feeder

Snail slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat drones hive not with me,
Therefore I part with him and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste 50
His borrow'd purse Well Jessica go in
Perhaps I will return immediately
Do as I bid you shut doors after you
Fast bind fast find,
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind [*Exit*

Jes Farewell, and if my fortune be not crost
I have a father, you a daughter lost [*Exit*

SCENE VI *The same*

Enter GRATIANO *and* SALARINO *masqued*

Gra This is the pent house under which Lorenzo

Desired us to make stand

Salar His hour is almost past

Gra And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock

Salar O ten times faster Venus pigeons fly
To seal love s bonds new made than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gra That ever holds who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again 10
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy d
How like a younker or a prodigal
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg d and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth she return
With over weather d ribs and ragged sails
Lean rent and beggar d by the strumpet wind!

Salar Here comes Lorenzo more of this hereafter 20

Enter LORENZO

Lor Sweet friends your patience for my long abode,

Not I but my affairs have made you wait
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives
I'll watch as long for you then Approach
Here dwells my father Jew Ho! who s within?

Enter JESSICA *above, in boy s clothes*

Jes Who are you? Tell me for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue

Lor Lorenzo and thy love

Jes Lorenzo certain and my love indeed,
For who love I so much? And now who knows
But you Lorenzo whether I am yours? 31

Lor Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art

Jes Here catch this casket, it is worth the pains

I am glad 'tis night you do not look on me,
For I am much ashamed of my exchange
But love is blind and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit,
For if they could Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy

Lor Descend for you must be my torch-bearer 40

Jes What must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves good sooth, are too too light
Why tis an office of discovery love,
And I should be obscured

Lor So are you sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy
But come at once
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stay d for at Bassanio s feast

Jes I will make fast the doors and gild myself
With some more ducats and be with you straight [*Exit above* 50

Gra Now, by my hood a Gentile and no Jew

Lor Beshrew me but I love her heartily
For she is wise if I can judge of her
And fair she is if that mine eyes be true
And true she is as she hath proved herself
And therefore like herself wise fair and true
Shall she be placed in my constant soul

Enter JESSICA *below*

What art thou come? On gentlemen away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay
[*Exit with* JESSICA *and* SALARINO

Enter ANTONIO

Ant Who s there? 60
Gra Signior Antonio
Ant Fie fie Gratiano! where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o clock our friends all stay for you
No masque to-night the wind is come about
Bassanio presently will go aboard
I have sent twenty out to seek for you
Gra I am glad on t I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail and gone to-night [*Exeunt*

SCENE VII *Belmont a room in Portia s house*

Flourish of cornets Enter PORTIA *with the* PRINCE OF MOROCCO *and their trains*

Por Go draw aside the curtains and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince
Now make your choice
Mor The first of gold who this inscription bears
Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire
The second silver which this promise carries
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt
Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath
How shall I know if I do choose the right? 10
Por The one of them contains my picture Prince
If you choose that then I am yours withal
Mor Some god direct my judgement Let me see
I will survey the inscriptions back again
What says this leaden casket?
Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath
Must give for what? for lead? hazard for lead!
This casket threatens Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross 20
I ll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead
What says the silver with her virgin hue?
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves
As much as he deserves! Pause there Morocco
And weigh thy value with an even hand
If thou be st rated by thy estimation
Thou dost deserve enough and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady
And yet to be afeard of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling of myself 30
As much as I deserve! Why that s the lady
I do in birth deserve her and in fortunes
In graces and in qualities of breeding
But more than these in love I do deserve
What if I stray d no further but chose here?
Let s see once more this saying graved in gold
Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire
Why that s the lady all the world desires her
From the four corners of the earth they come
To kiss this shrine this mortal breathing saint
The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds 41
Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
For princes to come view fair Portia
The watery kingdom whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits but they come
As o er a brook to see fair Portia
One of these three contains her heavenly picture
Is t like that lead contains her? Twere damnation
To think so base a thought it were too gross 50
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave
Or shall I think in silver she s immured
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold They have in England
A coin that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold but that s insculp d upon
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within Deliver me the key
Here do I choose and thrive I as I may! 60
Por There take it Prince and if my form lie there
Then I am yours [*He unlocks the golden casket*]
Mor O hell what have we here?
A carrion Death within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll! I ll read the writing
[*Reads*] All that glisters is not gold
Often have you heard that told
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold
Gilded tombs do worms infold
Had you been as wise as bold 70
Young in limbs in judgement old
Your answer had not been inscroll d
Fare you well your suit is cold

Cold, indeed, and labour lost
Then farewell heat, and welcome frost!
Portia, adieu I have too grieved a heart
To take a tedious leave thus losers part
[*Exit with his train Flourish of cornets*
Por A gentle riddance Draw the curtains, go
Let all of his complexion choose me so [*Exeunt*

SCENE VIII *Venice a street*

Enter SALARINO *and* SALANIO

Salar Why, man I saw Bassanio under sail
With him is Gratiano gone along,
And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not
Salan The villain Jew with outcries raised the Duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship
Salar He came too late, the ship was under sail
But there the Duke was given to understand
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica
Besides Antonio certified the Duke 10
They were not with Bassanio in his ship
Salan I never heard a passion so confused,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets
"My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats
Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter!
And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones, 20
Stolen by my daughter! Justice! find the girl
She hath the stones upon her and the ducats"
Salar Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying "His stones, his daughter, and his ducats"
Salan Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this
Salar Marry well remember'd
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me in the narrow seas that part
The French and English there miscarried
A vessel of our country richly fraught 30
I thought upon Antonio when he told me
And wish'd in silence that it were not his
Salan You were best to tell Antonio what you hear,
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him
Salar A kinder gentleman treads not the earth
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part
Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his return he answer'd Do not so,
Slubber not business for my sake Bassanio
But stay the very riping of the time, 40
And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love
Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there"
And even there his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted
Salan I think he only loves the world for him
I pray thee let us go and find him out 51
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other
Salar Do we so [*Exeunt*

SCENE IX *Belmont a room in Portia's house*

Enter NERISSA *with a Servitor*

Ner Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain straight
The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently

Flourish of cornets Enter the PRINCE OF ARRAGON, PORTIA, *and their trains*

Por Behold, there stand the caskets, noble Prince
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized
But if you fail without more speech my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately
Ar I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things
First never to unfold to any one 10
Which casket 'twas I chose, next if I fail
Of the right casket never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage
Lastly
If I do fail in fortune of my choice
Immediately to leave you and be gone
Por To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self
Ar And so have I address'd me Fortune now
To my heart's hope! Gold silver and base lead
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath" 21
You shall look fairer ere I give or hazard
What says the golden chest? ha let me see
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire"
What many men desire! that "many" may be meant
By the fool multitude that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach
Which pries not to the interior but like the martlet
Builds in the weather on the outward wall

Even in the force and road of casualty 30
I will not choose what many men desire
Because I will not jump with common spirits
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes
Why then to thee thou silver treasure house
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear
 Who chooseth me shall get as much as he de-
 serves
And well said too for who shall go about
To cozen fortune and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity 40
O that estates degrees and offices
Were not derived corruptly and that clear
 honour
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover that stand bare
How many be commanded that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean d
From the true seed of honour! and how much
 honour
Pick d from the chaff and ruin of the times
To be new varnish d Well but to my choice
 Who chooseth me shall get as much as he de-
 serves 50
I will assume desert Give me a key for this
And instantly unlock my fortunes here

He opens the silver casket

Por Too long a pause for that which you find
 there

Ar What s here? the portrait of a blinking
 idiot
Presenting me a schedule I will read it
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!
 Who chooseth me shall have as much as he de
 serves
Did I deserve no more than a fool s head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better? 60

Po To offend and judge are distinct offices
And of opposed natures

A What is here?

[*Reads*] The fire seven times tried this
 Seven times tried that judgement is
 That did never choose amiss
 Some there be that shadows kiss
 Such have but a shadow s bliss
 There be fools alive I wis
 Silver d o er and so was this
 Take what wife you will to bed, 70
 I will ever be your head
 So be gone you are sped
 Still more fool I shall appear
 By the time I linger here
 With one fool s head I came to woo,
 But I go away with two
 Sweet adieu I ll keep my oath
 Patiently to bear my wroth

[*Exeunt* ARRAGON *and train*

Por Thus hath the candle singed the moth
O these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose 81

Ner The ancient saying is no heresy
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny

Por Come draw the curtain Nerissa

Enter a SERVANT

Ser What is my lady?

Por Here what would my lord?

Serv Madam there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets
To wit besides commends and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value Yet I have not seen 91
So likely an ambassador of love
A day in April never came so sweet
To show how costly summer was at hand
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord

Por No more I pray thee I am half afeard
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee
Thou spend st such high-day wit in praising him
Come come Nerissa for I long to see
Quick Cupid s post that comes so mannerly 100

Ner Bassanio lord Love if thy will it be!

[*Exeunt*

ACT III

SCENE I *Venice a street*

Enter SALANIO *and* SALARINO

Salan Now what news on the Rialto?

Salar Why yet it lives there unchecked that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas the Goodwins I think they call the place a very dangerous flat and fatal where the carcases of many a tall ship lie buried as they say if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word

Salan I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapped ginger or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband But it is true without any slips of prolixity or crossing the plain highway of talk that the good Antonio the honest Antonio—O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

Sala Come the full stop

Salan Ha what sayest thou? Why the end is he hath lost a ship

Sala I would it might prove the end of his losses 21

Salan Let me say amen betimes lest the

devil cross my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew

Enter SHYLOCK

How now, Shylock! what news among the merchants?

Shy You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight

Salar That's certain I for my part knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal 30

Salan And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam

Shy She is damned for it

Salar That's certain, if the devil may be her judge

Shy My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Salan Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years? 39

Shy I say my daughter is my flesh and blood

Salar There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory, more between your bloods than there is between red wine and rhenish But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy There I have another bad match a bankrupt, a prodigal who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto a beggar that was used to come so smug upon the mart let him look to his bond he was wont to call me usurer let him look to his bond he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy let him look to his bond

Salar Why, I am sure if he forfeit thou wilt not take his flesh what's that good for?

Shy To bait fish withal if it will feed nothing else it will feed my revenge He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million laughed at my losses mocked at my gains scorned my nation thwarted my bargains cooled my friends heated mine enemies and what's his reason? I am a Jew Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands organs dimensions senses affections passions? fed with the same food hurt with the same weapons subject to the same diseases healed by the same means warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us do we not die? and if you wrong us shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest we will resemble you in that If a Jew wrong a Christian what is his humility? Revenge If a Christian wrong a Jew what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why revenge The villainy you teach me I will execute and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction

Enter a SERVANT

Serv Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house and desires to speak with you both

Salar We have been up and down to seek him

Enter TUBAL

Salan Here comes another of the tribe a third cannot be matched unless the devil himself turn Jew [*Exeunt* SALANIO SALARINO *and* SERVANT

Shy How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub I often came where I did hear of her but cannot find her

Shy Why there, there there there! a diamond gone cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now, I never felt it till now two thousand ducats in that and other precious, precious jewels I would my daughter were dead at my foot and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them? Why, so and I know not what's spent in the search why thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much and so much to find the thief, and no satisfaction no revenge nor no ill luck stirring but what lights on my shoulders no sighs but of my breathing, no tears but of my shedding 101

Tub Yes other men have ill luck too Antonio as I heard in Genoa—

Shy What what what? ill luck ill luck?

Tub Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis

Shy I thank God I thank God Is't true is't true?

Tub I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck 110

Shy I thank thee good Tubal good news good news! ha ha! where? in Genoa?

Tub Your daughter spent in Genoa as I heard, in one night fourscore ducats

Shy Thou stickest a dagger in me I shall never see my gold again fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice that swear he cannot choose but break 120

Shy I am very glad of it I'll plague him I'll torture him I am glad of it

Tub One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey

Shy Out upon her! Thou torturest me Tubal it was my turquoise I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys

Tub But Antonio is certainly undone 19
Shy Nay that s true that s very true Go Tubal fee me an officer bespeak him a fortnight before I will have the heart of him if he forfeit for were he out of Venice I can make what merchandise I will Go go Tubal and meet me at our synagogue go good Tubal at our synagogue Tub l [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Belmont a room in Portia s house*

Enter BASSANIO PORTIA GRATIANO NERISSA *and Attendants*

Por I pray you tarry pause a day or two
Before you hazard for in choosing wrong
I lose your company therefore forbear awhile
There s something tells me but it is not love
I would not lose you and you know yourself
Hate counsels not in such a quality
But lest you should not understand me well—
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought—
I would detain you here some month or two
Before you venture for me I could teach you
How to choose right but I am then forsworn 11
So will I never be so may you miss me
But if you do you ll make me wish a sin
That I had been forsworn Beshrew your eyes
They have o erlook d me and divided me
One half of me is yours the other half yours
Mine own, I would say but if mine then yours
And so all yours O these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights!
And so though yours not yours Prove it so
Let fortune go to hell for it not I 21
I speak too long but tis to peize the time
To eke it and to draw it out in length
To stay you from election
Bass Let me choose
For as I am I live upon the rack
Por Upon the rack Bassanio! then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love
Bass None but that ugly treason of mistrust
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love
There may as well be amity and life 30
'Tween snow and fire as treason and my love
Por Ay but I fear you speak upon the rack
Where men enforced do speak anything
Bass Promise me life and I ll confess the truth
Por Well then, confess and live
Bass Confess and love
Had been the very sum of my confession
O happy torment when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets
Por Away then! I am lock d in one of them 40
If you do love me you will find me out
Nerissa and the rest stand all aloof
Let music sound while he doth make his choice
Then if he lose he makes a swan like end
Fading in music that the comparison
May stand more proper my eye shall be the stream
And watery death bed for him He may win
And what is music then? Then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new crowned monarch such it is 50
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom s ear
And summon him to marriage Now he goes
With no less presence but with much more love
Than young Alcides when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea monster I stand for sacrifice
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives
With bleared visages come forth to view
The issue of the exploit Go Hercules! 60
Live thou I live with much much more dismay
I view the fight than thou that makest the fray

Music whilst BASSANIO *comments on the caskets to himself*

SONG

Tell me where is fancy bred
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot how nourished?
Reply reply
It is engender d in the eyes
With gazing fed and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies
Let us all ring fancy s knell 70
I ll begin it—Ding dong bell
All Ding dong bell
Bass So may the outward shows be least themselves
The world is still deceived with ornament
In law what plea so tainted and corrupt
But being season d with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion
What damned error but some sober brow
Will bless it and approve it with a text
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament? 80
There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts
How many cowards whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars
Who inward search d have livers white as milk
And these assume but valour s excrement
To render them redoubted! Look on beauty
And you shall see tis purchased by the weight
Which therein works a miracle in nature 90
Making them lightest that wear most of it
So are those crisped snaky golden locks

Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea, the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty, in a word *99*
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest Therefore, thou gaudy
gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee,
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man but thou thou meagre
lead
Which rather threatenest than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I joy be the consequence!

Por [*Aside*] How all the other passions fleet to
air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,
And shuddering fear, and green eyed jealousy!
O love *111*
Be moderate, allay thy ecstasy
In measure rein thy joy, scant this excess
I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,
For fear I surfeit

Bass What find I here?

Opening the leaden casket

Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever d lips,
Parted with sugar breath so sweet a bar *120*
Should sunder such sweet friends Here in her
hairs
The painter plays the spider and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men
Faster than gnats in cobwebs but her eyes—
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his
And leave itself unfurnish d Yet look how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this
shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance Here s the
scroll, *130*
The continent and summary of my fortune

[*Reads*] "You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new
If you be well pleased with this
And hold your fortune for your bliss
Turn you where your lady is
And claim her with a loving kiss"

A gentle scroll Fair lady, by your leave, *140*
I come by note, to give and to receive
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no,
So thrice-fair lady, stand I even so,
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm d sign d ratified by you

Por You see me Lord Bassanio where I stand,
Such as I am though for myself alone *151*
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better, yet, for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself
A thousand times more fair ten thousand times
More rich,
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues beauties livings friends,
Exceed account but the full sum of me
Is sum of something which to term in gross
Is an unlesson d girl, unschool d unpractised, *161*
Happy in this she is not yet so old
But she may learn happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed
As from her lord her governor, her king
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants *170*
Queen o'er myself and even now, but now,
This house these servants and this same myself
Are yours, my lord I give them with this ring,
Which when you part from, lose or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love
And be my vantage to exclaim on you

Bass Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins,
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As after some oration fairly spoke *180*
By a beloved prince there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude
Where every something being blent together
Turns to a wild of nothing save of joy
Express'd and not express d But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence
O then be bold to say Bassanio s dead!

Ner My lord and lady it is now our time,
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry good joy good joy my lord and lady!

Gra My lord Bassanio and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish
For I am sure you can wish none from me
And when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith I do beseech you
Even at that time I may be married too

Bass With all my heart so thou canst get a wife
Gra I thank your lordship you have got me one
My eyes my lord can look as swift as yours
You saw the mistress I beheld the maid 200
You loved I loved for intermission
No more pertains to me my lord than you
Your fortune stood upon the casket there
And so did mine too as the matter falls
For wooing here until I sweat again
And swearing till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love at last if promise last
I got a promise of this fair one here
To have her love provided that your fortune
Achieved her mistress
Por Is this true Nerissa? 10
Ner Madam it is so you stand pleased withal
Bass And do you Gratiano mean good faith?
Gra Yes faith my lord
Bass Our feast shall be much honour d in your marriage
Gra We ll play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats
Ner What and stake down?
Gra No we shall ne er win at that sport and stake down 220
But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel?
What and my old Venetian friend Salerio?

Enter LORENZO JESSICA *and* SALERIO *a Messenger from Venice*

Bass Lorenzo and Salerio welcome hither
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome By your leave,
I bid my friends and countrymen
Sweet Portia welcome
Por So do I my lord
They are entirely welcome
Lor I thank your honour For my part my lord
My purpose was not to have seen you here 2 0
But meeting with Salerio by the way
He did intreat me past all saying nay
To come with him along
Saler I did my lord
And I have reason for it Signior Antonio
Commends him to you [*Gives* BASSANIO *a letter*]
Bass Ere I ope his letter
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth
Saler Not sick my lord unless it be in mind
Nor well unless in mind his letter there
Will show you his estate
Gra Nerissa cheer yon stranger bid her welcome 40
Your hand Salerio what s the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success

We are the Jasons we have won the fleece
Saler I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost
Por There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper
That steals the colour from Bassanio s cheek
Some dear friend dead else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man What worse and worse!
With leave Bassanio I am half yourself 51
And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you
Bass O sweet Portia
Here are a few of the unpleasant st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady
When I did first impart my love to you
I freely told you all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins I was a gentleman
And then I told you true and yet dear lady
Rating myself at nothing you shall see
How much I was a braggart When I told you
My state was nothing I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing for indeed,
I have engaged myself to a dear friend
Engaged my friend to his mere enemy
To feed my means Here is a letter lady
The paper as the body of my friend
And every word in it a gaping wound
Issuing life blood But is it true Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail d? What not one hit?
From Tripolis from Mexico and England 271
From Lisbon Barbary and India?
And not one vessel scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant marring rocks?
Saler Not one my lord
Besides it should appear that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew
He would not take it Never did I know
A creature that did bear the shape of man
So keen and greedy to confound a man
He plies the Duke at morning and at night 280
And doth impeach the freedom of the state
If they deny him justice twenty merchants
The Duke himself and the magnificoes
Of greatest port have all persuaded with him
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture of justice and his bond
Jes When I was with him I have heard him swear
To Tubal and to Chus his countrymen
That he would rather have Antonio s flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum 290
That he did owe him and I know my lord
If law authority and power deny not
It will go hard with poor Antonio

Por Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?
Bass The dearest friend to me, the kindest man
The best-condition d and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies, and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy
Por What sum owes he the Jew? 300
Bass For me three thousand ducats
Por What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond,
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault
First go with me to church and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend
For never shall you lie by Portia s side
With an unquiet soul You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over 310
When it is paid, bring your true friend along
My maid Nerissa and myself meantime
Will live as maids and widows Come away!
For you shall hence upon your wedding day
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear
But let me hear the letter of your friend
Bass [*Reads*] "Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit and since in paying it, it is impossible I should live all debts are cleared between you and I if I might but see you at my death Notwithstanding, use your pleasure if your love do not persuade you to come let not my letter"
Por O love dispatch all business, and be gone!
Bass Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste but till I come again
No bed shall e er be guilty of my stay
No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain 320
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III *Venice a street*

Enter SHYLOCK SALARINO, ANTONIO *and Gaoler*

Shy Gaoler, look to him tell not me of mercy
This is the fool that lent out money gratis
Gaoler look to him
Ant Hear me yet good Shylock
Shy I ll have my bond speak not against my bond
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond
Thou call dst me dog before thou hadst a cause,
But, since I am a dog beware my fangs
The Duke shall grant me justice I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request 10
Ant I pray thee hear me speak
Shy I'll have my bond, I will not hear thee speak
I ll have my bond, and therefore speak no more
I ll not be made a soft and dull eyed fool
To shake the head, relent, and sigh and yield
To Christian intercessors Follow not,
I ll have no speaking I will have my bond
[*Exit*
Salar It is most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men
Ant Let him alone
I ll follow him no more with bootless prayers 20
He seeks my life, his reason well I know
I oft deliver d from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me,
Therefore he hates me
Salar I am sure the Duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold
Ant The Duke cannot deny the course of law
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied
Will much impeach the justice of his state,
Since that the trade and profit of the city 30
Consisteth of all nations Therefore go
These griefs and losses have so bated me
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor
Well gaoler on Pray God Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!
[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *Belmont a room in Portia s house*

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA LORENZO JESSICA *and* BALTHASAR

Lor Madam although I speak it in your presence
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god like amity which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord
But if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you
Por I never did repent for doing good 10
Nor shall not now for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments of manners and of spirit
Which makes me think that this Antonio
Being the bosom lover of my lord
Must needs be like my lord If it be so
How little is the cost I have bestow d
In purchasing the semblance of my soul 20
From out the state of hellish misery!

This comes too near the praising of myself
Therefore no more of it hear other things
Lorenzo I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house
Until my lord s return for mine own part
I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation
Only attended by Nerissa here
Until her husband and my lord s return 30
There is a monastery two miles off
And there will we abide I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you

Lor Madam with all my heart
I shall obey you in all fair commands

Por My people do already know my mind
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself
And so farewell till we shall meet again 40

Lor Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

Jes I wish your ladyship all heart s content

Por I thank you for your wish and am well pleased
To wish it back on you fare you well Jessica

[*Exeunt* JESSICA *and* LORENZO

Now Balthasar
As I have ever found thee honest true
So let me find thee still Take this same letter
And use thou all the endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua see thou render this
Into my cousin s hand Doctor Bellario 50
And look what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them I pray thee with imagined speed
Unto the tranect to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice Waste no time in words
But get thee gone I shall be there before thee

Balth Madam, I go with all convenient speed

[*Exit*

Por Come on, Nerissa I have work in hand
That you yet know not of we ll see our husbands
Before they think of us

Ner Shall they see us?

Por They shall Nerissa but in such a habit 60
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack I ll hold thee any wager
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I ll prove the prettier fellow of the two
And wear my dagger with the braver grace,
And speak between the change of man and boy
With a reed voice and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride and speak of frays
Like a fine bragging youth, and tell quaint lies
How honourable ladies sought my love 70
Which I denying they fell sick and died
I could not do withal then I ll repent
And wish for all that that I had not kill d them
And twenty of these puny lies I ll tell
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks
Which I will practise

Ner Why shall we turn to men?

Por Fie what a question s that
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter! 80
But come I ll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach which stays for us
At the park gate and therefore haste away
For we must measure twenty miles to-day

[*Exeunt*

SCENE V *The same a garden*

Enter LAUNCELOT *and* JESSICA

Laun Yes truly for look you the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children therefore I promise ye I fear you I was always plain with you and so now I speak my agitation of the matter therefore be of good cheer for truly I think you are damned There is but one hope in it can do you any good and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither

Jes And what hope is that I pray thee? 10

Laun Marry you may partly hope that your father got you not that you are not the Jew s daughter

Jes That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me

Laun Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother thus when I shun Scylla your father I fall into Charybdis your mother well you are gone both ways 20

Jes I shall be saved by my husband he hath made me a Christian

Laun Truly the more to blame he we were Christians enow before even as many as could well live one by another This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs if we grow all to be pork-eaters we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money

Enter LORENZO

Jes I ll tell my husband Launcelot what you say here he comes 30

Lor I shall grow jealous of you shortly Launcelot if you thus get my wife into corners

Jes Nay you need not fear us Lorenzo Launcelot and I are out He tells me flatly there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew s

daughter and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth, for in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork 39

Lor I shall answer that better to the commonwealth than you can the getting up of the negro s belly the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot

Laun It is much that the Moor should be more than reason but if she be less than an honest woman, she is indeed more than I took her for

Lor How every fool can play upon the word! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots Go in, sirrah, bid them prepare for dinner

Laun That is done, sir, they have all stomachs

Lor Goodly Lord, what a wit snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner

Laun That is done too, sir, only "cover' is the word

Lor Will you cover then, sir?

Laun Not so sir neither I know my duty 59

Lor Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning go to thy fellows bid them cover the table, serve in the meat and we will come in to dinner

Laun For the table sir, it shall be served in for the meat sir, it shall be covered, for your coming in to dinner sir why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern [*Exit*

Lor O dear discretion how his words are suited! 70
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words, and I do know
A many fools that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter How cheer st thou Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio s wife?

Jes Past all expressing It is very meet
The Lord Bassanio live an upright life,
For having such a blessing in his lady 80
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth
And if on earth he do not mean it, then
In reason he should never come to heaven
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match
And on the wager lay two earthly women
And Portia one there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other, for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow

Lor Even such a husband
Hast thou of me as she is for a wife

Jes Nay but ask my opinion too of that 90

Lor I will anon first let us go to dinner

Jes Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach

Lor No, pray thee let it serve for table talk,
Then howsoe er thou speak st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it

Jes Well, I'll set you forth [*Exeunt*

ACT IV

SCENE I *Venice a court of justice*

Enter the DUKE, *the Magnificoes* ANTONIO, BASSANIO GRATIANO SALERIO, *and others*

Duke What, is Antonio here?

Ant Ready, so please your Grace

Duke I am sorry for thee thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity void and empty
From any dram of mercy

Ant I have heard
Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course, but since he stands obdurate
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose 10
My patience to his fury, and am arm d
To suffer with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his

Duke Go one and call the Jew into the court

Saler He is ready at the door he comes my lord

Enter SHYLOCK

Duke Make room and let him stand before our face
Shylock the world thinks and I think so too
That thou but lead st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act and then tis thought
Thou lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty 21
And where thou now exact st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant s flesh,
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture
But touch d with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses
That have of late so huddled on his back
Enow to press a royal merchant down
And pluck commiseration of his state 30
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint
From stubborn Turks and Tartars never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy
We all expect a gentle answer Jew

Shy I have possess d your Grace of what I purpose

And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond
If you deny it let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city s freedom
You ll ask me why I rather choose to have 40
A weight of carrion flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats I ll not answer that
But say it is my humour is it answer d?
What if my house be troubled with a rat
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What are you answer d yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig
Some that are mad if they behold a cat
And others when the bagpipe sings i the nose
Cannot contain their urine for affection, 50
Mistress of passion sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes Now for your answer
As there is no firm reason to be render d
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig
Why he a harmless necessary cat
Why he a woollen bag pipe but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend himself being offended
So can I give no reason nor I will not
More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio that I follow thus 61
A losing suit against him Are you answer d?

Bass This is no answer thou unfeeling man
To excuse the current of thy cruelty

Shy I am not bound to please thee with my answers

Bass Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shy Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass Every offence is not a hate at first

Shy What wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Ant I pray you, think you question with the Jew 70
You may as well go stand upon the beach
And bid the main flood bate his usual height
You may as well use question with the wolf
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops and to make no noise
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven
You may as well do any thing most hard
As seek to soften that—than which what s harder?—
His Jewish heart therefore I do beseech you 80
Make no more offers use no farther means
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgement and the Jew his will

Bass For thy three thousand ducats here is six

Shy If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts and every part a ducat
I would not draw them I would have my bond

Duke How shalt thou hope for mercy rendering none?

Shy What judgement shall I dread doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchased slave 90
Which like your asses and your dogs and mules
You use in abject and in slavish parts
Because you bought them shall I say to you
Let them be free marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours and let their palates
Be season d with such viands? You will answer
The slaves are ours so do I answer you
The pound of flesh which I demand of him
Is dearly bought tis mine and I will have it 100
If you deny me fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice
I stand for judgement answer shall I have it?

Duke Upon my power I may dismiss this court
Unless Bellario a learned doctor
Whom I have sent for to determine this
Come here to-day

Saler My lord here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor
New come from Padua

Duke Bring us the letters call the messenger

Bass Good cheer Antonio! What man courage yet! 111
The Jew shall have my flesh blood bones and all
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood

Ant I am a tainted wether of the flock
Meetest for death the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground and so let me
You cannot better be employ d Bassanio
Than to live still and write mine epitaph

Enter NERISSA *dressed like a lawyer s clerk*

Duke Came you from Padua from Bellario?

Ner From both my lord Bellario greets your Grace [*Presenting a letter*] 120

Bass Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shy To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there

Gra Not on thy sole but on thy soul harsh Jew
Thou makest thy knife keen but no metal can,
No not the hangman s axe bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy No none that thou hast wit enough to make

Gra O be thou damn d inexecrable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accused
Thou almost makest me waver in my faith 130

To hold opinion with Pythagoras
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men thy currish spirit
Govern d a wolf, who, hang'd for human
slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And whilst thou lay st in thy unhallow d dam,
Infused itself in thee for thy desires
Are wolvish, bloody starved and ravenous
Shy Till thou canst rail the seal from off my
bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud
Repair thy wit good youth or it will fall *141*
To cureless ruin I stand here for law
Duke This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court
Where is he?
Ner He attendeth here hard by
To know your answer, whether you ll admit him
Duke With all my heart Some three or four
of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place
Meantime the court shall hear Bellario s letter
Clerk [*Reads*] "Your Grace shall understand that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick but in the instant that your messenger came in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome his name is Balthasar I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant we turned o er many books together he is furnished with my opinion which bettered with his own learning, the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend comes with him at my importunity to fill up your Grace s request in my stead I beseech you let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation for I never knew so young a body with so old a head I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation "
Duke You hear the learn d Bellario what he
writes
And here, I take it is the doctor come

Enter PORTIA *dressed like a doctor of laws*

Give me your hand Come you from old Bellario?
Por I did my lord
Duke You are welcome take your place
Are you acquainted with the difference *171*
That holds this present question in the court?
Por I am informed throughly of the cause
Which is the merchant here and which the Jew?
Duke Antonio and old Shylock both stand
forth
Por Is your name Shylock?
Shy Shylock is my name
Por Of a strange nature is the suit you follow,
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed
You stand within his danger, do you not? *180*
Ant Ay, so he says
Por Do you confess the bond?
Ant I do
Por Then must the Jew be merciful
Shy On what compulsion must I? tell me that
Por The quality of mercy is not strain d,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath it is twice blest
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes
Tis mightiest in the mightiest it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty, *191*
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings,
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself,
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice Therefore Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation we do pray for mercy *200*
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea
Which if thou follow this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant
there
Shy My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond
Por Is he not able to discharge the money?
Bass Yes here I tender it for him in the court,
Yea twice the sum if that will not suffice, *210*
I will be bound to pay it ten times o er
On forfeit of my hands my head my heart
If this will not suffice it must appear
That malice bears down truth And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority
To do a great right do a little wrong
And curb this cruel devil of his will
Por It must not be there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established
'Twill be recorded for a precedent *220*
And many an error by the same example
Will rush into the state it cannot be
Shy A Daniel come to judgement! yea a
Daniel!
O wise young judge how I do honour thee!
Por I pray you let me look upon the bond
Shy Here tis most reverend doctor here it is
Por Shylock there s thrice thy money offer d
thee

Shy An oath an oath I have an oath in heaven
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No not for Venice
Por Why this bond is forfeit 230
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant s heart Be merciful
Take thrice thy money bid me tear the bond
Shy When it is paid according to the tenour
It doth appear you are a worthy judge
You know the law your exposition
Hath been most sound I charge you by the law
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar
Proceed to judgement by my soul I swear 240
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me I stay here on my bond
Ant Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgement
Por Why then, thus it is
You must prepare your bosom for his knife
Shy O noble judge O excellent young man!
Por For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty
Which here appeareth due upon the bond
Shy Tis very true O wise and upright judge 250
How *much more elder art thou than thy looks!*
Por Therefore lay bare your bosom
Shy Ay his breast
So says the bond doth it not noble judge?
Nearest his heart those are the very words
Por It is so Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?
Shy I have them ready
Por Have by some surgeon, Shylock on your charge
To stop his wounds lest he do bleed to death
Shy Is it so nominated in the bond?
Por It is not so express d but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity 261
Shy I cannot find it tis not in the bond
Por You merchant have you any thing to say?
Ant But little I am arm d and well prepared
Give me your hand Bassanio fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom it is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow 270
An age of poverty from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off
Commend me to your honourable wife
Tell her the process of Antonio s end
Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death
And when the tale is told bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love
Repent but you that you shall lose your friend
And he repents not that he pays your debt
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough 280
I ll pay it presently with all my heart
Bass Antonio I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself
But life itself my wife, and all the world
Are not with me esteem d above thy life
I would lose all sacrifice them all
Here to this devil to deliver you
Por Your wife would give you little thanks for that
If she were by to hear you make the offer
Gra I have a wife whom I protest I love
I would she were in heaven so she could 9
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew
Ner Tis well you offer it behind her back
The wish would make else an unquiet house
Shy These be the Christian husbands I have a daughter
Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband rather than a Christian!
[*Aside*]
We trifle time I pray thee pursue sentence
Por A pound of that same merchant s flesh is thine
The court awards it and the law doth give it
Shy Most rightful judge! 301
Por And you must cut this flesh from off his breast
The law allows it and the court awards it
Shy Most learned judge! A sentence! Come, prepare!
Por Tarry a little there is something else
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood
The words expressly are a pound of flesh
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh
But in the cutting it if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice confiscate 311
Unto the state of Venice
Gra O upright judge! Mark Jew O learned judge!
Shy Is that the law?
Por Thy self shalt see the act
For as thou urgest justice be assured
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest
Gra O learned judge! Mark Jew a learned judge!
Shy I take this offer then pay the bond thrice
And let the Christian go
Bass Here is the money
Por Soft! 320
The Jew shall have all just ce soft! no haste
He shall have nothing but the penalty
Gra O Jew! an upright judge a learned judge!

Por Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less nor more
But just a pound of flesh if thou cut st more
Or less than a just pound, be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple nay, if the scale do turn *330*
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest and all thy goods are confiscate

Gra A second Daniel a Daniel, Jew!
Now infidel, I have you on the hip

Por Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture

Shy Give me my principal and let me go

Bass I have it ready for thee here it is

Por He hath refused it in the open court
He shall have merely justice and his bond *339*

Gra A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!
I thank thee Jew for teaching me that word

Shy Shall I not have barely my principal?

Por Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril Jew

Shy Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question

Por Tarry Jew
The law hath yet another hold on you
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an alien
That by direct or indirect attempts *350*
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state,
And the offender s life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, gainst all other voice
In which predicament I say thou stand st
For it appears by manifest proceeding
That indirectly and directly too
Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant and thou hast incurr d
The danger formerly by me rehearsed
Down therefore and beg mercy of the Duke

Gra Beg that thou may st have leave to hang thyself
And yet thy wealth being forfeit to the state
Thou hast not left the value of a cord
Therefore thou must be hang d at the state's charge

Duke That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it
For half thy wealth it is Antonio s *370*
The other half comes to the general state
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine

Por Ay, for the state not for Antonio

Shy Nay take my life and all pardon not that
You take my house when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live

Por What mercy can you render him Antonio?

Gra A halter gratis, nothing else, for God s sake

Ant So please my lord the Duke and all the court *380*
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content so he will let me have
The other half in use to render it,
Upon his death unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter
Two things provided more that for this favour,
He presently become a Christian
The other, that he do record a gift
Here in the court of all he dies possess d,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter *390*

Duke He shall do this or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here

Por Art thou contented Jew? what dost thou say?

Shy I am content

Por Clerk draw a deed of gift

Shy I pray you give me leave to go from hence,
I am not well send the deed after me
And I will sign it

Duke Get thee gone but do it

Gra In christening shalt thou have two godfathers
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font *400*
[*Exit* SHYLOCK

Duke Sir I entreat you home with me to dinner

Por I humbly do desire your Grace of pardon
I must away this night toward Padua
And it is meet I presently set forth

Duke I am sorry that your leisure serves you not
Antonio gratify this gentleman
For in my mind you are much bound to him
[*Exeunt* DUKE *and his train*

Bass Most worthy gentleman I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties in lieu whereof *410*
Three thousand ducats due unto the Jew
We freely cope your courteous pains withal

Ant And stand indebted over and above,
In love and service to you evermore

Por He is well paid that is well satisfied,
And I delivering you am satisfied
And therein do account myself well paid
My mind was never yet more mercenary
I pray you know me when we meet again
I wish you well, and so I take my leave

Bass Dear sir of force I must attempt you further
Take some remembrance of us as a tribute
Not as a fee grant me two things I pray you
Not to deny me and to pardon me
Por You press me far and therefore I will yield
[*To* ANTONIO] Give me your gloves I ll wear them for your sake
[*To* BASSANIO] And for your love I ll take this ring from you
Do not draw back your hand I ll take no more
And you in love shall not deny me this
Bass This ring good sir alas it is a trifle!
I will not shame myself to give you this 431
Por I will have nothing else but only this
And now methinks I have a mind to it
Bass There s more depends on this than on the value
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you
And find it out by proclamation
Only for this I pray you pardon me
Por I see sir you are liberal in offers
You taught me first to beg and now methinks
You teach me how a beggar should be answer d
Bass Good sir this ring was given me by my wife 441
And when she put it on she made me vow
That I should neither sell nor give nor lose it
Por That scuse serves many men to save their gifts
An if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserved the ring
She would not hold out enemy for ever
For giving it to me Well peace be with you!
[*Exeunt* PORTIA *and* NERISSA
Ant My Lord Bassanio let him have the ring
Let his deservings and my love withal 450
Be valued gainst your wife s commandment
Bass Go Gratiano run and overtake him
Give him the ring and bring him if thou canst
Unto Antonio s house away make haste
[*Exit* GRATIANO
Come you and I will thither presently
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont come Antonio [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *The same a street*

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA

Por Inquire the Jew s house out give him this deed
And let him sign it we ll away to-night
And be a day before our husbands home
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo

Enter GRATIANO

Gra Fair sir you are well o erta en
My Lord Bassanio upon more advice
Hath sent you here this ring and doth entreat
Your company at dinner
Por That cannot be
His ring I do accept most thankfully
And so I pray you tell him furthermore 10
I pray you show my youth old Shylock s house
Gra That will I do
Ner Sir I would speak with you
[*Aside to* PORTIA] I ll see if I can get my husband s ring
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever
Por [*Aside to* NERISSA] Thou mayst I warrant
We shall have old swearing
That they did give the rings away to men
But we ll outface them and outswear them too
[*Aloud*] Away! make haste thou know st where I will tarry
Ner Come good sir will you show me to this house? [*Exeunt*

ACT V

SCENE I *Belmont avenue to Portia s house*

Enter LORENZO *and* JESSICA

Lor The moon shines bright in such a night as this
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise in such a night
Troilus methinks mounted the Troyan walls
And sigh d his soul toward the Grecian tents
Where Cressid lay that night
Jes In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o ertrip the dew
And saw the lion s shadow ere himself
And ran dismay d away
Lor In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand 10
Upon the wild sea banks and waft her love
To come again to Carthage
Jes In such a night
Medea gather d the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson
Lor In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont
Jes In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith
And ne er a true one
Lor In such a night 20
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew

Slander her love, and he forgave it her

Jes I would out-night you did no body come,
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man

Enter STEPHANO

Lor Who comes so fast in silence of the night?
Steph A friend
Lor A friend! what friend? your name I pray
you friend?
Steph Stephano is my name, and I bring word
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont she doth stray about 30
By holy crosses where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours
Lor Who comes with her?
Steph None but a holy hermit and her maid
I pray you is my master yet return'd?
Lor He is not, nor we have not heard from him
But go we in, I pray thee Jessica
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house

Enter LAUNCELOT

Laun Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola sola!
Lor Who calls? 40
Laun Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo? Master Lorenzo, sola,sola!
Lor Leave hollaing man here
Laun Sola! where? where?
Lor Here
Laun Tell him there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news my master will be here ere morning [*Exit*
Lor Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect
their coming
And yet no matter why should we go in? 50
My friend Stephano signify, I pray you
Within the house your mistress is at hand,
And bring your music forth into the air
[*Exit* STEPHANO
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony
Sit Jessica Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings 61
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins
Such harmony is in immortal souls
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in we cannot hear it

Enter Musicians

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear
And draw her home with music
Music
Jes I am never merry when I hear sweet music
Lor The reason is your spirits are attentive
For do but note a wild and wanton herd 71
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing
loud
Which is the hot condition of their blood,
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees stones and
floods 80
Since nought so stockish hard and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons stratagems and spoils
The motions of his spirit are dull as night
And his affections dark as Erebus
Let no such man be trusted Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA

Por That light we see is burning in my hall
How far that little candle throws his beams! 90
So shines a good deed in a naughty world
Ner When the moon shone, we did not see the
candle
Por So doth the greater glory dim the less
A substitute shines brightly as a king
Until a king be by and then his state
Empties itself as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters Music! hark!
Ner It is your music, madam of the house
Por Nothing is good I see without respect
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day
Ner Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam
Por The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
When neither is attended and I think
The nightingale if she should sing by day
When every goose is cackling would be thought
No better a musician than the wren
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!
Peace ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion
And would not be awaked
Music ceases
Lor That is the voice 110
Or I am much deceived of Portia
Por He knows me as the blind man knows the
cuckoo
By the bad voice
Lor Dear lady, welcome home

Por We have been praying for our hu bands healths
Which speed we hope the better for our words
Are they *return d*?
Lor Madam, thev are not yet
Put there is com a messenger before
To *signify their coming*
Por Com Nerissa
Give order to my servants that they take
No note at all of our bein absent hence 120
Nor yeu Lorenzo Jessica nor you
A tucket sounds
Lor Your hu band is at hand I hear his trumpet
We are no tell tales madam fear you not
Por This night methinks is but the daylight sick
It looks a little paler tis a day
Such as the day is when the sun is hid

Enter BASSANIO ANTONIO GRATIANO *and their followers*

Bass We should hold day with the Antipodes
If you would walk in absence of the sun
Por Let me give light but let me not be light
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband 130
And never be Bassanio so for me
But God sort all You are welcome home my lord
Bass I thank you madam Give welcome to my friend
This is the man this is Antonio
To whom I am so infinitely bound
Por You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For as I hear he was much bound for you
Ant No more than I am well acquitted of
Por Sir you are very welcome to our house
It mu t appear in other ways than words 140
Theref re I scant this breathing courtesy
Gra [*To* NERISS] By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong
In faith I gave it to the jud e s clerk
Would he were gelt that had it for my part
Since you do take it love so much at heart
Por A quarrel ho already! hat s the matter?
Gra About a hoop of gold a paltry ring
That she did give me whose posy was
For all the world like cutler s poetry
Upon a knife Love me and leave me not 150
Ner What talk you of the posy or the value?
You swore to me when I did give it you
That you would wear it till your hour of death
And that it should lie with you in your grave
Though not for me yet for your vehement oaths
You should have been respective and have kept it
Gave it a judge s clerk! no God s my judge
The clerk will ne er wear hair on s face that had it
Gra He will an if he live to be a man
Ner Ay if a woman live to be a man 160
Gra Now by this hand I gave it to a youth
A kind of boy a little scrubbed boy
No higher than thyself the judge s clerk
A prating boy that begg d it as a fee
I could not for my heart deny it him
Por You were to blame I mu t be plain with you
To part so slightly with your wife s first gift
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh
I gave my love a ring and made him swear 170
Never to part with it and here he stands
I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it
Nor pluck it from his finger for the wealth
That the world masters Now in faith Gratiano
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief
An twere to me I should be mad at it
Bass [*Aside*] Why I were best to cut my left hand off
And swear I lost the ring defending it
Gra My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg d it and indeed 180
Deserved it too and then the boy his clerk
That took some pains in writing he begg d mine
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings
Por What ring gave you my lord?
Not that I hope which you received of me
Bass If I could add a lie unto a fault
I would deny it but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it it is gone
Por Even so void is your false heart of truth
By heaven I will ne er come in your bed 190
Until I see the ring
Ner Nor I in yours
Till I again see mine
Bass Sweet Portia
If you did know to whom I gave the ring
If you did know for whom I gave the ring
And would conceive for what I gave the ring
And how unwillingly I left the ring
When nought would be accepted but the ring
You would abate the strength of your displeasure
Por If you had known the virtue of the ring
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring 200
Or your own honour to contain the ring
You would not then have parted with the ring
What man is there so much unreasonable
If you had pleased to have defended it
With any terms of zeal wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?

Nerissa teaches me what to believe
I'll die for t but some woman had the ring
Bass No by my honour madam by my soul,
No woman had it but a civil doctor, 210
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me
And begg d the ring, the which I did deny him
And suffer'd him to go displeased away,
Even he that did uphold the very life
Of my dear friend What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforced to send it after him,
I was beset with shame and courtesy,
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it Pardon me, good lady,
For, by these blessed candles of the night, 220
Had you been there, I think you would have begg d
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor
Por Let not that doctor e'er come near my house
Since he hath got the jewel that I loved
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you
I ll not deny him any thing I have,
No not my body nor my husband s bed
Know him I shall I am well sure of it
Lie not a night from home watch me like Argus
If you do not if I be left alone 231
Now, by mine honour which is yet mine own,
I ll have that doctor for my bedfellow
Ner And I his clerk therefore be well advised
How you do leave me to mine own protection
Gra Well do you so let not me take him then
For if I do I'll mar the young clerk s pen
Ant I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels
Por Sir grieve not you, you are welcome notwithstanding
Bass Portia forgive me this enforced wrong,
And, in the hearing of these many friends 241
I swear to thee even by thine own fair eyes
Wherein I see myself—
Por Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself
In each eye, one swear by your double self,
And there s an oath of credit
Bass Nay but hear me
Pardon this fault and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee
Ant I once did lend my body for his wealth
Which but for him that had your husband s ring
Had quite miscarried I dare be bound again
My soul upon the forfeit that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly
Por Then you shall be his surety Give him this
And bid him keep it better than the other
Ant Here Lord Bassanio swear to keep this ring

Bass By heaven it is the same I gave the doctor!
Por I had it of him pardon me, Bassanio
For by this ring the doctor lay with me 259
Ner And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor s clerk,
In lieu of this last night did lie with me
Gra Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer where the ways are fair enough
What are we cuckolds ere we have deserved it?
Por Speak not so grossly You are all amazed
Here is a letter read it at your leisure,
It comes from Padua, from Bellario
There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,
Nerissa there her clerk Lorenzo here 270
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you
And even but now return d, I have not yet
Enter d my house Antonio you are welcome,
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect unseal this letter soon
There you shall find three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter
Ant I am dumb
Bass Were you the doctor and I knew you not?
Gra Were you the clerk that is to make me cuckold? 281
Ner Ay but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man
Bass Sweet doctor you shall be my bedfellow
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.
Ant Sweet lady you have given me life and living
For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road
Por How now Lorenzo!
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you
Ner Ay, and I ll give them him without a fee
There do I give to you and Jessica 291
From the rich Jew a special deed of gift
After his death, of all he dies possess d of
Lor Fair ladies you drop manna in the way
Of starved people
Por It is almost morning
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full Let us go in
And charge us there upon inter gatories
And we will answer all things faithfully
Gra Let it be so the first inter gatory 300
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on is
Whether till the next night she had rather stay
Or go to bed now being two hours to day
But were the day come I should wish it dark
That I were couching with the doctor s clerk
Well while I live I ll fear no other thing
So sore as keeping safe Nerissa s ring

The First Part of KING HENRY THE FOURTH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

King Henry the Fourth
Henry, Prince of Wales, John of Lancaster — *sons to the King*
Earl of Westmoreland
Sir Walter Blunt
Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester
Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland
Henry Percy, *surnamed* Hotspur, *his son*
Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March
Richard Scroop, Archbishop of York
Archibald, Earl of Douglas
Owen Glendower
Sir Richard Vernon
Sir John Falstaff
Sir Michael, *a friend to the Archbishop of York*
Poins
Gadshill
Peto
Bardolph

Two Carriers
Ostler
A Chamberlain
Several Travellers
A Vintner
Francis, *the drawer*
Sheriff
Two Messengers
Servant *to Hotspur*

Lady Percy, *wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer*
Lady Mortimer, *daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer*
Mistress Quickly, *hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap*

Non-Speaking: *Lords, Officers, Drawers, Travellers, and Attendants*

Scene: *England*

ACT I

Scene 1. *London. the palace.*

Enter King Henry, Lord John of Lancaster, the Earl of Westmoreland, Sir Walter Blunt, *and others*

King. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenced in strands afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowers with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven, 10
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way and be no more opposed
Against acquaintance, kindred and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross 20
We are impressed and engaged to fight,
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy;
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb
To chase these pagans in those holy fields
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose now is twelve month old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go:
Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear 30
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree
In forwarding this dear expedience.
West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight: when all athwart there came
A post from Wales loaden with heavy news;
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower, 40
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
A thousand of his people butchered;
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,
Such beastly shameless transformation,
By those Welshwomen done as may not be
Without much shame retold or spoken of.
King. It seems then that the tidings of this broil

Brake off our business for the Holy Land
West This match'd with other did my gracious lord,
For more uneven and unwelcome news *50*
Came from the north and thus it did import
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy and brave Archibald
That ever-valiant and approved Scot
At Holmedon met
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour,
As by discharge of their artillery
And shape of likelihood, the news was told,
For he that brought them in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse *60*
Uncertain of the issue any way
King Here is a dear, a true industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain d with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours,
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news
The Earl of Douglas is discomfited
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,
Balk d in their own blood did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon s plains Of prisoners, Hotspur took *70*
Mordake the Earl of Fife and eldest son
To beaten Douglas, and the Earl of Athol,
Of Murray Angus and Menteith
And is not this an honourable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?
West In faith
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of
King Yea there thou makest me sad and makest me sin
In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a son, *80*
A son who is the theme of Honour s tongue,
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant
Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride
Whilst I by looking on the praise of him
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry O that it could be proved
That some night tripping fairy had exchanged
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call d mine Percy his Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry and he mine *90*
But let him from my thoughts What think you coz,
Of this young Percy s pride? the prisoners
Which he in this adventure hath surprised
To his own use he keeps and sends me word
I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife
West This is his uncle s teaching this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects,
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity
King But I have sent for him to answer this,
And for this cause awhile we must neglect *101*
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem
Cousin on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor so inform the lords
But come yourself with speed to us again,
For more is to be said and to be done
Than out of anger can be uttered
West I will, my liege [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *London an apartment of the Prince s*

Enter the PRINCE OF WALES *and* FALSTAFF

Fal Now Hal what time of day is it lad?
Prince Thou art so fat witted, with drinking of old sack and unbuttoning thee after supper and sleeping upon benches after noon that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack and minutes capons and clocks the tongues of bawds and dials the signs of leaping-houses and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame coloured taffeta I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day
Fal Indeed you come near me now Hal, for we that take purses go by the moon and the seven stars, and not by Phœbus he 'that wandering knight so fair ' And I prithee, sweet wag when thou art king as God save thy Grace—Majesty I should say for grace thou wilt have none— *20*
Prince What none?
Fal No by my troth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter
Prince Well how then? come, roundly, roundly
Fal Marry, then sweet wag when thou art king let not us that are squires of the night s body be called thieves of the day s beauty let us be Diana s foresters gentlemen of the shade minions of the moon, and let men say we be men of good government being governed as the sea is by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal
Prince Thou sayest well and it holds well too for the fortune of us that are the moon s men doth ebb and flow like the sea being governed as the sea is by the moon As for proof now a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night and most dissolutely spent Tuesday morning got with swearing ' Lay and spent with crying ' Bring in now

an ebb as the foot of the ladder and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows

Fal By the Lord thou sayest true lad And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

Prince As the honey of Hybla my old lad of the castle And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance? 49

Fal How now how now mad wag! what in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

Prince Why what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal Well thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft

Prince Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal No I ll give thee thy due thou hast paid all there 60

Prince Yea, and elsewhere so far as my coin would stretch and where it would not I have used my credit

Fal Yea and so used it that were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent—But I prithee sweet wag shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou when thou art king hang a thief 70

Prince No thou shalt

Fal Shall I? O rare! By the Lord I ll be a brave judge

Prince Thou judgest false already I mean thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves and so become a rare hangman

Fal Well Hal well and in some sort it jumps with my humour as well as waiting in the court I can tell you

Prince For obtaining of suits? 80

Fal Yea, for obtaining of suits whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe Sblood I am as melancholy as a gib cat or a lugged bear

Prince Or an old lion, or a lover s lute.

Fal Yea or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe

Prince What sayest thou to a hare or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal Thou hast the most unsavoury similes and art indeed the most comparative rascalliest sweet young prince But Hal I prithee trouble me no more with vanity I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir but I marked him not and yet he talked very wisely but I regarded him not and yet he talked wisely and in the street too

Prince Thou didst well for wisdom cries out in the streets and no man regards it 100

Fal O thou hast damnable iteration and art indeed able to corrupt a saint Thou hast done much harm upon me Hal God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee Hal I knew nothing and now am I if a man should speak truly little better than one of the wicked I must give over this life and I will give it over by the Lord an I do not I am a villain I ll be damned for never a king s son in Christendom

Prince Where shall we take a purse to-morrow Jack? 111

Fal Zounds where thou wilt lad I ll make one an I do not call me villain and baffle me

Prince I see a good amendment of life in thee from praying to purse taking

Fal Why Hal tis my vocation Hal tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation

Enter POINS

Poins! Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match O if men were to be saved by merit what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried Stand to a true man

Prince Good morrow Ned

Poins Good morrow sweet Hal What says Monsieur Remorse? what says Sir John Sack and Sugar? Jack! how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul that thou soldest him on Good Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon s leg? 129

Prince Sir John stands to his word the devil shall have his bargain for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs he will give the devil his due

Poins Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil

Prince Else he had been damned for cozening the devil

Poins But my lads my lads to-morrow morning by four o clock early at Gadshill! there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings and traders riding to London with fat purses I have vizards for you all you have horses for yourselves Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap we may do it as secure as sleep If you will go I will stuff your purses full of crowns if you will not tarry at home and be hanged

Fal Hear ye Yedward if I tarry at home and go not I ll hang you for going 150

Poins You will chops?

Fal Hal wilt thou make one?

Prince Who I rob? I a thief? not I by my faith

Fal There's neither honesty, manhood nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings

Prince Well then, once in my days I'll be a madcap *160*

Fal *Why, that's well said*

Prince Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home

Fal By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king

Prince I care not

Poins Sir John, I prithee leave the Prince and me alone I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go *169*

Fal Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief for the poor abuses of the time want countenance Farewell you shall find me in Eastcheap

Prince Farewell, thou latter spring! farewell All-hallown summer! [*Exit* FALSTAFF

Poins Now my good sweet honey lord ride with us *to-morrow I have a jest to execute that* I cannot manage alone Falstaff, Bardolph Peto and Gadshill shall rob those men that we have already waylaid, yourself and I will not be *there*, and when they have the booty *if you* and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders

Prince How shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting wherein it is at our pleasure to fail and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner achieved but we'll set upon them

Prince Yea but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses by our habits and by every other appointment to be ourselves

Poins Tut! our horses they shall not see I'll tie them in the wood our vizards we will change after we leave them and sirrah I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments

Prince Yea but I doubt they will be too hard for us

Poins Well for two of them I know them to be as true bred cowards as ever turned back and for the third if he fight longer than he sees reason I'll forswear arms The virtue of this jest will be the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper how thirty, at least he fought with, what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured, and in the reproof of this lies the jest

Prince Well, I'll go with thee provide us all things necessary and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap, there I'll sup Farewell

Poins Farewell my lord [*Exit*

Prince I know you all and will awhile uphold
The unyoked humour of your idleness
Yet herein will I imitate the sun *220*
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work
But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents *230*
So when this loose behaviour I throw off
And pay the debt I never promised
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes
And like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off
I'll so offend to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time when men think least I will *240*
[*Exit*

SCENE III *London the palace*

Enter the KING NORTHUMBERLAND WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, SIR WALTER BLUNT *with others*

King My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities
And you have found me for accordingly
You tread upon my patience but be sure
I will from henceforth rather be myself
Mighty and to be fear'd than my condition,
Which hath been smooth as oil soft as young down
And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud

Wor Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves *10*
The scourge of greatness to be used on it
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have holp to make so portly

North My lord—

King Worcester get thee gone for I do see

Danger and disobedience in thine eye
O sir your presence is too bold and peremptory
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow
You have good leave to leave us when we need
Your use and counsel we shall send for you 21
[*Exit* WORCESTER
You were about to speak [*To* NORTHUMBERLAND
North Yea my good lord
Those prisoners in your Highness name demanded
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took
Were as he says not with such strength denied
As is deliver d to your Majesty
Either envy therefore or misprision
Is guilty of this fault and not my son
Hot My liege I did deny no prisoners
But I remember when the fight was done, 30
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil
Breathless and faint leaning upon my sword
Came there a certain lord neat and trimly dress d
Fresh as a bridegroom and his chin new reap d
Show d like a stubble land at harvest home
He was perfumed like a milliner
And twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet box which ever and anon
He gave his nose and took t away again 39
Who therewith angry when it next came there
Took it in snuff and still he smiled and talk d
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by
He call d them untaught knaves unmannerly
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility
With many holiday and lady terms
He question d me amongst the rest demanded
My prisoners in your Majesty s behalf
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold
To be so pester d with a popinjay 50
Out of my grief and my impatience
Answer d neglectingly I know not what
He should or he should not for he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns and drums and wounds—God save the mark —
And telling me the sovereign st thing on earth
Was parmaceti f r an inward bruise
And that it was great pity so it was
This villainous salt petre should be d gg d 60
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy d
So cowardly and but for these vile guns
He would him elf have been a soldier
This bald unjointed chat of his my lord
I answer d indirectly as I said
And I beseech you let not his report
Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high Majesty
Blunt The circumstance consider d good my lord 70
Whate er Lord Harry Percy then had said
To such a person and in such a place
At such a time with all the rest retold
May reasonably die and never rise
To do him wrong or any way impeach
What then he said so he unsay it now
King Why yet he doth deny his prisoners
But with proviso and exception
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight
His brother in law the foolish Mortimer 80
Who on my soul hath wilfully betray d
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against that great magician damn d Glendower
Whose daughter as we hear the Earl of March
Hath lately married Shall our coffers then
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No on the barren mountains let him starve
For I shall never hold that man my friend 90
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer
Hot Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off my sovereign liege
But by the chance of war to prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds
Those mouthed wounds which valiantly he took
When on the gentle Severn s sedgy bank
In single opposition hand to hand
He did confound the best part of an hour 100
In changing hardiment with great Glendower
Three times they breathed and three times did they drink
Upon agreement of swift Severn s flood
Who then affrighted with their bloody looks
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Bloodstained with these valiant combatants
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds
Nor never could the noble Mortimer 110
Receive so many and all willingly
Then let not him be slander d with revolt
King Thou dost belie him Percy thou dost belie him
He never did encounter with Glendower
I tell thee
He durst as well have met the devil alone
As Owen Glendower for an enemy

Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me 121
As will displease you My Lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it
[*Exeunt* KING HENRY, BLUNT, *and train*

Hot An if the devil come and roar for them
I will not send them I will after straight
And tell him so, for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head

North What, drunk with choler? stay and pause awhile
Here comes your uncle

Re enter WORCESTER

Hot Speak of Mortimer! 130
'Zounds, I will speak of him and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him
Yea, on his part I ll empty all these veins
And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the dust,
But I will lift the down trod Mortimer
As high in the air as this unthankful king
As this ingrate and canker d Bolingbroke

North Brother the King hath made your nephew mad

Wor Who struck this heat up after I was gone? 139

Hot He will forsooth have all my prisoners,
And when I urged the ransom once again
Of my wife s brother then his cheek look d pale,
And on my face he turn d an eye of death
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer

Wor I cannot blame him was not he proclaim d
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?

North He was I heard the proclamation
And then it was when the unhappy king—
Whose wrongs in us God pardon!—did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition 150
From whence he intercepted did return
To be deposed and shortly murdered

Wor And for whose death we in the world s wide mouth
Live scandalized and foully spoken of

Hot But soft I pray you did King Richard then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

North He did myself did hear it

Hot Nay then I cannot blame his cousin king
That wish d him on the barren mountains starve
But shall it be that you that set the crown 160
Upon the head of this forgetful man
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murderous subornation, shall it be
That you a world of curses undergo
Being the agents or base second means,
The cords the ladder or the hangman rather?
O pardon me that I descend so low
To show the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this subtle king,
Shall it for shame be spoken in these days, 170
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf
As both of you—God pardon it!—have done
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken
That you are fool'd, discarded and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
No yet time serves wherein you may redeem 180
Your banish d honours and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again,
Revenge the jeering and disdain d contempt
Of this proud king who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths
Therefore, I say—

Wor Peace, cousin say no more
And now I will unclasp a secret book
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous, 190
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear

Hot If he fall in good night! or sink or swim
Send Danger from the east unto the west
So Honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple O, the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

North Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience 200

Hot By heaven methinks it were an easy leap
To pluck bright Honour from the pale faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep
Where fathom line could never touch the ground
And pluck up drowned Honour by the locks
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corrival all her dignities
But out upon this half faced fellowship!

Wor He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend 210
Good cousin, give me audience for a while

Hot I cry you mercy

Wor Those same noble Scots
That are your prisoners—

Hot I ll keep them all,

By God he shall not have a Scot of them
No if a Scot would save his soul he shall not
I ll keep them by this hand

Wor You start away
And lend no ear unto my purposes
Those prisoners you shall keep

Ho Nay I will that s flat
He said he would not ransom Mortimer
Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer 220
But I will find him when he lies asleep
And in his ear I ll holla Mortimer!
Nay
I ll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion

Wor Hear you cousin a word

Hot All studies here I solemnly defy
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke
And that same sword and buckler Prince of Wales 30
But that I think his father loves him not
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have him poison d with a pot of ale

Wor Farewell kinsman I ll talk to you
When you are better temper d to attend

North Why what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
Art thou to break into this woman s mood
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

Hot Why look you I am whipp d and scourged with rods
Nettled and stung with pismires when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke 241
In Richard s time—what do you call the place?—
A plague upon it it is in Gloucestershire
'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept
His uncle York where I first bow d my knee
Unto this king of smiles this Bolingbroke—
Sblood—
When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh

North At Berkley castle

Hot You say true 250
Why what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look when his infant fortune came to age
And gentle Harry Percy and kind cousin
O the devil take such cozeners God forgive me!
Good uncle, tell your tale I have done

Wor Nay if you have not to it again
We will stay your leisure

Hot I have done, i faith

Wor Then once more to your Scottish prisoners
Deliver them up without their ransom straight
And make the Douglas son your only mean 261
For powers [illegible] which [illegible] is
Which I shall send you written, be assured,
Will easily be granted. You, my lord,

To NORTHUMBERLAND

Your son in Scotland being thus employ d,
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well belov ed,
The Archbishop

Ho Of York is it not?

Wor True who bears hard 270
His brother s death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated plotted, and set down,
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on

Hot I smell it upon my life it will do well

North Before the game is afoot thou still let st slip

Hot Why it cannot choose but be a noble plot
And then the power of Scotland and of York 280
To join with Mortimer ha?

Wor And so they shall

Hot In faith, it is exceedingly well aim d

Wor And tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head
For bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home
And see already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love 290

Hot He does he does we ll be revenged on him

Wor Cousin, farewell no further go in this
Than I by letters shall direct your course
When time is ripe which will be suddenly
I ll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer
Where you and Douglas and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it shall happily meet
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms
Which now we hold at much uncertainty

North Farewell good brother we shall thrive, I trust 300

Hot Uncle adieu O let the hours be short
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport! [*Exeunt*

ACT II

SCENE I *Rochester an inn yard*

Enter a CARRIER *with a lantern in his hand*

1st Car Heigh-ho! an it be not four by the day I ll be hanged Charles wain is over the new chimney and yet our horse not packed What ostler!

Ost [*Within*] Anon, anon

1st Car I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle put a few flocks in the point, poor jade, is wrung in the withers out of all cess

Enter a SECOND CARRIER

2nd Car Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots this house is turned upside down since Robin Ostler died

1st Car Poor fellow, never joyed since the price of oats rose, it was the death of him

2nd Car I think this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas I am stung like a tench

1st Car Like a tench! by the mass, there is ne er a king christen could be better bit than I have been since the first cock *20*

2nd Car Why, they will allow us ne er a jordan, and then we leak in your chimney, and your chamber lie breeds fleas like a loach

1st Car What, ostler! come away and be hanged! come away

2nd Car I have a gammon of bacon and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing cross

1st Car God s body! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved What ostler! A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An twere not as good deed as drink, to break the pate on thee, I am a very villain Come, and be hanged! hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL

Gads Good morrow carriers What s o clock?

1st Car I think it be two o'clock

Gads I prithee, lend me thy lantern to see my gelding in the stable

1st Car Nay, by God soft, I know a trick worth two of that i' faith *41*

Gads I pray thee, lend me thine

2nd Car Ay, when? canst tell? Lend me thy lantern quoth he? marry, I'll see thee hanged first

Gads Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2nd Car Time enough to go to bed with a candle I warrant thee Come neighbour Mugs we ll call up the gentlemen they will along with company for they have great charge *51*

[*Exeunt* CARRIERS

Gads What ho! chamberlain!

Cham [*Within*] At hand quo h pick purse

Gads That s even as fair as—at hand quoth the chamberlain for thou variest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from labouring, thou layest the plot how

Enter CHAMBERLAIN

Cham Good morrow, Master Gadshill It holds current that I told you yesternight there s a franklin in the Wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper, a kind of auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too God knows what They are up already and call for eggs and butter they will away presently

Gads Sirrah if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks I ll give thee this neck *69*

Cham No I ll none of it I pray thee keep that for the hangman for I know thou worshippest Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may

Gads What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang I ll make a fat pair of gallows for if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou knowest he is no starveling Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of the which for sport sake are content to do the profession some grace, that would if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake make all whole I am joined with no foot land rakers, no long staff sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple-hued malt-worms but with nobility and tranquility burgomasters and great oneyers such as can hold in such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink and drink sooner than pray and yet, 'zounds, I lie, for they pray continually to their saint the commonwealth or rather not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride up and down on her and make her their boots *91*

Cham What the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads She will she will justice hath liquored her We steal as in a castle cock sure we have the receipt of fern seed we walk invisible

Cham Nay by my faith I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern seed for your walking invisible

Gads Give me thy hand thou shalt have a share in our purchase as I am a true man *101*

Cham Nay rather let me have it as you are a false thief

Gads Go to *Homo* is a common name to all men Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable Farewell you muddy knave [*Exeunt*

Scene II *The highway near Gadshill*

Enter PRINCE HENRY *and* POINS

Poins Come, shelter shelter I have re

Falstaff's horse and he frets like a gummed velvet

Prince Stand close

Enter FALSTAFF

Fal Poins! Poins and be hanged! Poins!

Prince Peace ye fat kidneyed rascal what a brawling dost thou keep!

Fal Where s Poins Hal?

P ince He is walked up to the top of the hill I ll go seek him 9

Fal I am accursed to rob in that thief's company the rascal hath removed my horse and tied him I know not where If I travel but four foot by the squire further afoot I shall break my wind Well I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this if I scape hanging for killing that rogue I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty years and yet I am bewitched with the rogue s company If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him I ll be hanged it could not be else I have drunk medicines Poins! Hal! a plague upon you both Bardolph! Peto! I ll starve ere I ll rob a foot further An twere not as good a deed as drink to turn true man and to leave these rogues I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth Eight yards of uneven ground is three score and ten miles afoot with me and the stony hearted villains know it well enough a plague upon it when thieves cannot be true one to another [*They whistl*] Whew! A plague upon you all Give me my horse you rogues give me my horse and be hanged!

Prince Peace ye fat-guts! lie down lay thine ear close to the ground and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers

Fal Have you any levers to lift me up again being down? Sblood I ll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father s exchequer What a plague mean ye to colt me thus? 40

Prince Thou liest thou art not colted thou art uncolted

Fal I prithee good Prince Hal help me to my horse good k ng s son

Prince Out ye rogue shall I be your ostler?

Fal Go hang thyself in thine own heir apparent garters! If I be ta en I ll peach for this An I have not ballads made on you all and sung to filthy tunes let a cup of sack be my poison when a jest is so forward and afoot too! I hate it

Enter GADSHILL BARDOLPH *and* PETO *with him*

Gads Stand

Fal So I do against my will

Poins O tis our setter I know his voice Bardolph what news?

Bard Case ye case ye on with your vizards there s money of the King s coming down the hill tis going to the King s exchequer

Fal You lie ye rogue tis going to the King s tavern

Gads There s enough to make us all 60

Fal To be hanged

Prince Sirs you four shall front them in the narrow lane Ned Poins and I will walk lower if they scape from your encounter then they light on us

Pto How many be there of them?

Gads Some eight or ten

Fal Zounds will they not rob us?

P ince What a coward Sir John Paunch?

Fal Indeed I am not John of Gaunt your grandfather but yet no coward Hal 71

Prince Well we leave that to the proof

Poins Sirrah Jack thy horse stands behind the hedge when thou needest him there thou shalt find him Farewell and stand fast

Fal Now cannot I strike him if I should be hanged

P inc Ned where are our disguises?

Poins Here hard by stand close

[*Exeunt* PRINCE *and* POINS

Fal Now my masters happy man be his dole say I every man to his business

Enter the TRAVELLERS

1st Trav Come neighbour the boy shall lead our horses down the hill we ll walk afoot awhile and ease our legs

Thie s Stand!

Travellers Jesus bless us!

Fal Strike down with them cut the villains throats ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon fed knaves! they hate us youth down with them fleece them

Travellers O we are undone both we and ours for ever!

Fal Hang ye gorbellied knaves are ye undone? No ye fat chuffs I would your store were here! On, bacons on! What ye knaves! young men must live You are grandjurors are ye? we ll jure ye faith

[*Here they rob them and bind them Exeunt*

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY *and* POINS *in buckram*

Prince The thieves have bound the true men Now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London it would be argument for a week laughter for a month and a good jest for ever

Poins Stand close, I hear them coming

Enter the THIEVES *again*

Fal Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there s no equity stirring there's no more valour in that Poins than in a wild duck

Prince Your money!

Poins Villains! *110*

As they are sharing, the PRINCE *and* POINS *set upon them, they all run away, and* FALSTAFF, *after a blow or two runs away too, leaving the booty behind them*

Prince Got with much ease Now merrily to horse
The thieves are all scatter'd and possess'd with fear
So strongly that they dare not meet each other,
Each takes his fellow for an officer
Away good Ned Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along
Were 't not for laughing, I should pity him

Poins How the rogue roar d! [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *Warkworth castle*

Enter HOTSPUR, *solus reading a letter*

Hot "But for mine own part my lord I could be well contented to be there in respect of the love I bear your house He could be contented why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our house he shows in this he loves his own barn better than he loves our house Let me see some more "The purpose you undertake is dangerous , why that s certain 'tis dangerous to take a cold to sleep to drink but I tell you my lord fool out of this nettle danger we pluck this flower safety ' The purpose you undertake is dangerous the friends you have named uncertain the time itself unsorted and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition Say you so say you so? I say unto you again you are a shallow cowardly hind and you lie What a lack brain is this! By the Lord our plot is a good plot as ever was laid our friends true and constant a good plot good friends, and full of expectation an excellent plot very good friends What a frosty spirited rogue is this! Why my lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action Zounds an I were now by this rascal I could brain him with his lady s fan Is there not my father my uncle and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer my lord of York and Owen Glendower is there not besides the Douglas? have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of next month? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now in very sincerity of fear and cold heart will he to the King and lay open all our proceedings O I could divide myself and go to buffets for moving such a dish of skim milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the King we are prepared I will set forward to night

Enter LADY PERCY

How now Kate! I must leave you within these two hours

Lady O my good lord why are you thus alone? *40*
For what offence have I this fortnight been
A banish d woman from my Harry s bed?
Tell me sweet lord what is t that takes from thee
Thy stomach pleasure and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sit st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,
And given my treasures and my rights of thee
To thick-eyed musing and cursed melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch d *50*
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed,
Cry Courage! to the field! And thou hast talk d
Of sallies and retires of trenches tents
Of palisadoes frontiers parapets
Of basilisks of cannon culverin
Of prisoners ransom and of soldiers slain,
And all the currents of a heady fight
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war
And thus hath so bestirr d thee in thy sleep *60*
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream
And in thy face strange motions have appear d
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden hest O, what portents are these
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand
And I must know it else he loves me not

Hot What ho!

Enter SERVANT

Is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Serv He is my lord an hour ago

Hot Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff *70*

Serv One horse my lord he brought even now

Hot What horse? a roan, a crop-ear is it not?

Serv It is my lord

Hot That roan shall be my throne

Well I will back him straight O esperance!
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park
[*Exit* SERVANT

Lady But hear you my lord
Hot What say st thou my lady?
Lady What is it carries you away?
Hot Why my horse my love my horse
Lady Out you mad headed ape 80
A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen
As you are toss d with In faith
I ll know your business Harry that I will
I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title and hath sent for you
To line his enterprize but if you go—
Hot So far afoot I shall be weary love
Lady Come come you paraquito answer me
Directly unto this question that I ask
In faith I ll break thy little finger Harry 90
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true
Hot Away
Away you trifler Love! I love thee not
I care not for thee Kate this is no world
To play with mammets and to tilt with lips
We must have bloody noses and crack d crowns
And pass them current too God s me my horse!
What say st thou Kate? what would st thou
have with me?
Lady Do you not love me? do you not indeed?
Well do not then for since you love me not 100
I will not love myself Do you not love me?
Nay tell me if you speak in jest or no
Hot Come wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am o horseback I will swear
I love thee infinitely But hark you Kate
must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go nor reason whereabout
Whither I must I must and to conclude
This evening must I leave you gentle Kate
I know you wise but yet no farther wise 110
Than Harry Percy s wife constant you are
But yet a woman and for secrecy
No lady closer for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know
And so far will I trust thee gentle Kate
Lady How! so far?
Hot Not an inch further But hark you Kate
Whither I go thither shall you go too
To-day will I set forth to-morrow you
Will this content you Kate?
Lady It must of force [*Exeunt* 120

SCENE IV *The Boar s Head Tavern Eastcheap*
Enter the PRINCE *and* POINS

Prince Ned prithee come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little
Poins Where hast been Hal?
Prince With three or four loggerheads amongst three or four score hogsheads I have sounded the very base string of humility Sirrah I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers and can call them all by their christen names as Tom Dick and Francis They take it already upon their salvation that though I be but Prince of Wales yet I am the king of courtesy and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack like Falstaff but a Corinthian a lad of mettle a good boy by the Lord so they call me and when I am King of England I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap They call drinking deep dyeing scarlet and when you breathe in your watering they cry hem! and bid you play it off To conclude I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life I tell thee Ned thou hast lost much honour that thou wert not with me in this action But sweet Ned—to sweeten which name of Ned I give thee this pennyworth of sugar clapped even now into my hand by an under skinker one that never spake other English in his life than Eight shillings and sixpence and You are welcome, with this shrill addition, Anon anon sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half moon, or so But Ned to drive away the time till Falstaff come I prithee do thou stand in some by room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar and do thou never leave calling Francis that his tale to me may be nothing but Anon Step aside and I ll show thee a precedent
Poins Francis!
Prince Thou art perfect
Poins Francis! [*Exit* POINS 40

Enter FRANCIS

Fran Anon anon sir Look down into the Pomgarnet Ralph
Prince Come hither Francis
Fran My lord?
Prince How long hast thou to serve Francis?
Fran Forsooth five years and as much as to—
Poins [*Within*] Francis!
Fran Anon anon, sir 49
Prince Five year! by r lady a long lease for the clinking of pewter But Francis darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?
Fran O Lord sir I ll be sworn upon all the books in England I could find in my heart
Poins [*Within*] Francis!
Fran Anon sir
Prince How old art thou Francis?

Fran Let me see—about Michaelmas next I shall be— *61*

Poins [*Within*] Francis!

Fran Anon, sir Pray stay a little my lord

Prince Nay, but hark you Francis for the sugar thou gavest me 'twas a pennyworth was't not?

Fran O Lord, I would it had been two!

Prince I will give thee for it a thousand pound ask me when thou wilt and thou shalt have it *70*

Poins [*Within*] Francis!

Fran Anon anon

Prince Anon Francis? No, Francis, but to-morrow, Francis or Francis o' Thursday or indeed Francis when thou wilt But, Francis!

Fran My lord?

Prince Wilt thou rob this leathern jerkin crystal-button not-pated agate ring puke-stocking caddis-garter, smooth tongue Spanish pouch,—

Fran O Lord, sir, who do you mean? *81*

Prince Why, then your brown bastard is your only drink for look you Francis your white canvas doublet will sully in Barbary sir it cannot come to so much

Fran What sir?

Poins [*Within*] Francis!

Prince Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear them call? [*Here they both call him, the drawer stands amazed not knowing which way to go*

Enter VINTNER

Vint What standest thou still and hearest such a calling? Look to the guests within [*Exit* FRANCIS] My lord, old Sir John with half a-dozen more, are at the door shall I let them in?

Prince Let them alone awhile, and then open the door [*Exit* VINTNER] Poins!

Re-enter POINS

Poins Anon anon sir

Prince Sirrah Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door shall we be merry? *99*

Poins As merry as crickets my lad But hark ye what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come what's the issue?

Prince I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight

Re-enter FRANCIS

What's o'clock Francis?

Fran Anon anon sir [*Exit* *109*

Prince That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot and yet the son of a woman! His industry is up stairs and down stairs, his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning I am not yet of Percy's mind the Hotspur of the north he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast washes his hands, and says to his wife "Fie upon this quiet life! I want work " "O, my sweet Harry says she 'how many hast thou killed to-day?' 'Give my roan horse a drench says he and answers Some fourteen, an hour after 'a trifle a trifle I prithee call in Falstaff I'll play Percy and that damned brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife 'Rivo!' says the drunkard Call in ribs call in tallow

Enter FALSTAFF GADSHILL, BARDOLPH *and* PETO FRANCIS *following with wine*

Poins Welcome Jack where hast thou been

Fal A plague of all cowards I say, and a vengeance too! marry and amen! Give me a cup of sack boy Ere I lead this life long I'll sew nether stocks and mend them and foot them too A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue Is there no virtue extant?

He drinks

Prince Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful hearted Titan that melted at the sweet tale of the sun's! if thou didst then behold that compound

Fal You rogue here's lime in this sack too there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it A villainous coward! Go thy ways old Jack die when thou wilt if manhood good manhood be not forgot upon the face of the earth then am I a shotten herring There live not three good men unhanged in England and one of them is fat and grows old God help the while! a bad world, I say I would I were a weaver I could sing psalms or anything A plague of all cowards I say still

Prince How now wool sack! what mutter you? *149*

Fal A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild-geese I'll never wear hair on my face more You Prince of Wales!

Prince Why you whoreson round man what's the matter?

Fal Are not you a coward answer me to that and Poins there

Poins Zounds ye fat paunch an ye call me coward by the Lord I'll stab thee *160*

Fal I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward but I would give a thousand

pound I could run as fast as thou canst You are *straight enough in the shoulders* you care not who sees your back call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me Give me a cup of sack I am a rogue if I drunk to-day

Prince O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkest last 171

Fal All s one for that [*He drinks*] A plague of all cowards still say I

Prince What s the matter?

Fal What s the matter! there be four of us here have ta en a thousand pound this day morning

Prince Where is it Jack? where is it?

Fal Where is it! taken from us it is a hundred upon poor four of us 180

Prince What a hundred man?

Fal I am a rogue if I were not at half sword with a dozen of them two hours together I have scaped by miracle I am eight times thrust through the doublet four through the hose my buckler cut through and through my sword hacked like a hand saw—*ecce signum!* I never dealt better since I was a man all would not do A plague of all cowards Let them speak if they speak more or less than truth they are villains and the sons of darkness 191

Prince Speak sirs how was it?

Gads We four set upon some dozen—

Fal Sixteen at least my lord

Gads And bound them

Peto No no they were not bound

Fal You rogue they were bound every man of them or I am a Jew else an Ebrew Jew

Gads As we were sharing some six or seven fresh men set upon us— 200

Fal And unbound the rest and then come in the other

Prince What fought you with them all?

Fal All I know not what you call all but if I fought not with fifty of them I am a bunch of radish if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack then am I no two-legged creature

Prince Pray God you have not murdered some of them 210

Fal Nay that s past praying for I have peppered two of them two I am sure I have paid two rogues in buckram suits I tell thee what Hal if I tell thee a lie spit in my face call me horse Thou knowest my old ward here I lay and thus I bore my point Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

Prince What four? thou saidst but two even now

Fal Four Hal I told thee four 220

Poins Ay ay he said four

Fal These four came all a front and mainly thrust at me I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target thus

Prince Seven? why there were but four even now

Fal In buckram?

Poins Ay four in buckram suits

Fal Seven by these hilts or I am a villain else

Prince Prithee let him alone we shall have more anon 232

Fal Dost thou hear me Hal?

Prince Ay and mark thee too Jack

Fal Do so for it is worth the listening to These nine in buckram that I told thee of—

Prince So two more already

Fal Their points being broken—

Poins Down fell their hose 239

Fal Began to give me ground but I followed me close came in foot and hand and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid

Prince O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal But as the devil would have it three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me for it was so dark Hal that thou couldst not see thy hand

Prince These lies are like their father that begets them gross as a mountain open, palpable Why thou clay brained guts thou knotty pated fool thou whoreson obscene greasy tallow catch—

Fal What art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prince Why how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come tell us your reason what sayest thou to this? 259

Poins Come your reason Jack your reason

Fal What upon compulsion? Zounds an I were at the strappado or all the racks in the world I would not tell you on compulsion Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plentiful as blackberries I would give no man a reason upon compulsion I

Prince I ll be no longer guilty of this sin this sanguine coward this bed presser this horse back breaker this huge hill of flesh— 69

Fal Sblood, you starveling you elf skin you dried neat s tongue you bull s pizzle you stock fish! O for breath to utter what is like thee! you tailor s yard you sheath you bow case you vile standing tuck—

Prince Well breathe awhile and then to it again and when thou hast tired thyself in base

comparisons, hear me speak but this

Poins Mark, Jack

Prince We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and were masters of their wealth Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down Then did we two set on you four, and, with a word out faced you from your prize, and have it, yea, and can show it you here in the house and Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy and still run and roared as ever I heard bull-calf What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting hole canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins Come, let s hear Jack, what trick hast thou now?

Fal By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye Why, hear you my masters was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules but beware instinct the lion will not touch the true prince Instinct is a great matter, I was now a coward on instinct I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money Hostess, clap to the doors watch to-night pray to morrow Gallants, lads boys hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

Prince Content, and the argument shall be thy running away 311

Fal Ah, no more of that Hal, an thou lovest me!

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY, *the Hostess*

Quick O Jesu my lord the prince!

Prince How now my lady the hostess! what sayest thou to me?

Quick Marry, my lord there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you he says he comes from your father 319

Prince Give him as much as will make him a royal man and send him back again to my mother

Fal What manner of man is he?

Quick An old man

Fal What doth gravity out of his bed at mid night? Shall I give him his answer?

Prince Prithee do Jack

Fal 'Faith and I ll send him packing [*Exit*

Prince Now sirs by r lady you fought fair so did you, Peto so did you Bardolph you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince, no fie!

Bard Faith, I ran when I saw others run

Prince 'Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like 339

Bard Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed and then to beslubber our garments with it and swear it was the blood of true men I did that I did not this seven year before I blushed to hear his monstrous devices

Prince O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago and wert taken with the manner and ever since thou hast blushed extempore Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rannest away what instinct hadst thou for it? 350

Bard My lord do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

Prince I do

Bard What think you they portend?

Prince Hot livers and cold purses

Bard Choler my lord, if rightly taken

Prince No, if rightly taken, halter

Re-enter FALSTAFF

Here comes lean Jack here comes bare bone How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long is t ago, Jack since thou sawest thine own knee? 361

Fal My own knee! when I was about thy years Hal I was not an eagle s talon in the waist I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder There s villainous news abroad here was Sir John Bracy from your father you must to the court in the morning That same mad fellow of the north Percy and he of Wales that gave Amamon the bastinado and made Lucifer cuckold and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook—what a plague call you him?

Poins O Glendower

Fal Owen Owen the same and his son in law Mortimer and old Northumberland and that sprightly Scot of Scots Douglas that runs o horseback up a hill perpendicular—

Prince He that rides at high speed and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying 380

Fal You have hit it

Prince So did he never the sparrow

Fal Well that rascal hath good mettle in he will not run

Prince Why what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running!

Fal O horseback ye cuckoo but afoot he will not budge a foot

Prince Yes Jack upon instinct 389

Fal I grant ye upon instinct Well he is there too and one Mordake and a thousand blue-caps more Worcester is stolen away to-night thy father s beard is turned white with the news you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel

Prince Why then it is like if there come a hot June and this civil buffeting hold we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails by the hun dreds 399

Fal By the mass lad thou sayest true it is like we shall have good trading that way But tell me Hal art not thou horrible afeard? thou being heir apparent could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas that spirit Percy and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prince Not a whit i faith I lack some of thy instinct 409

Fal Well thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father if thou love me practise an answer

Prince Do thou stand for my father and exam ine me upon the particulars of my life?

Fal Shall I? content this chair shall be my state this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown

Prince Thy state is taken for a joined stool thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger and thy pre cious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown! 420

Fal Well an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red that it may be thought I have wept for I must speak in passion and I will do it in King Cambyses vein

Prince Well here is my leg

Fal And here is my speech Stand aside nobil ity 429

Quick O Jesu, this is excellent sport i faith!

Fal Weep not sweet queen for trickling tears are vain

Quick O the father how he holds his counte nance!

Fal For God s sake lords convey my tristful queen
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes

Quick O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see!

Fal Peace good pint pot peace good tickle brain Harry I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time but also how thou art accom panied for though the camomile the more it is trodden on the faster it grows yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother s word partly my own opinion but chiefly a villainous trick of thine eye and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip that doth warrant me If then thou be son to me, here lies the point why being son to me art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses? a question to be asked There is a thing Harry which thou hast often heard of and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch this pitch as ancient writers do report doth defile so doth the com pany thou keepest for Harry now I do not speak to thee in drink but in tears not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only but in woes also and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company but I know not his name 461

Prince What manner of man an it like your Majesty?

Fal A goodly portly man, i faith and a corpu lent of a cheerful look a pleasing eye and a most noble carriage and as I think his age some fifty or by r lady inclining to three score and now I remember me his name is Falstaff if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me for Harry I see virtue in his looks If then the tree may be known by the fruit as the fruit by the tree then peremptorily I speak it there is virtue in that Falstaff him keep with the rest banish And tell me now thou naughty varlet tell me where hast thou been this month?

Prince Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me and I ll play my father

Fal Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely so majestically both in word and matter hang me up by the heels for a rabbit sucker or a poul ter s hare 481

Prince Well here I am set

Fal And here I stand judge my masters

Prince Now Harry whence come you?

Fal My noble lord from Eastcheap

Prince The complaints I hear of thee are griev ous

Fal Sblood my lord they are false nay I ll tickle ye for a young prince i faith 489

Prince Swearest thou ungracious boy? hence forth ne er look on me Thou art violently car ried away from grace there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of an old fat man a tun of man is thy companion Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours that bolting hutch of

beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning but in craft? wherein crafty but in villainy? wherein villainous but in all things? wherein worthy but in nothing?

Fal I would your Grace would take me with you whom means your Grace?

Prince That villainous abominable misleader of youth Falstaff, that old white bearded Satan

Fal My lord the man I l now 510

Prince I know thou dost

Fal But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know That he is old the more the pity his white hairs do witness it, but that he is, saving your reverence a whoremaster, that I utterly deny If sack and sugar be a fault God help the wicked! if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned if to be fat be to be hated then Pharaoh s lean kine are to be loved No my good lord banish Peto banish Bardolph banish Poins but for sweet Jack Falstaff kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff and therefore more valiant being, as he is old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry s company, banish not him thy Harry s company banish plump Jack and banish all the world

Prince I do, I will [*A knocking heard Exeunt* MISTRESS QUICKLY, FRANCIS *and* BARDOLPH

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *running*

Bard O, my lord my lord! the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door 520

Fal Out ye rogue! Play out the play, I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff

Re-enter MISTRESS QUICKLY

Quick O Jesu my lord my lord!

Prince Heigh heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick what s the matter?

Quick The sheriff and all the watch are at the door they are come to search the house Shall I let them in?

Fal Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit thou art essentially mad without seeming so 541

Prince And thou a natural coward without instinct

Fal I deny your major if you will deny the sheriff so if no let him enter if I become not a cart as well as another man a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another

Prince Go, hide thee behind the arras the rest walk up above Now my masters for a true face and good conscience 551

Fal Both which I have had but their date is out and therefore I ll hide me

Prince Call in the sheriff

[*Exeunt all except the* PRINCE *and* PETO

Enter SHERIFF *and the* FIRST CARRIER

Now master sheriff what is your will with me?

Sher First, pardon me my lord A hue and cry
Hath follow d certain men unto this house

Prince What men?

Sher One of them is well known my gracious lord
A gross fat man

1st Car As fat as butter 560

Prince The man I do assure you is not here,
For I myself at this time have employ d him
And sheriff I will engage my word to thee
That I will by to-morrow dinner time,
Send him to answer thee or any man,
For any thing he shall be charged withal
And so let me entreat you leave the house

Sher I will my lord There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks

Prince It may be so if he have robb d these men 570
He shall be answerable, and so farewell

Sher Good night my noble lord

Prince I think it is good morrow is it not?

Sher Indeed my lord I think it be two o clock

[*Exeunt* SHERIFF *and* FIRST CARRIER

Prince This oily rascal is known as well as Paul s Go call him forth

Peto Falstaff!—Fast asleep behind the arras and snorting like a horse

Prince Hark how hard he fetches breath Search his pockets [*He searcheth his pockets and findeth certain papers*] What hast thou found

Peto Nothing but papers my lord

Prince Let s see what they be read them

Peto [*Reads*] Item A capon, 2s 2d
Item Sauce, 4d
Item Sack, two gallons 5s 8d
Item Anchovies and sack
after supper 2s 6d
Item Bread ob

Prince O monstrous! but one half penny worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! What there is else keep close we ll read it at more advantage there let him sleep till day I ll to the court in the morning We must all to the wars and thy place shall be honourable I ll procure

this fat rogue a charge of foot and I know his death will be a march of twelve score The money shall be paid back again with advantage Be with me betimes in the morning and so good morrow Peto 601

Peto Good morrow good my lord [*Exeunt*

ACT III

SCENE I *Bangor The Archdeacon s house*

Enter HOTSPUR WORCESTER MORTIMER, *and* GLENDOWER

Mort These promises are fair the parties sure
And our induction full of prosperous hope

Hot Lord Mortimer and cousin Glendower
Will you sit down?
And Uncle Worcester a plague upon it!
I have forgot the map

Glend No here it is
Sit cousin Percy sit good cousin Hotspur
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you his cheek looks pale and with
A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven 10

Hot And you in hell as oft as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of

Glend I cannot blame him at my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes
Of burning cressets and at my birth
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward

Hot Why so it would have done at the same season, if your mother s cat had but kittened though yourself had never been born 20

Glend I say the earth did shake when I was born

Hot And I say the earth was not of my mind
If you suppose as fearing you it shook

Glend The heavens were all on fire the earth did tremble

Hot O then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire
And not in fear of your nativity
Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch d and ex d
By the imprisoning of unruly wind 30
Within her womb which for enlargement striving
Shakes the old beldam earth and topples down
Steeples and moss-grown to vers At your birth
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature
In passion shook

Glend Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings Give me leave
To tell you once again that at my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes
The goats ran from the mountains and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields
These signs have mark d me extraordinary
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men
Where is he living clipp d in with the sea
That chides the banks of England Scotland Wales
Which calls me pupil or hath read to me?
And bring him out that is but woman s son
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art
And hold me pace in deep experiments

Hot I think there s no man speaks better Welsh I ll to dinner 51

Mort Peace cousin Percy you will make him mad

Glend I can call spirits from the vasty deep

Hot Why so can I or so can any man
But will they come when you do call for them?

Glend Why I can teach you cousin to command
The devil

Hot And I can teach thee coz to shame the devil
By telling truth tell truth and shame the devil
If thou have power to raise him bring him hither
And I ll be sworn I have power to shame him hence 61
O while you live tell truth and shame the devil!

Mort Come come no more of this unprofitable chat

Glend Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power thrice from the banks of Wye
And sandy bottom d Severn have I sent him
Bootless home and weather beaten back

Hot Home without boots and in foul weather too!
How scapes he agues in the devil s name?

Glend Come here s the map shall we divide our right 70
According to our threefold order ta en?

Mort The Archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits very equally
England from Trent and Severn hitherto
By south and east is to my part assign d
All westward Wales beyond the Severn shore
And all the fertile land within that bound
To Owen Glendower and dear coz to you
The remnant northward lying off from Trent
And our indentures tripartite are drawn 80
Which being sealed interchangeably
A business that this night may execute
To-morrow cousin Percy you and I
And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth

To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days
Within that space you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentle-
men 90
Glend A shorter time shall send me to you,
lords
And in my conduct shall your ladies come
From whom you now must steal and take no
leave,
For there will be a world of water shed
Upon the parting of your wives and you
Hot Methinks my moiety, north from Burton
here,
In quantity equals not one of yours
See how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half moon, a monstrous cantle out 100
I'll have the current in this place damm d up
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here
Glend Not wind? it shall, it must, you see it
doth
Mort Yea but
Mark how he bears his course and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side
Gelding the opposed continent as much 110
As on the other side it takes from you
Wor Yea, but a little charge will trench him
here
And on this north side win this cape of land
And then he runs straight and even
Hot I'll have it so a little charge will do it
Glend I ll not have it alter'd
Hot Will not you?
Glend No nor you shall not
Hot Who shall say me nay?
Glend Why, that will I
Hot Let me not understand you then speak it
in Welsh 120
Glend I can speak English lord as well as you
For I was train d up in the English court
Where being but young I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty lovely well
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament,
A virtue that was never seen in you
Hot Marry
And I am glad of it with all my heart
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew
Than one of these same metre ballad mongers
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn d 131
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle tree,
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry
'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag
Glend Come, you shall have Trent turn d
Hot I do not care I ll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend,
But in the way of bargain mark ye me,
I ll cavil on the ninth part of a hair 140
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?
Glend The moon shines fair you may away
by night
I'll haste the writer and withal
Break with your wives of your departure hence
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer [*Exit*
Mort Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my
father!
Hot I cannot choose sometime he angers me
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies, 150
And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-wing d griffin and a moulten raven
A couching lion and a ramping cat
And such a deal of skimble skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith I tell you what,
He held me last night at least nine hours
In reckoning up the several devils names
That were his lackeys I cried 'hum" and
"well go to'
But mark'd him not a word O, he is as tedious
As a tired horse, a railing wife, 160
Worse than a smoky house I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill far,
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me
In any summer house in Christendom
Mort In faith he is a worthy gentleman
Exceedingly well read and profited
In strange concealments valiant as a lion
And wondrous affable and as bountiful
As mines of India Shall I tell you cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect 170
And curbs himself even of his natural scope
When you come cross his humour faith he
does
I warrant you that man is not alive
Might so have tempted as you have done
Without the taste of danger and reproof
But do not use it oft let me entreat you
Wor In faith my lord you are too wilful
blame
And since your coming hither have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience
You must needs learn, lord to amend this fault
Though sometimes it show greatness courage,
blood— 181
And that s the dearest grace it renders

Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage
Defect of manners want of government
Pride haughtiness opinion and disdain
The least of which haunting a nobleman
Loseth men s hearts and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides
Beguiling them of commendation

Hot Well I am school d good manners be your speed! *190*
Here comes our wives and let us take our leave

Re-enter GLENDOWER *with* THE LADIES

Mort This is the deadly spite that angers me
My wife can speak no English I no Welsh

Glend My daughter weeps she will not part with you
She ll be a soldier too she ll to the wars

Mort Good father tell her that she and my aunt Percy
Shall follow in your conduct speedily

GLENDOWER *speaks to* LADY MORTIMER *in Welsh and she answers him in the same*

Glend She is desperate here a peevish self will d harlotry one that no persuasion can do good upon

The LADY MORTIMER *speaks in Welsh*

Mort I understand thy looks that pretty Welsh *201*
Which thou pour st down from these swelling heavens
I am too perfect in and but for shame
In such a parley should I answer thee

The LADY MORTIMER *speaks again in Welsh*

I understand thy kisses and thou mine
And that s a feeling disputation
But I will never be a truant love
Till I have learn d thy language for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn d
Sung by a fair queen in a summer s bower *210*
With ravishing division to her lute

Glend Nay if you melt then will she run mad

The LADY MORTIMER *speaks again in Welsh*

Mort O I am ignorance itself in this!

Glend She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down
And rest your gentle head upon her lap
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness
Making such difference twixt wake and sleep
As is the difference betwixt day and night *220*
The hour before the heavenly harness d team
Begins his golden progress in the east

Mort With all my heart I ll sit and hear her sing
By that time will our book I think be drawn

Glend Do so
And those musicians that shall play to you
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence
And straight they shall be here sit and attend

Hot Come Kate thou art perfect in lying down come quick quick that I may lay my head in thy lap *231*

Lady P Go ye giddy goose

The music plays

Hot Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh
And tis no marvel he is so humorous
By r lady he is a good musician

Lady P Then should you be nothing but musical for you are altogether governed by humours Lie still ye thief and hear the lady sing in Welsh

Hot I had rather hear Lady my brach howl in Irish *241*

Lady P Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

Hot No

Lady P Then be still

Hot Neither tis a woman s fault

Lady P Now God help thee!

Hot To the Welsh lady s bed

Lady P What s that?

Hot Peace! she sings

Here the LADY MORTIMER *sings a Welsh song*

Hot Come Kate I ll have your song too

Lady P Not mine, in good sooth *251*

Hot Not yours in good sooth! Heart! you swear like a comfit maker s wife Not you in good sooth and as true as I live and as God shall mend me and as sure as day
And givest such sarcenet surety for thy oaths
As if thou never walk st further than Finsbury
Swear me Kate like a lady as thou art
A good mouth filling oath and leave in sooth
And such protest of pepper gingerbread *260*
To velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens
Come sing

Lady P I will not sing

Hot Tis the next way to turn tailor or be red breast teacher An the indentures be drawn I ll away within these two hours and so come in when ye will [*Exit*

Glend Come come Lord Mortimer you are as slow
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go
By this our book is drawn we ll but seal *270*
And then to horse immediately

Mort With all my heart [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *London the palace*

Enter the KING PRINCE OF WALES *and others*

King Lords give us leave the Prince of Wales and I

Must have some private conference but be near
at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you
[*Exeunt Lords*
I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me,
But thou dost in thy passages of life
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven *10*
To punish my mistreadings Tell me else
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean
attempts
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood
And hold their level with thy princely heart?
Prince So please your Majesty, I would I
could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse
As well as I am doubtless I can purge *20*
Myself of many I am charged withal
Yet such extenuation let me beg
As in reproof of many tales devised,
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,
By smiling pick thanks and base newsmongers
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission
King God pardon thee! yet let me wonder,
Harry,
At thy affections which do hold a wing *30*
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost
Which by thy younger brother is supplied,
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd and the soul of every man
Prophetically doth forethink thy fall
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common hackney'd in the eyes of men, *40*
So stale and cheap to vulgar company
Opinion that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession
And left me in reputeless banishment
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood
By being seldom seen I could not stir
But like a comet I was wonder'd at
That men would tell their children This is he
Others would say Where which is Boling
broke?
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven *50*
And dress'd myself in such humility
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned King
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new,
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at and so my state,
Seldom but sumptuous show'd like a feast
And won by rareness such solemnity
The skipping King he ambled up and down *60*
With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits
Soon kindled and soon burnt carded his state,
Mingled his royalty with capering fools,
Had his great name profaned with their scorns
And gave his countenance against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity,
That being daily swallow'd by men's eyes, *70*
They surfeited with honey and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much
So when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June
Heard not regarded seen but with such eyes
As sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes, *80*
But rather drowsed and hung their eyelids down
Slept in his face and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries
Being with his presence glutted gorged and full
And in that very line Harry standest thou
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation not an eye
But is a weary of thy common sight
Save mine which hath desired to see thee more
Which now doth that I would not have it do *90*
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness
Prince I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious
lord
Be more myself
King For all the world
As thou art to this hour was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh
And even as I was then is Percy now
Now by my sceptre and my soul to boot
He hath more worthy interest to the state
Than thou the shadow of succession
For of no right nor colour like to right *100*
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws
And being no more in debt to years than thou
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on
To bloody battles and to bruising arms

What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas! whose high deeds
Whose hot incursions and great name in arms
Holds from all soldiers chief majority
And military title capital 110
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ
Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in swathling clothes
This infant warrior in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas ta en him once
Enlarged him and made a friend of him
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up
And shake the peace and safety of our throne
And what say you to this? Percy Northumberland
The Archbishop s grace of York Douglas Mortimer
Capitulate against us and are up 120
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why Harry do I tell thee of my foes
Which art my near st and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough through vassal fear
Base inclination and the start of spleen
To fight against me under Percy s pay
To dog his heels and curtsy at his frowns
To show how much thou art degenerate

Prince Do not think so you shall not find it so
And God forgive them that so much have sway d
Your Majesty s good thoughts away from me! 131
I will redeem all this on Percy s head
And in the closing of some glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your son
When I will wear a garment all of blood
And stain my favours in a bloody mask
Which wash d away shall scour my shame with it
And that shall be the day when er it lights
That this same child of honour and renown
This gallant Hotspur this all praised knight 140
And your unthought of Harry chance to meet
For every honour sitting on his helm
Would they were multitudes and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities
Percy is but my factor good my lord
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf
And I will call him to so strict account
That he shall render every glory up 150
Yea even the slightest worship of his time
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart
This in the name of God I promise here
The which if He be pleased I shall perform
I do beseech your Majesty may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance
If not the end of life cancels all bands
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow

King A hundred thousand rebels die in this
Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein

Enter BLUNT

How now good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed

Blunt So hath the business that I come to speak of
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word
That Douglas and the English rebels met
The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury
A mighty and a fearful head they are
If promises be kept on every hand
As ever offer d foul play in a state

King The Earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day 170
With him my son Lord John of Lancaster
For this advertisement is five days old
On Wednesday next Harry you shall set forward
On Thursday we ourselves will march our meeting
Is Bridgenorth and Harry you shall march
Through Gloucestershire by which account
Our business valued some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet
Our hands are full of business let s away
Advantage feeds him fat while men delay 180
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III *Eastcheap the Boar's Head Tavern*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH

Fal Bardolph am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why my skin hangs about me like an old lady s loose gown I am withered like an old apple john Well I ll repent and that suddenly while I am in some liking I shall be out of heart shortly and then I shall have no strength to repent An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of I am a peppercorn a brewer s horse the inside of a church! Company villainous company hath been the spoil of me

Bard Sir John you are so fretful you cannot live long

Fal Why there is it come sing me a bawdy song make me merry I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be virtuous enough swore little diced not above seven times a week went to a bawdy house not above once in a quarter—of an hour paid money that I bor

rowed three or four times lived well and in good compass and now I live out of all order, out of all compass

Bard Why, you are so fat, Sir John that you must needs be out of all compass out of all reasonable compass, Sir John

Fal Do thou amend thy face, and I ll amend my life thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop but tis in the nose of thee, thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp *30*

Bard Why, Sir John my face does you no harm

Fal No I ll be sworn, I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a Death s-head or a *memento mori* I never see thy face but I think upon hell fire and Dives that lived in purple for there he is in his robes, burning burning If thou wert any way given to virtue I would swear by thy face, my oath should be, By this fire that s God's angel but thou art altogether given over, and wert indeed but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness When thou rannest up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus* or a ball of wildfire, there s no purchase in money O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler s in Europe I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirty years God reward me for it!

Bard Sblood I would my face were in your belly!

Fal God a mercy! so should I be sure to be heart burned

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY

How now Dame Partlet the hen! have you inquired yet who picked my pocket? *61*

Quick Why Sir John what do you think Sir John? do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired so has my husband, man by man boy by boy servant by servant the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before

Fal Ye lie, hostess Bardolph was shaved and lost many a hair and I ll be sworn my pocket was picked Go to you are a woman go

Quick Who I? no I defy thee God s light I was never called so in mine own house before

Fal Go to I know you well enough

Quick No Sir John you do not know me, Sir John I know you Sir John you owe me money Sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back

Fal Dowlas filthy dowlas I have given them away to bakers wives, and they have made bolters of them *81*

Quick Now as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell You owe money here besides Sir John for your diet and by-drinkings and money lent you, four and twenty pound

Fal He had his part of it let him pay

Quick He? alas he is poor, he hath nothing

Fal How! poor? look upon his face what call you rich let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks I ll not pay a denier What will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather s worth forty mark

Quick O Jesu I have heard the Prince tell him I know not how oft, that that ring was copper!

Fal How! the Prince is a Jack a sneak-cup sblood an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog if he would say so *101*

Enter the PRINCE *and* PETO *marching, and* FALSTAFF *meets them playing on his truncheon like a fife*

How now lad! is the wind in that door, i faith? must we all march?

Bard Yea two and two Newgate fashion

Quick My lord I pray you hear me

Prince What sayest thou Mistress Quickly? How doth thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man

Quick Good my lord hear me

Fal Prithee, let her alone and list to me

Prince What sayest thou Jack? *111*

Fal The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras and had my pocket picked this house is turned bawdy-house, they pick pockets

Prince What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a piece and a seal ring of my grandfather s

Prince A trifle some eight penny matter

Quick So I told him my lord and I said I heard your Grace say so and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you like a foul mouthed man as he is and said he would cudgel you

Prince What! he did not?

Quick There s neither faith truth nor womanhood in me else

Fal There s no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox and for womanhood Maid Marian may be the deputy s wife of the ward to thee Go you thing go 131

Quick Say what thing? what thing?

Fal What thing! why a thing to thank God on

Quick I am no thing to thank God on I would thou shouldst know it I am an honest man s wife and setting thy knighthood aside thou art a knave to call me so

Fal Setting thy womanhood aside thou art a beast to say otherwise 140

Quick Say what beast thou knave thou?

Fal What beast why an otter

Prince An otter Sir John! why an otter?

Fal Why she s neither fish nor flesh a man knows not where to have her

Quick Thou art an unjust man in saying so thou or any man knows where to have me thou knave thou!

Prince Thou sayest true, hostess and he slanders thee most grossly 150

Quick So he doth you my lord and said this other day you ought him a thousand pound

Prince Sirrah do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal A thousand pound Hal! a million thy love is worth a million thou owest me thy love

Quick Nay my lord he called you Jack and said he would cudgel you

Fal Did I Bardolph? 160

Bard Indeed Sir John you said so

Fal Yea if he said my ring was copper

Prince I say tis copper darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal Why Hal thou knowest as thou art but man I dare but as thou art Prince I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion s whelp

Prince And why not as the lion?

Fal The King himself is to be feared as the lion dost thou think I ll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay an I do I pray God my girdle break

Prince O if it should how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But sirrah there s no room for faith truth nor honesty in this bosom of thine it is all filled up with guts and midriff Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! why thou whoreson impudent embossed rascal if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern reckonings memorandums of bawdy houses and one poor penny worth of sugar candy to make thee long winded if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these I am a villain and yet you will stand to it you will not pocket up wrong art thou not ashamed?

Fal Dost thou hear Hal? thou knowest in the state of innocency Adam fell and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man and therefore more frailty You confess then you picked my pocket? 190

Prince It appears so by the story

Fal Hostess I forgive thee go make ready breakfast love thy husband look to thy servants cherish thy guests thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason thou seest I am pacified still Nay prithee be gone [*Exit* MISTRESS QUICKLY] Now Hal to the news at court for the robbery lad how is that answered?

Prince O my sweet beef I must still be good angel to thee the money is paid back again 200

Fal O I do not like that paying back tis a double labour

Prince I am good friends with my father and may do anything

Fal Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest and do it with unwashed hands too

Bard Do my lord

Prince I have procured thee, Jack a charge of foot 209

Fal I would it had been of horse Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief of the age of two and twenty or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided Well God be thanked for these rebels they offend none but the virtuous I laud them I praise them

Prince Bardolph!

Bard My lord?

Prince Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster to my brother John this to my Lord of Westmoreland [*Exit* BARDOLPH] Go Peto to horse to horse for thou and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time [*Exit* PETO] Jack meet me to-morrow in the Temple hall at two o clock in the afternoon
There shalt thou know thy charge and there receive
Money and order for their furniture
The land is burning Percy stands on high
And either we or they must lower lie [*Exit*

Fal Rare words! brave world! Hostess my breakfast come! 229
O I could wish this tavern were my drum! [*Exit*

ACT IV

SCENE I *The rebel camp near Shrewsbury*

Enter HOTSPUR WORCESTER *and* DOUGLAS

Hot Well said my noble Scot if speaking truth
In this fine age were not thought flattery
Such attribution should the Douglas have

As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world
By God I cannot flatter I do defy
The tongues of soothers, but a braver place
In my heart s love hath no man than yourself
Nay task me to my word, approve me, lord
Doug Thou are the king of honour 10
No man so potent breathes upon the ground
But I will beard him
Hot Do so, and tis well

Enter a MESSENGER *with letters*

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you
Mess These letters come from your father
Hot Letters from him! why comes he not himself?
Mess He cannot come, my lord, he is grievous sick
Hot Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick
In such a justling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along? 19
Mess His letters bear his mind not I my lord
Wor I prithee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?
Mess He did, my lord four days ere I set forth
And at the time of my departure thence
He was much fear d by his physicians
Wor I would the state of time had first been whole
Ere he by sickness had been visited
His health was never better worth than now
Hot Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect
The very life blood of our enterprise,
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp 30
He writes me here that inward sickness—
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn nor did he think it meet
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul removed but on his own
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement
That with our small conjunction we should on
To see how fortune is disposed to us
For as he writes there is no quailing now,
Because the King is certainly possess'd 40
Of all our purposes What say you to it?
Wor Your father s sickness is a maim to us
Hot A perilous gash, a very limb lopp d off
And yet, in faith, it is not his present want
Seems more than we shall find it were it good
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope 50
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes
Doug 'Faith and so we should,
Where now remains a sweet reversion
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
Is to come in
A comfort of retirement lives in this
Hot A rendezvous a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs
Wor But yet I would your father had been here 60
The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom loyalty and mere dislike
Of our proceedings kept the earl from hence
And think how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction
And breed a kind of question in our cause,
For well you know we of the offering side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement 70
And stop all sight holes every loop from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of
Hot You strain too far
I rather of his absence make this use
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise
Than if the earl were here for men must think
If we without his help can make a head 80
To push against a kingdom with his help
We shall o erturn it topsy-turvy down
Yet all goes well yet all our joints are whole
Doug As heart can think there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear

Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON

Hot My cousin Vernon! welcome by my soul
Ver Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord
The Earl of Westmoreland seven thousand strong
Is marching hitherwards, with him Prince John
Hot No harm what more?
Ver And further I have learn d, 90
The King himself in person is set forth
Or hitherwards intended speedily
With strong and mighty preparation
Hot He shall be welcome too Where is his son,
The nimble footed madcap Prince of Wales
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass?

Ver All furnish d all in arms
All plumed like estridges that with the wind
Baited like eagles having lately bathed
Glittering in golden coats like images 100
As full of spirit as the month of May
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer
Wanton as youthful goats wild as young bulls
I saw young Harry with his beaver on
His cuisses on his thighs gallantly arm d
Rise from the ground like feather d Mercury
And vaulted with such ease into his seat
As if an angel dropp d down from the clouds
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus
And witch the world with noble horsemanship

Hot No more, no more worse than the sun in March 111
This praise doth nourish agues Let them come
They come like sacrifices in their trim
And to the fire eyed maid of smoky war
All hot and bleeding will we offer them
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood I am on fire
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh
And yet not ours Come let me taste my horse
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt 120
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales
Harry to Harry shall hot horse to horse
Meet and ne er part till one drop down a corse
O that Glendower were come!

Ver There is more news
I learn d in Worcester as I rode along
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days

Doug That s the worst tidings that I hear of yet

Wor Ay by my faith that bears a frosty sound

Hot What may the King s whole battle reach unto?

Ver To thirty thousand

Hot Forty let it be 130
My father and Glendower being both away
The powers of us may serve so great a day
Come let us take a muster speedily
Doomsday is near d e all die merrily

Doug Talk not of dying I am out of fear
Of death or death s hand for this one half year
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II *A public road near Coventry*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH

F ... penny get thee before to Coventry
ce long winded sack our soldiers shall march
... other injurion Cophill to-night
... ll stand e money captain?
... u not
... aear H an angel

Fal An if it do take it for thy labour and if it make twenty take them all I ll answer the coinage Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at town s end 10

Bard I will captain farewell [*Exit*

Fal If I be not ashamed of my soldiers I am a soused gurnet I have misused the King s press damnably I have got in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers three hundred and odd pounds I press me none but good householders yeomen s sons inquire me out contracted bachelors such as had been asked twice on the banns such a commodity of warm slaves as had as lieve hear the devil as a drum such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild duck I pressed me none but such toasts and butter with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins heads and they have bought out their services and now my whole charge consists of ancients corporals lieutenants gentlemen of companies slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth where the glutton s dogs licked his sores and such as indeed were never soldiers but discarded unjust serving men younger sons to younger brothers revolted tapsters and ostlers trade fallen the cankers of a calm world and a long peace ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient and such have I to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals lately come from swine keeping from eating draff and husks A mad fellow met me on the way and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead bodies No eye hath seen such scarecrows I ll not march through Coventry with them that s flat nay and the villains march wide betwixt the legs as if they had gyves on for indeed I had the most of them out of prison There s but a shirt and a half in all my company and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like a herald s coat without sleeves and the shirt to say the truth stolen from my host at Saint Alban's or the red nose innkeeper of Daventry But that s all one they ll find linen enough on every hedge

Enter the PRINCE *and* WESTMORELAND

Prince How now blown Jack! how now quilt

Fal What Hal! how now mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Westmoreland I cry you mercy I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury

West Faith, Sir John, tis more than time that 59

I were there, and you too, but my powers are there already The King, I can tell you, looks for us all we must away all night

Fal Tut, never fear me I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream

Prince I think, to steal cream indeed for thy theft hath already made thee butter But tell me Jack whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal Mine, Hal, mine 69

Prince I did never see such pitiful rascals

Fal Tut tut, good enough to toss, food for powder, food for powder, they'll fill a pit as well as better tush, man, mortal men mortal men

West Ay but, Sir John methinks they are exceeding poor and bare too beggarly

Fal Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me

Prince No, I ll be sworn, unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare But, sirrah, make haste Percy is already in the field 81

Fal What is the King encamped?

West He is, Sir John I fear we shall stay too long

Fal Well,
To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast
Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *The rebel camp near Shrewsbury*

Enter HOTSPUR WORCESTER, DOUGLAS *and* VERNON

Hot We ll fight with him to night
Wor It may not be
Doug You give him then advantage
Ver Not a whit
Hot Why say you so? looks he not for supply?
Ver So do we
Hot His is certain ours is doubtful
Wor Good cousin, be advised, stir not tonight
Ver Do not my lord
Doug You do not counsel well
You speak it out of fear and cold heart
Ver Do me no slander, Douglas by my life,
And I dare well maintain it with my life,
If well respected honour bid me on 10
I hold as little counsel with weak fear
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle
Which of us fears
Doug Yea or to night
Ver Content
Hot To-night, say I
Ver Come come, it may not be I wonder much
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon s are not yet come up 20
Your uncle Worcester s horse came but to day,
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself
Hot So are the horses of the enemy
In general journey bated and brought low
The better part of ours are full of rest
Wor The number of the King exceedeth ours
For God s sake cousin stay till all come in
The trumpet sounds a parley

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT

Blunt I come with gracious offers from the King 30
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect
Hot Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt, and would to God
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well and even those some
Envy your great deservings and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy
Blunt And God defend but still I should stand so
So long as out of limit and true rule
You stand against anointed majesty 40
But to my charge The King hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty If that the King
Have any way your good deserts forgot
Which he confesseth to be manifold
He bids you name your griefs and with all speed
You shall have your desires with interest
And pardon absolute for yourself and these 50
Herein misled by your suggestion
Hot The King is kind and well we know the King
Knows at what time to promise when to pay
My father and my uncle and myself
Did give him that same royalty he wears,
And when he was not six and twenty strong
Sick in the world s regard wretched and low,
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home
My father gave him welcome to the shore
And when he heard him swear and vow to God
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster 61
To sue his livery and beg his peace
With tears of innocency and terms of zeal
My father, in kind heart and pity moved
Swore him assistance and perform d it too
Now when the lords and barons of the realm

Perceived Northumberland did lean to him
The more and less came in with cap and knee
Met him in boroughs cities villages
Attended him on bridges stood in lanes 70
Laid gifts before him proffer d him their oaths
Gave him their heirs as pages follow d him
Even at the heels in golden multitudes
He presently as greatness knows itself
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father while his blood was poor
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh
And now for sooth takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts and some strait decrees
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth 80
Cries out upon abuses seems to weep
Over his country s wrongs and by this face
This seeming brow of justice did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for
Proceeded further cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites that the absent King
In deputation left behind him here
When he was personal in the Irish war

Blunt Tut I came not to hear this

Hot Then to the point
In short time after he deposed the King 90
Soon after that deprived him of his life
And in the neck of that task d the whole state
To make that worse suffer d his kinsman March
Who is if every owner were well placed
Indeed his King to be engaged in Wales
There without ransom to lie forfeited
Disgraced me in my happy victories
Sought to entrap me by intelligence
Rated mine uncle from the council board
In rage dismiss d my father from the court 100
Broke oath on oath committed wrong on wrong
And in conclusion drove us to seek out
This head of safety and withal to pry
Into his title the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance

Blunt Shall I return this answer to the King?

Hot Not so Sir Walter we ll withdraw awhile
Go to the King and let there be impawn d
Some surety for a safe return again
And in the morning early shall my uncle 110
Bring him our purposes and so farewell

Blunt I would you would accept of grace and
love

Hot And may be so we shall

Blunt Pray God you do
[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *York The Archbishop s palace*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK *and* SIR MICHAEL

Arch Hie good Sir Michael bear this sealed
brief
With winged haste to the Lord Marshal
This to my cousin Scroop and all the rest
To whom they are directed If you knew
How much they do import you would make
haste

Sir M My good lord
I guess their tenour

Arch Like enough you do
To-morrow good Sir Michael is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch for sir at Shrewsbury 10
As I am truly given to understand
The King with mighty and quick raised power
Meets with Lord Harry and I fear Sir Michael
What with the sickness of Northumberland
Whose power was in the first proportion
And what with Owen Glendower s absence
thence
Who with them was a rated sinew too
And comes not in o er ruled by prophecies
I fear the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the King 20

Sir M Why my good lord you need not fear
There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer

Arch No Mortimer is not there

Sir M But there is Mordake Vernon Lord
Harry Percy
And there is my Lord of Worcester and a head
Of gallant warriors noble gentlemen

Arch And so there is but yet the King hath
drawn
The special head of all the land together
The Prince of Wales Lord John of Lancaster
The noble Westmoreland and warlike Blunt 30
And many moe corrivals and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms

Sir M Doubt not my lord they shall be well
opposed

Arch I hope no less yet needful tis to fear
And to prevent the worst Sir Michael speed
For if Lord Percy thrive not ere the King
Dismiss his power he means to visit us
For he hath heard of our confederacy
And tis but wisdom to make strong against him
Therefore make haste I must go write again
To other friends and so farewell Sir Michael
[*Exeunt*

ACT V

SCENE I *The King s camp near Shrewsbury*

Enter the KING PRINCE OF WALES LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER EARL OF WESTMORELAND SIR WALTER BLUNT *and* FALSTAFF

King How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill the day looks pale
At his distemperature

Prince The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day
King Then with the losers let it sympathise,
For nothing can seem foul to those that win
The trumpet sounds

Enter WORCESTER *and* VERNON

How now, my Lord of Worcester! 'tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such terms 10
As now we meet You have deceived our trust,
And made us doff our easy robes of peace
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel
This is not well, my lord this is not well
What say you to it? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all abhorred war?
And move in that obedient orb again
Where you did give a fair and natural light,
And be no more an exhaled meteor,
A prodigy of fear and a portent 20
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?
Wor Hear me, my liege
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag end of my life
With quiet hours, for I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike
King You have not sought it! how comes it, then?
Fal Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it
Prince Peace chewet, peace!
Wor It pleased your Majesty to turn your looks 30
Of favour from myself and all our house
And yet I must remember you my lord
We were the first and dearest of your friends
For you my staff of office did I break
In Richard s time and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I
It was myself, my brother and his son
That brought you home and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time You swore to us, 41
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster
That you did nothing purpose gainst the state,
Nor claim no further than your new fall n right,
The seat of Gaunt dukedom of Lancaster
To this we swore our aid But in short space
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,
What with our help what with the absent King
What with the injuries of a wanton time, 50
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the King
So long in his unlucky Irish wars
That all in England did repute him dead
And from this swarm of fair advantages
You took occasion to be quickly woo d
To gripe the general sway into your hand,
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster
And being fed by us you used us so
As that ungentle gull the cuckoo s bird, 60
Useth the sparrow, did oppress our nest,
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk
That even our love durst not come near your sight
For fear of swallowing, but with nimble wing
We were enforced for safety sake to fly
Out of your sight and raise this present head,
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forged against yourself
By unkind usage dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth 70
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise
King These things indeed you have articulate,
Proclaim d at market crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,
Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurlyburly innovation
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water colours to impaint his cause, 80
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pellmell havoc and confusion
Prince In both your armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter
If once they join in trial Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy by my hopes
This present enterprise set off his head
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active valiant or more valiant young, 90
More daring or more bold is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry,
And so I hear he doth account me too
Yet this before my father's majesty —
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation
And will to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight 100
King And, Prince of Wales so dare we venture thee,
Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it No good Worcester, no,
We love our people well, even those we love
That are misled upon your cousin s part
And will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he and they and you yea every man

Shall be my friend again and I ll be his
So tell your cousin and bring me word
What he will do but if he will not yield 110
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us
And they shall do their office So be gone
We will not now be troubled with reply
We offer fair take it advisedly

[*Exeunt* WORCESTER *and* VERNON

Prince It will not be accepted on my life
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms

King Hence therefore every leader to his charge
For on their answer will we set on them
And God befriend us as our cause is just! 120

[*Exeunt all but the* PRINCE OF WALES *and* FALSTAFF

Fal Hal if thou see me down in the battle and bestride me so tis a point of friendship

Prince Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship Say thy prayers and farewell

Fal I would twere bed time Hal and all well

Prince Why thou owest God a death

[*Exit*

Fal 'Tis not due yet I would be loath to pay him before his day What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well tis no matter honour pricks me on Yea but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? no or an arm? no or take away the grief of a wound? no Honour hath no skill in surgery then? no What is honour? a word What is in that word honour? what is that honour? air A trim reckoning! Who hath it? he that died o Wednesday Doth he feel it? no Doth he hear it? no 'Tis insensible then? Yea to the dead But will it not live with the living? no Why? detraction will not suffer it Therefore I ll none of it Honour is a mere scutcheon and so ends my catechism [*Exit*

SCENE II *The rebel camp*

Enter WORCESTER *and* VERNON

Wor O no my nephew must not know Sir Richard
The liberal and kind offer of the King

Ver Twere best he did

Wor Then are we all undone
It is not possible it cannot be
The King should keep his word in loving us
He will suspect us still and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults
Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes
For treason is but trusted like the fox
Who ne er so tame so cherish d and lock d up
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors 11
Look how we can or sad or merrily
Interpretation will misquote our looks
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall
The better cherish d still the nearer death
My nephew s trespass may be well forgot
It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of privilege
A hare brain d Hotspur govern d by a spleen
All his offences live upon my head 20
And on his father s we did train him on,
And his corruption being ta en from us
We as the spring of all shall pay for all
Therefore good cousin, let not Harry know
In any case the offer of the King

Ver Deliver what you will I ll say tis so
Here comes your cousin

Enter HOTSPUR *and* DOUGLAS

Hot My uncle is return d
Deliver up my Lord of Westmoreland
Uncle what news? 30

Wor The King will bid you battle presently

Doug Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland

Hot Lord Douglas go you and tell him so

Doug Marry and shall and very willingly

[*Exit*

Wor There is no seeming mercy in the King

Hot Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor I told him gently of our grievances
Of his oath breaking which he mended thus
By now forswearing that he is forsworn
He calls us rebels traitors and will scourge 40
With haughty arms this hateful name in us

Re-enter DOUGLAS

Doug Arm gentlemen to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry s teeth
And Westmoreland that was engaged did bear it
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on

Wor The Prince of Wales stepp d forth before the King
And, nephew challenged you to single fight

Hot O would the quarrel lay upon our heads
And that no man might draw short breath to-day
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me tell me 50
How show d his tasking? seem d it in contempt?

Ver No by my soul I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urged more modestly
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms
He gave you all the duties of a man
Trimm d up your praises with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his praise

By still dispraising praise valued with you, *60*
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself,
And chid his truant youth with such a grace
As if he master'd there a double spirit
Of teaching and of learning instantly
There did he pause but let me tell the world,
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness

Hot Cousin, I think thou art enamoured *70*
On his follies never did I hear
Of any prince so wild a libertine
But be he as he will yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier s arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy
Arm, arm with speed and, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion

Enter a MESSENGER

Mess My lord, here are letters for you *80*

Hot I cannot read them now
O gentlemen, the time of life is short!
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial s point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour
An if we live, we live to tread on kings
If die, brave death when princes die with us!
Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just

Enter another MESSENGER

Mess My lord, prepare, the King comes on apace *90*

Hot I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking, only this—
Let each man do his best and here draw I
A sword whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day
Now, *Esperance!* Percy! and set on
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace,
For, heaven to earth some of us never shall *100*
A second time do such a courtesy
[*The trumpets sound They embrace, and exeunt*

SCENE III *Plain between the camps*

The KING *enters with his power Alarum to the battle Then enter* DOUGLAS *and* SIR WALTER BLUNT

Blunt What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek
Upon my head?

Doug Know then my name is Douglas,
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus
Because some tell me that thou art a King

Blunt They tell thee true

Doug The Lord of Stafford dear to day hath bought
Thy likeness, for instead of thee King Harry,
This sword hath ended him so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner *10*

Blunt I was not born a yielder thou proud Scot,
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death

They fight DOUGLAS *kills* BLUNT

Enter HOTSPUR

Hot O Douglas hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot

Doug All's done, all s won, here breathless lies the King

Hot Where?

Doug Here

Hot This, Douglas? no I know this face full well
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt, *20*
Semblably furnish d like the King himself

Doug A fool go with thy soul whither it goes!
A borrow d title hast thou bought too dear
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hot The King hath many marching in his coats

Doug Now by my sword, I will kill all his coats,
I'll murder all his wardrobe piece by piece,
Until I meet the King

Hot Up and away!
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day *29*
[*Exeunt*

Alarum Enter FALSTAFF *solus*

Fal Though I could 'scape shot free at London, I fear the shot here, here s no scoring but upon the pate Soft! who are you? Sir Walter Blunt there s honour for you! here s no vanity! I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered there s not three of my hundred and fifty left alive, and they are for the town s end to beg during life But who comes here? *40*

Enter the PRINCE

Prince What stand st thou idle here? lend me thy sword
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,

Who e deaths are yet unrevenged I prithee lend me thy sword

Fal O Hal I prithee give me leave to breathe awhile Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day I have paid Percy I have made him sure

Prince He is indeed and living to kill thee I prithee lend me thy sword 50

Fal Nay before God Hal if Percy be alive thou get st not my sword but take my pistol if thou wilt

Prince Give it me what is it in the case?

Fal Ay Hal tis hot tis hot there s that will sack a city

The Prince draws it out and finds it to be a bottle of sack

Prince What is it a time to jest and dally now?

[*He throws the bottle at him* *Exit*

Fal Well if Percy be alive I ll pierce him If he do come in my way so if he do not if I come in his willingly let him make a carbonado of me I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath give me life which if I can save so if not honour comes unlooked for and there s an end

[*Exit*

SCENE IV *Another part of the field*

Alarum Excursions Enter the KING *the* PRINCE LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER, *and* EARL OF WESTMORELAND

King I prithee
Harry withdraw thyself thou bleed st too much
Lord John of Lancaster go you with him

Lan Not I my lord unless I did bleed too

Prince I beseech your Majesty make up
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends

King I will do so
My Lord of Westmoreland lead him to his tent

West Come my lord I ll lead you to your tent

Prince Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help 10
And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this
Where stain d nobility lies trodden on
And rebels arms triumph in massacres!

Lan We breathe too long come cousin Westmoreland
Our duty this way lies for God s sake come

[*Exeunt* PRINCE JOHN *and* WESTMORELAND

Prince By God thou hast deceived me Lancaster
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit
Before I loved thee as a brother John
But now I do respect thee as my soul 20

King I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior

Prince O this boy
Lends mettle to us all! [*Exit*

Enter DOUGLAS

Doug Another king! they grow like Hydra s heads
I am the Douglas fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them what art thou
That counterfeit st the person of a king?

King The King himself who Douglas grieves at heart
So many of his shadows thou hast met 30
And not the very King I have two boys
Seek Percy and thyself about the field
But seeing thou fall st on me so luckily
I will assay thee so defend thyself

Doug I fear thou art another counterfeit
And yet in faith thou bear st thee like a king
But mine I am sure thou art whoe er thou be
And thus I win thee

They fight the KING *being in danger re-enter* PRINCE OF WALES

Prince Hold up thy head vile Scot or thou art like
Never to hold it up again! the spirits 40
Of valiant Shirley Stafford Blunt are in my arms
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee
Who never promiseth but he means to pay

They fight DOUGLAS *flies*

Cheerly my lord how fares your Grace?
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent
And so hath Clifton I ll to Clifton straight

King Stay and breathe awhile
Thou hast redeem d thy lost opinion
And show d thou makest some tender of my life
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me 50

Prince O God! they did me too much injury
That ever said I hearken d for your death
If it were so I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you
Which would have been as speedy in your end
As all the poisonous potions in the world
And saved the treacherous labour of your son

King Make up to Clifton I ll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey [*Exit*

Enter HOTSPUR

Hot If I mistake not thou art Harry Monmouth

Prince Thou speak st as if I would deny my name 60

Hot My name is Harry Percy
Prince Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of the name
I am the Prince of Wales, and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere
Nor can one England brook a double reign
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales
Hot Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us, and would to God
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine! 70
Prince I'll make it greater ere I part from thee,
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head
Hot I can no longer brook thy vanities
They fight

Enter FALSTAFF

Fal Well said Hal! to it, Hal! Nay, you shall find no boy's play here I can tell you

Re-enter DOUGLAS, *he fights with* FALSTAFF, *who falls down as if he were dead, and exit* DOUGLAS HOTSPUR *is wounded, and falls*

Hot O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth!
I better brook the loss of brittle life
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me,
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh 80
But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue no, Percy, thou art dust
And food for— [*Dies*
Prince For worms, brave Percy fare thee well great heart!
Ill weaved ambition how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit
A kingdom for it was too small a bound 90
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough this earth that bears thee dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal
But let my favours hide thy mangled face
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness
Adieu and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave 100
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!
He spieth FALSTAFF *on the ground*
What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack farewell!
I could have better spared a better man
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity!
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray
Embowell'd will I see thee by and by
Till then in blood by noble Percy lie [*Exit* 110
Fal [*Rising up*] Embowelled! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me too to-morrow 'Sblood 'twas time to counterfeit or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit to die is to be a counterfeit for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed The better part of valour is discretion, in the which better part I have saved my life Zounds I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead how, if he should counterfeit too and rise? by my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit Therefore I'll make him sure yea and I'll swear I killed him Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me Therefore sirrah [*stabbing him*], with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me [*Takes up* HOTSPUR *on his back*]

Re-enter the PRINCE OF WALES *and* LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER

Prince Come brother John, full bravely hast thou flesh'd
Thy maiden sword
Lan But soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?
Prince I did I saw him dead
Breathless and bleeding on the ground Art thou alive?
Or is it fantasy that plays upon our eyesight?
I prithee, speak we will not trust our eyes 139
Without our ears thou art not what thou seem'st
Fal No that's certain I am not a double man but if I be not Jack Falstaff then am I a Jack There is Percy [*throwing the body down*] if your father will do me any honour so if not let him kill the next Percy himself I look to be either earl or duke I can assure you
Prince Why, Percy I killed myself and saw thee dead
Fal Didst thou? Lord Lord how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath and so was he but we rose both at an instant and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock If I may be believed so if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads I'll take it upon my death, I gave him

this wound in the thigh if the man were alive and would deny it zounds I would make him eat a piece of my sword

Lan This is the strangest tale that ever I heard

Prince This is the strangest fellow brother John 159

Come bring your luggage nobly on your back
For my part if a lie may do thee grace
I ll gild it with the happiest terms I have

A retreat is sounded

The trumpet sounds retreat the day is ours
Come brother let us to the highest of the field
To see what friends are living who are dead

[*Exeunt* PRINCE OF WALES *and* LANCASTER

Fal I ll follow as they say for reward He that rewards me God reward him! If I do grow great I ll grow less for I ll purge and leave sack and live cleanly as a nobleman should do [*Exit*

SCENE V *Another part of the field*

The trumpets sound Enter the KING PRINCE OF WALES LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER EARL OF WESTMORELAND *with* WORCESTER *and* VERNON *prisoners*

King Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke
Ill spirited Worcester! did not we send grace
Pardon and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenour of thy kinsman s trust?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day
A noble earl and many a creature else
Had been alive this hour
If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence 10

Wor What I have done my safety urged me to
And I embrace this fortune patiently
Since not to be avoided it falls on me

King Bear Worcester to the death and Vernon too
Other offenders we will pause upon

[*Exeunt* WORCESTER *and* VERNON *guarded*

How goes the field?

Prince The noble Scot Lord Douglas when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn d from him
The noble Percy slain and all his men
Upon the foot of fear fled with the rest 20
And falling from a hill he was so bruised
That the pursuers took him At my tent
The Douglas is and I beseech your Grace
I may dispose of him

King With all my heart

Prince Then brother John of Lancaster to you
This honourable bounty shall belong
Go to the Douglas and deliver him
Up to his pleasure ransomless and free
His valour shown upon our crests to-day
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds
Even in the bosom of our adversaries 31

Lan I thank your Grace for this high courtesy
Which I shall give away immediately

King Then this remains that we divide our power
You son John and my cousin Westmoreland
Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed
To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop
Who as we hear are busily in arms
Myself and you son Harry will towards Wales
To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway 41
Meeting the check of such another day
And since this business so fair is done
Let us not leave till all our own be won [*Exeunt*

The Second Part of KING HENRY THE FOURTH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

King Henry the Fourth
Henry Prince of Wales afterwards King Henry V | Thomas Duke of Clarence | Prince John of Lancaster | Prince Humphrey of Gloucester — *his sons*
Earl of Warwick
Earl of Westmoreland
Gower
Harcourt
Lord Chief Justice *of the King s Bench*
A Servant *of the Chief Justice*
Earl of Northumberland
Scroop Archbishop of York
Lord Mowbray
Lord Hastings
Lord Bardolph
Sir John Colevile
Travers | Morton — *retainers of Northumberland*
Sir John Falstaff
Page *to Falstaff*
Bardolph
Pistol
Poins
Peto

Shallow | Silence — *country justices*
Davy *servant to Shallow*
Mouldy | Shadow | Wart | Feeble | Bullcalf — *recruits*
Fang | Snare — *sheriff's officers*
A Porter
Two Drawers
A Messenger
A Beadle
Two Grooms
Rumour *the Presenter*
A Dancer *speaker of the Epilogue*

Lady Northumberland
Lady Percy
Mistress Quickly *hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap*
Doll Tearsheet

Non-Speaking *Earl of Surrey Blunt Lords, Beadles Musicians and Attendants*

Scene *England*



INDUCTION

Warkworth before the castle

Enter RUMOUR *painted full of tongues*

Rum Open your ears for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks?
I from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports
I speak of peace while covert enmity
Under the smile of safety wounds the world *10*
And who but Rumour who but only I
Make fearful musters and prepared defence,
Whiles the big year, swoln with some other grief
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises jealousies, conjectures,
And of so easy and so plain a stop
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads
The still-discordant wavering multitude
Can play upon it But what need I thus *20*
My well known body to anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
I run before King Harry s victory
Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury
Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels blood But what mean I
To speak so true at first? my office is
To noise abroad that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur s sword *30*
And that the king before the Douglas rage
Stoop d his anointed head as low as death
This have I rumour d through the peasant towns
Between the royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm eaten hold of ragged stone
Where Hotspur s father old Northumberland,
Lies crafty sick the posts come tiring on
And not a man of them brings other news

Than they have learn d of me from Rumour s
tongues
They bring smooth comforts false worse than
true wrongs [Exit 40

ACT I

Scene I *The same*

Enter Lord Bardolph

L Bard Who keeps the gate here ho?

The Porter *opens the gate*

Where is the Earl?
Port What shall I say you are?
L Bard Tell thou the Earl
That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here
Port His lordship is walk d forth into the or
chard
Please it your honour knock but at the gate
And he himself will answer

Enter Northumberland

L Bard Here comes the Earl
[*Exit* Porter
North What news Lord Bardolph? every min
ute now
Should be the father of some stratagem
The times are wild contention like a horse
Full of high feeding madly hath broke loose 10
And bears down all before him
L Bard Noble Earl
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury
North Good an God will!
L Bard As good as heart can wish
The King is almost wounded to the death
And in the fortune of my lord your son
Prince Harry slain outright and both the
Blunts
Kill d by the hand of Douglas young Prince
John
And Westmoreland and Stafford fled the field
And Harry Monmouth s brawn the hulk Sir
John
Is prisoner to your son O such a day 20
So fought so follow d, and so fairly won,
Came not till now to d gnify the times
Since Cæsar s fortunes!
North How is this derived?
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?
L Ba d I spake with one my lord that came
from thence
A gentleman well bred and of good name
That freely render d me these news for true
North Here comes my servant Travers whom
I sent
On Tuesday last to listen after news

Enter Travers

L Bard My lord I over rode him on the way
And he is furnish d with no certainties 31
More than he haply may retail from me
North Now Travers what good tidings comes
with you?
Tra My lord Sir John Umfrevile turn d me
back
With joyful tidings and being better horsed,
Out rode me After him came spurring hard
A gentleman almost forspent with speed
That stopp d by me to breathe his bloodied horse
He ask d the way to Chester and of him
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury 40
He told me that rebellion had bad luck
And that young Harry Percy s spur was cold
With that he gave his able horse the head,
And bending forward struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel head and starting so
He seem d in running to devour the way
Staying no longer question
North Ha! Again
Said he young Harry Percy s spur was cold?
Of Hotspur Coldspur? that rebellion 50
Had met ill luck?
L Bard My lord I ll tell you what
If my young lord your son have not the day
Upon mine honour for a silken point
I ll give my barony never talk of it
North Why should that gentleman that rode by
Travers
Give then such instances of loss?
L Bard Who he?
He was some hilding fellow that had stolen
The horse he rode on and upon my life
Spoke at a venture Look here comes more news

Enter Morton

North Yea this man s brow like to a title leaf
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume 6
So looks the strand whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witness d usurpation
Say Morton didst thou come from Shrewsbury?
Mor I ran from Shrewsbury my noble lord
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask
To fright our party
North How doth my son and brother?
Thou tremblest and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand
Even such a man so faint so spiritless 70
So dull so dead in look so woe begone
Drew Priam s curtain in the dead of night
And would have told him half his Troy was
burnt

But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death ere thou report'st it.
This thou wouldst say, "Your son did thus and
thus;
Your brother thus; so fought the noble Douglas"
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:
But in the end, to stop my ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise, 80
Ending with "Brother, son, and all are dead."

Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet;
But, for my lord your son,—

North. Why, he is dead.
See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He that but fears the thing he would not know
Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak,
Morton;
Tell thou an earl his divination lies,
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong. 90

Mor. You are too great to be by me gainsaid:
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's
dead.
I see a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shakest thy head and hold'st it fear or sin
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so;
The tongue offends not that reports his death:
And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,
Not he which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news 100
Hath but a losing office, and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd tolling a departing friend.

L. Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is
dead.

Mor. I am sorry I should force you to believe
That which I would to God I had not seen;
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rendering faint quittance, wearied and out-
breathed,
To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat
down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth, 110
From whence with life he never more sprung up.
In few, his death, whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best temper'd courage in his troops;
For from his metal was his party steel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead:
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed, 120
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field. Then was that noble Wor-
cester
Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well labouring
sword
Had three times slain the appearance of the King,
'Gan vail his stomach and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs, and in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all 131
Is that the King hath won, and hath sent out
A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster
And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough to
mourn.
In poison there is physic; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well:
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life, 141
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms, even so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enraged with
grief,
Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou
nice crutch!
A scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly
quoif!
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron; and approach 150
The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring
To frown upon the enraged Northumberland!
Let heaven kiss earth! now let not Nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confined! let order die!
And let this world no longer be a stage
To feed contention in a lingering act;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead! 160

Tra. This strained passion doth you wrong,
my lord.

L. Bard. Sweet Earl, divorce not wisdom from
your honour.

Mor. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
And summ'd the account of chance, before you
said
"Let us make head." It was your presurmise
That, in the dole of blows, your son might drop:

You knew he walk d o er perils on an edge *170*
More likely to fall in than to get o er
You were advised his flesh was capable
Of wounds and scars and that his forward spirit
Would lift him where most trade of danger
  ranged
Yet did you say Go forth and none of this
Though strongly apprehended could restrain
The stiff borne action what hath then befallen,
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth
More than that being which was like to be?
L Bard We all that are engaged to this loss *180*
Knew that we ventured on such dangerous seas
That if we wrought out life twas ten to one
And yet we ventured for the gain proposed
Choked the respect of likely peril fear d
And since we are o erset venture again
Come we will all put forth body and goods
Mor Tis more than time and my most noble
  lord
I hear for certain and do speak the truth
The gentle Archbishop of York is up
With well appointed powers he is a man *190*
Who with a double surety binds his followers
My lord your son had only but the corpse
But shadows and the shows of men to fight
For that same word rebellion did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls
And they did fight with queasiness constrain d
As men drink potions that their weapons only
Seem d on our side but for their spirits and
  souls
This word rebellion it had froze them up
As fish are in a pond But now the Bishop *200*
Turns insurrection to religion
Supposed sincere and holy in his thoughts
He s followed both with body and with mind
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair King Richard scraped from Pomfret
  stones
Derives from heaven his quarrel and his cause
Tells them he doth bestride a bleed ng land
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke
And more and less do flock to follow him
North I knew of this before but to speak
  truth *210*
This present grief had wiped it from my mind
Go in with me and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety and revenge
Get posts and letters and make friends with
  speed
Never so few and never yet more need [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *London a street*

Enter FALSTAFF *with his* PAGE *bearing his sword and buckler*

Fal Sirrah you giant what says the doctor to my water?

Page He said sir the water itself was a good healthy water but for the party that owed it he might have more diseases than he knew for

Fal Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me the brain of this foolish-compounded clay man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter more than I invent or is invented on me I am not only witty in myself but the cause that wit is in other men I do here walk before thee like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one If the Prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off why then I have no judgement Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap than to wait at my heels I was never manned with an agate till now but I will inset you neither in gold nor silver but in vile apparel and send you back again to your master for a jewel—the juvenal the Prince your master whose chin is not yet fledged I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand than he shall get one on his cheek and yet he will not stick to say his face is a face royal God may finish it when he will tis not a hair amiss yet he may keep it still at a face royal for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it and yet he ll be crowing as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor He may keep his own grace but he s almost out of mine I can assure him What said Master Dombledon about the satin for my short cloak and my slops?

Page He said sir you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph he would not take his band and yours he liked not the security

Fal Let him be damned like the glutton! pray God his tongue be hotter! A whoreson Achitophel! a rascally yea forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand and then stand upon security! The whoreson smooth pates do now wear nothing but high shoes and bunches of keys at their girdles and if a man is through with them in honest taking up then they must stand upon security I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth as offer to stop it with security I looked a should have sent me two and twenty yards of satin as I am a true knight and he sends me security Well he may sleep in security for he hath the horn of abundance and the lightness of his wife shines through it and yet cannot he see though he have his own lanthorn to light him Where s Bardolph?

Page He s gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse

Fal I bought him in Paul s and he ll buy me a

horse in Smithfield an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were manned horsed, and wived

Enter the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE *and* SERVANT

Page Sir here comes the nobleman that committed the Prince for striking him about Bardolph

Fal Wait close I will not see him

Ch Just What s he that goes there?

Serv Falstaff an t please your lordship

Ch Just He that was in question for the robbery? 69

Serv He, my lord but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury, and, as I hear is now going with some charge to the Lord John of Lancaster

Ch Just What to York? Call him back again

Serv Sir John Falstaff!

Fal Boy, tell him I am deaf

Page You must speak louder my master is deaf

Ch Just I am sure he is, to the hearing of anything good Go, pluck him by the elbow, I must speak with him

Serv Sir John!

Fal What! a young knave, and begging! Is there not wars? is there not employment doth not the King lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it 90

Serv You mistake me sir

Fal Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat, if I had said so

Serv I pray you sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside, and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man

Fal I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou gettest any leave of me hang me, if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hanged You hunt counter hence! avaunt!

Serv Sir, my lord would speak with you

Ch Just Sir John Falstaff a word with you

Fal My good lord! God give your lordship good time of day I am glad to see your lordship abroad I heard say your lordship was sick I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice Your lordship though not clean past your youth hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverent care of your health

Ch Just Sir John I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury

Fal An t please your lordship I hear his Majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales

Ch Just I talk not of his Majesty you would not come when I sent for you 121

Fal And I hear, moreover, his Highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy

Ch Just Well, God mend him! I pray you let me speak with you

Fal This apoplexy is as I take it a kind of lethargy an t please your lordship a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling

Ch Just What tell you me of it? be it as it is 130

Fal It hath it original from much grief, from study and perturbation of the brain I have read the cause of his effects in Galen it is a kind of deafness

Ch Just I think you are fallen into the disease, for you hear not what I say to you

Fal Very well my lord, very well rather, an't please you it is the disease of not listening the malady of not marking that I am troubled withal 140

Ch Just To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears, and I care not if I do become your physician

Fal I am as poor as Job my lord but not so patient your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me in respect of poverty, but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeed a scruple itself

Ch Just I sent for you when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me

Fal As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land service, I did not come

Ch Just Well the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy

Fal He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less

Ch Just Your means are very slender and your waste is great 160

Fal I would it were otherwise, I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer

Ch Just You have misled the youthful Prince

Fal The young Prince hath misled me I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog

Ch Just Well I am loath to gall a new-healed wound your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night s exploit on Gadshill you may thank the unquiet time for o er posting that action.

Fal My lord

Ch Just But since all is well keep it so wake not a sleeping wolf

Fal To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox

Ch Just What you are as a candle the better part burnt out

Fal A wassail candle my lord all tallow if I did say of wax my growth would approve the truth *181*

Ch Just There is not a white hair on your face but should have his effect of gravity

Fal His effect of gravy gravy gravy

Ch Just You follow the young Prince up and down like his ill angel

Fal Not so my lord your ill angel is light but I hope he that looks upon me will take me with out weighing and yet in some respects I grant I cannot go I cannot tell Virtue is of so little regard in these costermonger times that true valour is turned bear herd pregnancy is made a tapster and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings all the other gifts appertinent to man as the malice of this age shapes them are not worth a gooseberry You that are old con sider not the capacities of us that are young you do measure the heat of our livers with the bitter ness of your galls and we that are in the vaward of our youth I must confess are wags too *200*

Ch Just Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? is not your voice broken? *your wind short*? *your chin* double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fie fie fie Sir John! *09*

Fal My lord I was born about three of the clock *in the afternoon with a white head and* something a round belly For my voice I have lost it with halloing and singing of anthems To approve my youth further I will not the truth is I am only old in judgement and understanding *and he that will caper with me for a thousand* marks let him lend me the money and have at him! For the box of the ear that the Prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince and you took it like a sensible lord I have checked him for it *and the young lion repents marry not in ashes* and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack

Ch Just Well God send the Prince a better companion!

Fal God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him

Ch Just Well the King hath severed you and Prince Harry I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster against the Archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland *230*

Fal Yea I thank your pretty sweet wit for it But look you pray all you that kiss my lady *Peace at home that our armies join not in a hot* day for by the Lord I take but two shirts out with me and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily if it be a hot day and I brandish anything but a bottle I would I might never spit white again There is not a dangerous action can peep *out his* head but I am thrust upon it well I cannot last ever but it was alway yet the trick of our English nation if they have a good thing to make it too common If ye will needs say I am an old man you should give me rest I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is I were better to be eaten to death with a rust than to be scoured to nothing with perpe tual motion

Ch Just Well be honest be honest and God bless your expedition!

Fal Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth? *251*

Ch Just Not a penny not a penny you are too impatient to bear crosses Fare you well commend me to my cousin Westmoreland

[*Exeunt* CHIEF JUSTICE *and* SERVANT

Fal If I do fillip me with a three man beetle A man can no more *separate age* and covetous ness than a can part young limbs and lechery but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other and so both the degrees prevent my curses Boy! *260*

Page Sir?

Fal What money is in my purse?

Page Seven groats and two pence

Fal I can get no remedy against this con sumption of the purse borrowing only lingers *and lingers it out but the disease is incurable* Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster this to the Prince this to the Earl of Westmoreland and this to old Mistress Ursula whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first *white hair on my chin About it* you know where to find me [*Exit* PAGE] A pox of this gout! or a gout of this pox! for the one or the other plays the rogue with my great toe Tis no matter if I do halt I have the wars for my colour and my pension shall seem the more *reasonable* A good wit will make use of anything I will turn diseases to commodity [*Exit*

SCENE III *York the Archbishop s palace*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP *the* LORDS HASTINGS MOWBRAY *and* BARDOLPH

Arch Thus have you heard our cause and known our means

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes
And first, Lord Marshal, what say you to it?
Mowb I well allow the occasion of our arms,
But gladly would be better satisfied
How in our means we should advance ourselves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance of the King
Hast Our present musters grow upon the file 10
To five and twenty thousand men of choice
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries
L Bard The question then, Lord Hastings, standeth thus,
Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland?
Hast With him, we may
L Bard Yea, marry, there s the point
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgement is, we should not step too far 20
Till we had his assistance by the hand
For in a theme so bloody-faced as this
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids incertain should not be admitted
Arch Tis very true, Lord Bardolph, for indeed
It was young Hotspur s case at Shrewsbury
L Bard It was, my lord, who lined himself with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flattering himself in project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts
And so, with great imagination 31
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death
And winking leap d into destruction
Hast But, by your leave it never yet did hurt
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope
L Bard Yes, if this present quality of war,
Indeed the instant action a cause on foot
Lives so in hope as in an early spring
We see the appearing buds which to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant as despair 40
That frosts will bite them When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot then draw the model,
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection,
Which if we find outweighs ability
What do we then but draw anew the model
In fewer offices or at last desist
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,
Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down
And set another up should we survey 50
The plot of situation and the model,
Consent upon a sure foundation
Question surveyors, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo
To weigh against his opposite or else
We fortify in paper and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men
Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it who, half through,
Gives o'er and leaves his part-created cost 60
A naked subject to the weeping clouds
And waste for churlish winter s tyranny
Hast Grant that our hopes yet likely of fair birth,
Should be still born and that we now possess'd
The utmost man of expectation
I think we are a body strong enough
Even as we are, to equal with the King
L Bard What, is the King but five and twenty thousand?
Hast To us no more, nay, not so much, Lord Bardolph
For his divisions, as the times do brawl 70
Are in three heads one power against the French,
And one against Glendower perforce a third
Must take up us so is the unfirm King
In three divided, and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness
Arch That he should draw his several strengths together
And come against in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded
Hast If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm d the French and Welsh
Baying him at the heels never fear that 80
L Bard Who is it like should lead his forces hither?
Hast The Duke of Lancaster and Westmoreland,
Against the Welsh himself and Harry Monmouth
But who is substituted gainst the French
I have no certain notice
Arch Let us on
And publish the occasion of our arms
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice,
Their over greedy love hath surfeited
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart 90
O thou fond many, with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou wouldst have him be!
And being now trimm d in thine own desires,
Thou beastly feeder art so full of him
That thou provokest thyself to cast him up
So, so thou common dog didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard,
And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl st to find it What trust is in these times?

They that when Richard lived would have him die 101
Are now become enamour d on his grave
Thou that threw st dust upon his goodly head
When through proud London he came sighing on
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke
Criest now O earth yield us that king again
And take thou this! O thoughts of men accursed!
Past and to come seems best things present worst

Mowb Shall we go draw our numbers and set on?

Hast We are time s subjects and time bids be gone [*Exeunt* 110

ACT II

Scene I *London a street*

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY FANG *and his Boy with her and* SNARE *following*

Quick Master Fang have you entered the action?

Fang It is entered

Quick Where s your yeoman? Is t a lusty yeoman? will a stand to t?

Fang Sirrah where s Snare?

Quick O Lord ay good Master Snare

Snare Here here

Fang Snare we must arrest Sir John Falstaff

Quick Yea good Master Snare I have entered him and all 11

Snare It may chance cost some of us our lives for he will stab

Quick Alas the day! take heed of him he stabbed me in mine own house and that most beastly in good faith he cares not what mischief he does if his weapon be out he will foin like any devil he will spare neither man woman nor child

Fang If I can close with him I care not for his thrust 21

Quick No nor I neither I ll be at your elbow

Fang An I but fist him once an a come but within my vice—

Quick I am undone by his going I warrant you he s an infinitive thing upon my score Good Master Fang hold him sure good Master Snare let him not scape A comes continuantly to Pie corner—saving your manhoods—to buy a saddle and he is indited to dinner to the Lubber s head in Lumbert street to Master Smooth s the silk man I pray ye since my exion is entered and my case so openly known to the world let him be brought in to his answer A hundred mark is a long one for a poor lone woman to bear and I have borne and borne and borne and have been fubbed off and fubbed off and fubbed off from this day to that day that it is a shame to be thought on There is no honesty in such dealing unless a woman should be made an ass and a beast to bear every knave s wrong Yonder he comes and that arrant malmsey nose knave Bardolph with him Do your offices do your offices Master Fang and Master Snare do me do me do me your offices

Enter FALSTAFF PAGE *and* BARDOLPH

Fal How now! whose mare s dead? what s the matter?

Fang Sir John I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly 49

Fal Away varlets! Draw Bardolph cut me off the villain s head throw the quean in the channel

Quick Throw me in the channel! I ll throw thee in the channel Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue! Murder murder! Ah thou honey suckle villain! wilt thou kill God s officers and the king s? Ah thou honey seed rogue! thou art a honey seed a man-queller and a woman queller

Fal Keep them off Bardolph 60

Fang A rescue! a rescue!

Quick Good people bring a rescue or two Thou wo t wo t thou? thou wo t wo t ta? do do thou rogue! do thou hemp-seed!

Fal Away you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I ll tickle your catastrophe

Enter the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE *and his men*

Ch Just What is the matter? keep the peace here ho!

Quick Good my lord be good to me I beseech you stand to me 70

Ch Just How now Sir John! what are you brawling here?
Doth this become your place your time and business?
You should have been well on your way to *York*
Stand from him fellow wherefore hang st upon him?

Quick O my most worshipful lord an t please your Grace I am a poor widow of Eastcheap and he is arrested at my suit

Ch Just For what sum?

Quick It is more than for some my lord it is for all all I have He hath eaten me out of house and home he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his but I will have some of it out again or I will ride thee o nights like the mare

Fal I think I am as like to ride the mare if I have any vantage of ground to get up

Ch Just How comes this Sir John? Fie!

what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own? 90

Fal What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Quick Marry, if thou wert an honest man thyself and the money too Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea coal fire upon Wednesday in Wheeson week when the Prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing man of Windsor, thou didst swear to me then as I was washing thy wound to marry me and make me my lady thy wife Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher s wife come in then and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar, telling us she had a good dish of prawns, whereby thou didst desire to eat some, whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone downstairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book oath deny it if thou canst

Fal My lord this is a poor mad soul and she says up and down the town that her eldest son is like you she hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her But for these foolish officers, I beseech you I may have redress against them

Ch Just Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way It is not a confident brow nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration you have as it appears to me practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman and made her serve your uses both in purse and in person

Quick Yea, in truth my lord

Ch Just Pray thee, peace Pay her the debt you owe her and unpay the villainy you have done her the one you may do with sterling money and the other with current repentance

Fal My lord I will not undergo this sneap without reply You call honourable boldness impudent sauciness if a man will make courtesy and say nothing he is virtuous no, my lord, my humble duty remembered I will not be your suitor I say to you I do desire deliverance from these officers being upon hasty employment in the King s affairs 140

Ch Just You speak as having power to do wrong but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman

Fal Come hither, hostess

Enter GOWER

Ch Just Now Master Gower, what news?

Gow The King, my lord and Harry Prince of Wales
Are near at hand the rest the paper tells

Fal As I am a gentleman

Quick Faith you said so before

Fal As I am a gentleman Come no more words of it 151

Quick By this heavenly ground I tread on I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining chambers

Fal Glasses glasses, is the only drinking and for thy walls a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the Prodigal or the German hunting in water-work is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings and these fly-bitten tapestries Let it be ten pound if thou canst Come an twere not for thy humours, there s not a better wench in England Go wash thy face, and draw the action Come thou must not be in this humour with me dost not know me? come, come, I know thou wast set on to this

Quick Pray thee Sir John let it be but twenty nobles i faith, I am loath to pawn my plate so God save me la!

Fal Let it alone, I ll make other shift you'll be a fool still 170

Quick Well, you shall have it though I pawn my gown I hope you'll come to supper You ll pay me all together?

Fal Will I live? [*To* BARDOLPH] Go with her, with her hook on, hook on

Quick Will you have Doll Tearsheet meet you at supper?

Fal No more words, let s have her

[*Exeunt* MISTRESS QUICKLY BARDOLPH, *Officers and Boy*

Ch Just I have heard better news

Fal What s the news my lord? 180

Ch Just Where lay the King last night?

Gow At Basingstoke my lord

Fal I hope my lord all s well what is the news my lord?

Ch Just Come all his forces back?

Gow No fifteen hundred foot five hundred horse
Are march'd up to my Lord of Lancaster
Against Northumberland and the Archbishop

Fal Comes the King back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch Just You shall have letters of me presently

Come go along with me good Master Gower
Fal My lord!
Ch Just What's the matter?
Fal Master Gower shall I entreat you with me to dinner?
Gow I must wait upon my good lord here I thank you good Sir John
Ch Just Sir John you loiter here too long being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go 200
Fal Will you sup with me Master Gower?
Ch Just What foolish master taught you these manners Sir John?
Fal Master Gower if they become me not he was a fool that taught them me This is the right fencing grace my lord tap for tap *and so part fair*
Ch Just Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *London another street*

Enter PRINCE HENRY *and* POINS

Prince Before God, I am exceeding weary
Poins Is't come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood
Prince Faith it does me though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?
Poins Why a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition
Prince Belike then my appetite was not princely got for by my troth I do now remember the poor creature small beer But indeed these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name! or to know thy face tomorrow! or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast viz these and those that were thy peach coloured ones! or to bear the inventory of thy shirts as one for superfluity and another for use! But that the tennis-court keeper knows better than I for it is a low ebb of linen with thee when thou keepest not racket there as thou hast not done a great while because the rest of thy low countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland and God knows whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen shall inherit his kingdom but the midwives say the children are not in the fault whereupon the world increases and kindreds are mightily strengthened
Poins How ill it follows after you have laboured so hard you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?
Prince Shall I tell thee one thing Poins?
Poins Yes faith and let it be an excellent good thing
Prince It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine
Poins Go to I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell 41
Prince Marry I tell thee it is not meet that I should be sad now my father is sick albeit I could tell to thee as to one it pleases me for fault of a better to call my friend, I could be sad, and sad indeed too
Poins Very hardly upon such a subject
Prince By this hand, thou thinkest me as far in the devil's book as thou and Falstaff for obduracy and persistency let the end try the man But I tell thee my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow
Poins The reason?
Prince What wouldst thou think of me if I should weep?
Poins I would think thee a most princely hypocrite 59
Prince It would be every man's thought and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks never a man's thought in the world keeps the road way better than thine every man would think me an hypocrite indeed And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?
Poins Why because you have been so lewd and so much engraffed to Falstaff
Prince And to thee
Poins By this light I am well spoke on I can hear it with mine own ears the worst that they can say of me is that I am a second brother and that I am a proper fellow of my hands and those two things I confess I cannot help By the mass, here comes Bardolph

Enter BARDOLPH *and* PAGE

Prince And the boy that I gave Falstaff a had him from me Christian and look if the fat villain have not transformed him ape
Bard God save your Grace
Prince And yours most noble Bardolph! 79
Bard Come you virtuous ass you bashful fool must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man at arms are you become! Is't such a matter to get a pottle pot's maidenhead?
Page A calls e'en now my lord through a red lattice and I could discern no part of his face from the window at last I spied his eyes and methought he had made two holes in the

ale wife's new petticoat and so peeped through

Prince Has not the boy profited? *90*

Bard Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

Page Away, you rascally Althæa's dream away!

Prince Instruct us, boy, what dream boy?

Page Marry, my lord, Althæa dreamed she was delivered of a fire-brand, and therefore I call him her dream

Prince A crown s worth of good interpretation there 'tis, boy *100*

Poins O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers! Well there is sixpence to preserve thee

Bard An you do not make him hanged among you the gallows shall have wrong

Prince And how doth thy master Bardolph?

Bard Well my lord He heard of your Grace s coming to town there s a letter for you

Poins Delivered with good respect And how doth the martlemas, your master? *110*

Bard In bodily health, sir

Poins Marry, the immortal part needs a physician but that moves not him though that be sick it dies not

Prince I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog and he holds his place, for look you how he writes

Poins [*Reads*] "John Falstaff, knight"—every man must know that as oft as he has occasion to name himself even like those that are kin to the king for they never prick their finger but they say "There's some of the King s blood spilt" 'How comes that?' says he, that takes upon him not to conceive The answer is as ready as a borrower's cap, "I am the King's poor cousin sir"

Prince Nay, they will be kin to us or they will fetch it from Japhet But to the letter

Poins [*Reads*] "Sir John Falstaff, knight to the son of the King, nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales greeting" Why this is a certificate

Prince Peace!

Poins [*Reads*] "I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity" he sure means brevity in breath short-winded "I commend me to thee I commend thee and I leave thee Be not too familiar with Poins for he misuses thy favours so much that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell Repent at idle times as thou mayest and so farewell *141*

'Thine by yea and no which is as much as to say, as thou usest him *Jack Falstaff* with my familiars *John* with my brothers and sisters, and *Sir John* with all Europe'

My lord I'll steep this letter in sack and make him eat it

Prince That s to make him eat twenty of his words But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister? *151*

Poins God send the wench no worse fortune! But I never said so

Prince Well, thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us Is your master here in London?

Bard Yea my lord

Prince Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank? *160*

Bard At the old place my lord in Eastcheap

Prince What company?

Page Ephesians my lord of the old church

Prince Sup any women with him?

Page None, my lord but old Mistress Quickly and Mistress Doll Tearsheet

Prince What pagan may that be?

Page A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master s *170*

Prince Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull Shall we steal upon them Ned at supper?

Poins I am your shadow my lord I'll follow you

Prince Sirrah you boy, and Bardolph no word to your master that I am yet come to town there s for your silence

Bard I have no tongue sir

Page And for mine sir I will govern it *180*

Prince Fare you well, go [*Exeunt* BARDOLPH *and* PAGE] This Doll Tearsheet should be some road

Poins I warrant you as common as the way between Saint Alban s and London

Prince How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to night in his true colours and not ourselves be seen?

Poins Put on two leathern jerkins and aprons and wait upon him at his table as drawers *191*

Prince From a God to a bull? a heavy descension! it was Jove s case From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine for in every thing the purpose must weigh with the folly Follow me, Ned [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *Warkworth before the castle*

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND LADY NORTHUMBERLAND *and* LADY PERCY

North I pray thee loving wife and gentle daughter

Give even way unto my rough affairs
Put not you on the visage of the times
And be like them to Percy troublesome

Lady N I have given over I will speak no more
Do what you will your wisdom be your guide

North Alas sweet wife my honour is at pawn
And but my going nothing can redeem it

Lady P O yet for God s sake go not to these wars!
The time was father that you broke your word
When you were more endear d to it than now *11*
When your own Percy when my heart s dear Harry
Threw many a northward look to see his father
Bring up his powers but he did long in vain
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
There were two honours lost yours and your son s
For yours the God of heaven brighten it!
For his is stuck upon him as the sun
In the grey vault of heaven and by his light
Did all the chivalry of England move *20*
To do brave acts he was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves
He had no legs that practised not his gait
And speaking thick which nature made his blemish
Became the accents of the valiant
For those that could speak low and tardily
Would turn their own perfection to abuse
To seem like him so that in speech in gait
In diet in affections of delight
In military rules humours of blood *30*
He was the mark and glass copy and book
That fashion d others And him O wondrous him!
O miracle of men! him did you leave
Second to none unseconded by you
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage to abide a field
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur s name
Did seem defensible so you left him
Never O never do his ghost the wrong
To hold your honour more precise and nice *40*
With others than with him let them alone
The Marshal and the Archbishop are strong
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers
To-day might I hanging on Hotspur s neck
Have talk d of Monmouth s grave

North Beshrew your heart
Fair daughter you do draw my spirits from me
With new lamenting ancient oversights
But I must go and meet with danger there
Or it will seek me in another place
And find me worse provided

Lady N O fly to Scotland *50*
Till that the nobles and the armed commons
Have of their puissance made a little taste

Lady P If they get ground and vantage of the King
Then join you with them like a rib of steel
To make strength stronger but for all our loves
First let them try themselves So did your son
He was so suffer d so came I a widow
And never shall have length of life enough
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven
For recordation to my noble husband *61*

North Come come go in with me Tis with my mind
As with the tide swell d up unto his height
That makes a still stand running neither way
Fain would I go to meet the Archbishop
But many thousand reasons hold me back
I will resolve for Scotland there am I
Till time and vantage crave my company
[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *London the Boar s head Tavern in Eastcheap*

Enter TWO DRAWERS

1st Draw What the devil hast thou brought there? Apple johns? thou knowest Sir John cannot endure an apple john

2nd Draw Mass thou sayest true The Prince once set a dish of apple johns before him and told him there were five more Sir Johns and putting off his hat said I will now take my leave of these six dry round old withered knights It angered him to the heart but he hath forgot that *10*

1st Draw Why then cover and set them down and see if thou canst find out Sneak s noise Mistress Tearsheet would fain hear some music Dispatch the room where they supped is too hot they ll come in straight

2nd Draw Sirrah here will be the Prince and Master Poins anon and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons and Sir John must not know of it Bardolph hath brought word *20*

1st Draw By the mass here will be old utis it will be an excellent stratagem

2nd Draw I ll see if I can find out Sneak [*Exit*

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY *the Hostess and* DOLL TEARSHEET

Quick I faith sweetheart methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality your pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire and your colour I warrant you is as

red as any rose, in good truth la! But, i' faith, you have drunk too much canaries and that's a marvellous searching wine and it perfumes the blood ere one can say 'What's this?' How do you now?

Dol Better than I was hem!

Quick Why, that's well said a good heart's worth gold Lo, here comes Sir John

Enter FALSTAFF

Fal [*Singing*] "When Arthur first in court" —Empty the jordan [*Exit* FIRST DRAWER] — [*Singing*] "And was a worthy king' How now, Mistress Doll!

Quick Sick of a calm yea, good faith 40

Fal So is all her sect, an they be once in a calm they are sick

Dol You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll

Dol I make them! gluttony and diseases make them, I make them not

Fal If the cook help to make the gluttony you help to make the diseases, Doll we catch of you, Doll we catch of you, grant that my poor virtue grant that 51

Dol Yea, joy, our chains and our jewels

Fal "Your brooches, pearls, and ouches" for to serve bravely is to come halting off you know to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely, to venture upon the charged chambers bravely—

Dol Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself! 59

Quick By my troth, this is the old fashion you two never meet but you fall to some discord you are both i' good truth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts you cannot one bear with another's confirmities What the good year! one must bear, and that must be you you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel

Dol Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him, you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack thou art going to the wars and whether I shall ever see thee again or no there is nobody cares

Re-enter FIRST DRAWER

1st Draw Sir Ancient Pistol's below, and would speak with you

Dol Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither it is the foul mouthed'st rogue in England

Quick If he swagger let him not come here no by my faith, I must live among my neighbours, I'll no swaggerers I am in good name and fame with the very best shut the door, there comes no swaggerers here I have not lived all this while to have swaggering now shut the door, I pray you

Fal Dost thou hear hostess?

Quick Pray ye pacify yourself Sir, John there comes no swaggerers here

Fal Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient 89

Quick Tilly fally Sir John ne'er tell me your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors I was before Master Tisick the deputy t'other day and, as he said to me 'twas no longer ago than Wednesday last "I good faith neighbour Quickly says he, Master Dumbe our minister, was by then 'neighbour Quickly, says he, "receive those that are civil, for," said he you are in an ill name" now a said so I can tell whereupon, "for," says he "you are an honest woman and well thought on, therefore take heed what guests you receive receive," says he, "no swaggering companions There comes none here you would bless you to hear what he said no I'll no swaggerers

Fal He's no swaggerer, hostess, a tame cheater, i' faith, you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound he'll not swagger with a Barbary hen if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance Call him up drawer

[*Exit* FIRST DRAWER

Quick Cheater call you him? I will bar no honest man from my house, nor no cheater but I do not love swaggering, by my troth I am the worse, when one says swagger feel masters, how I shake look you I warrant you

Dol So you do, hostess

Quick Do I? yea in very truth do I an 'twere an aspen leaf I cannot abide swaggerers

Enter PISTOL BARDOLPH *and* PAGE

Pist God save you Sir John! 119

Fal Welcome, Ancient Pistol Here Pistol I charge you with a cup of sack do you discharge upon mine hostess

Pist I will discharge upon her, Sir John with two bullets

Fal She is pistol proof sir you shall hardly offend her

Quick Come I'll drink no proofs nor no bullets I'll drink no more than will do me good for no man's pleasure I

Pist Then to you Mistress Dorothy I will charge you

Dol Charge me! I scorn you scurvy

panion What' you poor base rascally cheat ing lack linen mate' Away you mouldy rogue away' I am meat for your master

Pist I know you Mistress Dorothy

Dol Away you cut purse rascal' you filthy bung away' by this wine I ll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps an you play the saucy cuttle with me Away you bottle ale rascal' you basket hilt stale juggler you' Since when I pray you sir? God s light with two points on your shoulder? much

Pist God let me not live but I will murder your ruff for this

Fal No more Pistol I would not have you go off here discharge yourself of our company Pistol

Quick No good Captain Pistol not here sweet captain *150*

Dol Captain' thou abominable damned cheater art *thou not ashamed to be called captain? An* captains were of my mind they would truncheon you out for taking their names upon you before you have earned them You a captain you slave for what? for tearing a poor whore s ruff in a bawdy house? He a captain' hang him rogue' he lives upon mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes A captain' God s light these villains will make the word as odious as the word *occupy* which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted therefore captains had need look to t

Bard Pray thee go down good ancient

Fal Hark thee hither Mistress Doll

Pist Not I I tell thee what Corporal Bar dolph I could tear her I ll be revenged of her

Page Pray thee go down

Pist I ll see her damned first to Pluto s damned lake by this hand to the infernal deep with Erebus and tortures vile also Hold hook and line say I Down down dogs' down faitors' Have we not Hiren here?

Quick Good Captain Peesel be quiet tis very late i faith I beseek you now aggravate your choler

Pist These be good humors indeed' Shall pack horses

And hollow pamper d jades of Asia

Which cannot go but thirty mile a-day

Compare with Cæsars and with Cannibals *180*

And Trojan Greeks? nay rather damn them with

King Cerberus and let the welkin roar

Shall we fall foul for toys?

Quick By my troth captain these are very bitter words

Bard Be gone good ancient this will grow to a brawl anon

Pist Die men like dogs' give crowns like pins'

Have we not Hiren here? *189*

Quick O *my word captain there s none such* here What the good year' do you think I would deny her? For God s sake be quiet

Pist Then feed and be fat my fair Calipolis

Come give s some sack

Si fortune me tormente sperato me contento

Fear we broadsides? no let the fiend give fire

Give me some sack and sweetheart lie thou there [*Laying down his sword*]

Come we to full points here and are etceteras nothing?

Fal Pistol I would be quiet

Pist Sweet knight I kiss thy neif what' we have seen the seven stars *201*

Dol For God s sake thrust him downstairs I cannot endure such a fustian rascal

Pist Thrust him downstairs' know we not Galloway nags?

Fal Quoit him down Bardolph like a shove groat shilling nay and a do nothing but speak nothing a shall be nothing here

Bard Come get you downstairs

Pist What' shall we have incision? shall we imbrue? [*Snatching up his sword*] *210*

Then death rock me asleep abridge my doleful days'

Why then let grievous ghastly gaping wounds

Untwine the Sisters Three' Come Atropos I say'

Quick Here s goodly stuff toward'

Fal Give me my rapier boy

Dol I pray thee Jack I pray thee do not draw

Fal Get you down stairs

Drawing and driving PISTOL *out*

Quick Here s a goodly tumult' *I ll forswear* keeping house afore I ll be in these tirrits and frights So murder I warrant now Alas alas' put up your naked weapons put up your naked weapons [*Exeunt* PISTOL *and* BARDOLPH

Dol I pray thee Jack be quiet the rascal s gone Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain you'

Quick Are you not hurt i the groin? methought a made a shrewd thrust at your belly

Re-enter BARDOLPH

Fal Have you turned him out o doors?

Bard Yea, sir The rascal s drunk you have hurt him sir i the shoulder *231*

Fal A rascal' to brave me'

Dol Ah you sweet little rogue you' Alas poor ape how thou sweatest' come let me wipe thy face come on you whoreson chops ah rogue' i faith I love thee thou art as valorous as *Hector of Troy worth five of Agamemnon,* and

ten times better than the Nine Worthies ah, villain!

Fal A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket 241

Dol Do, an thou darest for thy heart an thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets

Enter Music

Page The music is come, sir

Fal Let them play Play, sirs Sit on my knee, Doll A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver

Dol I' faith, and thou followedst him like a church Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o days and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter, behind, PRINCE HENRY *and* POINS, *disguised*

Fal Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death s head, do not bid me remember mine end

Dol Sirrah what humour's the Prince of?

Fal A good shallow young fellow a' would have made a good pantler, a would ha' chipped bread well

Dol They say Poins has a good wit 260

Fal He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit s as thick as Tewksbury mustard, there s no more conceit in him than is in a mallet

Dol Why does the Prince love him so, then?

Fal Because their legs are both of a bigness and a' plays at quoits well, and eats conger and fennel, and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons, and rides the wild mare with the boys, and jumps upon joined stools, and swears with a good grace and wears his boots very smooth like unto the sign of the leg and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories, and such other gambol faculties a' has, that show a weak mind and an able body for the which the Prince admits him for the Prince himself is such another, the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois

Prince Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins Let s beat him before his whore 280

Prince Look, whether the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot

Poins Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?

Fal Kiss me, Doll

Prince Saturn and Venus this year in con junction! what says the almanac to that?

Poins And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lisping to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel keeper 290

Fal Thou dost give me flattering busses

Dol By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart

Fal I am old I am old

Dol I love thee better than I love e er a scurvy young boy of them all

Fal What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall receive money o' Thursday shalt have a cap to-morrow A merry song come it grows late, we ll to bed Thou lt forget me when I am gone

Dol By my troth thou lt set me a weeping an thou sayest so prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return well hearken at the end

Fal Some sack Francis

Prince / *Poins* } Anon, anon, sir [*Coming forward*

Fal Ha! a bastard son of the King s? And art not thou Poins his brother?

Prince Why thou globe of sinful continents what a life dost thou lead! 310

Fal A better than thou I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer

Prince Very true, sir, and I come to draw you out by the ears

Quick O the Lord preserve thy good Grace! by my troth, welcome to London Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu are you come from Wales?

Fal Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome 321

Dol How you fat fool! I scorn you

Poins My lord he will drive you out of your revenge and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat

Prince You whoreson candle mine, you how vilely did you speak of me even now before this honest virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

Quick God s blessing of your good heart! and so she is by my troth 330

Fal Didst thou hear me?

Prince Yea and you knew me as you did when you ran away by Gadshill you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience

Fal No no, no not so, I did not think thou wast within hearing

Prince I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse and then I know how to handle you

Fal No abuse Hal o' mine honour, no abuse

Prince Not to dispraise me and pantler and bread-chipper and I

Fal No abuse Hal

Poins No abuse?

Fal No abuse Ned i the world honest Ned none I dispraised him before the wicked that the wicked might not fall in love with him in which doing I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject and thy father is to give me thanks for it No abuse Hal none Ned none no faith boys none 351

Prince See now whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us Is she of the wicked? is thine hostess here of the wicked? or is thy boy of the wicked? or honest Bardolph whose zeal burns in his nose of the wicked?

Poins Answer thou dead elm answer

Fal The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable and his face is Lucifer s privy kitchen where he doth nothing but roast malt worms For the boy there is a good angel about him but the devil outbids him too

Prince For the women?

Fal For one of them she is in hell already and burns poor souls For the other I owe her money and whether she be damned for that I know not

Quick No I warrant you 369

Fal No I think thou art not I think thou art quit for that Marry there is another indictment upon thee for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house contrary to the law for the which I think thou wilt howl

Quick All victuallers do so what s a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

Prince You gentlewoman—

Dol What says your Grace?

Fal His Grace says that which his flesh rebels against

Knocking within 380

Quick Who knocks so loud at door? Look to the door there Francis

Enter PETO

P ın Peto how now! what news?

P to The King your father is at Westminster
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts
Come from the north and as I came along
I met and overtook a dozen captains
Bare headed sweat ng knocking at the taverns
And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff

P ince By heaven Poins I feel me much to blame 390
So idly to profane the precious time
When tempest of commotion like the south
Borne with black vapour doth begin to melt
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads
Give me my sword and cloak Falstaff goodnight

[*Exeunt* PRINCE HENRY POINS PETO *and* BARDOLPH

Fal Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the the night and we must hence and leave it unpicked [*Knocking within*] More knocking at the door!

Re enter BARDOLPH

How now! what s the matter? 400

Bard You must away to court sir presently
A dozen captains stay at door for you

Fal [*To the* PAGE] Pay the musicians sirrah Farewell hostess farewell Doll You see my good wenches how men of merit are sought after the undeserver may sleep when the man of action is called on Farewell good wenches if I be not sent away post I will see you again ere I go

Dol I cannot speak if my heart be not ready to burst—well sweet Jack have a care of thyself

Fal Farewell farewell [*Exeunt* FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH

Q ick Well fare thee well I have known thee these twenty nine years come peascod time but an honester and truer hearted man—well fare thee well

Bard [*W thin*] Mistress Tearsheet!

Q ick What s the matter?

Bard [*Within*] Bid Mistress Tearsheet come to my master 419

Quick O run Doll run run good Doll come [*She comes blubbered*] Yea will you come Doll?

[*Exeunt*

ACT III

SCENE I *Westm nster the palace*

Enter the KING *in his n ghtgown with a Page*

King Go call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick
But ere they come bid them o er read these letters
And well consider of them make good speed

[*Exit Page*

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O Sleep O gentle Sleep
Nature s soft nurse how have I frighted thee
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather Sleep liest thou in smoky cribs
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee 10
And hush d with buzzing night flies to thy slumber
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great
Under the canopies of costly state
And lull d with sound of sweetest melody?

O thou dull god why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch
A watch-case or a common larum-bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy s eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge 20
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them
With deafening clamour in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou O partial Sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea boy in an hour so rude,
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then happy low lie down! 30
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown

Enter WARWICK *and* SURREY

War Many good morrows to your Majesty!
King Is it good morrow lords?
War 'Tis one o'clock, and past
King Why, then, good morrow to you all, my lords
Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?
War We have, my liege
King Then you perceive the body of our kingdom
How foul it is what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it 40
War It is but as a body yet distemper d,
Which to his former strength may be restored
With good advice and little medicine
My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool d
King O God! that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,
Weary of solid firmness melt itself
Into the sea! and other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean 50
Too wide for Neptune s hips, how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen
The happiest youth viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue
Would shut the book and sit him down and die
'Tis not ten years gone
Since Richard and Northumberland great friends,
Did feast together, and in two years after
Were they at wars it is but eight years since 60
This Percy was the man nearest my soul,
Who like a brother toil d in my affairs
And laid his love and life under my foot
Yea for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard
Gave him defiance But which of you was by—
You cousin Nevil as I may remember—
To WARWICK
When Richard, with his eye brimful of tears
Then check d and rated by Northumberland
Did speak these words now proved a prophecy?
"Northumberland thou ladder by the which 70
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne
Though then God knows I had no such intent,
But that necessity so bow d the state
That I and greatness were compell d to kiss
"The time shall come, thus did he follow it,
'The time will come that foul sin gathering head
Shall break into corruption so went on,
Foretelling this same time s condition
And the division of our amity
War There is a history in all men s lives, 80
Figuring the nature of the times deceased
The which observed a man may prophesy,
With a near aim of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life which in their seeds
And weak beginnings lie intreasured
Such things become the hatch and brood of time,
And by necessary form of this
King Richard might create a perfect guess
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness,
Which should not find a ground to root upon, 91
Unless on you
King Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities
And that same word even now cries out on us
They say the Bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong
War It cannot be my lord,
Rumour doth double like the voice and echo
The numbers of the fear d Please it your Grace
To go to bed Upon my soul my lord
The powers that you already have sent forth 100
Shall bring this prize in very easily
To comfort you the more I have receiv ed
A certain instance that Glendower is dead
Your Majesty hath been this fortnight ill
And these unseason d hours perforce must add
Unto your sickness
King I will take your counsel
And were these inward wars once out of hand
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Gloucestershire before Justice Shallow's house*

Enter SHALLOW *and* SILENCE, *meeting*, MOULDY, SHADOW WART FEEBLE BULLCALF *a Servant or two with them*

Shal Come on come on, come on sir, b

me your hand sir give me your hand sir an early stirrer by the rood And how doth my good cousin Silence?

Sil Good morrow good cousin Shallow

Shal And how doth my cousin your bedfellow? and your fairest daughter and mine my god-daughter Ellen?

Sil Alas a black ousel cousin Shallow! 9

Shal By yea and nay sir I dare say my cousin William is become a good scholar he is at Oxford still is he not?

Sil Indeed sir to my cost

Shal A must then to the Inns o Court shortly I was once of Clement s Inn where I think they will talk of mad Shallow yet

Sil You were called lusty Shallow then cousin

Shal By the mass I was called any thing and I would have done anything indeed too and roundly too There was I and little John Doit of Staffordshire and black George Barnes and Francis Pickbone and Will Squele a Cotswold man you had not four such swinge bucklers in all the Inns o Court again and I may say to you we knew where the bona robas were and had the best of them all at commandment Then was Jack Falstaff now Sir John a boy and page to Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk

Sil This Sir John cousin that comes hither anon about soldiers? 31

Shal The same Sir John the very same I see him break Skogan s head at the court-gate when a was a crack not thus high and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish a fruiterer behind Gray s Inn Jesu Jesu the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of my old acquaintance are dead!

Sil We shall all follow cousin 39

Shal Certain tis certain very sure very sure death as the Psalmist saith is certain to all all shall die How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil By my troth I was not there

Shal Death is certain Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil Dead sir

Shal Jesu Jesu dead a drew a good bow and dead! a shot a fine shoot John a Gaunt loved him well and betted much money on his head Dead! a would have clapped i the clout at twelve score and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half that it would have done a man s heart good to see How a score of ewes now?

Sil Thereafter as they be a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds

Shal And is old Double dead?

Sil Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think 60

Enter BARDOLPH *and one with him*

Bard Good morrow honest gentlemen I beseech you which is Justice Shallow?

Shal I am Robert Shallow sir a poor esquire of this county and one of the King s justices of the peace what is your good pleasure with me?

Bard My captain sir commends him to you my captain Sir John Falstaff a tall gentleman, by heaven and a most gallant leader

Shal He greets me well sir I knew him a good backsword man How doth the good knight? may I ask how my lady his wife doth? 71

Bard Sir pardon a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife

Shal It is well said in faith sir and it is well said indeed too Better accommodated! it is good yea indeed is it good phrases are surely and ever were very commendable Accommodated! it comes of *accommodo* very good a good phrase 79

Bard Pardon me sir I have heard the word Phrase call you it? by this good day I know not the phrase but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier like word and a word of exceeding good command by heaven Accommodated that is when a man is as they say accommodated or when a man is being whereby a may be thought to be accommodated which is an excellent thing

Shal It is very just 89

Enter FALSTAFF

Look here comes good Sir John Give me your good hand give me your worship s good hand by my troth you like well and bear your years very well welcome good Sir John

Fal I am glad to see you well good Master Robert Shallow Master Surecard as I think?

Shal No Sir John it is my cousin Silence in commission with me

Fal Good Master Silence it well befits you should be of the peace

Sil Your good worship is welcome 100

Fal Fie! this is hot weather gentlemen Have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shal Marry have we sir Will you sit?

Fal Let me see them I beseech you

Shal Where s the roll? where s the roll where s the roll? Let me see let me see see So so so so so so so yea marry sir Ralph Mouldy! Let them appear as I call !

them do so, let them do so Let me see, where is Mouldy? 111

Moul Here, an't please you

Shal What think you Sir John? a good limbed fellow young, strong, and of good friends

Fal Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul Yea an t please you

Fal 'Tis the more time thou wert used

Shal Ha, ha ha! most excellent, i' faith! things that are mouldy lack use very singular good! in faith, well said, Sir John, very well said

Fal Prick him 121

Moul I was pricked well enough before, an you could have let me alone my old dame will be undone now for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery you need not to have pricked me there are other men fitter to go out than I

Fal Go to peace, Mouldy, you shall go Mouldy it is time you were spent

Moul Spent! 129

Shal Peace, fellow, peace, stand aside know you where you are? For the other, Sir John let me see Simon Shadow!

Fal Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under he's like to be a cold soldier

Shal Where's Shadow?

Shad Here, sir

Fal Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad My mother s son, sir

Fal Thy mother's son! like enough, and thy father's shadow so the son of the female is the shadow of the male it is often so indeed, but much of the father's substance!

Shal Do you like him Sir John?

Fal Shadow will serve for summer prick him for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book

Shal Thomas Wart!

Fal Where's he

Wart Here sir

Fal Is thy name Wart? 150

Wart Yea sir

Fal Thou art a very ragged wart

Shal Shall I prick him down Sir John?

Fal It were superfluous for his apparel is built upon his back and the whole frame stands upon pins prick him no more

Shal Ha ha ha! you can do it, sir you can do it I commend you well Francis Feeble!

Fee Here, sir

Fal What trade art thou Feeble? 160

Fee A woman's tailor sir

Shal Shall I prick him sir?

Fal You may but if he had been a man s tailor, he ld ha' pricl ed you Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy s battle as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Fee I will do my good will, sir you can have no more

Fal Well said good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove or most magnanimous mouse Prick the woman s tailor well, Master Shallow, deep Master Shallow

Fee I would Wart might have gone sir

Fal I would thou wert a man s tailor, that thou mightest mend him and make him fit to go I cannot put him to a private soldier that is the leader of so many thousands let that suffice most forcible Feeble

Fee It shall suffice sir 180

Fal I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble Who is next?

Shal Peter Bullcalf o the green!

Fal Yea marry let s see Bullcalf

Bull Here sir

Fal 'Fore God, a likely fellow! Come, prick me Bullcalf till he roar again

Bull O Lord! good my lord captain—

Fal What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked? 190

Bull O Lord sir! I am a diseased man

Fal What disease hast thou?

Bull A whoreson cold sir a cough sir which I caught with ringing in the King s affairs upon his coronation-day sir

Fal Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown we will have away thy cold and I will take such order that thy friends shall ring for thee Is here all? 199

Shal Here is two more called than your number, you must have but four here, sir and so, I pray you go in with me to dinner

Fal Come I will go drink with you but I cannot tarry dinner I am glad to see you by my troth Master Shallow

Shal O Sir John do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George s field?

Fal No more of that, good Master Shallow no more of that

Shal Ha! 'twas a merry night And is Jane Nightwork alive? 211

Fal She lives Master Shallow

Shal She never could away with me

Fal Never, never, she would always say she could not abide Master Shallow

Shal By the mass I could anger her to the heart She was then a bona roba Doth she hold her own well?

Fal Old, old Master Shallow 219

Shal Nay she must be old she cannot choose but be old certain she s old and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork before I came to Clement s Inn

Sil That s fifty five year ago

Shal Ha cousin Silence that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen! Ha Sir John said I well?

Fal We have heard the chimes at midnight Master Shallow 229

Shal That we have, that we have that we have in faith Sir John we have our watchword was Hem boys! Come let s to dinner come let s to dinner Jesus the days that we have seen! Come come

[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF *and the* JUSTICES

Bull Good Master Corporate Bardolph stand my friend and here s four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you In very truth sir I had as lief be hanged sir as go and yet for mine own part sir I do not care but rather because I am unwilling and for mine own part have a desire to stay with my friends else, sir I did not care for mine own part so much

Bard Go to stand aside

Moul And good master corporal captain for my old dame s sake stand my friend she has nobody to do anything about her when I am gone and she is old and cannot help herself you shall have forty sir

Bard Go to stand aside 249

Fee By my troth I care not a man can die but once we owe God a death I ll ne er bear a base mind an t be my destiny so an t be not so no man is too good to serve s prince and let it go which way it will he that dies this year is quit for the next

Bard Well said thou rt a good fellow

Fee Faith I ll bear no base mind

Re-enter FALSTAFF *and the* JUSTICES

Fal Come sir which men hall I have?

Shal Four of which you please

Bard Sir a word with you I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bullcalf 261

Fal Go to well

Shal Come Sir John which four will you have?

Fal Do you choose for me

Shal Marry then Mouldy Bullcalf Feeble and Shadow

Fal Mouldy and Bullcalf for you Mouldy stay at home till you are past service and for your part Bullcalf grow till you come unto it I will none of you 271

Shal Sir John Sir John do not yourself wrong they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best

Fal Will you tell me Master Shallow how to choose a man? Care I for the limb the thewes the stature bulk and big assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit Master Shallow Here s Wart you see what a ragged appearance it is a shall charge you and discharge you with the motion of a pewterer s hammer come off and on swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer s bucket And this same half faced fellow Shadow give me this man he presents no mark to the enemy the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife And for a retreat how swiftly will this Feeble the woman s tailor run off! O give me the spare men and spare me the great ones Put me a caliver into Wart s hand Bardolph 290

Bard Hold Wart traverse thus thus thus

Fal Come manage me your caliver So very well go to very good exceeding good O give me always a little lean old chapt bald shot Well said i faith Wart thou rt a good scab hold there s a tester for thee

Shal He is not his craft s master he doth not do it right I remember at Mile end Green when I lay at Clement s Inn—I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur s show—there was a little quiver fellow and a would manage you his piece thus and a would about and about and come you in and come you in rah tah tah would a say bounce would a say and away again would a go and again would a come I shall ne er see such a fellow

Fal These fellows will do well Master Shallow God keep you Master Silence I will not use many words with you Fare you well gentlemen both I thank you I must a dozen mile to-night Bardolph give the soldiers coats 311

Shal Sir John the Lord bless you! God prosper your affairs! God send us peace! At your return visit our house let our old acquaintance be renewed peradventure I will with ye to the court

Fal Fore God I would you would Master Shallow

Shal Go to I have spoke at a word God keep you 320

Fal Fare you well gentle gentlemen [*Exeunt* JUSTICES] On Bardolph lead the men away [*Exeunt* BARDOLPH RECRUITS *&c*] As I return, I will fetch off these justices I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow Lord Lord how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth and the feats he hath done about Turnbull Street and every third

word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute I do remember him at Clement s Inn like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring when a was naked, he was for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife a was so forlorn that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible a' was the very genius of famine yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him mandrake a' came ever in the rearward of the fashion and sung those tunes to the over-scutched huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his fancies or his good nights And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John a Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him, and I ll be sworn a' ne'er saw him but once in the Tilt yard and then he burst his head for crowding among the marshal s men I saw it, and told John a Gaunt he beat his own name, for you might have thrust him and all his apparel into an eel skin the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him a court and now has he land and beefs Well, I'll be acquainted with him if I return and it shall go hard but I will make him a philosopher s two stones to me if the young dace be a bait for the old pike I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him Let time shape, and there an end [*Exit*

ACT IV

SCENE I *Yorkshire Gaultree Forest*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, *and others*

Arch What is this forest call d?
Hast 'Tis Gaultree Forest, an t shall please your Grace
Arch Here stand my lords, and send discoverers forth
To know the numbers of our enemies
Hast We have sent forth already
Arch 'Tis well done
My friends and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you that I have received
New-dated letters from Northumberland,
Their cold intent tenour, and substance, thus
Here doth he wish his person with such powers
As might hold sortance with his quality 11
The which he could not levy, whereupon
He is retired to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland and concludes in hearty prayers
That your attempts may overlive the hazard
And fearful meeting of their opposite
Mowb Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground
And dash themselves to pieces

Enter a MESSENGER

Hast Now, what news?
Mess West of this forest scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy, 20
And by the ground they hide I judge their number
Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand
Mowb The just proportion that we gave them out
Let us sway on and face them in the field
Arch What well appointed leader fronts us here?

Enter WESTMORELAND

Mowb I think it is my Lord of Westmoreland
West Health and fair greeting from our general,
The Prince Lord John and Duke of Lancaster
Arch Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in peace
What doth concern your coming?
West Then my lord, 30
Unto your Grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rags,
And countenanced by boys and beggary,
I say, if damn d commotion so appear d
In his true native and most proper shape
You reverend father, and these noble lords
Had not been here to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection 40
With your fair honours You Lord Archbishop,
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain d
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd,
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor d
Whose white investments figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself
Out of the speech of peace that bears such grace
Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war
Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances and your tongue divine 51
To a loud trumpet and a point of war?
Arch Wherefore do I this? so the question stands
Briefly to this end we are all diseased,
And with our surfeiting and wanton hours
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it of which disease
Our late king Richard being infected died
But my most noble Lord of Westmoreland
I take not on me here as a physician,

Nor do I as an enemy to peace
Troop in the throngs of military men
But rather show awhile like fearful war
To diet rank minds sick of happiness
And purge the obstructions which begin to stop
Our very veins of life Hear me more plainly
I have in equal balance justly weigh d
What wrongs our arms may do what wrongs we suffer
And find our griefs heavier than our offences
We see which way the stream of time doth run
And are enforced from our most quiet there 71
By the rough torrent of occasion
And have the summary of all our griefs
When time shall serve to show in articles
Which long ere this we offer d to the King
And might by no suit gain our audience
When we are wrong d and would unfold our griefs
We are denied access unto his person
Even by those men that most have done us wrong
The dangers of the days but newly gone 80
Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet appearing blood and the examples
Of every minute s instance present now
Hath put us in these ill beseeming arms
Not to break peace or any branch of it
But to establish here a peace indeed
Concurring both in name and quality
West When ever yet was your appeal denied?
Wherein have you been galled by the King?
What peer hath been suborn d to grate on you 90
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forged rebellion with a seal divine
And consecrate commotion s bitter edge?
Arch My brother general the commonwealth
To brother born an household cruelty
I make my quarrel in particular
West There is no need of any such redress
Or if there were it not belongs to you
Mowb Why not to him in part and to us all
That feel the bruises of the days before 100
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?
West O my good Lord Mowbray
Construe the times to their necessities
And you shall say indeed it is the time
And not the King that doth you injuries
Yet for your part it not appears to me
Either from the King or in the present time
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on were you not restored 110
To all the Duke of Norfolk s s gnories
Your noble and right well remember d father s?
Mowb What thing in honour had my father lost
That need to be revived and breathed in me?
The King that loved him as the state stood then
Was force perforce compell d to banish him
And then that Henry Bolingbroke and he
Being mounted and both roused in their seats
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur 119
Their armed staves in charge their beavers down
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel
And the loud trumpet blowing them together
Then then when there was nothing could have stay d
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke
O when the King did throw his warder down
His own life hung upon the staff he threw
Then threw he down himself and all their lives
That by indictment and by dint of sword
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke
West You speak Lord Mowbray now you know not what 130
The Earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman
Who knows on whom Fortune would then have smiled?
But if your father had been victor there
He ne er had borne it out of Coventry
For all the country in a general voice
Cried hate upon him and all their prayers and love
Were set on Hereford whom they doted on
And bless d and graced indeed more than the King
But this is mere digression from my purpose 140
Here come I from our princely general
To know your griefs to tell you from his Grace
That he will give you audience and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just
You shall enjoy them everything set off
That might so much as think you enemies
Mowb But he hath forced us to compel this offer
And it proceeds from policy not love
West Mowbray you overween to take it so
This offer comes from mercy not from fear 150
For lo! within a ken our army lies
Upon mine honour all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear
Our battle is more full of names than yours
Our men more perfect in the use of arms
Our armour all as strong our cause the best
Then reason will our hearts should be as good
Say you not then our offer is compell d

Moub Well by my will we shall admit no parley
West That argues but the shame of your offence 160
A rotten case abides no handling
Hast Hath the Prince John a full commission
In very ample virtue of his father
To hear and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?
West That is intended in the general s name
I muse you make so slight a question
Arch Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland, this schedule,
For this contains our general grievances
Each several article herein redress d, 170
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinew d to this action
Acquitted by a true substantial form
And present execution of our wills
To us and to our purposes confined,
We come within our awful banks again
And knit our powers to the arm of peace
West This will I show the general Please you, lords
In sight of both our battles we may meet
And either end in peace, which God so frame! 180
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it
Arch My lord we will do so
[*Exit* WESTMORELAND
Moub There is a thing within my bosom tells me
That no conditions of our peace can stand
Hast Fear you not that if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms and so absolute
As our conditions shall consist upon
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains
Moub Yea but our valuation shall be such
That every slight and false-derived cause, 190
Yea every idle, nice and wanton reason
Shall to the King taste of this action,
That were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow d with so rough a wind
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff
And good from bad find no partition
Arch No no my lord Note this the King is weary
Of dainty and such picking grievances
For he hath found to end one doubt by death
Revives two greater in the heirs of life 200
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean
And keep no tell tale to his memory
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance for full well he knows
He cannot so precisely weed this land
As his misdoubts present occasion
His foes are so enrooted with his friends
That, plucking to unfix an enemy
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend
So that this land like an offensive wife 210
That hath enraged him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking holds his infant up
And hangs resolved correction in the arm
That was uprear d to execution
Hast Besides the King hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement
So that his power like to a fangless lion
May offer but not hold
Arch Tis very true
And therefore be assured my good Lord Marshal
If we do now make our atonement well 221
Our peace will like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking
Moub Be it so
Here is return d my Lord of Westmoreland

Re enter WESTMORELAND

West The Prince is here at hand pleaseth your lordship
To meet his Grace just distance tween our armies
Moub Your Grace of York in God s name then set forward
Arch Before and greet his Grace my lord we come [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Another part of the forest*

Enter from one side MOWBRAY *attended, afterwards the* ARCHBISHOP HASTINGS *and others from the other side* PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER *and* WESTMORELAND, *Officers, and others with them*

Lan You are well encounter d here my cousin Mowbray
Good day to you gentle Lord Archbishop
And so to you Lord Hastings and to all
My Lord of York it better show d with you
When that your flock assembled by the bell
Encircled you to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text
Than now to see you here an iron man
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum
Turning the Word to sword and life to death 10
That man that sits within a monarch s heart
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour
Would he abuse the countenance of the King
Alack what mischiefs might be set abroach
In shadow of such greatness! With you Lord Bishop

It is even so Who hath not heard it spoken
How deep you were within the books of God?
To us the speaker in His parliament
To us the imagined voice of God himself
The very opener and intelligencer 20
Between the grace the sanctities of Heaven
And our dull workings O who shall believe
But you misuse the reverence of your place
Employ the countenance and grace of Heaven
As a fal e favourite doth his prince s name
In deeds dishonourable? You have ta en up
Under the counterfeited zeal of God
The subjects of His substitute my father
And both against the peace of Heaven and him
Have here up-swarm d them
Arch Good my Lord of Lancaster 30
I am not here against your father s peace
But as I told my Lord of Westmoreland
The time misorder d doth in common sense
Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form
To hold our safety up I sent your Grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief
The which hath been with scorn shoved from the
court
Whereon this Hydra son of war is born
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm d
asleep
With grant of our most just and right desires 40
And true obedience of this madness cure l
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty
Mowb If not we ready are to try our fortunes
To the la t man
Hast And though we here fall down,
We ha e supplies to second our attempt
If they miscarry theirs shall second them
And so success of mischief shall be born
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up
Whiles England shall have generation
Lan You are too shallow Hastings much too
shallow 50
To sound the bottom of the after t mes
West Pleaseth your Grace to answer them
directly
How far forth you do like their articles
Lan I like them all and do allow them well
And swear here by the honour of my blood
My father s purposes have been mistook
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning and authority
My lord these griefs shall be with speed re
dress d
Upon my soul they shall If this may please you
Discharge your powers unto their several coun
ties
As we will ours and here between the armies
Let s drink together friendly and embrace,
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home
Of our restored love and amity
Arch I take your princely word for these re
dresses
Lan I give it you and will maintain my word
And thereupon I drink unto your Grace
Hast Go captain and deliver to the army 69
This news of peace let them have pay and part
I know it will well please them Hie thee cap-
tain [*Exit Officer*
Arch To you my noble Lord of Westmore
land
West I pledge your Grace and if you knew
what pains
I have bestow d to breed this present peace
You would drink freely but my love to ye
Shall show itself more openly hereafter
Arch I do not doubt you
West I am glad of it
Health to my lord and gentle cousin Mowbray
Mowb You wish me health in very happy
season
For I am on the sudden something ill 80
Arch Against ill chances men are ever merry
But heaviness foreruns the good event
West Therefore be merry coz since sudden
sorrow
Serves to say thus some good thing comes to-
morrow
Arch Believe me I am passing light in spirit
Mowb So much the worse, if your own rule be
true
Shouts within
Lan The word of peace is render d hark how
they shout!
Mowb This had been cheerful after victory
Arch A peace is of the nature of a conquest
For then both parties nobly are subdued 90
And neither party loser
Lan Go my lord
And let our army be discharged too
[*Exit* WESTMORELAND
And good my lord so please you let our trains
March by u that we may peruse the men
We should have coped withal
Arch Go good Lord Hastings
And, ere they be dismiss d let them march by
[*Exit* HASTINGS
Lan I trust lords we shall lie to-night to-
gether

Re-enter WESTMORELAND

Now cousin wherefore stands our army still?
West The leaders having charge from you to
stand
Will not go off until they hear you speak 100

Lan They know their duties

Re enter HASTINGS

Hast My lord our army is dispersed already
Like youthful steers unyoked, they take their
courses
East, west north, south, or, like a school broke
up
Each hurries toward his home and sporting place
West Good tidings, my Lord Hastings, for the
which
I do arrest thee traitor, of high treason
And you Lord Archbishop and you, Lord
Mowbray,
Of capital treason I attach you both
Mowb Is this proceeding just and honourable?
West Is your assembly so? 111
Arch Will you thus break your faith?
Lan I pawn d thee none
I promised you redress of these same grievances
Whereof you did complain which by mine
honour,
I will perform with a most Christian care
But for you, rebels look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here and foolishly sent hence
Strike up our drums pursue the scatter'd stray
God and not we, hath safely fought to day 121
Some guard these traitors to the block of death,
Treason s true bed and yielder up of breath
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III *Another part of the forest*
Alarum Excursions Enter FALSTAFF
and COLEVILLE, *meeting*

Fal What's your name, sir? of what condition are you and of what place, I pray?

Cole I am a knight, sir, and my name is Coleville of the Dale

Fal Well, then Coleville is your name a knight is your degree, and your place the Dale Coleville shall be still your name a traitor your degree and the dungeon your place a place deep enough so shall you be still Coleville of the Dale 10

Cole Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

Fal As good a man as he sir, whoe er I am Do ye yield sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers and they weep for thy death therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy

Cole I think you are Sir John Falstaff, and in that thought yield me 19

Fal I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe my womb, my womb my womb, undoes me Here comes our general

Enter PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, BLUNT, *and others*

Lan The heat is past, follow no further now
Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland
[*Exit* WESTMORELAND
Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this
while?
When everything is ended, then you come 30
These tardy tricks of yours will on my life
One time or other break some gallows back

Fal I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valour Do you think me a swallow an arrow or a bullet? have I in my poor and old motion the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility, I have foundered nine score and odd posts and here, travel tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour taken Sir John Coleville of the Dale a most furious knight and valorous enemy But what of that? he saw me, and yielded, that I may justly say, with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome I came, I saw and overcame "

Lan It was more of his courtesy than your deserving

Fal I know not here he is and here I yield him and I beseech your Grace let it be booked with the rest of this day s deeds or by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else with mine own picture on the top on t Coleville kissing my foot to the which course if I be enforced if you do not all show like gilt twopences to me and I in the clear sky of fame o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble therefore let me have right and let desert mount 61

Lan Thine s too heavy to mount

Fal Let it shine then

Lan Thine s too thick to shine

Fal Let it do something my good lord that may do me good and call it what you will

Lan Is thy name Coleville?

Cole It is my lord

Lan A famous rebel art thou Coleville

Fal And a famous true subject took him 70

Cole I am my lord but as my betters are
That led me hither had they been ruled by me,

You should have won them dearer than you have

Fal I know not how they sold themselves but thou like a kind fellow gavest thyself away gratis and I thank thee for thee

Re-enter WESTMORELAND

Lan Now have you left pursuit?

West Retreat is made and execution stay'd

Lan Send Colevile with his confederates
To York to present execution 80
Blunt lead him hence and see you guard him sure

[*Exeunt* BLUNT *and others with* COLEVILLE

And now dispatch we toward the court my lords
I hear the King my father is sore sick
Our news shall go before us to his Majesty
Which cousin you shall bear to comfort him
And we with sober speed will follow you

Fal My lord I beseech you give me leave to go
Through Gloucestershire and when you come to court
Stand my good lord pray in your good report

Lan Fare you well Falstaff I in my condition 90
Shall better speak of you than you deserve

[*Exeunt all but* FALSTAFF

Fal I would you had but the wit 'twere better than your dukedom Good faith this same young sober blooded boy doth not love me nor a man cannot make him laugh but that's no marvel he drinks no wine There's never none of these demure boys come to any proof for thin drink doth so over cool their blood and making many fish meals that they fall into a kind of male green sickness and then when they marry they get wenches they are generally fools and cowards which some of us should be too but for inflammation A good sherris sack hath a two-fold operation in it It ascends me into the brain dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapours which environ it makes it apprehensive quick forgetive full of nimble fiery and delectable shapes which deliver'd o'er to the voice the tongue which is the birth becomes excellent wit The second property of your excellent sherris is the warming of the blood which before cold and settled left the liver white and pale which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice but the sherris warms it and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme it illumineth the face which as a beacon gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom man to arm and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart who, great and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage and this valour comes of sherris So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack for that sets it a work and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil till sack commences it and sets it in act and use Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father he hath like lean sterile and bare land, manured husbanded and tilled with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris that he is become very hot and valiant If I had a thousand sons the first humane principle I would teach them should be to forswear thin potations and to addict themselves to sack

Enter BARDOLPH

How now Bardolph?

Bard The army is discharged all and gone

Fal Let them go I'll through Gloucestershire and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow esquire I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb and shortly will I seal with him Come away [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *Westminster the Jerusalem Chamber*

Enter the KING *the* PRINCES THOMAS OF CLARENCE *and* HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER WARWICK *and others*

King Now lords if God doth give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors
We will our youth lead on to higher fields
And draw no swords but what are sanctified
Our navy is address'd our power collected
Our substitutes in absence well invested
And everything lies level to our wish
Only we want a little personal strength
And pause us till these rebels now afoot
Come underneath the yoke of government 10

War Both which we doubt not but your Majesty
Shall soon enjoy

King Humphrey my son of Gloucester
Where is the Prince your brother?

Glou I think he's gone to hunt my lord at Windsor

King And how accompanied?

Glou I do not know my lord

King Is not his brother Thomas of Clarence with him?

Glou No my good lord he is in presence here

Clar What would my lord and father?

King Nothing but well to thee Thomas of Clarence

How chance thou art not with the Prince thy
brother? 20
He loves thee and thou dost neglect him,
Thomas,
Thou hast a better place in his affection
Than all thy brothers cherish it my boy,
And noble offices thou may st effect
Of mediation after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren
Therefore omit him not, blunt not his love,
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace
By seeming cold or careless of his will,
For he is gracious, if he be observed 30
He hath a tear for pity and a hand
Open as day for melting charity
Yet notwithstanding being incensed, he s flint,
As humorous as winter and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day
His temper, therefore, must be well observed
Chide him for faults and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth
But, being moody, give him line and scope,
Till that his passions like a whale on ground, 40
Confound themselves with working Learn this
Thomas,
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion—
As force perforce, the age will pour it in—
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum or rash gunpowder

Clar I shall observe him with all care and love

King Why art thou not at Windsor with him,
Thomas? 50

Clar He is not there to-day, he dines in
London

King And how accompanied? canst thou tell
that?

Clar With Poins and other his continual fol-
lowers

King Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds,
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death
The blood weeps from my heart when I do shape
In forms imaginary the unguided days
And rotten times that you shall look upon 60
When I am sleeping with my ancestors
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors
When means and lavish manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections fly
Towards fronting peril and opposed decay!

War My gracious lord, you look beyond him
quite
The Prince but studies his companions
Like a strange tongue wherein to gain the lan-
guage
'Tis needful that the most immodest word 70
Be look d upon and learn d, which once attain'd,
Your Highness knows comes to no further use
But to be known and hated So like gross terms,
The Prince will in the perfectness of time
Cast off his followers, and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his Grace must mete the lives of others,
Turning past evils to advantages

King Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her
comb
In the dead carrion

Enter WESTMORELAND

Who s here? Westmoreland? 80

West Health to my sovereign, and new happi-
ness
Added to that that I am to deliver!
Prince John your son doth kiss your Grace's
hand
Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop Hastings and all
Are brought to the correction of your law
There is not now a rebel s sword unsheathed,
But Peace puts forth her olive everywhere
The manner how this action hath been borne
Here at more leisure may your Highness read,
With every course in his particular 90

King O Westmoreland thou art a summer bird
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day

Enter HARCOURT

Look here's more news

Har From enemies heaven keep your Majesty,
And when they stand against you may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of!
The Earl Northumberland and the Lord Bar-
dolph,
With a great power of English and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown
The manner and true order of the fight 100
This packet please it you contains at large

King And wherefore should these good news
make me sick?
Will Fortune never come with both hands full
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach and no food
Such are the poor in health or else a feast
And takes away the stomach such are the rich,
That have abundance and enjoy it not
I should rejoice now at this happy news
And now my sight fails and my brain is giddy
O me! come near me now I am much ill

Glou Comfort your Majesty!
Clar O my royal father!
West My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself look up
War Be patient Princes you do know these fits
Are with his Highness very ordinary
Stand from him give him air he ll straight be well
Clar No no he cannot long hold out these pangs
The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure that should confine it in
So thin that life looks through and will break out
Glou The people fear me for they do observe
Unfather d heirs and loathly births of nature
The seasons change their manners as the year
Had found some months asleep and leap d them over
Clar The river hath thrice flow d no ebb between
And the old folk time s doting chronicles
Say it did so a little time before
That our great grandsire Edward sick d and died
War Speak lower Princes for the King recovers
Glou This apoplexy will certain be his end 130
King I pray you take me up and bear me hence
Into some other chamber softly pray [*Exeunt*

SCENE V *Another chamber*

The KING *lying on a bed* CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER WARWICK *and others in attendance*

King Let there be no noise made my gentle friends
Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit
War Call for the music in the other room
King Set me the crown upon my pillow here
Clar His eye is hollow and he changes much
War Less noise less noise!

Enter PRINCE HENRY

Prince Who saw the Duke of Clarence?
Clar I am here brother full of heaviness
Prince How now! rain within doors and none abroad!
How doth the King? 10
Glou Exceeding ill
Prince Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him
Glou He alter d much upon the hearing it
Prince If he be sick with joy he ll recover without physic
War Not so much noise my lords sweet prince speak low
The King your father is disposed to sleep
Clar Let us withdraw into the other room
War Will t please your Grace to go along with us?
Prince No I will sit and watch here by the King [*Exeunt all but the* PRINCE 20
Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
O polish d perturbation! golden care!
That keep st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night! sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet
As he whose brow with homely biggen bound
Snores out the watch of night O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day 30
That scalds with safety By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather which stirs not
Did he suspire that light and weightless down
Perforce must move My gracious lord! my father!
This sleep is sound indeed this is a sleep
That from this golden rigol hath divorced
So many English kings Thy due from me
Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood
Which nature love and filial tenderness
Shall O dear father pay thee plenteously 40
My due from thee is this imperial crown
Which as immediate from thy place and blood
Derives itself to me [*Puts on the crown*] Lo here it sits
Which God shall guard and put the world s whole strength
Into one giant arm it shall not force
This lineal honour from me this from thee
Will I to mine leave as tis left to me [*Exit*
King Warwick! Gloucester! Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK GLOUCESTER CLARENCE *and the rest*

Clar Doth the King call?
War What would your Majesty? How fares your Grace? 50
King Why did you leave me here alone my lords?
Clar We left the Prince my brother here my liege
Who undertook to sit and watch by you
King The Prince of Wales! Where is he? let me see him
He is not here
War This door is open he is gone this way
Glou He came not through the chamber where we stay d

King Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?
War When we withdrew my liege, we left it here
King The Prince hath ta en it hence go seek him out 60
Is he so hasty that he doth suppose
My sleep my death?
Find him, my Lord of Warwick, chide him hither [*Exit* WARWICK
This part of his conjoins with my disease
And helps to end me See, sons, what things you are!
How quickly nature falls into revolt
When gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,
Their bones with industry 70
For this they have engross'd and piled up
The canker d heaps of strange achieved gold,
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts and martial exercises
When like the bee culling from every flower
The virtuous sweets,
Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive and like the bees
Are murdered for our pains This bitter taste
Yield his engrossments to the ending father 80

Re-enter WARWICK

Now where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend sickness hath determined me?
War My lord, I found the Prince in the next room
Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks,
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow
That tyranny, which never quaff d but blood,
Would by beholding him have wash'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops He is coming hither
King But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY

Lo where he comes Come hither to me, Harry
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone 91
[*Exeunt* WARWICK *and the rest*
Prince I never thought to hear you speak again
King Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee
Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair
That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek st the greatness that will overwhelm thee
Stay but a little, for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind 100
That it will quickly drop my day is dim
Thou hast stolen that which after some few hours
Were thine without offense and at my death
Thou hast seal d up my expectation
Thy life did manifest thou lovedst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assured of it
Thou hidst a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart
To stab at half an hour of my life 109
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself,
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
That thou art crowned not that I am dead
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head
Only compound me with forgotten dust
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms
Pluck down my officers break my decrees
For now a time is come to mock at form
Harry the Fifth is crown'd up vanity! 120
Down royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!
Now neighbour confines, purge you of your scum
Have you a ruffian that will swear drink, dance,
Revel the night rob, murder and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy he will trouble you no more,
England shall double gild his treble guilt
England shall give him office honour might 130
For the fifth Harry from curb d license plucks
The muzzle of restraint and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent
O my poor kingdom sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riots is thy care?
O thou wilt be a wilderness again
Peopled with wolves thy old inhabitants!
Prince O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears
The moist impediments unto my speech 140
I had forestall d this dear and deep rebuke
Ere you with grief had spoke and I had heard
The course of it so far There is your crown,
And He that wears the crown immortally
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more
Than as your honour and as your renown
Let me no more from this obedience rise
Which my most inward, true and duteous spirit

Teacheth this prostrate and exterior bending
God witness with me when I here came in 150
And found no course of breath within your Ma
jesty
How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign
O let me in my present wildness die
And never live to show the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed!
Coming to look on you thinking you dead
And dead almost my liege to think you were
I spake unto this crown as having sense
And thus upbraided it The care on thee de
pending
Hath fed upon the body of my father 160
Therefore thou best of gold art worst of gold
Other less fine in carat is more precious
Preserving life in medicine potable
But thou most fine most honour d most re
nown d
Hast eat thy bearer up Thus my most royal
liege
Accusing it I put it on my head
To try with it as with an enemy
That had before my face murder d my father
The quarrel of a true inheritor
But if it did infect my blood with joy 170
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did with the least affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it
Let God for ever keep it from my head
And make me as the poorest vassal is
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

King O my son
God put it in thy mind to take it hence
That thou mightst win the more thy father s
love 180
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it!
Come hither Harry sit thou by my bed
And hear I think the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe God knows my son
By what by paths and indirect crook d ways
I met this crown and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head
To thee it shall descend with better quiet
Better opinion better confirmation
For all the soil of the achievement goes 190
With me into the earth It seem d in me
But as an honour snatch d with boisterous
hand
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed
Wounding supposed peace all these bold fears
Thou see st with peril I have answered
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument and now my death
Changes the mode for what in me was pur
chased 200
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort
So thou the garland wear st successively
Yet though thou stand st more sure than I could
do
Thou art not firm enough since griefs are green
And all my friends which thou must make thy
friends
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta en out
By whose fell working I was first advanced
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displaced which to avoid
I cut them off and had a purpose now 210
To lead out many to the Holy Land
Lest rest and lying still might make them look
Too near unto my state Therefore my Harry
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels that action hence borne
out
May waste the memory of the former days
More would I but my lungs are wasted so
That strength of speech is utterly denied me
How I came by the crown O God forgive
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

Prince My gracious liege 2 1
You won it wore it kept it gave it me
Then plain and right must my possession be
Which I with more than with a common pain
Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain

Enter LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER

King Look look here comes my John of
Lancaster

Lan Health peace and happiness to my royal
father!

King Thou bring st me happiness and peace
son John
But health alack with youthful wings is flown
From this bare wither d trunk upon thy sight
My worldly business makes a period 231
Where is my Lord of Warwick?

Prince *My Lord of Warwick!*

Re-enter WARWICK *and others*

King Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

War Tis call d Jerusalem *my noble lord*

King Laud be to God! even there my life must
end
It hath been prophesied to me many years
I should not die but in Jerusalem
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land
But bear me to that chamber there I ll lie 240
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die [*Exeunt*

ACT V

SCENE I *Gloucestershire Shallow s house*

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH *and* PAGE

Shal By cock and pie sir you shall not away to-night What Davy, I say!

Fal You must excuse me Master Robert Shallow

Shal I will not excuse you, you shall not be excused, excuses shall not be admitted, there is no excuse shall serve, you shall not be excused Why Davy!

Enter DAVY

Davy Here, sir 9

Shal Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy let me see Davy, let me see, Davy let me see yea marry William cook bid him come hither Sir John you shall not be excused

Davy Marry, sir thus, those precepts cannot be served and, again sir shall we sow the headland with wheat?

Shal With red wheat Davy But for William cook are there no young pigeons?

Davy Yes, sir Here is now the smith's note for shoeing and plough irons 20

Shal Let it be cast and paid Sir John, you shall not be excused

Davy Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had and, sir, do you mean to stop any of William s wages about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

Shal A' shall answer it Some pigeons Davy a couple of short-legged hens a joint of mutton and any pretty little tiny kickshaws tell William cook 30

Davy Doth the man of war stay all night sir?

Shal Yea Davy I will use him well a friend i the court is better than a penny in purse Use his men well Davy, for they are arrant knaves and will backbite

Davy No worse than they are backbitten sir for they have marvellous foul linen

Shal Well conceited, Davy about thy business Davy 40

Davy I beseech you sir, to countenance William Visor of Woncot against Clement Perkes of the hill

Shal There is many complaints Davy against that Visor that Visor is an arrant knave on my knowledge

Davy I grant your worship that he is a knave, sir but yet, God forbid sir but a knave should have some countenance at his friend s request An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself when a knave is not I have served your worship truly sir this eight years and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man I have but a very little credit with your worship The knave is mine honest friend, sir therefore I beseech your worship let him be countenanced

Shal Go to I say he shall have no wrong Look about Davy [*Exit* DAVY] Where are you Sir John? Come come come off with your boots Give me your hand Master Bardolph

Bard I am glad to see your worship

Shal I thank thee with all my heart kind Master Bardolph and welcome my tall fellow [*to the* PAGE] Come, Sir John

Fal I ll follow you good Master Robert Shallow [*Exit* SHALLOW] Bardolph look to our horses [*Exeunt* BARDOLPH *and* PAGE] If I were sawed into quantities I should make four dozen of such bearded hermits staves as Master Shallow It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men s spirits and his they by observing of him do bear themselves like foolish justices he by conversing with them is turned into a justice like serving man their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society that they flock together in consent like so many wild-geese If I had a suit to Master Shallow I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master if to his men I would curry with Master Shallow that no man could better command his servants It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught as men take diseases one of another therefore let men take heed of their company I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing out of six fashions which is four terms or two actions and a shall laugh without intervallums O it is much that a lie with a slight oath and a jest with a sad brow will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up!

Shal [*Within*] Sir John!

Fal I come Master Shallow I come Master Shallow [*Exit*

SCENE II *Westminster the Palace*

Enter WARWICK *and the* LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, *meeting*

War How now my Lord Chief Justice whither away?

Ch Just How doth the King?

War Exceeding well his cares are now all ended
Ch Just I hope not dead
War He s walk d the way of nature
And to our purposes he lives no more
Ch Just I would his Majesty had call d me with him
The service that I truly did his life
Hath left me open to all injuries
War Indeed I think the young King loves you not
Ch Just I know he doth not and do arm my self 10
To welcome the condition of the time
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy

Enter LANCASTER CLARENCE GLOUCESTER WESTMORELAND *and others*

War Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry
O that the living Harry had the temper
Of him the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many nobles then should hold their places
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!
Ch Just O God I fear all will be overturn d!
Lan Good morrow cousin Warwick good morrow 20
Glou } *Clar* } Good morrow cousin
Lan We meet like men that had forgot to speak
War We do remember but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk
Lan Well peace be with him that hath made us heavy!
Ch Just Peace be with us lest we be heavier!
Glou O good my lord you have lost a friend indeed
And I dare swear you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow it is sure your own
Lan Though no man be assured what Grace to find, 30
You stand in coldest expectation
I am the sorrier would twere otherwise
Clar Well you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair
Which swims against your stream of quality
Ch Just Sweet Princes what I did I did in honour
Led by the impartial conduct of my soul
And never shall you see that I will beg
A ra ged and forestall d remission
If truth and upright innocency fail me
I ll to the King my master that is dead, 40
And tell him who hath sent me after him
War Here comes the Prince

Enter KING HENRY THE FIFTH *attended*

Ch Just Good morrow and God save your Majesty!
King This new and gorgeous garment majesty
Sits not so easy on me as you think
Brothers you mix your sadness with some fear
This is the English not the Turkish court
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds
But Harry Harry Yet be sad good brothers
For by my faith it very well becomes you 50
Sorrow so royally in you appears
That I will deeply put the fashion on
And wear it in my heart why then be sad
But entertain no more of it good brothers
Than a joint burden laid upon us all
For me by heaven I bid you be assured
I ll be your father and your brother too
Let me but bear your love I ll bear your cares
Yet weep that Harry s dead and so will I
But Harry lives that shall convert those tears 60
By number into hours of happiness
Princes We hope no other from your Majesty
King You all look strangely on me and you most
You are I think assured I love you not
Ch Just I am assured if I be measured rightly
Your Majesty hath no just cause to hate me
King No!
How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me? 69
What! rate rebuke and roughly send to prison
The immediate heir of England! Was this easy?
May this be wash d in Lethe and forgotten?
Ch Just I then did use the person of your father
The image of his power lay then in me
And in the administration of his law
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your Highness pleased to forget my place
The majesty and power of law and justice
The image of the King whom I presented
And struck me in my very seat of judgement 80
Whereon as an offender to your father
I gave bold way to my authority
And did commit you If the deed were ill
Be you contented wearing now the garland
To have a son set your decrees at nought
To pluck down justice from your awful bench
To trip the course of law and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person
Nay more to spurn at your most royal image
And mock your workings in a second body 90
Question your royal thoughts make the case yours

Be now the father and propose a son,
Hear your own dignity so much profaned
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd,
And then imagine me taking your part
And in your power soft silencing your son
After this cold considerance, sentence me,
And as you are a king, speak in your state
What I have done that misbecame my place, *100*
My person or my liege's sovereignty

King You are right, Justice, and you weigh this well,
Therefore still bear the balance and the sword
And I do wish your honours may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you and obey you, as I did
So shall I live to speak my father's words
'Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son,
And not less happy, having such a son, *110*
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice' You did commit me
For which, I do commit into your hand
The unstained sword that you have used to bear,
With this remembrance that you use the same
With the like bold, just and impartial spirit
As you have done 'gainst me There is my hand
You shall be as a father to my youth
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,
And I will stoop and humble my intents *120*
To your well practised wise directions
And Princes all, believe me I beseech you,
My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections
And with his spirit sadly I survive,
To mock the expectation of the world,
To frustrate prophecies and to raze out
Rotten opinion who hath writ me down
After my seeming The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now *130*
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods
And flow henceforth in formal majesty
Now call we our high court of parliament
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best govern'd nation
That war, or peace or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us
In which you father, shall have foremost hand
Our coronation done we will accite *141*
As I before remember'd all our state
And God consigning to my good intents
No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say
God shorten Harry s happy life one day' [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *Gloucestershire Shallow's orchard*

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE DAVY BARDOLPH, *and the* PAGE

Shal Nay, you shall see my orchard, where in an arbour we will eat a last year s pippin of my own graffing, with a dish of caraways, and so forth come cousin Silence and then to bed

Fal Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling and a rich

Shal Barren, barren barren, beggars all beggars all, Sir John marry good air Spread Davy spread Davy well said Davy *10*

Fal This Davy serves you for good uses he is your serving man and your husband

Shal A good varlet, a good varlet a very good varlet Sir John by the mass I have drunk too much sack at supper a good varlet Now sit down now sit down come cousin

Sil Ah sirrah' quoth a we shall [*Singing*]
'Do nothing but eat and make good cheer
And praise God for the merry year,
When flesh is cheap and females dear, *20*
And lusty lads roam here and there
So merrily,
And ever among so merrily

Fal There s a merry heart' Good Master Silence I ll give you a health for that anon

Shal Give Master Bardolph some wine Davy

Davy Sweet sir, sit I'll be with you anon most sweet sir, sit Master page, good master page sit Proface' What you want in meat, we ll have in drink but you must bear the heart s all [*Exit*

Shal Be merry, Master Bardolph and, my little soldier there be merry

Sil [*Singing*] "Be merry be merry, my wife has all,
For women are shrews both short and tall
'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrove tide
Be merry be merry

Fal I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle *41*

Sil Who I? I have been merry twice and once ere now

Re-enter DAVY

Davy There s a dish of leather coats for you [*To* BARDOLPH

Shal Davy'

Davy Your worship' I'll be with you straight [*to* BARDOLPH] A cup of wine sir?

Sil [*Singing*] A cup of wine that s brisk and fin

And drink unto the leman mine

And a merry heart lives long a 50

Fal Well said Master Silence

Sil An we shall be merry now comes in the sweet o the night

Fal Health and long life to you Master Silence

Sil [*Singing*] Fill the cup and let it come

I ll pledge you a mile to the bottom

Shal Honest Bardolph welcome it thou wantest any thin and wilt no call beshrew thy heart Welcome my little tiny thief [*to the* PAGE] and welcome indeed too I ll drink to Master Bardolph and to all the cavaleros about London

Davy I hope to see London once ere I die

Bard An I might see you there Davy—

Shal By the mass you ll crack a quart together ha! will you not Master Bardolph?

Bard Yea sir in a pottle pot

Shal By God s liggens I thank thee the knave will tick by thee I can assure thee that A will not out he is true bred 71

Bard And I ll stick by him sir

Shal Why there poke a king Lack nothing be merry [*Knocking within*] Look who s at door there ho! who knocks?

[*Exit* DAVY

Fal Why now you have done me right

To SILENCE *seeing him take off a bumper*

Sil [*Singing*] Do me right

And dub me knight

Samingo

Is t not so? 80

Fal 'Tis so

Sil Is t o? Why then say an old man can do somewhat

Re-enter DAVY

Davy An t please your worship there s one Pi tol come from the court with news

Fal From the court! let him come in

Enter PISTOL

How now Pistol!

Pist S r John God save you!

Fal What wind blew you hither Pistol? 89

Pist Not the ill wind which blows no man to good Sweet knight thou art now one of the greatest men in this realm

Sil By r lady I think a be but goodman Puff of Barson

Pist Puff!

Puff in thy teeth most recreant coward base!

Sir John I am thy Pistol and thy friend,
And helter skelter have I rode to thee,
And tidings do I bring and lucky joys
And golden times and happy news of price 100

Fal I pray thee now deliver them like a man of this world

Pist A foutre for the world and worldlings base!

I speak of Africa and golden joys

Fal O base Assyrian knight what is thy news?

Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof

Sil [*Singing*] And Robin Hood Scarlet and John

Pist Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
And shall good news be baffled?
Then Pistol lay thy head in Furies lap 110

Shal Honest gentleman I know not your breeding

Pist Why then lament therefore

Shal Give me pardon sir if sir you come with news from the court I take it there s but two ways either to utter them or to conceal them I am sir under the King in some authority

Pist Under which king Besonian? speak, or die

Shal Under King Harry

Pist Harry the Fourth? or Fifth?

Shal Harry the Fourth

Pist A foutre for thine office! 121

Sir John thy tender lambkin now is kin
Harry the Fifth s the man I speak the truth
When Pistol lies do this and fig me, like
The bragging Spaniard

Fal What is the old king dead?

Pist As nail in door the things I speak are just

Fal Away Bardolph! saddle my horse Master Robert Shallow choose what office thou wilt in the land tis thine Pistol I will double-charge thee with dignities 131

Bard O joyful day!

I would not take a knighthood for my fortune

Pist What! I do bring good news

Fal Carry Ma ter Silence to bed Master Shallow my Lord Shallow—be what thou wilt I am fortune s steward—get on thy boots we ll ride all night O sweet Pistol! Away Bardolph! [*Exit* BARDOLPH] Come Pistol utter more to me and withal devise something to do thyself good Boot boot Master Shallow I know the young king is sick for me Let us take any man s horses the laws of England are at my commandment Blessed are they that have been my friends and woe to my Lord Chief Justice

Pist Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!

Where is the life that late I led? say they

Why, here it is, welcome these pleasant days!
[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *London a street*

Enter BEADLES, *dragging in* MISTRESS QUICKLY *and* DOLL TEARSHEET

Quick No, thou arrant knave, I would to God that I might die, that I might have thee hanged thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint

1st Bead The constables have delivered her over to me, and she shall have whipping cheer enough, I warrant her there hath been a man or two lately killed about her

Dol Nut hook nut hook you lie Come on, I ll tell thee what thou damned tripe visaged rascal an the child I now go with do miscarry, thou wert better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper faced villain

Quick O the Lord, that Sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry!

1st Bead If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again, you have but eleven now Come, I charge you both go with me, for the man is dead that you and Pistol beat amongst you 19

Dol I'll tell you what, you thin man in a censer, I will have you as soundly swinged for this— you blue bottle rogue, you filthy famished correctioner, if you be not swinged I'll forswear half kirtles

1st Bead Come, come you she knight-errant, come

Quick O God, that right should thus overcome might! Well of sufferance comes ease

Dol Come, you rogue, come bring me to a justice 30

Quick Ay, come, you starved blood hound

Dol Goodman death goodman bones!

Quick Thou atomy, thou!

Dol Come, you thin thing some, you rascal

1st Bead Very well [*Exeunt*

SCENE V *A public place near Westminster Abbey*

Enter TWO GROOMS *strewing rushes*

1st Groom More rushes, more rushes

2nd Groom The trumpets have sounded twice

1st Groom 'Twill be two o clock ere they come from the coronation dispatch, dispatch
[*Exeunt*

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and* PAGE

Fal Stand here by me Master Robert Shallow, I will make the King do you grace I will leer upon him as a comes by and do but mark the countenance that he will give me

Pist God bless thy lungs good knight 9

Fal Come here, Pistol stand behind me O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you But tis no matter, this poor show doth better this doth infer the zeal I had to see him

Shal It doth so

Fal It shows my earnestness of affection—

Shal It doth so

Fal My devotion—

Shal It doth, it doth it doth 20

Fal As it were to ride day and night and not to deliberate not to remember not to have patience to shift me—

Shal It is best certain

Fal But to stand stained with travel and sweating with desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him 29

Pist 'Tis *semper idem* for *obsque hoc nihil est* tis all in every part

Shal Tis so indeed

Pist My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,
And make thee rage
Thy Doll and Helen of thy noble thoughts,
Is in base durance and contagious prison,
Haled thither
By most mechanical and dirty hand
Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell
Alecto's snake 39
For Doll is in Pistol speaks nought but truth

Fal I will deliver her

Shouts within and the trumpets sound

Pist There roar d the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds

Enter the KING *and his train, the* LORD CHIEF JUSTICE *among them*

Fal God save thy Grace King Hal! my royal Hal!

Pist The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!

Fal God save thee my sweet boy!

King My Lord Chief Justice speak to that vain man

Ch Just Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you speak?

Fal My King! my Jove! I speak to thee my heart! 50

King I know thee not old man fall to thy prayers
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
I have long dream d of such a kind of man
So surfeit swell d so old and so profane
But being awaked I do despise my dream

Make less thy body hen e and more thy grace
Leave gormandizing know the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men
Reply not to me with a fool born jest
Presume not that I am the thing I was 60
For God doth know so shall the world perceive
That I have turn d away my former self
So will I those that kept me company
When thou dost hear I am as I have been
Approach me and thou shalt be as thou wast
The tutor and the feeder of my riots
Till then I banish thee on pain of death
As I have done the rest of my misleaders
Not to come near our person by ten mile
For competence of life I will allow you 70
That lack of means enforce you not to evil
And as we hear you do reform yourselves
We will according to your strengths and quali
ties
Give you advancement Be it your charge my
lord,
To see perform d the tenour of our word
Set on [*Exeunt* KING *&c*

Fal Master Shallow I owe you a thousand pound

Shal Yea marry Sir John which I beseech you to let me have home with me 80

Fal That can hardly be Master Shallow Do not you grieve at this I shall be sent for in pri vate to him look you he must seem thus to the world fear not your advancements I will be the man yet that shall make you great

Shal I cannot well perceive how unless you should give me your doublet and stuff me out with straw I beseech you good S r John let me have five hundred of my thousand

Fal Sir I will be as good as my word this that you heard was but a colour 91

Shal A colour that I fear you will die in Sir John

Fal Fear no colours go with me to dinner come Lieutenant Pistol come Bardolph I shall be sent for soon at night

Re-enter PRINCE JOHN *the* LORD CHIEF JUSTICE *Officers with them*

Ch Just Go carry Sir John Falstaff to the
Fleet
Take all his company along with him

Fal My lord my lord—

Ch Just I cannot now speak I will hear you
soon 100
Take them away

Pist *Si fortuna me tormenta spero contenta*

[*Exeunt all but* PRINCE JOHN *and the* CHIEF JUSTICE

Lan I like this fair proceeding of the King s
He hath intent his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for
But all are banish d till their conv rsations
Appear more wise and modest to the world

Ch Just And so they are

Lan The King hath call d his parliament my
lord

Ch Just He hath 110

Lan I will lay odds that ere this year expire
We bear our civil swords and native fire
As far as France I heard a bird so sing
Whose music to my thinking pleased the
King
Come will you hence? [*Exeunt*

EPILOGUE

Spoken by a DANCER

First my fear then my courtesy last my speech My fear is your displeasure my cour tesy my duty and my speech to beg your par dons If you look for a good speech now you undo me for what I have to say is of mine own making and what indeed I should say will I doubt prove mine own marring But to the pur pose and so to the venture Be it known to you, as it is very well I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play to pray your patience for it and to promise you a better I meant indeed to pay you with this which if like an ill venture it come unluckily home I break and you my gentle creditors lose Here I promised you I would be and here I commit my body to your mercies bate me some and I will pay you some and as most debtors do promise you infinitely

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment to dance out of your debt But a good conscience will make any pos sible satisfaction and so would I All the gentle women here have forgiven me if the gentlemen will not then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen which was never seen before in such an assembly

One word more I beseech you If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat our humble au thor will continue the story with Sir John in it and make you merry with fair Katharine of France where for anything I know Falstaff shall d e of a sweat unless already a be killed with your hard opinions for Oldcastle died a martyr and this is not the man My tongue is weary when my legs are too I will bid you good night and so kneel down before you but indeed to pray for the Queen

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DON PEDRO *Prince of Arragon*
DON JOHN, *his bastard brother*
CLAUDIO *a young lord of Florence*
BENEDICK *a young lord of Paudua*
LEONATO, *Governor of Messina*
ANTONIO, *his brother*
BALTHASAR, *attendant on Don Pedro*
CONRADE | BORACHIO *followers of Don John*
FRIAR FRANCIS
DOGBERRY *a constable*
VERGES *a headborough*
A SEXTON
A BOY

TWO MESSENGERS
TWO WATCHMEN
A LORD

HERO *daughter to Leonato*
BEATRICE *niece to Leonato*
MARGARET | URSULA *gentlewomen attending on Hero*

NON SPEAKING *Messengers Watch Attendants, and Musicians*

SCENE *Messina*

ACT I

SCENE I *Before Leonato's house*

Enter LEONATO, HERO, *and* BEATRICE, *with a* MESSENGER

Leon I learn in this letter that Don Peter of Arragon comes this night to Messina

Mess He is very near by this he was not three leagues off when I left him

Leon How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess But few of any sort, and none of name

Leon A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers I find here that Don Peter hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine called Claudio *11*

Mess Much deserved on his part and equally remembered by Don Pedro he hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing, in the figure of a lamb the feats of a lion he hath indeed better bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how

Leon He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it *19*

Mess I have already delivered him letters and there appears much joy in him even so much that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness

Leon Did he break out into tears?

Mess In great measure

Leon A kind overflow of kindness there are no faces truer than those that are so washed How much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping!

Beat I pray you, is Signior Mountanto returned from the wars or no? *31*

Mess I know none of that name lady there was none such in the army of any sort

Leon What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua

Mess O, he s returned and as pleasant as ever he was

Beat He set up his bills here in Messina and challenged Cupid at the flight and my uncle s fool, reading the challenge subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird bolt I pray you how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for indeed I promised to eat all of his killing

Leon Faith niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much, but he ll be meet with you I doubt it not

Mess He hath done good service, lady, in these wars *49*

Beat You had musty victual and he hath holp to eat it he is a very valiant trencherman, he hath an excellent stomach

Mess And a good soldier too lady

Beat And a good soldier to a lady but what is he to a lord?

Mess A lord to a lord a man to a man, stuffed with all honourable virtues

Beat It is so indeed he is no less than a stuffed man but for the stuffing—well, we are all mortal *60*

Leon You must not sir mistake my niece There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her they never meet but there s a skirmish of wit between them

Beat Alas! he gets nothing by th[illegible]

conflict four of his five wits went halting off and now is the whole man governed with one so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse for it is all the wealth that he hath left to be known a reasonable creature Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother

Mess Is t possible?

Beat Very easily possible he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat it ever changes with the next block

Mess I see lady the gentleman is not in your books 79

Beat No an he were I would burn my study But I pray you who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio

Beat O Lord he will hang upon him like a disease he is sooner caught than the pestilence and the taker runs presently mad God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick it will cost him a thousand pound ere a be cured

Mess I will hold friends with you lady 91

Beat Do good friend

Leon You will never run mad niece

Beat No not till a hot January

Mess Don Pedro is approached

Enter DON PEDRO DON JOHN CLAUDIO BENEDICK *and* BALTHASAR

D Pedro Good Signior Leonato you are come to meet your trouble the fashion of the world is to avoid cost and you encounter it

Leon Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your Grace for trouble being gone comfort should remain but when you depart from me sorrow abides and happiness takes his leave

D Pedro You embrace your charge too willingly I think this is your daughter

Leon Her mother hath many times told me so

Bene Were you in doubt sir that you asked her?

Leon Signior Benedick no for then were you a child 109

D Pedro You have it full Benedick we may guess by this what you are being a man Truly the lady fathers herself Be happy lady for you are like an honourable father

Bene If Signior Leonato be her father she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina as like him as she is

Beat I wonder that you will still be talking Signior Benedick nobody marks you

Bene What my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living? 120

Beat Is it possible disdain should die while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain if you come in her presence

Bene Then is courtesy a turncoat But it is certain I am loved of all ladies only you excepted and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart for truly I love none

Beat A dear happiness to women they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor I thank God and my cold blood I am of your humour for that I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me

Bene God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate scratched face

Beat Scratching could not make it worse an twere such a face as yours were

Bene Well you are a rare parrot teacher

Beat A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours 141

Bene I would my horse had the speed of your tongue and so good a continuer But keep your way i God s name I have done

Beat You always end with a jade s trick I know you of old

D Pedro That is the sum of all Leonato Signior Claudio and Signior Benedick my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer I dare swear he is no hypocrite but prays from his heart

Leon If you swear my lord you shall not be forsworn [*To* DON JOHN] Let me bid you welcome my lord being reconciled to the Prince your brother I owe you all duty

D John I thank you I am not of many words but I thank you

Leon Please it your Grace lead on? 160

D Pedro Your hand Leonato we will go together

[*Exeunt all except* BENEDICK *and* CLAUDIO

Claud Benedick didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

Bene I noted her not but I looked on her

Claud Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene Do you question me as an honest man should do for my simple true judgement or would you have me speak after my custom as being a professed tyrant to their sex? 170

Claud No I pray thee speak in sober judgement

Bene Why i faith methinks she s too low for

a high praise, too brown for a fair praise and too little for a great praise only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome, and being no other but as she is I do not like her

Claud Thou thinkest I am in sport I pray thee tell me truly how thou likest her 180

Bene Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene Yea, and a case to put it into But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you to go in the song?

Claud In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on 190

Bene I can see yet without spectacles and I see no such matter there s her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

Claud I would scarce trust myself though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife

Bene Is't come to this? In faith, hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of three-score again? Go to, i' faith, an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke wear the print of it and sigh away Sundays Look, Don Pedro is returned to seek you

Re-enter DON PEDRO

D Pedro What secret hath held you here that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene I would your Grace would constrain me to tell

D Pedro I charge thee on thy allegiance

Bene You hear, Count Claudio I can be secret as a dumb man I would have you think so, but on my allegiance, mark you this on my allegiance He is in love With who? now that is your Grace s part Mark how short his answer is—With Hero, Leonato s short daughter

Claud If this were so, so were it uttered

Bene Like the old tale, my lord "It is not so nor twas not so, but, indeed, God forbid it should be so' 220

Claud If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise

D Pedro Amen if you love her, for the lady is very well worthy

Claud You speak this to fetch me in my lord

D Pedro By my troth I speak my thought

Claud And in faith my lord I spoke mine.

Bene And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine

Claud That I love her, I feel 230

D Pedro That she is worthy, I know

Bene That I neither feel how she should be loved nor know how she should be worthy is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me I will die in it at the stake

D Pedro Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty

Claud And never could maintain his part but in the force of his will

Bene That a woman conceived me I thank her that she brought me up I likewise give her most humble thanks but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any I will do myself the right to trust none and the fine is for the which I may go the finer, I will live a bachelor

D Pedro I shall see thee ere I die, look pale with love 250

Bene With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord not with love prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking pick out mine eyes with a ballad maker s pen and hang me up at the door of a brothel house for the sign of blind Cupid

D Pedro Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument

Bene If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat and shoot at me, and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam 261

D Pedro Well as time shall try
"In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke"

Bene The savage bull may, but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it pluck off the bull s horns and set them in my forehead and let me be vilely painted and in such great letters as they write 'Here is good horse to hire" let them signify under my sign "Here you may see Benedick the married man' 270

Claud If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn mad

D Pedro Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly

Bene I look for an earthquake too then

D Pedro Well you will temporize with the hours In the meantime, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato s commend me to him and tell him I will not fail him at supper for indeed he hath made great preparation 280

Bene I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage and so I commit you—

Claud To the tuition of God From my house, if I had it—

D Pedro The sixth of July Your loving friend Benedick

Bene Nay mock not mock not The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments and the guards are but slightly basted on neither ere you flout old ends any further examine your conscience and so I leave you [*Exit* 291

Claud My liege your Highness now may do me good

D Pedro My love is thine to teach teach it but how
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good

Claud Hath Leonato any son my lord?

D Pedro No child but Hero she s his only heir
Dost thou affect her Claudio?

Claud O my lord
When you went onward on this ended action
I look d upon her with a soldier s eye 300
That liked but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love
But now I am return d and that war thoughts
Have left their places vacant in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires
All prompting me how fair young Hero is
Saying I liked her ere I went to wars

D Pedro Thou wilt be like a lover presently
And tire the hearer with a book of words
If thou dost love fair Hero cherish it, 310
And I will break with her and with her father
And thou shalt have her Was t not to this end
That thou began st to twist so fine a story?

Claud How sweetly you do minister to love
That know love s grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem
I would have salved it with a longer treatise

D Pedro What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
The fairest grant is the necessity
Look what will serve is fit tis once thou lovest 320
And I will fit thee with the remedy
I know we shall have revelling to-night
I will assume thy part in some disguise
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio
And in her bosom I ll unclasp my heart
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale
Then after to her father will I break
And the conclusion is she shall be thine
In practice let us put it presently [*Exeunt* 330

SCENE II *A room in Leonato s house*

Enter LEONATO *and* ANTONIO *meeting*

Leon How now brother! Where is my cousin, your son? hath he provided this music?

Ant He is very busy about it But brother I can tell you stranger news that you yet dreamt not of

Leon Are they good?

Ant As the event stamps them but they have a good cover they show well outward The Prince and Count Claudio walking in a thick pleached alley in mine orchard were thus much overheard by a man of mine the Prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece your daughter and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance and if he found her accordant he meant to take the present time by the top and instantly break with you of it

Leon Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant A good sharp fellow I will send for him and question him yourself 20

Leon No no we will hold it as a dream till it appear itself but I will acquaint my daughter withal that she may be the better prepared for an answer if peradventure this be true Go you and tell her of it [*Enter attendants*] Cousins you know what you have to do O I cry you mercy friend go you with me and I will use your skill Good cousin have a care this busy time [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *The same*

Enter DON JOHN *and* CONRADE

Con What the good year my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

D John There is no measure in the occasion that breeds therefore the sadness is without limit

Con You should hear reason

D John And when I have heard it what blessing brings it?

Con If not a present remedy at least a patient sufferance 10

D John I wonder that thou being as thou sayest thou art born under Saturn goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief I cannot hide what I am I must be sad when I have cause and smile at no man s jests eat when I have stomach and wait for no man s leisure sleep when I am drowsy and tend on no man s business laugh when I am merry and claw no man in his humour

Con Yea but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controlment

You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace, where it is impossible you should take true root but by the fair weather that you make yourself it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest

D John I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace, and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain dealing villain I am trusted with a muzzle and enfranchised with a clog therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage If I had my mouth, I would bite, if I had my liberty, I would do my liking in the meantime let me be that I am and seek not to alter me

Con Can you make no use of your discon tent? 40

D John I make all use of it, for I use it only Who comes here?

Enter BORACHIO,

What news Borachio?

Bora I came yonder from a great supper the Prince your brother is royally entertained by Leonato, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage

D John Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness? 50

Bora Marry, it is your brother s right hand

D John Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora Even he

D John A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato

D John A very forward March chick! How came you to this?

Bora Being entertained for a perfumer as I was smoking a musty room comes me the Prince and Claudio hand in hand in sad conference I whipt me behind the arras and there heard it agreed upon that the Prince should woo Hero for him self and having obtained her, give her to Count Claudio

D John Come come, let us thither this may prove food to my displeasure That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way You are both sure and will assist me? 71

Con To the death my lord

D John Let us to the great supper their cheer is the greater that I am subdued Would the cook were of my mind! Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora We ll wait upon your lordship [*Exeunt*

ACT II

SCENE I *A hall in Leonato s house*

Enter LEONATO ANTONIO HERO, BEATRICE, *and others*

Leon Was not Count John here at supper?

Ant I saw him not

Beat How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heart burned an hour after

Hero He is of a very melancholy disposition

Beat He were an excellent man that were made just in the midway between him and Benedick the one is too like an image and says nothing and the other too like my lady s eldest son evermore tattling 11

Leon Then half Signior Benedick s tongue in Count John s mouth and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick s face—

Beat With a good leg and a good foot uncle, and money enough in his purse such a man would win any woman in the world if a could get her good will

Leon By my troth niece thou wilt never get thee a husband if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue 21

Ant In faith she s too curst

Beat Too curst is more than curst I shall lessen God's sending that way, for it is said, 'God sends a curst cow short horns but to a cow too curst he sends none

Leon So by being too curst God will send you no horns

Beat Just if he send me no husband for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening Lord I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face I had rather lie in the woollen

Leon You may light on a husband that hath no beard

Beat What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel and make him my waiting-gentle-woman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth and he that hath no beard is less than a man and he that is more than a youth is not for me and he that is less than a man I am not for him therefore I will even take sixpence in ear-nest of the bear ward and lead his apes into hell

Leon Well then go you into hell?

Beat No but to the gate and there will the devil meet me like an old cuckold with horns on his head and say Get you to heaven Bea trice get you to heaven here s no place for you maids so deliver I up my apes and away to

Saint Peter for the heavens he shows me where the bachelors sit and there live we as merry as the day is long

Ant [*To* HERO] Well niece I trust you will be ruled by your father

Beat Yes faith it is my cousin s duty to make curtsy and say Father as it please you But yet for all that cousin, let him be a handsome fellow or else make another curtsy and say Father as it please me

Leon Well niece I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband *61*

Beat Not till God make men of some other metal than earth Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No uncle I ll none Adam s sons are my brethren and truly I hold it a sin to match in my kindred

Leon Daughter remember what I told you if the Prince do solicit you in that kind you know your answer *71*

Beat The fault will be in the music cousin if you be not wooed in good time if the Prince be too important tell him there is measure in every thing and so dance out the answer For hear me Hero wooing wedding and repenting is as a Scotch jig a measure and a cinque pace the first suit is hot and hasty like a Scotch jig and full as fantastical the wedding mannerly modest as a measure full of state and ancientry and then comes repentance and with his bad legs falls into the cinque pace faster and faster till he sink into his grave

Leon Cousin you apprehend passing shrewdly

Beat I have a good eye uncle I can see a church by daylight

Leon The revellers are entering brother make good room [*All put on their masks*

Enter DON PEDRO CLAUDIO BENEDICK BALTHASAR DON JOHN BORACHIO MARGARET URSULA *and others masked*

D Pedro Lady will you walk about with your friend? *90*

Hero So you walk softly and look sweetly and say nothing I am yours for the walk and especially when I walk away

D Pedro With me in your company?

Hero I may say so when I please

D Pedro And when please you to say so?

Hero When I like your favour for God defend the lute should be like the case!

D Pedro My visor is Philemon s roof within the house is Jove *100*

Hero Why then your visor should be thatched

D Pedro Speak low if you speak love
Drawing her aside

Balth Well I would you did like me

Marg So would not I for your own sake for I have many ill qualities

Balth Which is one?

Marg I say my prayers aloud

Balth I love you the better the hearers may cry Amen *110*

Marg God match me with a good dancer!

Balth Amen

Marg And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done! Answer clerk

Balth No more words the clerk is answered

Urs I know you well enough you are Signior Antonio

Ant At a word I am not

Urs I know you by the waggling of your head

Ant To tell you true I counterfeit him *121*

Urs You could never do him so ill well unless you were the very man Here s his dry hand up and down you are he you are he

Ant At a word I am not

Urs Come come do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? can virtue hide itself? Go to mum you are he Graces will appear and there s an end

Beat Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene No you shall pardon me *131*

Beat Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene Not now

Beat That I was disdainful and that I had my good wit out of the Hundred Merry Tales well this was Signior Benedick that said so

Bene What s he?

Beat I am sure you know him well enough

Bene Not I believe me

Beat Did he never make you laugh? *140*

Bene I pray you what is he?

Beat Why he is the Prince s jester a very dull fool only his gift is in devising impossible slanders none but libertines delight in him and the commendation is not in his wit but in his villainy for he both pleases men and angers them and then they laugh at him and beat him I am sure he is in the fleet I would he had boarded me

Bene When I know the gentleman I ll tell him what you say *151*

Beat Do do he ll but break a comparison or two on me which peradventure not marked or not laughed at strikes him into melancholy and then there s a partridge wing saved for the fool will eat no supper that night [*Music*] We must follow the leaders

Bene In every good thing

Beat Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning *160*

[*Dance Then exeunt all except* DON JOHN BORACHIO, *and* CLAUDIO

D John Sure my brother is amorous on Hero and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it The ladies follow her and but one visor remains

Bora And that is Claudio I know him by his bearing

D John Are not you Signior Benedick?

Claud You know me well, I am he

D John Signior, you are very near my brother in his love he is enamoured on Hero, I pray you, dissuade him from her she is no equal for his birth you may do the part of an honest man in it

Claud How know you he loves her?

D John I heard him swear his affection

Bora So did I too and he swore he would marry her to night

D John Come let us to the banquet

[*Exeunt* DON JOHN *and* BORACHIO

Claud Thus answer I in name of Benedick
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio
'Tis certain so the Prince wooes for himself *181*
Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the office and affairs of love
Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues,
Let every eye negotiate for itself
And trust no agent, for beauty is a witch
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not Farewell therefore, Hero!

Re enter BENEDICK

Bene Count Claudio? *190*

Claud Yea the same

Bene Come will you go with me?

Claud Whither?

Bene Even to the next willow about your own business County What fashion will you wear the garland of? about your neck like an usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way for the Prince hath got your Hero

Claud I wish him joy of her *200*

Bene Why, that s spoken like an honest drovier so they sell bullocks But did you think the Prince would have served you thus?

Claud I pray you, leave me

Bene Ho! now you strike like the blind man 'twas the boy that stole your meat and you ll beat the post

Claud If it will not be, I ll leave you [*Exit*

Bene Alas, poor hurt fowl! now will he creep into sedges But that my Lady Beatrice should know me and not know me! the Prince s fool! Ha? It may be I go under that title because I am merry Yea, but so I am apt to do myself wrong, I am not so reputed it is the base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out Well, I ll be revenged as I may

Re enter DON PEDRO

D Pedro Now signior where s the Count? did you see him? *219*

Bene Troth, my lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren I told him and I think I told him true that your Grace had got the good will of this young lady, and I offered him my company to a willow tree either to make him a garland as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped

D Pedro To be whipped! What s his fault?

Bene The flat transgression of a school boy, who being overjoyed with finding a birds nest shows it his companion, and he steals it *231*

D Pedro Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer

Bene Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made and the garland too, for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestowed on you who as I take it, have stolen his birds nest

D Pedro I will but teach them to sing and restore them to the owner *240*

Bene If their singing answer your saying, by my faith you say honestly

D Pedro The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wronged by you

Bene O, she misused me past the endurance of a block! an oak but with one green leaf on it would have answered her, my very visor began to assume life and scold with her She told me not thinking I had been myself that I was the Prince s jester that I was duller than a great thaw, huddling jest upon jest with such impossible conveyance upon me that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me She speaks poniards and every word stabs if her breath were as terrible as her terminations there were no living near her she would infect to the north star I would not marry her though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed she would have Hercules have turned spit yea and have club to make the fire too Come, talk

you shall find her the infernal Ate in good apparel I would to God some scholar would conjure her for certainly while she is here a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary and people sin upon purpose because they would go thither so indeed all disquiet horror and perturbation follows her

D Pedro Look here she comes 270

Re-enter CLAUDIO BEATRICE, HERO *and* LEONATO

Bene Will your Grace command me any service to the world s end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on I will fetch you a tooth picker now from the furthest inch of Asia, bring you the length of Prester John s foot fetch you a hair off the great Cham s beard do you any embassage to the Pigmies rather than hold three words conference with this harpy You have no employment for me? 280

D Pedro None but to desire your good company

Bene O God sir here s a dish I love not I cannot endure my Lady Tongue [*Exit*

D Pedro Come lady come you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick

Beat Indeed my lord he lent it me awhile and I gave him use for it a double heart for his single one marry once before he won it of me with false dice therefore your Grace may well say I have lost it 291

D Pedro You have put him down lady you have put him down

Beat So I would not he should do me my lord lest I should prove the mother of fools I have brought Count Claudio whom you sent me to seek

D Pedro Why how now Count! wherefore are you sad?

Claud Not sad my lord 300

D Pedro How then? sick?

Claud Neither my lord

Beat The Count is neither sad nor sick nor merry nor well but civil Count civil as an orange and something of that jealous complexion

D Pedro I faith lady I think your blazon to be true though I ll be sworn if he be so his conceit is false Here Claudio I have wooed in thy name and fair Hero is won I have broke with her father and h s good will obtained name the day of marriage and God give thee joy!

Leon Count take of me my daughter and with her my fortunes his Grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it

Beat Speak, Count tis your cue

Claud Silence is the perfectest herald of joy I were but little happy if I could say how much Lady as you are mine I am yours I give away myself for you and dote upon the exchange 310

Beat Speak cousin or if you cannot stop his mouth with a kiss and let not him speak neither

D Pedro In faith lady you have a merry heart

Beat Yea my lord I thank it poor fool it keeps on the windy side of care My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart

Claud And so she doth cousin

Beat Good Lord for alliance! Thus goes every one to the world but I and I am sunburnt I may sit in a corner and cry heigh ho for a husband!

D Pedro Lady Beatrice I will get you one.

Beat I would rather have one of your father s getting Hath your Grace ne er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands if a maid could come by them

D Pedro Will you have me lady? 329

Beat No my lord unless I might have another for working days your Grace is too costly to wear every day But I beseech your Grace, pardon me I was born to speak all mirth and no matter

D Pedro Your silence most offends me and to be merry best becomes you for out of question, you were born in a merry hour

Beat No sure my lord my mother cried but then there was a star danced and under that was I born Cousins God give you joy! 350

Leon Niece will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat I cry you mercy uncle By your Grace s pardon [*Exit*

D Pedro By my troth a pleasant spirited lady

Leon There s little of the melancholy element in her my lord she is never sad but when she sleeps and not ever sad then for I have heard my daughter say she hath often dreamed of unhappiness and waked herself with lau hing

D Pedro She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband

Leon O by no means she mocks all her wooers out of suit

D Pedro She were an excellent wife for Benedick

Leon O Lord my lord if they were but a week married they would talk themselves mad

D Pedro County Claudio when mean you to go to church? 371

Claud To-morrow my lord time goes on crutches till love have all his rites

Leon Not till Monday my dear son which is hence a just seven night and a time too brief too to have all things answer my mind

D Pedro Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us I will in the interim undertake one of Hercules labours which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other I would fain have it a match, and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction

Leon My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten night's watchings.

Claud And I my lord

D Pedro And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero I will do any modest office, my lord to help my cousin to a good husband 391

D Pedro And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know Thus far can I praise him he is of a noble strain, of approved valour and confirmed honesty I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick, and I, with your two helps, will so practice on Benedick that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach he shall fall in love with Beatrice If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *The same*

Enter DON JOHN *and* BORACHIO

D John It is so, the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato

Bora Yea, my lord, but I can cross it.

D John Any bar, any cross any impediment will be medicinable to me I am sick in displeasure to him and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora Not honestly, my lord, but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me 10

D John Show me briefly how

Bora I think I told your lordship a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret the waiting gentlewoman to Hero

D John I remember

Bora I can at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady s chamber window

D John What life is in that to be the death of this marriage? 20

Bora The poison of that lies in you to temper Go you to the Prince your brother spare not to tell him that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio—whose estimation do you mightily hold up—to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero

D John What proof shall I make of that?

Bora Proof enough to misuse the Prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero and kill Leonato Look you for any other issue? 30

D John Only to despite them, I will endeavour anything

Bora Go, then, find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone tell them that you know that Hero loves me, intend a kind of zeal both to the Prince and Claudio as —in love of your brother's honour who hath made this match, and his friend s reputation who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid— that you have discovered thus They will scarcely believe this without trial offer them instances, which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window, hear me call Margaret Hero, hear Margaret term me Claudio, and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding—for in the meantime I will so fashion the matter that Hero shall be absent—and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero s disloyalty that jealousy shall be called assurance and all the preparation overthrown 51

D John Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats

Bora Be you constant in the accusation and my cunning shall not shame me

D John I will presently go learn their day of marriage [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *Leonato s orchard*

Enter BENEDICK

Bene Boy!

Enter BOY

Boy Signior?

Bene In my chamber window lies a book bring it hither to me in the orchard

Boy I am here already, sir

Bene I know that, but I would have thee hence, and here again [*Exit* BOY] I do much wonder that one man seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love and such a man is Claudio I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe I have known when he would have walked ten mile a foot to see a good armour and now will he lie ten nights awake carving the fashion of a new doublet He was wont to speak plain and

to the purpose like an honest man and a soldier an I now is he turned orthography his words are a very fantastical banquet just so many strange dishes May I be so converted and see with these eyes? I cannot tell I think not I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster but I ll take my oath on it till he have made an oyster of me he shall never make me such a fool One woman is fair yet I am well another is wise yet I am well another virtuous yet I am well but till all graces be in one woman one woman shall not come in my grace Rich she shall be that s certain wise or I ll none vir tuous or I ll never cheapen her fair or I ll never look on her mild or come not near me noble or not I for an angel of good discourse an excellent musician and her hair shall be of what colour it please God Ha! the Prince and Mon sieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour

[*Withdraws*

Enter DON PEDRO CLAUDIO *and* LEONATO

D P dro Come shall we hear this music?
Claud Yea, my good lord How still the
evening is 40
As hush d on purpose to grace harmony!
D Pedro See you where Benedick hath hid him self?
Cla d O very well my lord the music ended
We ll fit the kid fox with a pennyworth

Enter BALTHASAR *with Music*

D P d o Come Balthasar we ll hear that song
again
Balth O good my lord tax not so bad a voice
To slander music any more than once
D P dro It is the witness still of excellency
To put a strange face on his own perfection
I pray thee sing and let me woo no more 50
Balth Because you talk of wooing I will sing
S nce many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy yet he wooes
Yet will he swear he loves
D Pedro Now pray thee come
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument
Do it in notes
B lth Note this before my notes
There s not a note of mine that s worth the
noting
D I d o Why these are very crotchets that
he speaks
Note notes forsooth, and nothing [*Air*]
Bene Now divine air now is his soul ravished
Is it not strange that sheeps guts should hale souls out of men s bodies? Well a horn for my money when all s done

SONG

Balth Sigh no more ladies sigh no more
Men were deceivers ever
One foot in sea and one on shore
To one thing constant never
Then sigh not so but let them go
And be you blithe and bonny
Converting all your sounds of woe 70
Into Hey nonny nonny

Sing no more ditties sing no moe,
Of dumps so dull and heavy
The fraud of men was ever so
Since summer first was leavy
Then sigh not so &c

D Pedro By my troth a good song
Balth And an ill singer my lord
D Pedro Ha no no faith thou singest well enough for a shift 80
Bene An he had been a dog that should have howled thus they would have hanged him and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief I had as lief have heard the night raven come what plague could have come after it
D Pedro Yea marry dost thou hear Baltha sar? I pray thee get us some excellent music for to-morrow night we would have it at the Lady Hero s chamber window
Balth The best I can my lord 90
D P d o Do so farewell [*Exit* BALTHASAR]
Come hither Leonato What was it you told me of to-day that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?
Claud O ay stalk on stalk on the fowl sits I did never think that lady would have loved any man
Leon No nor I neither but most wonderful that she should so dote on Signior Benedick whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor 101
Bene Is t possible? Sits the wind in that corner?
Leon By my troth my lord I cannot tell what to think of it but that she loves him with an enraged affection it is past the infinite of thought
D Ped o May be she doth but counterfeit
Claud Faith like enough
Leon O God, counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it 111
D P d o Why what effects of passion shows she?
Claud Bait the hook well this fish will bite
Leon What effects my lord? She will sit you, you heard my daughter tell you how

Claud She did, indeed

D Pedro How, how, I pray you? You amaze me I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection 120

Leon I would have sworn it had, my lord especially against Benedick

Bene I should think this a gull, but that the white bearded fellow speaks it knavery cannot, sure hide himself in such reverence

Claud He hath ta en the infection hold it up

D Pedro Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon No, and swears she never will that s her torment 130

Claud 'Tis true, indeed so your daughter says "Shall I,' says she, "that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?'

Leon This says she now when she is beginning to write to him, for she ll be up twenty times a night and there will she sit in her smock till she have writ a sheet of paper my daughter tells us all

Claud Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of

Leon O when she had writ it and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?

Claud That

Leon O she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence, railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her, "I measure him says she "by my own spirit for I should flout him if he writ to me, yea though I love him I should' 151

Claud Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart tears her hair, prays, curses, 'O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!'

Leon She doth indeed my daughter says so and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her that my daughter is sometime afeard she will do a desperate outrage to herself it is very true

D Pedro It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other if she will not discover it 161

Claud To what end? He would make but a sport of it and torment the poor lady worse

D Pedro An he should it were an alms to hang him She s an excellent sweet lady and out of all suspicion she is virtuous

Claud And she is exceeding wise

D Pedro In everything but in loving Benedick

Leon O my lord wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory I am sorry for her, as I have just cause being her uncle and her guardian

D Pedro I would she had bestowed this dotage on me I would have daffed all other respects and made her half myself I pray you, tell Benedick of it and hear what a will say

Leon Were it good think you? 179

Claud Hero thinks surely she will die for she says she will die if he love her not, and she will die ere she make her love known and she will die if he woo her rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness

D Pedro She doth well if she should make tender of her love tis very possible he ll scorn it for the man, as you know all hath a contemptible spirit

Claud He is a very proper man

D Pedro He hath indeed a good outward happiness 191

Claud Before God! and in my mind very wise

D Pedro He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit

Claud And I take him to be valiant

D Pedro As Hector I assure you and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise for either he avoids them with great discretion or undertakes them with a most Christian like fear

Leon If he do fear God a must necessarily keep peace if he break the peace he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling

D Pedro And so will he do for the man doth fear God howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make Well, I am sorry for your niece Shall we go seek Benedick and tell him of her love?

Claud Never tell him, my lord let her wear it out with good counsel

Leon Nay that s impossible she may wear her heart out first 210

D Pedro Well we will hear further of it by your daughter let it cool the while I love Benedick well, and I could wish he would modestly examine himself to see how much he is un worthy so good a lady

Leon My lord will you walk? dinner is ready

Claud If he do not dote on her upon this I will never trust my expectation 220

D Pedro Let there be the same net spread for her and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry The sport will be when they hold one an opinion of another s dotage and no such matter that s the scene that I would see which will be merely a dumb-show Let us send her to call him in to dinner

[*Exeunt* DON PEDRO CLAUDIO *and* LEONATO

Bene [*Coming forward*] This can b

the conference was sadly borne They have the truth of this from Hero They seem to pity the lady it seems her affections have their full bent Love me! why it must be requited I hear how I am censured they say I will bear myself proudly if I perceive the love come from her they say too that she will rather die than give any sign of affection I did never think to marry I must not seem proud happy are they that hear their detractions and can put them to mending They say the lady is fair tis a truth I can bear them witness and virtuous tis so I cannot reprove it and wise but for loving me by my troth it is no addition to her wit nor no great argument of her folly for I will be horribly in love with her I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me because I have railed so long against marriage but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour? No the world must be peopled When I said I would die a bachelor I did not think I should live till I were married Here comes Beatrice By this day she s a fair lady I do spy some marks of love in her

Enter BEATRICE

Beat Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner

Bene Fair Beatrice I thank you for your pains

Beat I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me if it had been painful I would not have come 261

Bene You take pleasure then in the message?

Beat Yea just so much as you may take upon a knife s point and choke a daw withal You have no stomach signior fare you well [*Exit*

Bene Ha! Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner there s a double meaning in that I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me that s as much as to say Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks If I do not take pity of her I am a villain if I do not love her I am a Jew I will go get her picture [*Exit*

ACT III

Scene I *Leonato s garden*

Enter HERO MARGARET *and* URSULA

Hero Good Margaret run thee to the parlour
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing with the Prince and Claudio
Whisper her ear and tell her I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard and our whole discourse
Is all of her say that thou overheard st us
And bid her steal into the pleached bower
Where honeysuckles ripen d by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter like favourites
Made proud by princes that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it there will she hide her 11
To listen our purpose This is thy office
Bear thee well in it and leave us alone

Marg I ll make her come I warrant you presently [*Exit*

Hero Now Ursula when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace alley up and down
Our talk must only be of Benedick
When I do name him let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit
My talk to thee must be how Benedick 20
Is sick in love with Beatrice Of this matter
Is little Cupid s crafty arrow made
That only wounds by hearsay

Enter BEATRICE, *behind*

Now begin
For look where Beatrice like a lapwing runs
Close by the ground to hear our conference

Urs The pleasant st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream
And greedily devour the treacherous bait
So angle we for Beatrice who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture 30
Fear you not my part of the dialogue

Hero Then go we near her that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it

Approaching the bower

No truly Ursula she is too disdainful
I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggerds of the rock

Urs But are you sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

Hero So says the Prince and my new trothed lord

Urs And did they bid you tell her of it madam?

Hero They did entreat me to acquaint her of it
But I persuaded them if they loved Benedick 41
To wish him wrestle with affection
And never to let Beatrice know of it

Urs Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full as fortunate a bed
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

Hero O god of love! I know he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man
But Nature never framed a woman s heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice 50

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on and her wit
Values itself so highly that to her
All matter else seems weak she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self endeared

Urs Sure, I think so,
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it

Hero Why, you speak truth I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured, 60
But she would spell him backward if fair-faced,
She would swear the gentleman should be her sister,
If black, why, Nature drawing of an antique,
Made a foul blot, if tall, a lance ill headed,
If low an agate very vilely cut,
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds,
If silent, why, a block moved with none
So turns she every man the wrong side out
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth 70

Urs Sure sure, such carping is not commendable

Hero No, not to be so odd and from all fashions
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak
She would mock me into air, O, she would laugh me
Out of myself press me to death with wit
Therefore let Benedick, like cover d fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly
It were a better death than die with mocks
Which is as bad as die with tickling 80

Urs Yet tell her of it hear what she will say

Hero No, rather I will go to Benedick
And counsel him to fight against his passion
And truly, I ll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with one doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking

Urs O do not do your cousin such a wrong
She cannot be so much without true judgement—
Having so swift and excellent a wit
As she is prized to have—as to refuse 90
So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick

Hero He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio

Urs I pray you, be not angry with me madam,
Speaking my fancy Signior Benedick
For shape for bearing argument and valour
Goes foremost in report through Italy

Hero Indeed he hath an excellent good name

Urs His excellence did earn it ere he had it
When are you married madam? 100

Hero Why, every day, to-morrow Come, go in
I ll show thee some attires and have thy counsel
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow

Urs She s limed I warrant you we have caught her, madam

Hero If it prove so then loving goes by haps
Some Cupid kills with arrows some with traps
[*Exeunt* HERO *and* URSULA

Beat [*Coming forward*] What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
Stand I condemn d for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such 110
And, Benedick, love on I will requite thee
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band
For others say thou dost deserve and I
Believe it better than reportingly [*Exit*

SCENE II *A room in Leonato s house*

Enter DON PEDRO CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, *and* LEONATO

D Pedro I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon

Claud I ll bring you thither my lord if you ll vouchsafe me

D Pedro Nay that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage as to show a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it I will only be bold with Benedick for his company, for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid s bow string and the little hangman dare not shoot at him, he hath a heart as sound as a bell and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks

Bene Gallants, I am not as I have been

Leon So say I methinks you are sadder

Claud I hope he be in love

D Pedro Hang him truant! there s no true drop of blood in him to be truly touched with love if he be sad he wants money 20

Bene I have the toothache

D Pedro Draw it

Bene Hang it!

Claud You must hang it first and draw it afterwards

D Pedro What! sigh for the toothache?

Leon Where is but a humour or a worm

Bene Well every one can master a grief but he that has it 30

Claud Yet say I he is in love

D Pedro There is no appearance of fancy in

him unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises as to be a Dutchman to-day a French man to-morrow or in the shape of two countries at once as a German from the waist downward all slops and a Spaniard from the hip upward no doublet Unless he have a fancy to this foolery as it appears he hath he is no fool for fancy as you would have it appear he is

Claud If he be not in love with some woman there is no believing old signs a brushes his hat o mornings what should that bode? 42

D Pedro Hath any man seen him at the bar ber s?

Claud No but the barber s man hath been seen with him and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis balls

Leon Indeed he looks younger than he did by the loss of a beard

D Pedro Nay a rubs himself with civet can you smell him out by that? 51

Claud That s as much as to say the sweet youth s in love

D Pedro The greatest note of it is his melan choly

Claud And when was he wont to wash his face?

D Pedro Yea or to paint himself? for the which I hear what they say of him

Claud Nay but his jesting spirit which is now crept into a lute string and now governed by stops

D Pedro Indeed that tells a heavy tale for him conclude conclude he is in love

Claud Nay but I know who loves him

D Pedro That would I know too I warrant one that knows him not

Claud Yes and his ill conditions and in de spite of all dies for him

D Pedro She shall be buried with her face up-wards 71

Bene Yet is this no charm for the toothache Old signior walk aside with me I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you which these hobby horses must not hear

[*Exeunt* BENEDICK *and* LEONATO

D Pedro For my life, to break with him about Beatrice

Claud 'Tis even so Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet 81

Enter DON JOHN

D John My lord and brother e you!

D Pedro Good

D John If your leisure served I would speak with you

D Pedro In private?

D John If it please you yet Count Claudio may hear for what I would speak of concerns him

D Pedro What s the matter? 90

D John [*To* CLAUDIO] Means your lordship to be married to morrow?

D Pedro You know he does

D John I know not that when he knows what I know

Claud If there be any impediment I pray you discover it

D John You may think I love you not let that appear hereafter and aim better at me by that I now will manifest For my brother I think he holds you well and in dearness of heart hath holp to effect your ensuing marriage—surely suit ill spent and labour ill bestowed

D Pedro Why what s the matter?

D John I came hither to tell you and circum stances shortened for she has been too long a talking of the lady is disloyal

Claud Who Hero?

D John Even she Leonato s Hero your Hero every man s Hero 110

Claud Disloyal?

D John The word is too good to paint out her wickedness I could say she were worse think you of a worse title and I will fit her to it Wonder not till further warrant go but with me tonight you shall see her chamber window en tered even the night before her wedding day if you love her then to-morrow wed her but it would better fit your honour to change your mind

Claud May this be so? 120

D Pedro I will not think it

D John If you dare not trust that you see con fess not that you know if you will follow me I will show you enough and when you have seen more and heard more proceed accordingly

Claud If I see anything to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow in the congregation where I should wed there will I shame her

D Pedro And as I wooed for thee to obtain her I will join with thee to disgrace her 130

D John I will disparage her no farther till you are my witnesses bear it coldly but till mid-night and let the issue show itself

D Pedro O day untowardly turned!

Claud O mischief strangely thwarting!

D John O plague right well prevented! so will you say when you have seen the sequel

[*Exeunt*

SCENE III *A street*

Enter DOGBERRY *and* VERGES *with* THE WATCH

Dog Are you good men and true?

Verg Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul

Dog Nay, that were a punishment too good for them if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the Prince s watch

Verg Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry

Dog First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable? *10*

1st Watch Hugh Otecake, sir, or George Seacole, for they can write and read

Dog Come hither, neighbour Seacole God hath blessed you with a good name to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature

2nd Watch Both which, master constable—

Dog You have I knew it would be your answer Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks and make no boast of it, and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch, therefore bear you the lantern This is your charge you shall comprehend all vagrom men, you are to bid any man stand, in the Prince s name

2nd Watch How if a will not stand?

Dog Why, then take no note of him, but let him go, and presently call the rest of the watch together and thank God you are rid of a knave

Verg If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the Prince s subjects

Dog True and they are to meddle with none but the Prince s subjects You shall also make no noise in the streets, for for the watch to babble and to talk is most tolerable and not to be endured

2nd Watch We will rather sleep than talk we know what belongs to a watch *40*

Dog Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman for I cannot see how sleeping should offend only, have a care that your bills be not stolen Well you are to call at all the alehouses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed

2nd Watch How if they will not?

Dog Why then let them alone till they are sober if they make you not then the better answer you may say they are not the men you took them for *51*

2nd Watch Well sir

Dog If you meet a thief you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man, and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty

2nd Watch If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dog Truly, by your office, you may, but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief is to let him show himself what he is and steal out of your company

Verg You have been always called a merciful man, partner

Dog Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath honesty in him

Verg If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it *70*

2nd Watch How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear us?

Dog Why, then depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying, for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes will never answer a calf when he bleats

Verg 'Tis very true

Dog This is the end of the charge you constable are to present the Prince s own person if you meet the Prince in the night, you may stay him *81*

Verg Nay, by'r lady, that I think a' cannot

Dog Five shillings to one on t, with any man that knows the statues he may stay him marry, not without the Prince be willing for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man and it is an offence to stay a man against his will

Verg By 'r lady I think it be so *89*

Dog Ha ah, ha! Well, masters good night an there be any matter of weight chances call up me keep your fellows counsels and your own and good night Come neighbour

2nd Watch Well masters we hear our charge let us go sit here upon the church bench till two, and then all to bed

Dog One word more honest neighbours I pray you watch about Signior Leonato s door for the wedding being there to morrow there is a great coil to-night Adieu be vigitant I beseech you [*Exeunt* DOGBERRY *and* VERGES *101*

Enter BORACHIO *and* CONRADE

Bora What Conrade!

2nd Watch [*Aside*] Peace! stir not

Bora Conrade I say!

Con Here man I am at thy elbow

Bora Mass and my elbow itched I there would a scab follow

Con I will owe thee an answer for that and now forward with thy tale *109*

Bora Stand thee close, then, under this pent house, for it drizzles rain and I will like a true drunkard, utter all to thee

2nd Watch [*Aside*] Some treason, masters yet stand close.

Bora Therefore know I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats

Con Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear?

Bora Thou shouldst rather ask if it were possible any villainy should be so rich for when rich villains have need of poor ones poor ones may make what price they will

Con I wonder at it

Bora That shows thou art unconfirmed Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet or a hat or a cloak is nothing to a man

Con Yes it is apparel

Bora I mean, the fashion

Con Yes the fashion is the fashion *129*

Bora Tush I may as well say the fool s the fool But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

2nd Watch [*Aside*] I know that Deformed a has been a vile thief this seven year a goes up and down like a gentleman I remember his name

Bora Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con No twas the vane on the house

Bora Seest thou not I say what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily a turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five and thirty? sometimes fashioning them like Pharaoh s soldiers in the reechy painting sometime like god Bel s priests in the old church window sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm eaten tapestry where his codpiece seems as massy as his club?

Con All this I see and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora Not so neither but know that I have to-night wooed Margaret the Lady Hero s gentlewoman, by the name of Hero she leans me out at her mistress chamber window bids me a thousand times good night—I tell this tale vilely I should first tell thee how the Prince Claudio and my master planted and placed and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter *161*

Con And thought they Margaret was Hero?

Bora Two of them did, the Prince and Claudio but the devil my master knew she was Margaret and partly by his oaths which first possessed them, partly by the dark night which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged swore he would meet her as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation shame her with what he saw o er night and send her home again without a husband

1st Watch We charge you, in the Prince s name, stand!

2nd Watch Call up the right master constable We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth *181*

1st Watch And one Deformed is one of them I know him a wears a lock

Con Masters masters—

2nd Watch You ll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you

Con Masters—

1st Watch Never speak we charge you let us obey you to go with us

Bora We are like to prove a goodly commodity being taken up of these men s bills *191*

Con A commodity in question, I warrant you Come, we ll obey you [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *Hero s apartment*

Enter HERO MARGARET *and* URSULA

Hero Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice and desire her to rise

Urs I will lady

Hero And bid her come hither

Urs Well [*Exit*

Marg Troth I think your other rabato were better

Hero No pray thee good Meg I ll wear this

Marg By my troth, s not so good and I warrant your cousin will say so *10*

Hero My cousin s a fool and thou art another I ll wear none but this

Marg I like the new tire within excellently if the hair were a thought browner and your gown s a most rare fashion i faith I saw the Duchess of Milan s gown that they praise so

Hero O that exceeds they say

Marg By my troth, s but a night-gown in respect of yours cloth o gold and cuts and laced with silver set with pearls down sleeves side sleeves and skirts round underborne with a bluish tinsel but for a fine quaint graceful and excellent fashion yours is worth ten on t

Hero God give me joy to wear it! for my heart is exceeding heavy

Marg 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man

Hero Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

Marg Of what lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say, "saving your reverence, a husband" an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking I'll offend nobody is there any harm in "the heavier for a husband"? None, I think an it be the right husband and the right wife, otherwise tis light and not heavy ask my Lady Beatrice else, here she comes

Enter BEATRICE

Hero Good morrow, coz

Beat Good morrow, sweet Hero 40

Hero Why, how now? do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat I am out of all other tune, methinks

Marg Clap's into "Light o' love", that goes without a burden do you sing it, and I ll dance it

Beat Ye light o love with your heels! then if your husband have stables enough, you ll see he shall lack no barns

Marg O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels 51

Beat 'Tis almost five o clock cousin, 'tis time you were ready By my troth, I am exceeding ill heigh ho!

Marg For a hawk, a horse or a husband?

Beat For the letter that begins them all H

Marg Well an you be not turned Turk, there s no more sailing by the star

Beat What means the fool trow?

Marg Nothing I, but God send every one their heart's desire! 61

Hero These gloves the Count sent me, they are an excellent perfume

Beat I am stuffed, cousin I cannot smell

Marg A maid and stuffed! there s goodly catching of cold

Beat O, God help me! God help me! how long have you professed apprehension?

Marg Ever since you left it Doth not my wit become me rarely? 70

Beat It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap By my troth I am sick

Marg Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus and lay it to your heart it is the only thing for a qualm

Hero There thou prickest her with a thistle

Beat Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus

Marg Moral! no by my troth I have no moral meaning! I meant, plain holy thistle You may think perchance that I think you are in love nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list, nor I list not to think what I can nor indeed I cannot think if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love or that you will be in love or that you can be in love Yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man he swore he would never marry and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging and how you may be converted I know not, but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do

Beat What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg Not a false gallop

Re-enter URSULA

Urs Madam, withdraw the Prince the Count, Signior Benedick, Don John and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church

Hero Help to dress me, good coz good Meg, good Ursula [*Exeunt*

SCENE V *Another room in Leonato s house*

Enter LEONATO, *with* DOGBERRY *and* VERGES

Leon What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dog Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly

Leon Brief I pray you, for you see it is a busy time with me

Dog Marry, this it is, sir

Verg Yes truth it is sir

Leon What is it, my good friends?

Dog Goodman Verges sir speaks a little off the matter an old man sir and his wits are not so blunt as, God help, I would desire they were, but in faith, honest as the skin between his brows

Verg Yes I thank God I am as honest as any man living that is an old man and no honester than I

Dog Comparisons are odorous palabras, neighbour Verges

Leon Neighbours, you are tedious 20

Dog It pleases your worship to say so but we are the poor Duke s officers but truly for mine own part if I were as tedious as a king I could find it in my heart to bestow it all of your worship

Leon All thy tediousness on me ah?

Dog Yea an twere a thousand pound more than tis for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city and though I be but a poor man I am glad to hear it 30

Verg And so am I

Leon I would fain know what you have to say

Verg Marry sir our watch to-night excepting your worship s presence ha ta en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina

Dog A good old man sir he will be talking as they say When the age is in the wit is out God help us! it is a world to see Well said i faith neighbour Verges well God s a good man an two men ride of a horse one must ride behind An honest soul i faith sir by my troth he is as ever broke bread but God is to be wor shipped all men are not alike alas good neigh bour!

Leon Indeed neighbour he comes too short of you

Dog Gifts that God gives

Leon I must leave you

Dog One word sir our watch sir have indeed comprehended two aspicious persons and we would have them this morning examined before your worship

Leon Take their examination yourself and bring it me I am now in great haste as it may appear unto you

Dog It shall be suffigance

Leon Drink some wine ere you go fare you well

Enter a MESSENGER

Mess My lord they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband 60

Leon I ll wait upon them I am ready

[*Exeunt* LEONATO *and* MESSENGER

Dog Go good partner go get you to Francis Seacole bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol we are now to examination these men

Verg And we must do it wisely

Dog We will spare for no wit I warrant you here s that shall drive some of them to a non come only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication and meet me at the gaol

[*Exeunt*

ACT IV

SCENE I *A church*

Enter DON PEDRO DON JOHN LEONATO FRIAR FRANCIS CLAUDIO BENEDICK HERO BEATRICE, *and attendants*

Leon Come Friar Francis be brief only to the plain form of marriage and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards

Friar You come hither my lord to marry this lady

Claud No

Leon To be married to her friar you come to marry her

Friar Lady you come hither to be married to this Count 10

Hero I do

Friar If either of you know any inward im pediment why you should not be conjoined I charge you on your souls to utter it

Claud Know you any Hero?

Hero None my lord

Friar Know you any Count?

Leon I dare make his answer none

Claud O what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do not knowing what they do! 21

Bene How now! interjections? Why then, some be of laughing as ah ha he!

Claud Stand thee by friar Father by your leave

Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid your daughter?

Leon As freely son as God did give her me

Claud And what have I to give you back whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

D Pedro Nothing unless you render her again

Claud Sweet Prince you learn me noble thankfulness 31
There Leonato take her back again
Give not this rotten orange to your friend
She s but the sign and semblance of her honour
Behold how like a maid she blushes here!
O what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood as modest evidence
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear
All you that see her that she were a maid 40
By these exterior shows? But she is none
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed
Her blush is guiltiness not modesty

Leon What do you mean my lord?

Claud Not to be married
Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton

Leon Dear my lord if you in your own proof
Have vanquish d the resistance of her youth
And made defeat of her virginity—

Claud I know what you would say if I have known her
You will say she did embrace me as a husband
And so extenuate the forehand sin 51
No Leonato
I never tempted her with word too large
But as a brother to his sister show d
Bashful sincerity and comely love

Hero And seem d I ever otherwise to you?

Claud Out on thee! Seeming I will write against it
You seem to me as Dian in her orb,
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown

But you are more intemperate in your blood 60
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality
Hero Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?
Leon Sweet Prince, why speak not you?
D Pedro What should I speak?
I stand dishonour'd that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale
Leon Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?
D John Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true
Bene This looks not like a nuptial
Hero True! O God!
Claud Leonato stand I here? 70
Is this the Prince? is this the Prince's brother?
Is this face Hero s? are our eyes our own?
Leon All this is so but what of this my lord?
Claud Let me but move one question to your daughter,
And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly
Leon I charge thee do so, as thou art my child
Hero O, God defend me! how am I beset!
What kind of catechising call you this?
Claud To make you answer truly to your name 80
Hero Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?
Claud Marry that can Hero,
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue
What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid answer to this
Hero I talk'd with no man at that hour my lord
D Pedro Why, then are you no maiden Leonato
I am sorry you must hear upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother and this grieved Count 90
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber window,
Who hath indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret
D John Fie, fie! they are not to be named, my lord,
Not to be spoke of
There is not chastity enough in language
Without offence to utter them Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment 100
Claud O Hero what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But fare thee well most foul most fair! farewell
Thou pure impiety and impious purity!
For thee I ll lock up all the gates of love
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious
Leon Hath no man s dagger here a point for me? 110
[*Hero swoons*]
Beat Why how now cousin! wherefore sink you down?
D John Come let us go These things come thus to light
Smother her spirits up
[*Exeunt* DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, *and* CLAUDIO
Bene How doth the lady?
Beat Dead I think Help uncle!
Hero! why, Hero! Uncle! Signior Benedick!
Friar!
Leon O Fate! take not away thy heavy hand
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wish d for
Beat How now, cousin Hero!
Friar Have comfort lady
Leon Dost thou look up? 120
Friar Yea wherefore should she not?
Leon Wherefore! Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?
Do not live Hero do not ope thine eyes
For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life Grieved I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature s frame? 130
O one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Took up a beggar s issue at my gates
Who smirched thus and mired with infamy,
I might have said No part of it is mine
This shame derives itself from unknown loins"?
But mine and mine I loved and mine I praised
And mine that I was proud on mine so much
That I myself was to myself not mine 140
Valuing of her—why she O she is fallen
Into a pit of ink that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again
And salt too little which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh!
Bene Sir sir be patient
For my part I am so attired in wonder
I know not what to say
Beat O on my soul my cousin is belied!
Bene Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?
Beat No truly not although until last night
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow 151

Leon Confirm d confirm d! O that is stronger made
Which was before barr d up with ribs of iron!
Would the two Princes lie and Claudio lie
Who loved her so that speaking of her foulness
Wash d it with tears? Hence from her! let her die
Friar Hear me a little for I have only been
Silent so long and given way unto
This course of fortune
By noting of the lady I have mark d 160
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness beat away those blushes
And in her eye there hath appear d a fire
To burn the errors that these Princes hold
Against her maiden truth Call me a fool
Trust not my reading nor my observations
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book trust not my age
My reverence calling nor divinity 170
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error
Leon Friar it cannot be
Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left
Is that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury she not denies it
Why seek st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?
Friar Lady what man is he you are accused of?
Hero They know that do accuse me I know none
If I know more of any man alive 180
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy! O my father
Prove you that any man with me conversed
At hours unmeet or that I yesternight
Maintain d the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me torture me to death!
Friar There is some strange misprision in the Princes
Bene Two of them have the very bent of honour
And if their wisdoms be misled in this
The practice of it lives in John the Bastard 190
Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies
Leon I know not If they speak but truth of her
These hands shall tear her if they wrong her honour
The proudest of them shall well hear of it
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends
But they shall find awaked in such a kind
Both strength of limb and policy of mind 200
Ability in means and choice of friends
To quit me of them throughly
Friar Pause awhile
And let my counsel sway you in this case
Your daughter here the Princes left for dead
Let her awhile be secretly kept in
And publish it that she is dead indeed
Maintain a mourning ostentation
And on your family s old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial 210
Leon What shall become of this? what will this do?
Friar Marry this well carried shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse that is some good
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth
She dying as it must be so maintain d
Upon the instant that she was accused
Shall be lamented pitied and excused
Of every hearer for it so falls out
That what we have we prize not to the worth 220
Whiles we enjoy it but being lack d and lost
Why then we rack the value then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours So will it fare with Claudio
When he shall hear she died upon his words
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell d in more precious habit
More moving-delicate and full of life 230
Into the eye and prospect of his soul
Than when she lived indeed then shall he mourn
If ever love had interest in his liver
And wish he had not so accused her
No though he thought his accusation true
Let this be so and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood
But if all aim but this be levell d false
The supposition of the lady s death 240
Will quench the wonder of her infamy
And if it sort not well you may conceal her
As best befits her wounded reputation
In some reclusive and religious life
Out of all eyes tongues minds and injuries
Bene Signior Leonato let the friar advise you
And though you know my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the Prince and Claudio
Yet by mine honour I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul 250
Should with your body

Leon Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me
Friar 'Tis well consented presently away,
For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure
Come, lady, die to live this wedding-day
Perhaps is but prolong'd have patience and endure

[*Exeunt all but* BENEDICK *and* BEATRICE

Bene Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?
Beat Yea, and I will weep a while longer
Bene I will not desire that
Beat You have no reason, I do it freely 260
Bene Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wronged
Beat Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her!
Bene Is there any way to show such friendship?
Beat A very even way, but no such friend
Bene May a man do it?
Beat It is a man s office, but not yours
Bene I do love nothing in the world so well as you is not that strange? 270
Beat As strange as the thing I know not It were as possible for me to say I loved nothing so well as you but believe me not, and yet I lie not I confess nothing nor I deny nothing I am sorry for my cousin
Bene By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me
Beat Do not swear and eat it
Bene I will swear by it that you love me and I will make him eat it that says I love not you
Beat Will you not eat your word? 280
Bene With no sauce that can be devised to it I protest I love thee
Beat Why, then, God forgive me!
Bene What offence sweet Beatrice?
Beat You have stayed me in a happy hour I was about to protest I loved you
Bene And do it with all thy heart
Beat I love you with so much of my heart that none is left to protest
Bene Come bid me do anything for thee 290
Beat Kill Claudio
Bene Ha! not for the wide world
Beat You kill me to deny it Farewell
Bene Tarry, sweet Beatrice
Beat I am gone though I am here there is no love in you nay, I pray you, let me go
Bene Beatrice—
Beat In faith I will go
Bene We ll be friends first
Beat You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy 301
Bene Is Claudio thine enemy?
Beat Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned dishonoured my kinswoman? O that I were a man! What bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then, with public accusation uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour—O God that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market place
Bene Hear me Beatrice— 310
Beat Talk with a man out at a window! A proper saying!
Bene Nay, but Beatrice—
Beat Sweet Hero! She is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone
Bene Beat—
Beat Princes and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, Count Comfect a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too he is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie and swears it I cannot be a man with wishing therefore I will die a woman with grieving.
Bene Tarry, good Beatrice By this hand, I love thee
Beat Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it 330
Bene Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero?
Beat Yea as sure as I have a thought or a soul
Bene Enough I am engaged I will challenge him I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account As you hear of me, so think of me Go comfort your cousin I must say she is dead, and so, farewell [*Exeunt* 340

SCENE II *A prison*

Enter DOGBERRY VERGES, *and* SEXTON *in gowns, and the* WATCH *with* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO

Dog Is our whole dissembly appeared?
Verg O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton
Sex Which be the malefactors?
Dog Marry that am I and my partner
Verg Nay that s certain we have the exhibition to examine
Sex But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable
Dog Yea marry let them come before me What is your name friend? 11
Bora Borachio
Dog Pray write down, Borachio Yours, sirrah?

Con I am a gentleman sir and my name is Conrade

Dog Write down master gentleman Conrade Masters do you serve God?

Con / *Bora* Yea sir we hope

Dog Write down that they hope they serve God and write God first for God defend but God should go before such villains! Masters it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves and it will go near to be thought so shortly How answer you for yourselves?

Con Marry sir we say we are none

Dog A marvellous witty fellow I assure you but I will go about with him Come you hither sirrah a word in your ear sir I say to you it is thought you are false knaves 30

Bora Sir I say to you we are none

Dog Well stand aside Fore God they are both in a tale Have you writ down that they are none?

Sex Master constable you go not the way to examine you must call forth the watch that are their accusers

Dog Yea marry that s the eftest way Let the watch come forth Masters I charge you in the Prince s name accuse these men 40

1st Watch This man said sir that Don John the Prince s brother was a villain

Dog Write down Prince John a villain Why this is flat perjury to call a Prince s brother villain

Bora Master constable—

Dog Pray thee fellow peace I do not like thy look I promise thee

Sex What heard you him say else?

2nd Watch Marry that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully 51

Dog Flat burglary as ever was committed

Verg Yea by mass that it is

Sex What else fellow?

1st Watch And that Count Claudio did mean upon his words to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly and not marry her

Dog O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this

Sex What else? 60

1st Watch This is all

Sex And this is more, masters than you can deny Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away Hero was in this manner accused in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this suddenly died Master constable let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato s I will go before and show him their examination. [*Exit*

Dog Come let them be opinioned

Verg Let them be in the hands— 70

Con Off coxcomb!

Dog God s my life where s the sexton? let him write down the Prince s officer coxcomb Come bind them Thou naughty varlet!

Con Away! you are an ass you are an ass

Dog Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not suspect my years? O that he were here to write me down an ass! But, masters remember that I am an ass though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass No thou villain thou art full of piety as shall be proved upon thee by good witness I am a wise fellow and, which is more an officer and which is more a householder and which is more as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina and one that knows the law go to and a rich fellow enough go to and a fellow that hath had losses and one that hath two gowns and every thing handsome about him Bring him away O that I had been writ down an ass! [*Exeunt* 90

ACT V

SCENE I *Before Leonato s house*

Enter LEONATO *and* ANTONIO

Ant If you go on thus you will kill yourself
And tis not wisdom thus to second grief
Against yourself

Leon I pray thee cease thy counsel
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve give not me counsel
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine
Bring me a father that so loved his child
Whose joy of her is overwhelm d like mine
And bid him speak of patience 10
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine
And let it answer every strain for strain
As thus for thus and such a grief for such
In every lineament branch shape and form
If such a one will smile and stroke his beard
Bid sorrow wag cry hem ! when he should groan
Patch grief with proverbs make misfortune drunk
With candle wasters bring him yet to me
And I of him will gather patience
But there is no such man for brother men 20
Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel but tasting it
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread

Charm ache with air and agony with words
No no, 'tis all men s office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency
To be so moral when he shall endure 30
The like himself Therefore give me no counsel
My griefs cry louder than advertisement
Ant Therein do men from children nothing differ
Leon I pray thee, peace I will be flesh and blood,
For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods
And made a push at chance and sufferance
Ant Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself,
Make those that do offend you suffer too 40
Leon There thou speak'st reason nay, I will do so
My soul doth tell me Hero is belied,
And that shall Claudio know, so shall the Prince
And all of them that thus dishonour her
Ant Here comes the Prince and Claudio hastily

Enter DON PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO

D Pedro Good den, good den
Claud Good day to both of you
Leon Hear you, my lords—
D Pedro We have some haste, Leonato
Leon Some haste, my lord! well, fare you well, my lord
Are you so hasty now? well all is one
D Pedro Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man 50
Ant If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low
Claud Who wrongs him?
Leon Marry thou dost wrong me, thou dissembler, thou —
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword,
I fear thee not
Claud Marry, beshrew my hand
If it should give your age such cause of fear
In faith my hand meant nothing to my sword
Leon Tush, tush, man, never fleer and jest at me
I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,
As under privilege of age to brag 60
What I have done being young or what would do
Were I not old Know Claudio to thy head
Thou hast wrong'd mine innocent child and me
That I am forced to lay my reverence by
And, with grey hairs and bruise of many days
Do challenge thee to trial of a man
I say thou hast belied mine innocent child,
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart
And she lies buried with her ancestors,
O in a tomb where never scandal slept, 70
Save this of hers framed by thy villainy!
Claud My villainy?
Leon Thine Claudio thine, I say
D Pedro You say not right old man
Leon My lord, my lord,
I ll prove it on his body if he dare
Despite his nice fence and his active practice,
His May of youth and bloom of lustihood
Claud Away! I will not have to do with you
Leon Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast kill d my child
If thou kill'st me boy thou shalt kill a man
Ant He shall kill two of us, and men indeed
But that's no matter, let him kill one first 81
Win me and wear me let him answer me
Come follow me, boy, come, sir boy come, follow me
Sir boy I ll whip you from your foining fence,
Nay as I am a gentleman, I will
Leon Brother—
Ant Content yourself God knows I loved my niece,
And she is dead, slander d to death by villains
That dare as well answer a man indeed
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue 90
Boys apes braggarts, Jacks, milksops!
Leon Brother Antony —
Ant Hold you content What man! I know them yea,
And what they weigh even to the utmost scruple—
Scrambling out facing, fashion monging boys
That lie and cog and flout deprave and slander,
Go anticly show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words
How they might hurt their enemies if they durst,
And this is all
Leon But brother Antony —
Ant Come, tis no matter 100
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this
D Pedro Gentlemen both we will not wake your patience
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death
But on my honour, she was charged with nothing
But what was true and very full of proof
Leon My lord my lord—
D Pedro I will not hear you
Leon No? Come, brother away! I will be heard
Ant And shall or some of us will smart for it
[*Exeunt* LEONATO *and* ANTONIO

D Pedro See see here comes the man we went to seek 110

Enter BENEDICK

Claud Now signior what news?

Bene Good day my lord

D Pedro Welcome signior you are almost come to part almost a fray

Claud We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth

D Pedro Leonato and his brother What thinkest thou? Had we fought I doubt we should have been too young for them

Bene In a false quarrel there is no true valour I came to seek you both 121

Claud We have been up and down to seek thee for we are high proof melancholy and would fain have it beaten away Wilt thou use thy wit?

Bene It is in my scabbard shall I draw it?

D Pedro Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Claud Never any did so though very many have been beside their wit I will bid thee draw as we do the minstrels draw to pleasure us

D P dro As I am an honest man he looks pale Art thou sick or angry? 131

Claud What courage man! What though care killed a cat thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care

Bene Sir I shall meet your wit in the career an you charge it against me I pray you choose another subject

Claud Nay then give him another staff this last was broke cross

D P d o By this light he changes more and more I think he be angry indeed 141

Claud If he be he knows how to turn his girdle

Bene Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud God bless me from a challenge!

Bene [*Aside to* CLAUDIO] You are a villain I jest not I will make it good how you dare with what you dare and when you dare Do me right or I will protest your cowardice You have killed a sweet lady and her death shall fall heavy on you Let me hear from you 152

Claud Well I will meet you so I may have good cheer

D Ped o What a feast a feast?

Claud I faith, I thank him he hath bid me to a calf's head and a capon the which if I do not carve most curiously say my knife s naught Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene Sir your wit ambles well it goes easily

D Pedro I ll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day I said thou hadst a fine wit 'True said she, a fine l ttle one No said I a great wit Right says she, a great gross one Nay said I a good wit Just said she it hurts nobody Nay said I the gentleman is wise Certain said she a wise gentleman Nay said I he hath the tongues That I believe said she for he swore a thing to me on Monday night which he forswore on Tuesday morning there s a double tongue there s two tongues Thus did she an hour together trans shape thy particular virtues yet at last she concluded with a sigh thou wast the properest man in Italy

Claud For the which she wept heartily and said she cared not

D Pedro Yea that she did but yet for all that an if she did not hate him deadly she would love him dearly the old man s daughter told us all 180

Claud All all and moreover God saw him when he was hid in the garden

D Pedro But when shall we set the savage bull s horns on the sensible Benedick s head?

Claud Yea and text underneath Here dwells Benedick the married man ?

Bene Fare you well boy you know my mind I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour you break jests as braggarts do their blades which God be thanked hurt not My lord for your many courtesies I thank you I must discontinue your company your brother the bastard is fled from Messina you have among you killed a sweet and innocent lady For my Lord Lackbeard there he and I shall meet and till then peace be with him [*Exit*

D P dro He is earnest

Claud In most profound earnest and I ll warrant you for the love of Beatrice

D Pedro And hath challenged thee 200

Claud Most sincerely

D Pedro What a pretty thing man is when he goes in his doublet and hose and leaves off his wit!

Claud He is then a giant to an ape but then is an ape a doctor to such a man

D Ped o But soft you let me be pluck up my heart and be sad Did he not say my brother was fled?

Enter DOGBERRY VERGES *and the* WATCH *with* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO

Dog Come you sir if justice cannot tame you she shall ne er weigh more reasons in her balance nay an you be a cursing hypocrite once you must be looked to

D Pedro How now? two of my brother s men bound Borachio one!

Claud Hearken after their offence my lord

D Pedro Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dog Marry, sir, they have committed false report, moreover, they have spoken untruths, secondarily, they are slanders, sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady, thirdly, they have verified unjust things, and, to conclude they are lying knaves

D Pedro First, I ask thee what they have done, thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence, sixth and lastly, why they are committed, and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge

Claud Rightly reasoned, and in his own division and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited 231

D Pedro Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood what's your offence?

Bora Sweet Prince, let me go no farther to mine answer do you hear me, and let this Count kill me I have deceived even your very eyes what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light, who in the night overheard me confessing to this man how Don John your brother incensed me to slander the Lady Hero how you were brought into the orchard and saw me court Margaret in Hero s garments, how you disgraced her, when you should marry her my villainy they have upon record, which I had rather seal with my death than repeat over to my shame The lady is dead upon mine and my master s false accusation, and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain 251

D Pedro Runs not this speech like iron through
your blood?

Claud I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it

D Pedro But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it

D Pedro He is composed and framed of
treachery
And fled he is upon this villainy

Claud Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I loved it first 260

Dog Come, bring away the plaintiffs by this time our sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the matter and, masters do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve that I am an ass

Verg Here, here comes master Signior Leonato, and the sexton too

Re-enter LEONATO *and* ANTONIO *with the* SEXTON

Leon Which is the villain? let me see his eyes,
That, when I note another man like him, 270
I may avoid him which of these is he?

Bora If you would know your wronger, look
on me

Leon Art thou the slave that with thy breath
hast kill d
Mine innocent child?

Bora Yea even I alone

Leon No, not so, villain, thou beliest thyself
Here stand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it
I thank you Princes for my daughter s death
Record it with your high and worthy deeds
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it

Claud I know not how to pray your patience
Yet I must speak Choose your revenge yourself,
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin yet sinn'd I not
But in mistaking

D Pedro By my soul nor I
And yet to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to

Leon I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,
That were impossible, but I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here 291
How innocent she died and if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb
And sing it to her bones sing it to-night
To-morrow morning come you to my house
And since you could not be my son in law
Be yet my nephew my brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copy of my child that s dead
And she alone is heir to both of us 300
Give her the right you should have given her
cousin
And so dies my revenge

Claud O noble sir,
Your over kindness doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio

Leon To-morrow then I will expect your
coming,
To-night I take my leave This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret
Who I believe was pack d in all this wrong
Hired to it by your brother

Bora No by my soul she was not,
Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to
me,
But always hath been just and virtuous 312
In any thing that I do know by her

Dog Moreover sir which indeed is not under white and black this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass I beseech you, let it be remem-

bered in his punishment And also the watch heard them talk of one Deformed they say he wears a key in his ear and a lock hanging by it and borrows money in God s name the which he hath used so long and never paid that now men grow hard hearted and will lend nothing for God s sake pray you examine him upon that point

Leon I thank thee for thy care and honest pains

Dog Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth and I praise God for you

Leon There s for thy pains

Dog God save the foundation!

Leon Go I discharge thee of thy prisoner and I thank thee 330

Dog I leave an arrant knave with your worship which I beseech your worship to correct yourself for the example of others God keep your worship! I wish your worship well God restore you to health! I humbly give you leave to depart and if a merry meeting may be wished God prohibit it! Come, neighbour

[*Exeunt* DOGBERRY *and* VERGES

Leon Until to-morrow morning lords farewell

Ant Farewell my lords we look for you to-morrow

D Ped o We will not fail

Claud To-night I ll mourn with Hero

Leon [*T the* WATCH] Bring you these fellows on We ll talk with Margaret 341
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow

[*Exeunt severally*

SCENE II *Leonato s gard n*

Enter BENEDICK *and* MARGARET *meeting*

Bene Pray thee sweet Mistress Margaret deserve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice

Marg Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene In so high a style Margaret that no man living shall come over it for in most comely truth thou deservest it

Marg To have no man come over me! why shall I always keep below stairs? 10

Bene Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound s mouth it catches

Marg And yours as blunt as the fencer s foils which hit but hurt not

Bene A most manly wit Margaret it will not hurt a woman and so I pray thee call Beatrice I give thee the bucklers

Marg Give us the swords we have bucklers of our own

Bene If you use them, Margaret you must put in the pikes with a vice and they are dangerous weapons for maids

Marg Well I will call Beatrice to you who I think hath legs

Bene And therefore will come

[*Exit* MARGARET

[*Sings*] The god of love
That sits above
And knows me and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve—

I mean in singing but in loving Leander the good swimmer Troilus the first employer of pandars and a whole bookful of these quondam carpet mongers whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse why they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self in love Marry I cannot show it in rhyme I have tried I can find out no rhyme to lady but baby an innocent rhyme for scorn horn a hard rhyme for school fool a babbling rhyme very ominous endings no I was not born under a rhyming planet nor I cannot woo in festival terms 41

Enter BEATRICE

Sweet Beatrice wouldst thou come when I called thee?

B at Yea signior and depart when you bid me

Bene O stay but till then!

B at Then is spoken fare you well now and yet ere I go let me go with that I came which is with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio

Bene Only foul words and thereupon I will kiss thee 51

Beat Foul words is but foul wind and foul wind is but foul breath and foul breath is noisome therefore I will depart unkissed

Ben. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense so forcible is thy wit But I must tell thee plainly Claudio undergoes my challenge and either I must shortly hear from him or I will subscribe him a coward And I pray thee now tell me for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me? 61

B at For them all together which maintained so politic a state of evil that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene Suffer love! a good epithet! I do suffer love indeed for I love thee against my will

Beat In spite of your heart I think alas poor heart! If you spite it for my sake I will spite it for yours for I will never love that which my friend hates

Bene Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably

Beat It appears not in this confession there s not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself

Bene An old an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps

Beat And how long is that think you?

Bene Question why an hour in clamour and a quarter in rheum therefore is it most expedient for the wise, if Don Worm, his conscience find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness is praiseworthy and now tell me, how doth your cousin? 91

Beat Very ill

Bene And how do you?

Beat Very ill too

Bene Serve God, love me, and mend There will I leave you too for here comes one in haste

Enter URSULA

Urs Madam, you must come to your uncle Yonder s old coil at home it is proved my Lady Hero hath been falsely accused the Prince and Claudio mightily abused, and Don John is the author of all who is fled and gone Will you come presently?

Beat Will you go hear this news signior?

Bene I will live in thy heart die in thy lap and be buried in thy eyes and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncle s [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *A church*

Enter DON PEDRO CLAUDIO *and three or four with tapers*

Claud Is this the monument of Leonato?

A Lord It is, my lord

Claud [*Reading out of a scroll*]

'Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs
Gives her fame which never dies
So the life that died with shame
Lives in death with glorious fame "

Hang thou there upon the tomb
Praising her when I am dumb 10
Now, music, sound and sing your solemn hymn

SONG

"Pardon goddess of the night
Those that slew thy virgin knight,
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go
Midnight assist our moan,
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily
Graves, yawn and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered, 20
Heavily heavily '

Claud Now unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite

D Pedro Good morrow masters put your torches out
The wolves have prey d, and look, the gentle day
Before the wheels of Phœbus round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey
Thanks to you all, and leave us fare you well

Claud Good morrow, masters each his several way

D Pedro Come let us hence and put on other weeds 30
And then to Leonato s we will go

Claud And Hymen now with luckier issue speed s
Than this for whom we render d up this woe [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *A room in Leonato s house*

Enter LEONATO ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, MARGARET, URSULA, FRIAR FRANCIS *and* HERO

Friar Did I not tell you she was innocent?

Leon So are the Prince and Claudio who accused her
Upon the error that you heard debated
But Margaret was in some fault for this,
Although against her will as it appears
In the true course of all the question

Ant Well I am glad that all things sort so well

Bene And so am I being else by faith enforced
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it

Leon Well daughter and you gentlewomen all
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves 11
And when I send for you come hither mask d [*Exeunt* LADIES
The Prince and Claudio promised by this hour
To visit me You know your office, brother
You must be father to your brother s daughter
And give her to young Claudio

Ant Which I will do with confirm d countenance

Bene Friar I must entreat your pains I think

Friar To do what signior?

Bene To bind me or undo me one of them
Signior Leonato truth it is good signior,

Your niece regards me with an eye of favour
Leon That eye my daughter lent her tis most true
Bene And I do with an eye of love requite her
Leon The sight whereof I think you had from me
From Claudio and the Prince but what s your will?
Bene Your answer sir is enigmatical
But for my will my will is your good will
May stand with ours this day to be conjoin d
In the state of honourable marriage 30
In which good friar I shall desire your help
Leon My heart is with your liking
Friar And my help
Here comes the Prince and Claudio

Enter DON PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO *and two or three others*

D Ped Good morrow to this fair assembly
Leon Good morrow Prince good morrow Claudio
We here attend you Are you yet determined
To-day to marry with my brother s daughter?
Claud I ll hold my mind were she an Ethiope
Leon Call her forth, brother here s the friar ready [*Exit* ANTONIO
D Ped Good morrow Benedick Why what s the matter 40
That you have such a February face
So full of frost of storm and cloudiness?
Claud I think he thinks upon the savage bull
Tush fear not man we ll tip thy horns with gold
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee
As once Europa d d at lusty Jove
When he would play the noble beast in love
Bene Bull Jove sir had an amiable low
And some such strange bull leap d your father s cow
And got a calf in that same noble feat 50
Much l ke to you for you have just his bleat
Claud For this I owe you here comes other reckonings

Re-enter ANTONIO *with the* LADIES *masked*

Which is the lady I must seize upon?
Ant This same is she and I do give you her
Claud Why then she s mine Sweet let me see your face
Leon No that you shall not till you take her hand
Before this friar and swear to marry her
Claud Give me your hand before this holy friar
I am your husband if you like of me
Hero And when I lived I was your other wife [*Unmasking* 60
And when you loved you were my other husband
Claud Another Hero!
Hero Nothing certainer
One Hero died defiled but I do live
And surely as I live I am a maid
D Pedro The former Hero! Hero that is dead!
Leon She died my lord but whiles her slander lived
Friar All this amazement can I qualify
When after that the holy rites are ended,
I ll tell you largely of fair Hero s death
Meantime let wonder seem familiar 70
And to the chapel let us presently
Bene Soft and fair friar Which is Beatrice?
Beat [*Unmasking*] I answer to that name What is your will?
Bene Do not you love me?
Beat Why no no more than reason
Bene Why then your uncle and the Prince and Claudio
Have been deceived they swore you did
Beat Do not you love me?
Bene Troth no no more than reason
Beat Why then my cousin Margaret and Ursula
Are much deceived for they did swear you did
Bene They swore that you were almost sick for me 80
Beat They swore that you were well nigh dead for me
Bene 'Tis no such matter Then you do not love me?
Beat No truly but in friendly recompense
Leon Come cousin I am sure you love the gentleman
Claud And I ll be sworn upon t that he loves her
For here s a paper written in his hand
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion d to Beatrice
Hero And here s another
Writ in my cousin s hand stolen from her pocket
Containing her affection unto Benedick 90
Bene A miracle! here s our own hands against our hearts Come I will have thee but by this light I take thee for pity
Beat I would not deny you but by this good day I yield upon great persuasion and partly to save your life for I was told you were in a consumption
Bene Peace! I will stop your mouth
Kissing her

D Pedro How dost thou Benedick, the married man? 100

Bene I ll tell thee what, Prince, a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour Dost thou think I care for a satire or an epigram? No if a man will be beaten with brains, a shall wear nothing handsome about him In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it, and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it, for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion For thy part Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee, but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised and love my cousin

Claud I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer, which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee

Bene Come come, we are friends let s have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts and our wives heels 121

Leon We ll have dancing afterward

Bene First of my word, therefore play, music. Prince thou art sad, get thee a wife get thee a wife there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn

Enter a MESSENGER

Mess My lord your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with armed men back to Messina

Bene Think not on him till to-morrow I'll devise thee brave punishments for him Strike up, pipers 131

Dance [*Exeunt*

The Life of KING HENRY THE FIFTH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY THE FIFTH
DUKE OF GLOUCESTER | *brothers to the King*
DUKE OF BEDFORD | *brothers to the King*
DUKE OF EXETER *Uncle to the King*
DUKE OF YORK *cousin to the King*
EARL OF SALISBURY
EARL OF WESTMORELAND
EARL OF WARWICK
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY
BISHOP OF ELY
EARL OF CAMBRIDGE
LORD SCROOP
SIR THOMAS GREY
SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM | *officers in King Henry's army*
GOWER | *officers in King Henry's army*
FLUELLEN | *officers in King Henry's army*
MACMORRIS | *officers in King Henry's army*
JAMY | *officers in King Henry's army*
BATES | *soldiers in King Henry's army*
COURT | *soldiers in King Henry's army*
WILLIAMS | *soldiers in King Henry's army*
PISTOL
NYM
BARDOLPH
BOY
A HERALD

THREE MESSENGERS
CHARLES THE SIXTH *King of France*
LEWIS THE DAUPHIN
DUKE OF BURGUNDY
DUKE OF ORLEANS
DUKE OF BOURBON
THE CONSTABLE OF FRANCE
RAMBURES | *French Lords*
GRANDPRÉ | *French Lords*
GOVERNOR OF HARFLEUR
MONTJOY *a French Herald*
AMBASSADOR *to the King of England*
FRENCH PRISONER

ISABEL, *Queen of France*
KATHARINE *daughter to Charles and Isabel*
ALICE *a lady attending on her*
HOSTESS *of a tavern in Eastcheap formerly* MISTRESS QUICKLY *and now married to Pistol*

CHORUS

NON-SPEAKING *Lords Ladies Officers Soldiers Citizens and Attendants*

SCENE *England afterwards France*

PROLOGUE

Enter CHORUS

Chor O for a Muse of fire that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention
A kingdom for a stage princes to act
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry like himself
Assume the port of Mars and at his heels
Leash'd in like hounds should famine sword
and fire
Crouch for employment But pardon, gentles
all
The flat unraised spirits that have dared
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth *10*
So great an object can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million
And let us ciphers to this great accompt
On your imaginary forces work
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confined two mighty monarchies *20*
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder
Piece out our imperfections with your
thoughts
Into a thousand parts divide one man
And make imaginary puissance
Think when we talk of horses that you see
them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving
earth
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our
kings
Carry them here and there jumping o'er
times
Turning the accomplishment of many years *30*
Into an hour-glass for the which supply
Admit me Chorus to this history
Who prologue-like your humble patience pray
Gently to hear kindly to judge our play [*Exit*

ACT I

SCENE I *London an ante-chamber in the King s palace*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, *and the* BISHOP OF ELY

Cant My lord, I'll tell you, that self bill is urged,
Which in the eleventh year of the last king's reign
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of farther question
Ely But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?
Cant It must be thought on If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession
For all the temporal lands which men devout
By testament have given to the Church 10
Would they strip from us, being valued thus
As much as would maintain, to the King s honour,
Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires,
And, to relief of lazars and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,
A hundred almshouses right well supplied,
And to the coffers of the King beside,
A thousand pounds by the year thus runs the bill
Ely This would drink deep
Cant 'Twould drink the cup and all 20
Ely But what prevention?
Cant The King is full of grace and fair regard
Ely And a true lover of the holy Church
Cant The courses of his youth promised it not
The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him
Seem d to die too, yea at that very moment
Consideration like an angel, came
And whipp d the offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise, 30
To envelope and contain celestial spirits
Never was such a sudden scholar made,
Never came reformation in a flood
With such a heady currance scouring faults,
Nor never Hydra headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat and all at once
As in this King
Ely We are blessed in the change
Cant Hear him but reason in divinity
And all admiring with an inward wish
You would desire the King were made a prelate
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs 41
You would say it hath been all in all his study
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render d you in music
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter that when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey d sentences, 50
So that the art and practic part of life
Must be the mistress to this theoric
Which is a wonder how his Grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain
His companies unletter d rude and shallow,
His hours fill d up with riots, banquets, sports,
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity
Ely The strawberry grows underneath the nettle 60
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour d by fruit of baser quality
And so the Prince obscured his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness which no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass fastest by night,
Unseen yet crescive in his faculty
Cant It must be so, for miracles are ceased,
And therefore we must needs admit the means
How things are perfected
Ely But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill 70
Urged by the commons? Doth his Majesty
Incline to it or no?
Cant He seems indifferent,
Or rather swaying more upon our part
Than cherishing the exhibiters against us,
For I have made an offer to his Majesty,
Upon our spiritual convocation
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open d to his Grace at large,
As touching France, to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet 80
Did to his predecessors part withal
Ely How did this offer seem received my lord?
Cant With good acceptance of his Majesty,
Save that there was not time enough to hear
As I perceived his Grace would fain have done,
The severals and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms
And generally to the crown and seat of France
Derived from Edward his great grandfather
Ely What was the impediment that broke this off? 90
Cant The French ambassador upon that instant
Craved audience and the hour I think is come
To give him hearing is it four o clock?
Ely It is
Cant Then go we in to know his embassy,
Which I could with a ready guess declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it
Ely I ll wait upon you and I long to he[illegible]

SCENE II *The same the presence chamber*

Enter KING HENRY GLOUCESTER BEDFORD EXETER WARWICK WESTMORELAND *and Attendants*

K Hen Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?
Exe Not here in presence
K Hen Send for him good uncle
West Shall we call in the ambassador my liege?
K Hen Not yet my cousin we would be resolved
Before we hear him of some things of weight
That task our thoughts concerning us and France

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY *and the* BISHOP OF ELY

Cant God and his angels guard your sacred throne
And make you long become it!
K Hen Sure we thank you
My learned lord we pray you to proceed
And justly and religiously unfold 10
Why the law Salique that they have in France
Or should or should not bar us in our claim
And God forbid my dear and faithful lord
That you should fashion wrest or bow your reading
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth
For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to 20
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person
How you awake our sleeping sword of war
We charge you in the name of God take heed
For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe a sore complaint
Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality
Under this conjuration speak my lord
For we will hear note and believe in heart 30
That what you speak is in your conscience wash d
As pure as sin with baptism
Cant Then hear me gracious sovereign and you peers
That owe yourselves your lives and services
To this imperial throne There is no bar
To make against your Highness claim to France
But this which they produce from Pharamond
In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant
No woman shall succeed in Sal que land
Which Salique land the French unjustly glose 40
To be the realm of France and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
That the land Salique is in Germany
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe
Where Charles the Great having subdued the Saxons
There left behind and settled certain French
Who holding in disdain the German women
For some dishonest manners of their life
Establish d then this law to wit no female 50
Should be inheritrix in Salique land
Which Salique as I said twixt Elbe and Sala
Is at this day in Germany call d Meisen
Then doth it well appear the Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France
Nor did the French possess the Salique land
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of King Pharamond
Idly supposed the founder of this law
Who died within the year of our redemption 60
Four hundred twenty six and Charles the Great
Subdued the Saxons and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala in the year
Eight hundred five Besides their writers say
King Pepin which deposed Childeric
Did as heir general being descended
Of Blithild which was daughter to King Clothair
Make claim and title to the crown of France
Hugh Capet also who usurp d the crown 69
Of Charles the Duke of Lorraine sole heir male
Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great
To find his title with some shows of truth
Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught
Convey d himself as heir to the Lady Lingare
Daughter to Charlemain who was the son
To Lewis the Emperor and Lewis the son
Of Charles the Great Also King Lewis the Tenth
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet
Could not keep quiet in his conscience
Wearing the crown of France till satisfied 80
That fair Queen Isabel his grandmother
Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare
Daughter to Charles the foresaid Duke of Lorraine
By the which marriage the line of Charles the Great
Was re-united to the crown of France
So that as clear as is the summer s sun
King Pep n s title and Hugh Capet s claim
King Lewis his satisfaction all appear
To hold in right and title of the female
So do the kings of France unto this day 90
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law

To bar your Highness claiming from the female,
And rather choose to hide them in a net
Than amply to imbar their crooked titles
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors
K Hen May I with right and conscience make this claim?
Cant The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!
For in the book of Numbers is it writ
"When the man dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter" Gracious lord, *100*
Stand for your own, unwind your bloody flag,
Look back into your mighty ancestors
Go my dread lord to your great-grandsire's tomb,
From whom you claim, invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great uncle's Edward the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France,
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility *110*
O noble English that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work and cold for action!
Ely Awake remembrance of these valiant dead
And with your puissant arm renew their feats
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne,
The blood and courage that renowned them
Runs in your veins, and my thrice puissant liege
Is in the very May morn of his youth, *120*
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises
Exe Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood
West They know your Grace hath cause and means and might,
So hath your Highness, never King of England
Had nobles richer and more loyal subjects,
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France *129*
Cant O let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood and sword and fire to win your right
In aid whereof we of the spiritualty
Will raise your Highness such a mighty sum
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors
K Hen We must not only arm to invade the French,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages
Cant They of those marches, gracious sovereign *140*
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers
K Hen We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us,
For you shall read that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force *150*
Galling the gleaned land with hot assays
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns,
That England being empty of defence
Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighbourhood
Cant She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd my liege,
For hear her but exampled by herself
When all her chivalry hath been in France
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended
But taken and impounded as a stray *160*
The King of Scots, whom she did send to France,
To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings
And make her chronicle as rich with praise
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries
West But there's a saying very old and true,
'If that you will France win
Then with Scotland first begin
For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot *170*
Comes sneaking and so sucks her princely eggs,
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
To tear and havoc more than she can eat
Exe It follows then the cat must stay at home
Yet that is but a crush'd necessity
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad
The advised head defends itself at home,
For government though high and low and lower, *181*
Put into parts doth keep in one consent,
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music
Cant Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions
Setting endeavour in continual motion,
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt
Obedience for so work the honey bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom *190*
They have a king and officers of sorts,

Enter PISTOL *and* MISTRESS QUICKLY *the hostess*

Bard Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife good corporal be patient here How now mine host Pistol' 30

Pist Base tike call st thou me host?
Now by this hand I swear I scorn the term
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers

Quick No by my troth not long for we can not lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentle women that live honestly by the prick of their needles but it will be thought we keep a bawdy house straight [NYM *and* PISTOL *draw*] O well a day Lady if he be not drawn now' we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed 40

Bard Good lieutenant' good corporal' offer nothing here

Nym Pish'

Pist Pish for thee Iceland dog' thou prick-ear d cur of Iceland'

Quick Good Corporal Nym show thy valour and put up your sword

Nym Will you shog off? I would have you solus

Pist 'Solus egregious dog? O viper vile'
The solus in thy most marvailous face 50
The solus in thy teeth and in thy throat
And in thy hateful lungs yea in thy maw perdy
And which is worse within thy nasty mouth'
I do retort the solus in thy bowels
For I can take and Pistol s cock is up
And flashing fire will follow

Nym I am not Barbason you cannot conjure me I have an humour to knock you indifferently well If you grow foul with me, Pistol I will scour you with my rapier as I may in fair terms if you would walk off I would prick your guts a little in good terms as I may and that's the humour of it

Pist O braggart vile and damned furious wight'
The grave doth gape and doting death is near
Therefore exhale

Bard Hear me hear me what I say he that strikes the first stroke I ll run him up to the hilts as I am a soldier [*Draws*]

Pist An oath of mickle might and fury shall abate 70
Give me thy fist thy fore foot to me give
Thy spirits are most tall

Nym I will cut thy throat one time or other in fair terms that is the humour of it

Pist *Coupe la gorge* '
That is the word I thee defy again
O hound of Crete think st thou my spouse to get?
No to the spital go
And from the powdering tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid s kind, 80
Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse
I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly
For the only she and—*pauca* there s enough.
Go to

Enter the BOY

Boy Mine host Pistol you must come to my master and you hostess he is very sick and would to bed Good Bardolph put thy face between his sheets and do the office of a warming pan Faith, he s very ill

Bard Away you rogue' 90

Quick By my troth he ll yield the crow a pudding one of these days The King has killed his heart Good husband come home presently

[*Exeunt* MISTRESS QUICKLY *and* BOY

Bard Come shall I make you two friends? We must to France together why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another s throats?

Pist Let floods o erswell and fiends for food howl on'

Nym You ll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist Base is the slave that pays 100

Nym That now I will have that s the humour of it

Pist As manhood shall compound push home
They draw

Bard By this sword he that makes the first thrust I ll kill him by this sword I will

Pist Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course

Bard Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends be friends an thou wilt not why then be enemies with me too Prithee put up

Nym I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at betting? 111

Pist A noble shalt thou have, and present pay
And liquor likewise will I give to thee
And friendship shall combine and brotherhood
I ll live by Nym and Nym shall live by me
Is not this just? for I shall sutler be
Unto the camp and profits will accrue
Give me thy hand

Nym I shall have my noble?

Pist In cash most justly paid 120

Nym Well, then, that s the humour of't.

Re-enter MISTRESS QUICKLY

Quick As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John Ah poor heart' he is so shaked of a burning quotidian tertian that it is most lamentable to behold Sweet men, come to him

Nym The King hath run bad humours on the

knight that s the even of it

Pist Nym, thou hast spoke the right,
His heart is fracted and corroborate 130

Nym The king is a good King but it must be as it may he passes some humours and careers

Pist Let us condole the knight, for, lambkins, we will live

SCENE II *Southampton a council-chamber*

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, *and* WESTMORELAND

Bed 'Fore God, his Grace is bold, to trust these traitors

Exe They shall be apprehended by and by

West How smooth and even they do bear themselves!
As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty

Bed The king hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of

Exe Nay but the man that was his bedfellow
Whom he hath dull d and cloy d with gracious favours,
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell 10
His sovereign s life to death and treachery

Trumpets sound Enter KING HENRY SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, GREY, *and Attendants*

K Hen Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard
My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of Masham,
And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts
Think you not that the powers we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France,
Doing the execution and the act
For which we have in head assembled them?

Scroop No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best

K Hen I doubt not that since we are well persuaded 20
We carry not a heart with us from hence
That grows not in a fair consent with ours
Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us

Cam Never was monarch better fear d and loved
Than is your Majesty there s not I think a subject
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government

Grey True those that were your father s enemies
Have steep'd their galls in honey and do serve you 30
With hearts create of duty and of zeal

K Hen We therefore have great cause of thankfulness
And shall forget the office of our hand
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit
According to the weight and worthiness

Scroop So service shall with steeled sinews toil,
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your Grace incessant services

K Hen We judge no less Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday 40
That rail d against our person we consider
It was excess of wine that set him on
And on his more advice we pardon him

Scroop That s mercy, but too much security
Let him be punish d sovereign lest example
Breed by his sufferance, more of such a kind

K Hen O, let us yet be merciful

Cam So may your Highness and yet punish too

Grey Sir
You show great mercy if you give him life 50
After the taste of much correction

K Hen Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch!
If little faults proceeding on distemper
Shall not be wink d at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capital crimes chew d swallow d, and digested,
Appear before us? We ll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop and Grey in their dear care
And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish d And now to our French causes 60
Who are the late commissioners?

Cam I one, my lord
Your Highness bade me ask for it to-day

Scroop So did you me my liege

Grey And I my royal sovereign

K Hen Then, Richard Earl of Cambridge, there is yours
There yours Lord Scroop of Masham and, sir knight
Grey of Northumberland this same is yours
Read them and know I know your worthiness
My Lord of Westmoreland and uncle Exeter 70
We will aboard to night Why how now gentlemen!
What see you in those papers that you lose
So much complexion? Look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper Why what read you there,
That hath so cowarded and chased your blood
Out of appearance?

Cam I do confess my fault
And do submit me to your Highness mercy
Grey } *Scroop* } To which we all appeal
K Hen The mercy that was quick in us but
late
By your own counsel is suppress d and kill d 80
You must not dare for shame to talk of mercy
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms
As dogs upon their masters worrying you
See you my princes and my noble peers
These English monsters! My Lord of Cambridge
here
You know how apt our love was to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour and this man
Hath for a few light crowns lightly conspired
And sworn unto the practices of France, 90
To kill us here in Hampton to the which
This knight no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is hath likewise sworn But O
What shall I say to thee Lord Scroop? thou
cruel
Ingrateful savage and inhuman creature!
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels
That knew st the very bottom of my soul
That almost mightst have coin d me into gold
Wouldst thou have practised on me for thy use!
May it be possible that foreign hire 100
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
That might annoy my finger? Tis so strange,
That though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black and white my eye will scarcely see it
Treason and murder ever kept together
As two yoke-devils sworn to either s purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause
That admiration did not hoop at them
But thou gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder to wait on treason and on murder 110
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
That wrought upon thee so preposterously
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence
All other devils that suggest by treasons
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches colours and with forms being
fetch d
From glistering semblances of piety
But he that temper d thee bade thee stand up
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do
treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor 120
If that same demon that hath gull d thee thus
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar back
And tell the legions I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman s
O how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?
Why so didst thou seem they grave and
learned?
Why so didst thou come they of noble family?
Why so didst thou seem they religious? 130
Why so didst thou or are they spare in diet
Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger
Constant in spirit not swerving with the blood
Garnish d and deck d in modest complement
Not working with the eye without the ear
And but in purged judgement trusting neither?
Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot
To mark the full fraught man and best indued
With some suspicion I will weep for thee 140
For this revolt of thine methinks is like
Another fall of man Their faults are open
Arrest them to the answer of the law
And God acquit them of their practice !
Exe I arrest thee of high treason by the name
of Richard Earl of Cambridge
I arrest thee of high treason by the name of
Henry Lord Scroop of Masham
I arrest thee of high treason by the name of
Thomas Grey knight of Northumberland 150
Scroop Our purposes God justly hath dis
cover d
And I repent my fault more than my death
Which I beseech your Highness to forgive
Although my body pay the price of it
Cam For me the gold of France did not seduce
Although I did admit it as a motive
The sooner to effect what I intended
But God be thanked for prevention
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice
Beseeching God and you to pardon me 160
Grey Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason
Than I do at this hour joy o er myself
Prevented from a damned enterprise
My fault but not my body pardon sovereign
K Hen God quit you in his mercy! Hear your
sentence
You have conspired against our royal person,
Join d with an enemy proclaim d and from his
coffers
Received the golden earnest of our death
Wherein you would have sold your King to
slaughter 170
His princes and his peers to servitude
His subjects to oppression and contempt
And his whole kingdom into desolation
Touching our person seek we no revenge
But we our kingdom s safety must so tender
Whose ruin you have sought that to her laws

We do deliver you Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches to your death
The taste whereof, God of his mercy give
You patience to endure, and true repentance 180
Of all your dear offences! Bear them hence
[*Exeunt* CAMBRIDGE, SCROOP *and* GREY, *guarded*
Now, lords, for France, the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you as us, like glorious
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason lurking in our way
To hinder our beginnings We doubt not now
But every rub is smoothed on our way
Then forth, dear countrymen let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God, 190
Putting it straight in expedition
Cheerly to sea, the signs of war advance
No king of England, if not king of France
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III *London before a tavern*

Enter PISTOL, MISTRESS QUICKLY, NYM, BARDOLPH, *and* BOY

Quick Prithee, honey-sweet husband let me bring thee to Staines

Pist No for my manly heart doth yearn
Bardolph, be blithe Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins
Boy, bristle thy courage up for Falstaff he is dead,
And we must yearn therefore

Bard Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is either in heaven or in hell!

Quick Nay, sure, he s not in hell he's in Arthur's bosom if ever man went to Arthur's bosom A made a finer end and went away an it had been any christom child, a parted even just between twelve and one even at the turning o the tide for after I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way, for his nose was as sharp as a pen and a babbled of green fields "How now, Sir John! quoth I what, man! be o'good cheer So a cried out God God God! three or four times Now I to comfort him, bid him a should not think of God I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet So a bade me lay more clothes on his feet I put my hand into the bed and felt them and they were as cold as any stone, then I felt to his knees an they were as cold as any stone and so upward and upward an all was as cold as any stone

Nym They say he cried out of sack 30

Quick Ay that a did

Bard And of women

Quick Nay, that a did not

Boy Yes, that a did and said they were devils incarnate

Quick A' could never abide carnation, 'twas a colour he never liked

Boy A' said once, the devil would have him about women

Quick A did in some sort, indeed, handle women but then he was rheumatic, and talked of the whore of Babylon 41

Boy Do you not remember, a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph s nose and a' said it was a black soul burning in hell fire?

Bard Well the fuel is gone that maintained that fire that s all the riches I got in his service

Nym Shall we shog? the King will be gone from Southampton

Pist Come let s away My love, give me thy lips
Look to my chattels and my movables 50
Let senses rule, the word is 'Pitch and Pay"
Trust none
For oaths are straws men s faiths are wafer-cakes
And hold fast is the only dog my duck
Therefore *Caveto* be thy counsellor
Go clear thy crystals Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France, like horse leeches my boys
To suck to suck the very blood to suck!

Boy And that s but unwholesome food they say 60

Pist Touch her soft mouth and march

Bard Farewell, hostess [*Kissing her*]

Nym I cannot kiss that is the humour of it, but adieu

Pist Let housewifery appear keep close, I thee command

Quick Farewell adieu [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *France the King s palace*

Flourish Enter the FRENCH KING *the* DAUPHIN, *the* DUKES OF BERRI *and* BRETAGNE, *the* CONSTABLE, *and others*

Fr King Thus comes the English with full power upon us,
And more than carefully it us concerns
To answer royally in our defences
Therefore the Dukes of Berri and of Bretagne
Of Brabant and of Orleans shall make forth
And you Prince Dauphin with all swift dispatch
To line and new repair our towns of war
With men of courage and with means defendant
For England his approaches makes as fierce
As waters to the sucking of a gulf 10
It fits us then to be as provident

As fear may teach us out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected English
Upon our fields
Dau My mo t redoubted father
It is most meet we arm us gainst the foe
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom
Though war nor no known quarrel were in ques
tion
But that defences musters preparations
Should be maintain d assembled and collected
As were a war in expectation 20
Therefore I say tis meet we all go forth
To view the sick and feeble parts of France
And let us do it with no show of fear
No with no more than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance
For my good liege she is so idly king d
Her sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain giddy shallow humorous youth
That fear attends her not
Con O peace Prince Dauphin!
You are too much mistaken in this king 30
Question your Grace the late ambassadors
With what great state he heard their embassy
How well supplied with noble counsellors
How modest in exception and withal
How terrible in constant resolution
And you shall find his vanities forespent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus
Covering discretion with a coat of folly
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring and be most delicate 40
Dau Well tis not so my Lord High Con
able
But though we think it so it is no matter
In cases of defence tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems
So the proportions of defence are fill d
Which of a weak and niggardly projection
Doth like a miser spoil his coat with scanting
A little cloth
Fr King Think we King Harry strong
And, Princes look you strongly arm to meet him
The kindred of him hath been flesh d upon us 50
And he is bred out of that bloody strain
That haunted us in our famil ar paths
Witness our too much memorable shame
When Cressy battle fatally was struck
And all our princes captived by the hand
Of that black name Edward Black Prince of
Wales
Whiles that his mountain sire on mountain
standing
Up in the air crown d with the golden sun,
Saw his heroical seed and smiled to see him,
Mangle the work of nature and deface 60
The patterns that by God and by French fathers
Had twenty years been made This is a stem
Of that victorious stock and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him

Enter a MESSENGER

Mess Ambassadors from Harry King of Eng
land
Do crave admittance to your Majesty
Fr King We ll give them present audience
Go and bring them
[*Exeunt* MESSENGER *and certain Lords*
You see this chase is hotly follow d friends
Dau Turn head and stop pursuit for coward
dogs
Most spend their mouths when what they seem
to threaten 70
Runs far before them Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head
Self love my liege is not so vile a sin
As self neglecting

Re-enter Lor ls with EXETER *and train*

Fr King From our brother England?
Exe From him and thus he greets your
Majesty
He wills you in the name of God Almighty
That you divest yourself and lay apart
The borrow d glories that by gift of heaven,
By law of nature and of nations long 80
To him and to his heirs namely the crown
And all wide stretched hono irs that pertain
By custom and the ordinance of times
Unto the crown of France That you may know
'Tis no sinister nor no awkward claim,
Pick d from the worm holes of long vanish d
days
Nor from the dust of old oblivion raked,
He sends you this most memorable line
In every branch truly demonstrative
Willing you overlook this pedigree 90
And when you find him evenly derived
From his most famed of famous ancestors
Edward the Third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, ind rectly held
From him the native and true challenger
Fr King Or else what follows?
Exe Bloody constraint for if you hide the
crown
Even in your hearts there will he rake for it
Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming
In thunder and in earthquake like a Jove 100
That if requiring fail he will compel
And bids you in the bowels of the Lord
Deliver up the crown and to take mercy

On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws and on your head
Turning the widows' tears the orphans cries,
The dead men s blood the pining maidens' groans
For husbands fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy
This is his claim his threatening, and my message, 110
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here
To whom expressly I bring greeting too

Fr King For us, we will consider of this further
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother England

Dau For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him what to him from England?

Exe Scorn and defiance, slight regard contempt,
And anything that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at
Thus says my king an if your father s highness
Do not in grant of all demands at large 121
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his Majesty,
He ll call you to so hot an answer of it
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass and return your mock
In second accent of his ordnance

Dau Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will for I desire
Nothing but odds with England to that end
As matching to his youth and vanity, 130
I did present him with the Paris balls

Exe He ll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress-court of mighty Europe
And be assured you'll find a difference
As we his subjects have in wonder found,
Between the promise of his greener days
And these he masters now now he weighs time
Even to the utmost grain that you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France

Fr King To-morrow shall you know our mind at full 140

Exe Dispatch us with all speed lest that our king
Come here himself to question our delay
For he is footed in this land already

Fr King You shall be soon dispatch d with fair conditions
A night is but small breath and little pause
To answer matters of this consequence
[*Flourish* *Exeunt*

ACT III

PROLOGUE

Enter CHORUS

Chor Thus with imagined wing our swift scene flies
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought Suppose that you have seen
The well appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty, and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning
Play with your fancies, and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confused, behold the threaden sails
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind 11
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow d sea,
Breasting the lofty surge O do but think
You stand upon the rivage and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing,
For so appears this fleet majestical
Holding due course to Harfleur Follow follow
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy
And leave your England as dead midnight still
Guarded with grandsires babies, and old women
Either past or not arrived to pith and puissance
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich d
With one appearing hair that will not follow
These cull d and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
Work, work your thoughts and therein see a siege
Behold the ordnance on their carriages
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur
Suppose the ambassador from the French comes back
Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
Katharine his daughter and with her to dowry
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms 31
The offer likes not and the nimble gunner
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches
Alarum and chambers go off
And down goes all before them Still be kind
And eke out our performance with your mind
[*Exit*

SCENE I *France before Harfleur*

Alarum *Enter* KING HENRY, EXETER BEDFORD GLOUCESTER *and Soldiers with scaling ladders*

K Hen Once more unto the breach dear friends once more
Or close the wall up with our English dead
In peace there s nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility

But when the blast of war blows in our ears
Then imitate the action of the tiger
Stiffen the sinews summon up the blood
Disguise fair nature with hard fav our d rage
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect
Let it pry through he portage of the head 10
Like the brass cannon let the brow o erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O erhang and jutty his confounded base
Swill d with the wild and wasteful ocean
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide
Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit
To his full height On on you noblest English
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war proof!
Fathers that like so many Alexanders 19
Have in these parts from morn till even fought
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument
Dishonour not your mothers now attest
That those whom you call d fathers did beget you
Be copy now to men of grosser blood
And teach them how to war And you good
 yeoman
Whose limbs were made in England show us
 here
The mettle of your pasture let us swear
That you are worth your breeding which I
 doubt not
For there is none of you so mean and base
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes 30
I see you stand li e greyhounds in the slips
Straining upon the start The game s afoot
Follow your spirit and upon this charge
Cry God for Harry England and Saint
 George!
[*Exeunt* *Alarum and chambers go off*

SCENE II *The same*

Enter NYM BARDOLPH PISTOL *and* BOY

Bard On, on, on, on, on! to the breach to the breach

Nym Pray thee corporal stay the knocks are too hot and, for mine own part I have not a case of lives the humour of it is too hot that is the very plain song of it

Pist The plain-song is most just for humours do abound
Knocks go and come God s vassals drop and die

And sword and shield
In bloody field 10
Doth win immortal fame

Boy Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety

Pist And I
If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me
But thither would I hie

Boy As duly but not as truly
As bird doth sing on bough 20

Enter FLUELLEN

Flu Up to the breach you dogs! avaunt you cullions! [*Driving them forward*]

Pist Be merciful great Duke to men of mould
Abate thy rage abate thy manly rage
Abate thy rage great Duke!
Good bawcock bate thy rage use lenity sweet chuck!

Nym These be good humours! your honour wins bad humours [*Exeunt all but* BOY

Boy As young as I am I have ob erved these three swashers I am boy to them all three but all they three though they would serve me could not be man to me for indeed three such antics do not amount to a man For Bardolph he is white livered and red faced by the means whereof a faces it out but fights not For Pistol he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword by the means whereof a breaks words and keeps whole weapons For Nym he hath heard that men of few words are the best men and therefore he scorns to say his prayers lest a should be thought a coward but his few bad words are matched with as few good deeds for a never broke any man s head but his own and that was against a post when he was drunk They will steal any thing and call it purchase Bardolph stole a lute case bore it twelve leagues and sold it for three half pence Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching and in Calais they stole a fire shovel I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals They would have me as familiar with men s pockets as their gloves or their handkerchers which makes much against my manhood if I should take from another s pocket to put into mine for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs I must leave them and seek some better service their villainy goes against my weak stomach and therefore I must cast it up [*Exit*

Re-enter FLUELLEN GOWER *following*

Gow Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines the Duke of Gloucester would speak with you 60

Flu To the mines! tell you the Duke it is not so good to come to the mines for look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war the concavities of it is not sufficient for look you th athversary you may discuss unto the Duke, look you is d gt h mself four yard under the countermines by Cheshu I think a

will plow up all if there is not better directions

Gow The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege is given is altogether directed by an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i' faith

Flu It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow I think it be

Flu By Cheshu he is an ass, as in the world I will verify as much in his beard he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog

Enter MACMORRIS *and* CAPTAIN JAMY

Gow Here a' comes, and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy, with him 80

Flu Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and knowledge in th' aunchient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions by Cheshu he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans

Jamy I say gud day, Captain Fluellen

Flu God-den to your worship, good Captain James 90

Gow How now, Captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? have the pioners given o er?

Mac By Chrish la! tish ill done the work ish give over, the trompet sound the retreat By my hand, I swear, and my father s soul the work ish ill done, it ish give over I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me la! in an hour O, tish ill done, tish ill done, by my hand, tish ill done! 99

Flu Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars in the way of argument look you, and friendly communication, partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction look you of my mind as touching the direction of the military discipline, that is the point

Jamy It sall be vary gud gud feith gud captains bath and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion, that sall I, marry 111

Mac It is no time to discourse so Chrish save me the day is hot and the weather, and the wars and the King and the Dukes it is no time to discourse The town is beseeched and the trumpet call us to the breach, and we talk and be Chrish, do nothing 'tis shame for us all so God sa' me, tis shame to stand still it is shame by my hand and there is throats to be cut and works to be done and there ish nothing done so Chrish sa me la! 121

Jamy By the mess, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, ay ll de gud service, or ay'll lig i' the grund for it, ay, or go to death, and ay ll pay 't as valorously as I may, that sall I suerly do that is the breff and the long Marry, I wad full fain hear some question 'tween you tway

Flu Captain Macmorris, I think look you, under your correction there is not many of your nation— 131

Mac Of my nation! What ish my nation? Ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal—What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

Flu Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant Captain Macmorris peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you, being as good a man as yourself both in the disciplines of war and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities

Mac I do not know you so good a man as myself so Chrish save me I will cut off your head

Gow Gentlemen both you will mistake each other

Jamy A! that s a foul fault

A parley sounded

Gow The town sounds a parley 149

Flu Captain Macmorris when there is more better opportunity to be required look you I will be so bold as to tell you I know the disciplines of war, and there is an end [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *The same before the gates*

The GOVERNOR *and some Citizens on the walls, the English forces below Enter* KING HENRY *and his train*

K Hen How yet resolves the governor of the town?
This is the latest parle we will admit
Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves,
Or like to men proud of destruction
Defy us to our worst for as I am a soldier,
A name that in my thoughts becomes me best
If I begin the battery once again
I will not leave the half achieved Harfleur
Till in her ashes she lie buried
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up 10
And the flesh d soldier, rough and hard of heart
In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell mowing like grass
Your fresh fair virgins and your flowering infants
What is it then to me if impious war
Array d in flames like to the prince of fiends
Do with his smirch'd complexion all fell feats
Enlink d to waste and desolation?

What is t to me when you yourselves are cause
If your pure maidens fall into the hand 20
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedness
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil
As send precepts to the leviathan
To come ashore Therefore you men of Harfleur
Take pity of your town and of your people
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of heady murder spoil and villainy
If not why in a moment look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill shrieking daughters
Your fathers taken by the silver beards
And their most reverend heads dash d to the walls
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confused
Do break the clouds as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod s bloody hunting slaughtermen 41
What say you? will you yield and this avoid
Or guilty in defence be thus destroy d?

Gov Our expectation hath this day an end
The Dauphin whom of succours we entreated
Returns us that his powers are yet not ready
To raise so great a siege Therefore great King
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy
Enter our gates dispose of us and ours
For we no longer are defensible 50

K Hen Open your gates Come uncle Exeter
Go you and enter Harfleur there remain
And fortify it strongly gainst the French
Use mercy to them all For us dear uncle
The winter coming on and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers we will retire to Calais
To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest
To-morrow for the march are we addrest

[*Flourish The* KING *and his train enter the town*

SCENE IV *The French King s palace*

Enter KATHARINE *and* ALICE

Kath *Alice tu as te en Angleterre et tu parl s bien le langage*

Alic *Un peu madam*

Kath *J te p ie m enseigner il fa t que j app enn à pa ler Comment appelez-vous la ma n en Anglois?*

Alice *La main? elle est appel e* de hand

Kath De hand *Et les doigts?*

Alice *Les doigts? ma foi j oublie les doigts mais je me souviendrai Les doigts? je pense qu ils sont appel s* de fingres *oui* de fingres 11

Kath *La main* de hand *l s doigts* de fingres *Je pense que je suis le bon colier j ai gagn deux mots d'Anglois ritement Comment appelez-vous les ongles?*

Alice *Les ongles? nous l s appelons* de nails

Kath De nails *Écoutez dites moi si je parle bien* de hand de fingres et de nails

Alice *C'est bien dit madame il est fort bon Anglois* 20

Kath *Dites moi l Anglois pour le bras*

Alice De arm *madame*

Kath *Et l coude?*

Alice De elbow

Kath De elbow *Je m en fais la repetition d tous les mots que vous m avez appris des a present*

Alice *Il est trop diff cil madame comme je pense*

Kath *Excusez moi Alice coutez* de hand de fingres de nails de arma de bilbow 31

Alic De elbow *madame*

Kath *O Seigneur Dieu j m en oublie!* de elbow *Comment app le -vous l col?*

Alice De nick *madame*

Kath De nick *Et le menton?*

Alice De chin

Kath De sin *Le col* de nick *le menton* de sin 39

Alice *Oui Sauf votre honneur en verite vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre*

Kath *Je ne dout point d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu et en peu de temps*

Alice *N'avez vous pas d ja oublie ce que je vous ai enseign ?*

Kath *Non je reciterai à vous promptement* de hand de fingres de mails—

Alice De nails *madam*

Kath De nails de arm de ilbow 50

Alice *Sauf otr hon ur* de elbow

Kath *Ainsi dis je* de elbow de nick *et* de sin *Comm t nt app lez vous le p d et la robe?*

Alic D foot *madame et* de coun

Kath De foot *t* de coun *O Se gneur Dieu! ce sont mots d son mauva s corruptible gros et impudique et non pour les dames d'honneur d user je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots devant l s seigneurs de France pour tout le monde Foh* le foot *et* le count *Neanmoins je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble* de hand de fingres de nails de arm de elbow de nick de sin de foot de coun

Alic *Excellent madam*

Kath *C'est assez pour une fois allons nous à diner*

[*Exeunt*

SCENE V *The same*

Enter the KING OF FRANCE, *the* DAUPHIN, *the* DUKE OF BOURBON, *the* CONSTABLE OF FRANCE *and others*

Fr King 'Tis certain he hath pass'd the river Somme
Con And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France, let us quit all
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people
Dau O Dieu vivant! shall a few sprays of us,
The emptying of our father s luxury,
Our scions put in wild and savage stock,
Spirit up so suddenly into the clouds
And overlook their grafters?
Bour Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards! 10
Mort de ma vie! if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook shotten isle of Albion
Con Dieu de batailles! where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw and dull,
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-rein'd jades their barley broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat? 20
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses thatch, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields!
Poor we may call them in their native lords
Dau By faith and honour
Our madams mock at us and plainly say
Our mettle is bred out and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of English youth 30
To new store France with bastard warriors
Bour They bid us to the English dancing schools,
And teach lavoltas high and swift corantos,
Saying our grace is only in our heels
And that we are most lofty runaways
Fr King Where is Montjoy the herald? speed him hence
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance
Up princes! and with spirit of honour edged
More sharper than your swords hie to the field
Charles Delabreth High Constable of France
You Dukes of Orleans Bourbon and of Berri 41
Alençon Brabant Bar and Burgundy
Jaques Chatillon Rambures Vaudemont
Beaumont, Grandpré Roussi and Fauconberg
Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois,
High dukes, great princes barons, lords, and knights,
For your great seats now quit you of great shames
Bar Harry England that sweeps through our land
With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur
Rush on his host as doth the melted snow 50
Upon the valleys whose low vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon
Go down upon him you have power enough,
And in a captive chariot into Rouen
Bring him our prisoner
Con This becomes the great
Sorry am I his numbers are so few
His soldiers sick and famish d in their march,
For I am sure when he shall see our army,
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear
And for achievement offer us his ransom 60
Fr King Therefore, Lord Constable haste on Montjoy,
And let him say to England that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen
Dau Not so I do beseech your Majesty
Fr King Be patient for you shall remain with us
Now forth Lord Constable and princes all,
And quickly bring us word of England's fall
[*Exeunt*

SCENE VI *The English camp in Picardy*

Enter GOWER *and* FLUELLEN *meeting*

Gow How now, Captain Fluellen! come you from the bridge?
Flu I assure you there is very excellent services committed at the bridge
Gow Is the Duke of Exeter safe?
Flu The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon and a man that I love and honour with my soul and my heart and my duty, and my life and my living and my uttermost power he is not—God be praised and blessed!—any hurt in the world but keeps the bridge most valiantly with excellent discipline There is an aunchient lieutenant there at the pridge I think in my very conscience he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony and he is a man of no estimation in the world but I did see him do as gallant service
Gow What do you call him?
Flu He is called Aunchient Pisto
Gow I know him not

Enter PISTOL

Flu Here is the man

Pist Captain I thee beseech to do me favours
The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well
Flu Ay I praise God and I have merited some love at his hands
Pist Bardolph a soldier firm and sound of heart
And of buxom valour hath by cruel fate
And giddy Fortune s furious fickle wheel
That goddess blind
That stands upon the rolling restless stone— 30
Flu By your patience Aunchient Pistol Fortune is painted blind with a muffler afore her eyes to signify to you that Fortune is blind and she is painted also with a wheel to signify to you which is the moral of it that she is turning and inconstant and mutability and variation and her foot look you is fixed upon a spherical stone which rolls and rolls and rolls in good truth the poet makes a most excellent description of it Fortune is an excellent moral 40
Pist Fortune is Bardolph s foe and frowns on him
For he hath stolen a pax and hanged must a be
A damned death'
Let gallows gape for dog let man go free
And let not hemp his wind p pe suffocate
But Exeter hath given the doom of death
For pax of little price
Therefore, go speak the Duke will hear thy voice
And let not Bardolph s vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord and vile reproach 50
Speak captain for his life and I will thee requite
Flu Aunchient Pistol I do partly understand your me ning
Pist Why then, rejoice therefore
Flu Certainly aunchient it is not a thing to rejoice at for if look you he were my brother I would desire the Duke to use his good pleasure and put him to execution for discipline ought to be used
Pist Die and be damn d' and *f go* for thy friend sh p 60
Flu It is well
Pist The fig of Spain' [*Exit*
Flu Very good
Gow Why this is an arrant counterfeit rascal I remember h m now a bawd a cutpurse
Flu I ll assure you a uttered as prave words at the pridge as you shall see in a summer s day But it is very well what he has spoke to me, that is well I warrant you when time is serve 69
Gow Why tis a gull a fool a rogue that now and then goes to the wars to grace himself at his return into London under the form of a soldier And such fellows are perfect in the great commander s names and they will learn you by rote where services were done at such and such a sconce at such a breach at such a convoy who came off bravely who was shot who disgraced what terms the enemy stood on and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war which they trick up with new tuned oaths and what a beard of the general s cut and a horrid suit of the camp will do among foaming bottles and ale washed wits is wonderful to be thought on But you must learn to know such slanders of the age or else you may be marvellously mistook
Flu I tell you what Captain Gower I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is if I find a hole in his coat I will tell him my mind [*Drum heard*] Hark you the King is coming and I must speak with him from the pridge 91

Drum and colours Enter KING HENRY GLOUCESTER *and Soldiers*

God pless your Majesty'
K Hen How now Fluellen' camest thou from the bridge?
Flu Ay so plea e your Majesty The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge the French is gone off look you and there is gallant and most prave passages marry th athversary was have possession of the pridge but he is enforced to retire and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge I can tell your Majesty the Duke is a prave man 101
K Hen What men have you lost Fluellen?
Flu The perdition of th athversary hath been very great reasonable great marry for my part I think the Duke hath lost never a man but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church one Bardolph if your Majesty know the man his face is all bubukles and whelks and knobs and flames o fire and his lips blows at his nose and it is like a coal of fire sometimes plue and sometimes red but his nose is executed and his fire s out
K Hen We would have all such offenders so cut off and we give express charge that in our marches through the country there be nothing compelled from the villages nothing taken but paid for none of the French upbraided or abused in d sdainful language for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom the gentler gamester is the soonest winner 120

Tucket Enter MONTJOY

Mont You know me by my habit.

K Hen Well then I know thee what shall I know of thee?

Mont My master's mind

K Hen Unfold it

Mont Thus says my king "Say thou to Harry of England Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep advantage is a better soldier than rashness Tell him we could have rebuked him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial England shall repent his folly see his weakness, and admire our sufferance Bid him therefore consider of his ransom, which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested, which in weight to re answer his pettiness would bow under For our losses his exchequer is too poor for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number, and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction To this add defiance and tell him, for conclusion he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced " So far my King and master, so much my office

K Hen What is thy name? I know thy quality

Mont Montjoy

K Hen Thou dost thy office fairly Turn thee back,
And tell thy King I do not seek him now,
But could be willing to march on to Calais 150
Without impeachment for, to say the sooth,
Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage
My people are with sickness much enfeebled,
My numbers lessen d and those few I have
Almost no better than so many French,
Who when they were in health I tell thee herald,
I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen Yet, forgive me, God, 159
That I do brag thus! This your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me, I must repent
Go therefore, tell thy master here I am
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,
My army but a weak and sickly guard
Yet, God before tell him we will come on
Though France himself and such another neighbour
Stand in our way There s for thy labour, Montjoy
Go bid thy master well advise himself
If we may pass we will if we be hinder d 169
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour and so Montjoy fare you well
The sum of all our answer is but this
We would not seek a battle as we are,
Nor, as we are we say we will not shun it
So tell your master

Mont I shall deliver so Thanks to your Highness [Exit

Glou I hope they will not come upon us now

K Hen We are in God s hand, brother, not in theirs
March to the bridge it now draws toward night
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves 180
And on to morrow bid them march away
[Exeunt

SCENE VII *The French camp near Agincourt*

Enter the CONSTABLE OF FRANCE *the* LORD RAMBURES ORLEANS, DAUPHIN, *with others*

Con Tut! I have the best armour of the world Would it were day!

Orl You have an excellent armour, but let my horse have his due

Con It is the best horse of Europe

Orl Will it never be morning?

Dau My Lord of Orleans, and my Lord High Constable, you talk of horse and armour?

Orl You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world 10

Dau What a long night is this! I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns Ca ha! he bounds from the earth as if his entrails were hairs, *le cheval volant* the Pegasus *chez les narines de feu!* When I bestride him I soar I am a hawk he trots the air the earth sings when he touches it the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes

Orl He s of the colour of the nutmeg 20

Dau And of the heat of the ginger It is a beast for Perseus he is pure air and fire, and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him he is indeed a horse, and all other jades you may call beasts

Con Indeed my lord it is a most absolute and excellent horse

Dau It is the prince of palfreys his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch and his countenance enforces homage 31

Orl No more cousin

Dau Nay the man hath no wit that cannot from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb vary deserved praise on my palfrey it is a theme as fluent as the sea turn the sands into eloquent tongues and my horse is argument for them all tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on and for a sovereign s sovereign to ride and for the world familiar to us and unk
lay apart their particular functions and

him I once writ a sonnet in his praise and began thus Wonder of nature —
Orl I have heard a sonnet begin so to one s mistress
Dau Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser for my horse is my mistress
Orl Your mistress bears well
Dau Me well which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress
Con Nay for methought yesterday your mistress shrewdly shook your back
Dau So perhaps did yours
Con Mine was not bridled
Dau O then belike she was old and gentle and you rode like a kern of Ireland your French hose off and in your strait strossers
Con You have good judgement in horsemanship 59
Dau Be warned by me then they that ride so and ride not warily fall into foul bogs I had rather have my horse to my mistress
Con I had as lief have my mistress a jade
Dau I tell thee Constable my mistress wears his own hair
Con I could make as true a boast as that if I had a sow to my mistress
Dau *Le chien est retourne à son propre vomissement et la truie lavée au bourbier* thou makest use of any thing 70
Con Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress or any such proverb so little kin to the purpose
Ram My Lord Constable the armour that I saw in your tent to-night are those stars or suns upon it?
Con Stars my lord
Dau Some of them will fall to-morrow I hope
Con And yet my sky shall not want
Dau That may be for you bear a many superfluously and twere more honour some were away 81
Con Even as your horse bears your praises who would trot as well were some of your brags dismounted
Dau Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile and my way shall be paved with English faces
Con I will not say so for fear I should be faced out of my way but I would it were morning for I would fain be about the ears of the English
Ram Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?
Con You must first go yourself to hazard ere you have them
Dau 'Tis midnight I ll go arm myself [*Exit*
Orl The Dauphin longs for morning
Ram He longs to eat the English
Con I think he will eat all he kills 100
Orl By the white hand of my lady he s a gallant prince
Con Swear by her foot that she may tread out the oath
Orl He is simply the most active gentleman of France
Con Doing is activity and he will still be doing
Orl He never did harm that I heard of
Con Nor will do none to-morrow he will keep that good name still 111
Orl I know him to be valiant
Con I was told that by one that knows him better than you
Orl What s he?
Con Marry he told me so himself and he said he cared not who knew it
Orl He needs not it is no hidden virtue in him 119
Con By my faith sir but it is never any body saw it but his lackey tis a hooded valour and when it appears it will bate
Orl Ill will never said well
Con I will cap that proverb with There is flattery in friendship
Orl And I will take up that with Give the devil his due
Con Well placed there stands your friend for the devil have at the very eye of that proverb with A pox of the devil 130
Orl You are the better at proverbs by how much A fool s bolt is soon shot
Con You have shot over
Orl Tis not the first time you were overshot

Enter a MESSENGER

Mess My Lord High Constable the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents
Con Who hath measured the ground?
Mess The Lord Grandpre
Con A valiant and most expert gentleman Would it were day! Alas poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning as we do 141
Orl What a wretched and peevish fellow is this King of England to mope with his fat brained followers so far out of his knowledge!
Con If the English had any apprehension they would run away
Orl That they lack for if their heads had any intellectual armour they could never wear such heavy head pieces 149
Ram That island of England breeds very valiant creatures their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage
Orl Foolish curs that run winking into the

mouth of a Russian bear and have their heads crushed like rotten apples! You may as well say, that's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion

Con Just, just, and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives and then give them great meals of beef and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves and fight like devils

Orl Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef

Con Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat and none to fight Now is it time to arm come, shall we about it?

Orl It is now two o'clock but, let me see, by ten
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

[*Exeunt*

ACT IV

PROLOGUE

Enter CHORUS

Chor Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe
From camp to camp through the foul womb of night
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other s watch
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other s umber d face, 9
Steed threatens steed in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear, and from the tents
The armourers accomplishing the knights
With busy hammers closing rivets up
Give dreadful note of preparation
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name
Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
The confident and over lusty French
Do the low rated English play at dice
And chide the cripple tardy gaited night 20
Who like a foul and ugly witch doth limp
So tediously away The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices by their watchful fires
Sit patiently and inly ruminate
The morning s danger and their gesture sad
Investing lank lean cheeks and war worn coats
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts O now who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin d band
Walking from watch to watch from tent to tent
Let him cry, Praise and glory on his head! 31
For forth he goes and visits all his host
Bids them good morrow with a modest smile
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him,
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all watched night,
But freshly looks and over bears attaint
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty 40
That every wretch pining and pale before,
Beholding him plucks comfort from his looks
A largess universal like the sun
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear that mean and gentle all
Behold as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night
And so our scene must to the battle fly
Where—O for pity!—we shall much disgrace
With four or five most vile and ragged foils, 50
Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous
The name of Agincourt Yet sit and see
Minding true things by what their mockeries be

[*Exit*

SCENE I *The English camp at Agincourt*

Enter KING HENRY BEDFORD *and* GLOUCESTER

K Hen Gloucester, tis true that we are in great danger,
The greater therefore should our courage be
Good morrow, brother Bedford God Almighty!
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful and good husbandry
Besides they are our outward consciences
And preachers to us all admonishing
That we should dress us fairly for our end 10
Thus may we gather honey from the weed
And make a moral of the devil himself

Enter ERPINGHAM

Good morrow old Sir Thomas Erpingham
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France

Erp Not so my liege this lodging likes me better
Since I may say "Now lie I like a king

K Hen Tis good for men to love their present pains
Upon example so the spirit is eased
And when the mind is quicken d out of doubt,
The organs though defunct and dead before 21
Break up their drowsy grave and newly move
With casted slough and fresh legerity
Lend me thy cloak Sir Thomas Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp
Do my good morrow to them and anon

Desire them all to my pavilion
Glou We shall my liege
Erp Shall I attend your Grace?
K Hen No my good knight
Go with my brothers to my lords of England 30
I and my bosom must debate a while
And then I would no other company
Erp The Lord in heaven bless thee noble
Harry! [*Exeunt all but* KING
K Hen God a mercy old heart! thou speak st
cheerfully

Enter PISTOL

Pist Qui va la?
K Hen A friend
Pist Discuss unto me art thou officer?
Or art thou base common and popular?
K Hen I am a gentleman of a company
Pist Trail st thou the puissant pike? 40
K Hen Even so What are you?
Pist As good a gentleman as the Emperor
K Hen Then you are a better than the King
Pist The King s a bawcock and a heart of
gold
A lad of life an imp of fame
Of parents good of fist most valiant
I kiss his dirty shoe and from heart string
I love the lovely bully What is thy name?
K Hen Harry le Roy
Pist Le Roy! a Cornish name art thou of
Cornish crew? 50
K Hen No I am a Welshman
Pist Know st thou Fluellen?
K Hen Yes
Pist Tell him I ll knock his leek about his pate
Upon Saint Davy s day
K Hen Do not you wear your dagger in your
cap that day lest he knock that about yours
Pist Art thou his friend?
K Hen And his kinsman too
Pist The *figo* for thee then! 60
K Hen I thank you God be with you!
Pist My name is Pistol call d [*Exit*
K Hen It sorts well with your fierceness

Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER

Gow Captain Fluellen
Flu So in the name of Jesus Christ speak
lower It is the greatest admiration in the uni
versal world when the true and aunchient pre
rogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept if you
would take the pains but to examine the wars of
Pompey the Great you shall find I warrant you,
that there is no tiddle taddle nor pibble pabble in
Pompey s camp I warrant you you shall find
the ceremonies of the wars and the cares of it
and the forms of it and the sobriety of it and the
modesty of it to be otherwise
Gow Why the enemy is loud you hear him all
night
Flu If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a
prating coxcomb is it meet think you that we
should also look you be an ass and a fool
and a prating coxcomb? in your own conscience,
now?
Gow I will speak lower
Flu I pray you and beseech you that you will
[*Exeunt* GOWER *and* FLUELLEN
K Hen Though it appear a little out of fashion
There is much care and valour in this Welshman

Enter three soldiers JOHN BATES ALEXANDER
COURT *and* MICHAEL WILLIAMS

Court Brother John Bates is not that the morn
ing which breaks yonder?
Bates I think it be but we have no great cause
to desire the approach of day 90
Will We see yonder the beginning of the day
but I think we shall never see the end of it Who
goes there?
K Hen A friend
Will Under what captain serve you?
K Hen Under Sir Thomas Erpingham
Will A good old commander and a most kind
gentleman I pray you what thinks he of our
estate?
K Hen Even as men wrecked upon a sand that
look to be washed off the next tide 101
Bates He hath not told his thought to the King?
K Hen No nor it is not meet he should For
though I speak it to you I think the King is but a
man as I am the violet smells to him as it doth
to me the element shows to him as it doth to me
all his senses have but human conditions his
ceremonies laid by in his nakedness he appears
but a man and though his affections are higher
mounted than ours yet when they stoop they
stoop with the like wing Therefore when he sees
reason of fears as we do his fears out of doubt
be of the same relish as ours are yet in reason
no man should possess him with any appearance
of fear lest he, by showing it should dishearten
his army
Bates He may show what outward courage he
will but I believe as cold a night as tis he could
wish himself in Thames up to the neck and so I
would he were, and I by him at all adventures
so we were quit here
K Hen By my troth I will speak my con
science of the King I think he would not wish
himself any where but where he is
Bates Then I would he were here alone so

should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved

K Hen I dare say you love him not so ill to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men s minds methinks I could not die anywhere so contented as in the King's company his cause being just and his quarrel honourable

Will That's more than we know

Bates Ay, or more than we should seek after, for we know enough, if we know we are the King s subjects if his cause be wrong our obedience to the King wipes the crime of it out of us

Will But if the cause be not good, the King himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day and cry all "We died at such a place", some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left I am afeard there are few die well that die in a battle for how can they charitably dispose of anything, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the King that led them to it, whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection

K Hen So if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule should be imposed upon his father that sent him or if a servant, under his master s command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant s damnation but this is not so the King is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son nor the master of his servant for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services Besides, there is no king be his cause never so spotless if it come to the arbitrement of swords can try it out with all unspotted soldiers some peradventure have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder, some of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men they have no wings to fly from God war is his beadle, war is his vengeance so that here men are punished for before breach of the King s laws in now the King s quarrel where they feared the death they have borne life away and where they would be safe they perish then if they die unprovided, no more is the King guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited Every subject s duty is the King's, but every subject s soul is his own Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed wash every mote out of his conscience and dying so death is to him advantage or not dying the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that making God so free an offer, He let him outlive that day to see His greatness and to teach others how they should prepare

Will Tis certain every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head the King is not to answer it 199

Bates I do not desire he should answer for me, and yet I determine to fight lustily for him

K Hen I myself heard the King say he would not be ransomed

Will Ay, he said so to make us fight cheerfully but when our throats are cut he may be ransomed, and we ne er the wiser

K Hen If I live to see it I will never trust his word after

Will You pay him then That's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather You ll never trust his word after! come tis a foolish saying

K Hen Your reproof is something too round I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient

Will Let it be a quarrel between us if you live 221

K Hen I embrace it

Will How shall I know thee again?

K Hen Give me any gage of thine and I will wear it in my bonnet then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel

Will Here s my glove give me another of thine

K Hen There

Will This will I also wear in my cap if ever thou come to me and say after to-morrow 'This is my glove by this hand I will take thee a box on the ear

K Hen If ever I live to see it I will challenge it

Will Thou darest as well be hanged

K Hen Well I will do it though I take thee in the King s company

Will Keep thy word fare thee well

Bates Be friends you English fools be friends we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon 241

K Hen Indeed the French may lay

French crowns to one they will beat us for they bear them on their shoulders but it is no English treason to cut French crowns and to-morrow the King himself will be a clipper

[*Exeunt* SOLDIERS

Upon the King! let us our lives our souls
Our debts our careful wives
Our children and our sins lay on the King!
We must bear all O hard condition 250
Twin born with greatness subject to the breath
Of every fool whose sense no more can feel
But his own wringing! What infinite heart s-ease
Must kings neglect that private men enjoy!
And what have kings that privates have not too
Save ceremony save general ceremony?
And what art thou thou idol Ceremony?
What kind of god art thou that suffer st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings in?
O Ceremony show me but thy worth! 261
What is thy soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place degree and form
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy being fear d
Than they in fearing
What drink st thou oft instead of homage sweet
But poison d flattery? O be sick, great greatness
And bid thy Ceremony give thee cure!
Think st thou the fiery fever will go out 270
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou when thou command st the beggar s knee
Command the health of it? No thou proud dream
That play st so subtly with a king s repose
I am a king that find thee and I know
Tis not the balm the sceptre and the ball
The sword the mace the crown imperial
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl
The farced title running fore the King 280
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world
No not all these thrice-gorgeous Ceremony
Not all these, laid in bed majestical
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who with a body fill d and vacant mind
Gets him to rest cramm d with distressful bread
Never sees horrid night the child of hell
But like a lackey from the rise to set
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus and all night 290
Sleeps in Elysium next day after dawn,
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse
And follows so the ever running year
With profitable labour to his grave
And, but for ceremony such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep
Had the fore hand and vantage of a king
The slave a member of the country s peace
Enjoys it but in gross brain little wots
What watch the King keeps to maintain the peace
Whose hours the peasant best advantages 301

Re-enter ERPINGHAM

Erp My lord your nobles jealous of your absence
Seek through your camp to find you
K Hen Good old knight
Collect them all together at my tent
I ll be before thee
Erp I shall do t my lord [*Exit*
K Hen O God of battles! steel my soldiers hearts
Possess them not with fear take from them now
The sense of reckoning if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them Not to-day O Lord
O not to-day think not upon the fault 310
My father made in compassing the crown!
I Richard s body have interred new
And on it have bestow d more contrite tears
Than from it issued forced drops of blood
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay
Who twice a-day their wither d hands hold up
Toward heaven to pardon blood and I have built
Two chantries where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard s soul More will I do
Though all that I can do is nothing worth 320
Since that my penitence comes after all
Imploring pardon

Re-enter GLOUCESTER

Glou My liege!
K Hen My brother Gloucester s voice? Ay
I know thy errand I will go with thee
The day my friends and all things stay for me
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II *The French camp*

Enter the DAUPHIN ORLEANS RAMBURES, *and others*

O! The sun doth gild our armour up my lords!
Dau *Montez à cheval!* My horse! varlet! *laquais!* ha!
Orl O brave spirit!
Dau *Via les eaux et la terre*
Orl *Rien puis?* *l'air et le feu*
Dau *Ciel* cousin Orleans

Enter CONSTABLE

Now, my Lord Constable!

Con Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh!

Dau Mount them, and make incision in their hides,
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes, 10
And dout them with superfluous courage, ha!

Ram What will you have them weep our horses blood?
How shall we, then, behold their natural tears?

Enter a MESSENGER

Mess The English are embattled, you French peers

Con To horse you gallant princes! straight to horse!
Do but behold yon poor and starved band
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men
There is not work enough for all our hands,
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins 20
To give each naked curtle axe a stain,
That our French gallants shall to day draw out
And sheathe for lack of sport let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them
'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions lords,
That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battle, were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding foe,
Though we upon this mountain s basis by 30
Took stand for idle speculation
But that our honours must not What s to say?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done Then let the trumpets sound
The tucket sonance and the note to mount,
For our approach shall so much dare the field
That England shall couch down in fear and yield

Enter GRANDPRE

Grand Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill favouredly become the morning field 40
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose
And our air shakes them passing scornfully
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar d host
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks
With torch staves in their hand and their poor jades
Lob down their heads dropping the hides and hips
The gum down roping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal bit
Lies foul with chew'd grass still and motionless,
And their executors, the knavish crows, 51
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour
Description cannot suit itself in words
To demonstrate the life of such a battle
In life so lifeless as it shows itself

Con They have said their prayers, and they stay for death

Dau Shall we go send them dinners and fresh suits
And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them?

Con I stay but for my guidon to the field!
I will the banner from a trumpet take 61
And use it for my haste Come, come away!
The sun is high, and we outwear the day
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III *The English camp*

Enter GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER ERPINGHAM, *with all his host* SALISBURY *and* WESTMORELAND

Glou Where is the King?

Bed The King himself is rode to view their battle

West Of fighting men they have full three score thousand

Exe There s five to one, besides they all are fresh

Sal God s arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds
God be wi' you princes all, I ll to my charge
If we no more meet till we meet in heaven
Then joyfully my noble Lord of Bedford
My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter
And my kind kinsman warriors all adieu! 10

Bed Farewell good Salisbury, and good luck go with thee!

Exe Farewell kind lord fight valiantly to-day
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it
For thou art framed of the firm truth of valour
[*Exit* SALISBURY

Bed He is as full of valour as of kindness
Princely in both

Enter the KING

West O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day!

K Hen What s he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? No my fair cousin
If we are mark d to die we are enow 20
To do our country loss and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour
God s will! I pray thee, wish not one man more

By Jove I am not covetous for gold
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost
It yearns me not if men my garments wear
Such outward things dwell not in my desires
But if it be a sin to covet honour
I am the most offending soul alive *29*
No faith my coz, wish not a man from England
God s peace! I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more methinks would share from
me
For the best hope I have O do not wish one
more!
Rather proclaim it Westmoreland through my
host
That he which hath no stomach to this fight
Let him depart his passport shall be made
And crowns for convoy put into his purse
We would not die in that man s company
That fears his fellowship to die with us
This day is call d the feast of Crispian *40*
He that outlives this day and comes safe home
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named
And rouse him at the name of Crispian
He that shall live this day and see old age
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours
And say To-morrow is Saint Crispian
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars
And say These wounds I had on Crispin s
day
Old men forget yet all shall be forgot
But he ll remember with advantages *50*
What feats he did that day then shall our names
Familiar in his mouth as household words
Harry the King Bedford and Exeter
Warwick and Talbot Salisbury and Gloucester
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember d
This story shall the good man teach his son
And Crispin Crispian shall ne er go by
From this day to the ending of the world
But we in it shall be remembered
We few we happy few we band of brothers *60*
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother be he ne er so vile
This day shall gentle his condition
And gentlemen in England now a bed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not
here
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any
speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin s day

Re-enter SALISBURY

Sal My sovereign lord bestow yourself with
speed
The French are bravely in their battles set
And will with all expedience charge on us *70*

K Hen All things are ready if our minds be so
West Perish the man whose mind is backward
now!
K Hen Thou dost not wish more help from
England coz?
West God s will! my liege would you and I
alone
Without more help could fight this royal battle!
K Hen Why now thou hast unwish'd five
thousand men
Which likes me better than to wish us one
You know your places God be with you all!

Tucket Enter MONTJOY

Mont Once more I come to know of thee, King
Harry
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound *80*
Before thy most assured overthrow
For certainly thou art so near the gulf
Thou needs must be englutted Besides in mercy
The Constable desires thee thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields where wretches their
poor bodies
Must lie and fester
K Hen Who hath sent thee now?
Mont The Constable of France
K Hen I pray thee bear my former answer
back *90*
Bid them achieve me and then sell my bones
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows
thus?
The man that once did sell the lion s skin
While the beast lived was killed with hunting
him
A many of our bodies shall no doubt
Find native graves upon the which I trust
Shall witness live in brass of this day s work
And those that leave their valiant bones in
France
Dying like men though buried in your dunghills
They shall be famed for there the sun shall greet
them *100*
And draw their honours reeking up to heaven
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in
France
Mark then abounding valour in our English
That being dead like to the bullet s grazing
Break out into a second course of mischief
Killing in relapse of mortality
Let me speak proudly tell the Constable
We are but warriors for the working-day
Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch d *110*
With rainy marching in the painful field

There's not a piece of feather in our host—
Good argument, I hope, we will not fly—
And time hath worn us into slovenry
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim,
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
They ll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers'
heads
And turn them out of service If they do this—
As, if God please, they shall—my ransom then
Will soon be levied Herald, save thou thy
labour, *121*
Come thou no more for ransom gentle herald
They shall have none, I swear, but these my
joints
Which if they have as I will leave 'em them
Shall yield them little tell the Constable
Mont I shall, King Harry And so fare thee
well
Thou never shalt hear herald any more [*Exit*
K Hen I fear thou'lt once more come again for
ransom

Enter YORK

York My lord most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward *130*
K Hen Take it, brave York Now, soldiers,
march away
And how thou pleasest, God dispose the day!
[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *The field of battle*

Alarum Excursions Enter PISTOL, FRENCH SOLDIER, *and* BOY

Pist Yield, cur!
Fr Sol *Je pense que vous etes gentilhomme de bonne qualite*
Pist *Qualtitie calmie custure me!* Art thou a gentleman? what is thy name? discuss
Fr Sol *O Seigneur Dieu!*
Pist O Signieur Dew should be a gentleman
Perpend my words O Signieur Dew and mark
O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me *10*
Egregious ransom
Fr Sol *O, prenez misericorde! ayez pitie de moi!*
Pist Moy shall not serve, I will have forty
moys,
Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat
In drops of crimson blood
Fr Sol *Est il impossible d'echapper la force de ton bras?*
Pist Brass, cur!
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat *20*
Offer st me brass?
Fr Sol *O pardonnez moi!*

Pist Say st thou me so? is that a ton of moys?
Come hither boy ask me this slave in French
What is his name
Boy *Écoutez comment etes-vous appele?*
Fr Sol *Monsieur le Fer*
Boy He says his name is Master Fer
Pist Master Fer! I ll fer him, and firk him and ferret him discuss the same in French unto him
Boy I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firk *32*
Pist Bid him prepare for I will cut his throat
Fr Sol *Que dit il monsieur?*
Boy *Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites vous pret, car ce soldat ici est dispose tout a cette heure de couper votre gorge*
Pist *Owy cuppele gorge permafoy*
Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave
crowns, *40*
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword
Fr Sol *O je vous supplie, pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison gardez ma vie et je vous donnerai deux cents ecus*
Pist What are his words?
Boy He prays you to save his life he is a gentleman of a good house, and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns
Pist Tell him my fury shall abate, and I *50*
The crowns will take
Fr Sol *Petit monsieur que dit il?*
Boy *Encore qu il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier neanmoins pour les ecus que vous l'a ez promis il est content de vous donner la liberte le franchisement*
Fr Sol *Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remercimens et je m estime heureux que je suis tombe entre les mains d'un chevalier je pense le plus brave vaillant et tres distingue seigneur d'Angleterre* *61*
Pist Expound unto me boy
Boy He gives you upon his knees, a thousand thanks and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one as he thinks the most brave valorous and thrice worthy seigneur of England
Pist As I suck blood I will some mercy show
Follow me! *69*
Boy *Suivez vous le grand capitaine* [*Exeunt* PISTOL, *and* FRENCH SOLDIER] I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart but the saying is true The empty vessel makes the greatest sound Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i the old play that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger and they are both hanged an so would this be if he durst steal anything venturously I must stay with the lackey
the luggage of our camp the French

a good prey of us if he knew of it for there is
none to guard it but boys [*Exit*

SCENE V *Another part of the field*

Enter CONSTABLE ORLEANS BOURBON DAUPHIN *and* RAMBURES

Con O diable!
Orl O seigneur! le jour est perdu tout est perdu!
Dau Mort de ma vie! all is confounded all!
Reproach and everlasting shame
Sits mocking in our plumes O meschante fortune!
Do not run away
A short alarum
Con Why all our ranks are broke
Dau O perdurable shame let s stab ourselves
Be these the wretches that we play d at dice for?
Orl Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?
Bour Shame and eternal shame nothing but shame! 10
Let us die in honour once more back again
And he that will not follow Bourbon now
Let him go hence and with his cap in hand
Like a base pandar hold the chamber-door
Whilst by a slave no gentler than my dog
His fairest daughter is contaminated
Con Disorder that hath spoil d us friend us now!
Let us on heaps go offer up our lives
Orl We are enow yet living in the field
To smother up the English in our throngs 20
If any order might be thought upon
Bou The devil take order now! I ll to the throng
Let life be short else shame will be too long [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI *Another part of the field*

Alarums Enter KING HENRY *and forces* EXETER *and others*

K Hen Well have we done thrice valiant countrymen
But all s not done yet keep the French the field
Exe The Duke of York commends him to your Majesty
K Hen Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour
I saw him down thrice up again, and fighting
From helmet to the spur all blood he was
Exe In which array brave soldier doth he lie
Larding the plain and by his bloody side
Yoke fellow to his honour-owing wounds
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies 10
Suffolk first died and York all haggled over
Comes to him where in gore he lay insteep d
And takes him by the beard kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face
And cries aloud Tarry dear cousin Suffolk!
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven
Tarry sweet soul for mine then fly abreast
As in this glorious and well foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry!
Upon these words I came and cheer d him up 20
He smiled me in the face raught me his hand
And with a feeble gripe says Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign
So did he turn and over Suffolk s neck
He threw his wounded arm and kiss d his lips
And so espoused to death with blood he seal d
A testament of noble-ending love
The pretty and sweet manner of it forced
Those waters from me which I would have stopp d
But I had not so much of man in me 30
And all my mother came into mine eyes
And gave me up to tears
K Hen I blame you not
For hearing this I must perforce compound
With mistful eyes or they will issue too
Alarum
But hark! what new alarum is this same?
The French have reinforced their scatter d men
Then every soldier kill his prisoners
Give the word through [*Exeunt*

SCENE VII *Another part of the field*

Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER

Flu Kill the poys and the luggage! tis expressly against the law of arms tis as arrant a piece of knavery mark you now as can be offer t in your conscience now is it not?
Gow Tis certain there s not a boy left alive and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle ha done this slaughter besides they have burned and carried away all that was in the King s tent wherefore the King most worthily hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner s throat O tis a gallant king! 11
Flu Ay he was porn at Monmouth Captain Gower What call you the town s name where Alexander the Pig was born!
Gow Alexander the Great
Flu Why I pray you is not pig great? the pig or the great or the mighty or the huge or the magnanimous are all one reckonings save the phrase is a little variations 19
Gow I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon his father was called Phillip of Macedon, as I take it
Flu I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is porn I tell you captain if you look in the maps of the orld I warrant you sall find in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth

that the situations, look you, is both alike There is a river in Macedon, and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth it is called Wye at Monmouth, but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river, but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers and there is salmons in both If you mark Alexander s life well Harry of Monmouth s life is come after it indifferent well, for there is figures in all things Alexander, God knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you kill his best friend Cleitus 41

Gow Our King is not like him in that he never killed any of his friends

Flu It is not well done mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it as Alexander killed his friend Cleitus being in his ales and his cups, so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgements, turned away the fat knight with the great belly doublet he was full of jests, and gipes and knaveries and mocks, I have forgot his name

Gow Sir John Falstaff

Flu That is he I'll tell you there is good men porn at Monmouth

Gow Here comes his Majesty

Alarum Enter KING HENRY, *and forces*, WARWICK, GLOUCESTER EXETER, *and others*

K Hen I was not angry since I came to France
Until this instant Take a trumpet herald,
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill 60
If they will fight with us bid them come down,
Or void the field they do offend our sight
If they ll do neither we will come to them
And make them skirr away as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings
Besides we ll cut the throats of those we have,
And not a man of them that we shall take
Shall taste our mercy Go and tell them so

Enter MONTJOY

Exe Here comes the herald of the French, my liege

Glo His eyes are humbler than they used to be

K Hen How now! what means this herald?
Know st thou not 71
That I have fined these bones of mine for ransom?
Comest thou again for ransom?

Mont No great King
I come to thee for charitable license,
That we may wander o er this bloody field
To look our dead and then to bury them,
To sort our nobles from our common men
For many of our princes—woe the while!—
Lie drown'd and soak d in mercenary blood
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs 80
In blood of princes, and their wounded steeds
Fret fetlock deep in gore and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice O give us leave great King,
To view the field in safety and dispose
Of their dead bodies!

K Hen I tell thee truly herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no,
For yet a many of your horsemen peer
And gallop o'er the field

Mont The day is yours

K Hen Praised be God, and not our strength, for it! 90
What is this castle call d that stands hard by?

Mont They call it Agincourt

K Hen Then call we this the field of Agincourt
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus

Flu Your Grandfather of famous memory an't please your Majesty and your great uncle Edward the Plack Prince of Wales as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France

K Hen They did, Fluellen 100

Flu Your Majesty says very true if your Majesties is remembered of it the Welshmen did good service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps which, your Majesty know, to this hour is an honourable badge of the service and I do believe your Majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy s day

K Hen I wear it for a memorable honour
For I am Welsh you know, good countryman

Flu All the water in Wye cannot wash your Majesty s Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that God pless it and preserve it as long as it pleases His Grace and His Majesty too!

K Hen Thanks good my countryman

Flu By Jeshu I am your Majesty s countryman I care not who know it I will confess it to all the 'orld I need not be ashamed of your Majesty praised be God so long as your Majesty is an honest man 120

K Hen God keep me so! Our heralds go with him
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts Call yonder fellow hither

[*Points to* WILLIAMS *Exeunt Her*]

Exe Soldier you must come to the King

K Hen Soldier why wearest thou that glove in thy cap?

Will An t please your Majesty tis the gage of one that I should fight withal if he be alive

K Hen An Englishman? *129*

Will An t please your Majesty a rascal that swaggered with me last night who if alive and ever dare to challenge this glove I have sworn to take him a box o th ear or if I can see my glove in his cap which he swore as he was a soldier he he would wear if alive I will strike it out soundly

K Hen What think you Captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu He is a craven and a villain else an t please your Majesty in my conscience *140*

K Hen It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort quite from the answer of his degree

Flu Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is as Lucifer and Belzebub himself it is necessary look your Grace that he keep his vow and his oath if he be perjured see you now his reputation is as arrant a villain and a Jacksauce as ever his black shoe trod upon God s ground and his earth, in my conscience la! *150*

K Hen Then keep thy vow sirrah when thou meetest the fellow

Will So I will my liege as I live

K Hen Who servest thou under?

Will Under Captain Gower my liege

Flu Gower is a good captain and is good knowledge and literatured in the wars

K Hen Call him hither to me soldier

Will I will my liege [*Exit*

K Hen Here Fluellen wear thou this favour for me and stick it in thy cap when Alençon and myself were down together I plucked this glove from his helm if any man challenge this he is a friend to Alençon and an enemy to our person if thou encounter any such apprehend him an thou dost me love

Flu Your Grace does me as great honours as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects I would fain see the man, that has but two legs that shall find himself aggriefed at this glove that is all but I would fain see it once an please God of His grace that I might see

K Hen Knowest thou Gower?

Flu He is my dear friend an please you

K Hen Pray thee go seek him, and bring him to my tent

Flu I will fetch him [*Exit*

K Hen My Lord of Warwick and my brother Gloucester

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels

The glove which I have given him for a favour

May haply purchase him a box o th ear *181*

It is the soldier s I by bargain should

Wear it myself Follow good cousin Warwick

If that the soldier strike him as I judge

By his blunt bearing he will keep his word

Some sudden mischief may arise of it

For I do know Fluellen valiant

And touch d with choler hot as gunpowder

And quickly will return an injury *189*

Follow and see there be no harm between them

Go you with me uncle of Exeter [*Exeunt*

SCENE VIII *Before King Henry s pavilion*

Enter GOWER *and* WILLIAMS

Will I warrant it is to knight you captain

Enter FLUELLEN

Flu God s will and his pleasure captain I beseech you now come apace to the King there is more good toward you peradventure than is in your knowledge to dream of

Will Sir know you this glove?

Flu Know the glove! I know the glove is a glove

Will I know this and thus I challenge it

Strikes him

Flu Sblood an arrant traitor as any is in the universal world or in France or in England! *11*

Gow How now sir you villain!

Will Do you think I ll be forsworn?

Flu Stand away Captain Gower I will give treason his payment into plows I warrant you

Will I am no traitor

Flu That s a lie in thy throat I charge you in his Majesty s name apprehend him he s a friend of the Duke of Alençon s *19*

Enter WARWICK *and* GLOUCESTER

War How now how now! what s the matter?

Flu My Lord of Warwick here is—praised be God for it!—a most contagious treason come to light look you as you shall desire in a summer s day Here is his Majesty

Enter KING HENRY *and* EXETER

K Hen How now! what s the matter?

Flu My liege here is a villain and a traitor that look your Grace has struck the glove which your Majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon

Will My liege this was my glove here is the fellow of it and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap I promised to strike him if he did I met this man with my glove in his cap and I have been as good as my word

Flu Your Majesty hear now saving your Ma

jesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is I hope your Majesty is pear me testimony and witness and will avouchment, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your Majesty is give me in your conscience now 40

K Hen Give me thy glove, soldier look here is the fellow of it
'Twas I, indeed, thou promised st to strike,
And thou hast given me most bitter terms

Flu And please your Majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world

K Hen How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will All offences, my lord, come from the heart never came any from mine that might offend your Majesty 51

K Hen It was ourself thou didst abuse

Will Your Majesty came not like yourself you appeared to me but as a common man, witness the night, your garments your lowliness, and what your Highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you take it for your own fault and not mine for had you been as I took you for I made no offence, therefore, I beseech your Highness pardon me 60

K Hen Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow Keep it fellow,
And wear it for an honour in thy cap
Till I do challenge it Give him the crowns
And captain, you must needs be friends with him

Flu By this day and this light the fellow has mettle enough in his belly Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve God and keep you out of prawls and prabbles, and quarrels and dissensions, and I warrant you it is the better for you 71

Will I will none of your money

Flu It is with a good will, I can tell you it will serve you to mend your shoes come wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so good tis a good silling I warrant you, or I will change it

Enter an ENGLISH HERALD

K Hen Now, herald are the dead number'd?

Her Here is the number of the slaughter'd French

K Hen What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle? 80

Exe Charles Duke of Orleans nephew to the King
John Duke of Bourbon and Lord Bouciqualt
Of other lords and barons knights and squires
Full fifteen hundred besides common men

K Hen This note doth tell me of ten thousand French
That in the field lie slain of princes, in this number
And nobles bearing banners there lie dead
One hundred twenty six added to these
Of knights esquires and gallant gentlemen, 89
Eight thousand and four hundred of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries,
The rest are princes barons lords, knights squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality
The names of those their nobles that lie dead
Charles Delabreth High Constable of France,
Jacques of Chatillon admiral of France
The master of the cross bows, Lord Rambures,
Great Master of France, the brave Sir Guichard Dolphin 100
John Duke of Alençon Anthony Duke of Brabant
The brother to the Duke of Burgundy,
And Edward Duke of Bar of lusty earls,
Grandpre and Roussi Fauconberg and Foix,
Beaumont and Marle Vaudemont and Lestrale
Here was a royal fellowship of death!
Where is the number of our English dead?

Herald shews him another paper

Edward the Duke of York the Earl of Suffolk
Sir Richard Ketly Davy Gam esquire
None else of name and of all other men 110
But five and twenty O God thy arm was here,
And not to us but to thy arm alone
Ascribe we all! When without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss
On one part and on the other? Take it God
For it is none but thine!

Exe 'Tis wonderful!

K Hen Come, go we in procession to the village
And be it death proclaimed through our host
To boast of this or take that praise from God 120
Which is his only

Flu Is it not lawful an please your Majesty to tell how many is killed?

K Hen Yes, captain but with this acknowledgement
That God fought for us

Flu Yes my conscience he did us great good

K Hen Do we all holy rites
Let there be sung *Non nobis* and *Te Deum*,
The dead with charity enclosed in clay
And then to Calais and to England then 13
Where ne'er from France arrived more happy men [*Exeunt*

ACT V

PROLOGUE

Enter CHORUS

Chor Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story
That I may prompt them and of such as have
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
Of time of numbers and due course of things
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented Now we bear the King
Toward Calais grant him there there seen
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
Athwart the sea Behold the English beach 9
Pales in the flood with men with wives and boys
Whose shouts and claps out voice the deep-mouth d sea,
Which like a mighty whiffler fore the King
Seems to prepare his way so let him land
And solemnly see him set on to London
So swift a pace hath thought that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath
Where that his lords desire him to have borne
His bruised helmet and his bended sword
Before him through the city he forbids it 19
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride
Giving full trophy signal and ostent
Quite from himself to God But now behold
In the quick forge and working house of thought
How London doth pour out her citizens!
The mayor and all his brethren in best sort
Like to the senators of the antique Rome
With the plebeians swarming at their heels
Go forth and fetch their conquering Cæsar in
As by a lower but loving likelihood
Were now the general of our gracious Empress
As in good time he may from Ireland coming 31
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword
How many would the peaceful city quit
To welcome him much more and much more cause,
Did they this Harry Now in London place him
As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the King of England s stay at home
The Emperor s coming in behalf of France
To order peace between them and omit
All the occurrences whatever chanced 40
Till Harry s back return again to France
There must we bring him and myself have play d
The interim, by remembering you tis past
Then brook abridgement and your eyes advance
After your thoughts straight back again to France [*Exit*

SCENE I *France the English camp*

Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER

Gow Nay that s right but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy s day is past

Flu There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things I will tell you asse my friend Captain Gower the rascally scauld beggarly lousy pragging knave Pistol which you and yourself and all the world know to be no petter than a fellow look you now of no merits he is come to me and prings me pread and salt yesterday look you and bid me eat my leek it was in a place where I could not breed no contention with him but I will be so bold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires

Enter PISTOL

Gow Why here he comes swelling like a turkey-cock

Flu Tis no matter for his swellings nor his turkey-cocks God pless you Aunchient Pistol! you scurvy lousy knave God pless you!

Pist Ha! art thou bedlam? dost thou thirst base Trojan 20
To have me fold up Parca s fatal web?
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek

Flu I peseech you heartily scurvy lousy knave at my desires and my requests and my petitions to eat look you this leek because look you you do not love it nor your affections and your appetites and your disgestions doo s not agree with it I would desire you to eat it

Pist Not for Cadwallader and all his goats

Flu There is one goat for you [*Strikes him*]
Will you be so good scauld knave as eat it? 31

Pist Base Trojan thou shalt die

Flu You say very true scauld knave when God s will is I will desire you to live in the mean time and eat your victuals come there is sauce for it [*Strikes him*] You called me yesterday mountain squire but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree I pray you fall to if you can mock a leek you can eat a leek

Gow Enough captain you have astonished him 41

Flu I say I will make him eat some part of my leek or I will peat his pate four days Bite I pray you it is good for your green wound and your ploody coxcomb

Pist Must I bite?

Flu Yes certainly and out of doubt and out of question too and ambiguities

Pist By this leek I will most horribly revenge
I eat and eat I swear— 50

Flu Eat, I pray you will you have some more sauce to your leek there is not enough leek to swear by

Pist Quiet thy cudgel, thou dost see I eat

Flu Much good do you, scauld knave, heartily Nay, pray you, throw none away, the skin is good for your broken coxcomb When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em, that is all

Pist Good 60

Flu Ay, leeks is good hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate

Flu Yes, verily and in truth, you shall take it or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat

Pist I take thy groat in earnest of revenge

Flu If I owe you anything, I will pay you in cudgels you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels God b wi' you and keep you and heal your pate [*Exit* 71

Pist All hell shall stir for this

Gow Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly knave Will you mock at an ancient tradition begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb he could not therefore handle an English cudgel you find it otherwise, and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition Fare ye well [*Exit*

Pist Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?
News have I, that my Nell is dead i' the spital
Of malady of France,
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off
Old I do wax and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgelled Well bawd I ll turn 90
And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand
To England will I steal, and there I ll steal
And patches will I get unto these cudgell d scars
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars [*Exit*

SCENE II *France a royal palace*

Enter at one door, KING HENRY, EXETER BEDFORD GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND *and other Lords*, *at another the* FRENCH KING QUEEN ISABEL, *the* PRINCESS KATHARINE ALICE *and other Ladies*, *the* DUKE OF BURGUNDY *and his train*

K Hen Peace to this meeting wherefore we are met!
Unto our brother France and to our sister
Health and fair time of day, joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine,
And as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contrived,
We do salute you Duke of Burgundy,
And, princes French and peers health to you all!

Fr King Right joyous are we to behold your face
Most worthy brother England fairly met 10
So are you princes English every one

Q Isa So happy be the issue brother England,
Of this good day and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes
Your eyes which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French that met them in their bent
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks
The venom of such looks we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love 20

K Hen To cry amen to that thus we appear

Q Isa You English princes all I do salute you

Bur My duty to you both on equal love
Great Kings of France and England! That I have labour'd,
With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours
To bring your most imperial Majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness
Since then my office hath so far prevail d
That face to face and royal eye to eye 30
You have congreeted let it not disgrace me,
If I demand before this royal view
What rub or what impediment there is
Why that naked poor and mangled Peace,
Dear nurse of arts plenties and joyful births,
Should not in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France put up her lovely visage?
Alas she hath from France too long been chased,
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps
Corrupting in its own fertility 40
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart
Unpruned dies her hedges even pleach d
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disorder d twigs her fallow leas
The darnel hemlock, and rank fumitory
Doth root upon while that the coulter rusts
That should deracinate such savagery
The even mead that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip burnet and green clover
Wanting the scythe all uncorrected rank 50
Conceives by idleness and nothing teems
But hateful docks rough thistles kecksies burs,
Losing both beauty and utility
And as our vineyards fallows meads and hedges
Defective in their natures grow to wildness

Even so our houses and ourselves and children
Have lost or do not learn for want of time
The sciences that should become our country
But grow like savages—as soldiers will
That nothing do but meditate on blood— 60
To swearing and stern looks diffused attire
And every thing that seems unnatural
Which to reduce into our former favour
You are assembled and my speech entreats
That I may know the let why gentle Peace
Should not expel these inconveniences
And bless us with her former qualities

K Hen If Duke of Burgundy you would the peace
Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
Which you have cited you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands 71
Whose tenours and particular effects
You have enscheduled briefly in your hands

Bur The King hath heard them to the which as yet
There is no answer made

K Hen Well then the peace
Which you before so urged lies in his answer

Fr King I have but with a cursorary eye
O erglanced the articles pleaseth your Grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more with better heed 80
To re survey them we will suddenly
Pass our accept and peremptory answer

K Hen Brother we shall Go uncle Exeter
And brother Clarence and you brother Gloucester
Warwick and Huntingdon go with the King
And take with you free power to ratify
Augment or alter as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity
Anything in or out of our demands
And we ll consign thereto Will you fair sister
Go with the princes or stay here with us? 91

Q Isa Our gracious brother I will go with them
Haply a woman s voice may do some good
When articles too nicely urged be stood on

K Hen Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us
She is our capital demand, comprised
Within the fore rank of our articles

Q Isa She hath good leave

[*Exeunt all except* HENRY KATHARINE, *and* ALICE

K Hen Fair Katharine and most fair
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms
Such as will enter at a lady s ear 100
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath Your Majesty shall mock at me I can not speak your England

K Hen O fair Katharine if you will love me soundly with your French heart I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue Do you like me Kate?

Kath *Pardonnez-moi* I cannot tell vat is like me

K Hen An angel is like you Kate and you are like an angel 111

Kath *Que dit il? que je suis semblable à les anges?*

Alice *Oui vraiment sauf votre grace ainsi dit il*

K Hen I said so dear Katharine and I must not blush to affirm it

Kath *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies*

K Hen What says she fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits? 121

Alice Oui dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits dat is de princess

K Hen The princess is the better English woman I faith Kate my wooing is fit for thy understanding I am glad thou canst speak no better English for if thou couldst thou wouldst find me such a plain king that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown I know no ways to mince it in love but directly to say I love you then if you urge me farther than to say do you in faith? I wear out my suit Give me your answer i faith do and so clap hands and a bargain how say you lady?

Kath *Sauf votre honneur* me understand vell

K Hen Marry if you would put me to verses or to dance for your sake Kate, why you undid me for the one I have neither words nor measure and for the other I have no strength in measure yet a reasonable measure in strength If I could win a lady at leap-frog or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back under the correction of bragging be it spoken I should quickly leap into a wife Or if I might buffet for my love or bound my horse for her favours I could lay on like a butcher and sit like a jack an apes never off But before God Kate I cannot look greenly nor gasp out my eloquence nor I have no cunning in protestation only downright oaths which I never use till urged nor never break for urging If thou canst love a fellow of this temper Kate whose face is not worth sun burning that never looks in his glass for love of anything he sees there let thine eye be thy cook I speak to thee plain soldier if thou canst love me for this take me if not to say to thee that I shall die is true but for thy love by the Lord no yet I love thee too And while thou livest dear Kate take a fellow of

plain and uncoined constancy, for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again What! a speaker is but a prater, a rhyme is but a ballad A good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curled pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon or rather the sun and not the moon for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly If thou would have such a one take me, and take me take a soldier, take a soldier, take a king And what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee

Kath Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France? *179*

K Hen No it is not possible you should love the enemy of France Kate but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it, I will have it all mine and Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine

Kath I cannot tell vat is dat

K Hen No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new married wife about her husband s neck hardly to be shook off *Je quand sur le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi*— let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!—*donc votre est France et vous etes mienne* It is easy for me Kate to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me

Kath Sauf votre honneur, le François que vous parlez, il est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle *201*

K Hen No faith, is't not Kate but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine most truly-falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one But Kate dost thou understand thus much English canst thou love me?

Kath I cannot tell

K Hen Can any of your neighbours tell Kate? I ll ask them Come I know thou lovest me and at night when you come into your closet you ll question this gentlewoman about me and I know Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart but good Kate mock me mercifully, the rather gentle princess because I love thee cruelly If ever thou beest mine Kate, as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt I get thee with scambling and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier breeder shall not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George compound a boy, half French half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de luce?

Kath I do not know dat

K Hen No 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise do but now promise Kate you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy, and for my English moiety take the word of a king and bachelor How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon tres cher et devin deesse?*

Kath Your majestee ave fausse French enough to deceive de most sage demoiselle dat is en France

K Hen Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee Kate by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me, yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage Now, beshrew my father s ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me therefore was I created with a stubborn outside with an aspect of iron that when I come to woo ladies, I fright them But in faith Kate the elder I wax the better I shall appear my comfort is, that old age that ill layer up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face thou hast me, if thou hast me at the worst and thou shalt wear me if thou wear me better and better and therefore tell me most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress take me by the hand and say 'Harry of England I am thine which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal but I will tell thee aloud 'England is thine Ireland is thine France is thine and Henry Plantagenet is thine who though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king thou shalt find the best king of good fellows Come your answer in broken music for thy voice is music and thy English broken therefore queen of all Katharine break thy mind to me in broken English wilt thou have me?

Kath Dat is as it sall please de *roi mon pere*

K Hen Nay it will please him well Kate it shall please him Kate

Kath Den it sall also content me *270*

K Hen Upon that I kiss your hand and I call you my queen

Kath Laissez, mon seigneur laissez laissez ma [illegible] *je ne veux point que vous abaissiez votre* [illegible] *en baisant la main d'une* [illegible] *seigneurie*

serviteur excusez-moi je vous supplie mon tres puissant seigneur

K Hen Then I will kiss your lips Kate

Kath Les dames et demoiselles pour etre bais es devant leur noces il n est pas la coutume de France 281

K Hen Madam my interpreter what says she?

Alice Dat it is not be de fashion *pour les* ladies of France—I cannot tell vat is *baiser* en Anglish

K Hen To kiss

Alice Your Majesty *entendre bettre que moi*

K Hen It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married would she say?

Alice Oui vraiment

K Hen O Kate *nice customs curtsy* to great kings Dear Kate you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country s fashion we *are the makers of manners* Kate and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouth of all *find faults* as I *will do yours for upholding* the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss therefore patiently and yielding [*Kissing her*] You have witchcraft in your lips Kate there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them *than in the tongues of the French council* and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs Here comes your father

Re-enter the FRENCH KING *and his* QUEEN BURGUNDY *and other Lords*

Bur God save your Majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

K Hen I would have her learn my fair cousin how perfectly I love her and that *is* good English

Bur Is she not apt?

K Hen Our tongue is rough coz and my condition is not smooth so that having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her that he will appear in his true likeness

Bur Pardon the frankness of my mirth if I answer you for that If you would conjure in her you must make a circle if conjure up love in her in his true likeness he must appear naked and blind Can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were my lord a hard condition for a maid to consign to

K Hen Yet they do wink and yield, as love is *blind and enforces*

Bur They are then excused my lord when they see not what they do 330

K Hen Then, good my lord teach your cousin to consent winking

Bur I will wink on her to consent my lord if you will teach her to know my meaning for maids well summered and warm kept are like flies at Bartholomew tide blind though they have their eyes and then they will endure handling which before would not abide looking on

K Hen This moral ties me over to time and a hot summer and so I shall catch the fly your cousin in the latter end and she must be blind too

Bur As love is my lord before it loves

K Hen It is so and you may some of you thank love for my blindness who cannot see *many a fair French city for one fair French* maid that stands in my way

Fr King Yes my lord you see them perspectively the cities turned into a *maid for they* are all girdled with maiden walls that war hath *never entered* 350

K Hen Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr King So please you

K Hen I am content so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her so the maid that *stood in the way for my wish shall show me the* way to my will

Fr King We have consented to all terms of reason

K Hen Is t so my lords of England? 359

West The king hath granted every article
His daughter first and then in sequel all
According to their firm proposed natures

Exe Only he hath not yet subscribed this
Where your Majesty demands that the King of *France having any occasion to write for matter* of grant shall name your Highness in this form and with this addition in French *Notre très cher fils Henri Roi d'Angleterre Heritier de France* and thus in Latin, *Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus Rex Angliæ et Hæres Franciæ*

Fr King Nor this I have not brother so denied
But your request shall make me let it pass

K Hen I pray you then, in love and dear alliance
Let that one article rank with the rest
And thereupon give me your daughter

Fr King Take her fair son and from her blood raise up
Issue to me that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other s happiness

May cease their hatred, and this dear conjunction 380
Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France

All Amen!

K Hen Now, welcome, Kate and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen
[*Flourish*

Q Isa God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league,
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other God speak this Amen!

All Amen!

K Hen Prepare we for our marriage on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues 400
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me,
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!
[*Sennet Exeunt*

EPILOGUE

Enter CHORUS

Chor Thus far, with rough and all unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursued the story,
In little room confining mighty men
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory
Small time, but in that small most greatly lived
This star of England Fortune made his sword,
By which the world s best garden he achieved,
And of it left his son imperial lord
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this king succeed, 10
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France and made his England bleed
Which oft our stage hath shown, and for their sake
In your fair minds let this acceptance take
[*Exit*

JULIUS CÆSAR

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Julius Cæsar *l ter as a* ghost
Octavius Cæsar, Marcus Antonius, M Æmilius Lepidus — *Tr umv s fter the d ath of Jul u Cæsa*
Cicero, Publius, Popilius Lena — *Senators*
Marcus Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Trebonius, Ligarius, Decius Brutus, Metellus Cimber, Cinna — *consp at r a a nst Jul us Cæs r*
Flavius, Marullus — *Tribunes*
Artemidorus of Cnidos *a teacher of hetoric*
A Soothsayer
Cinna *a p t*
Another Poet
Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, Young Cato, Volumnius — *friend to Brutus and Cassius*
Varro, Clitus, Claudius, Strato, Lucius, Dardanius — *serv nts to Brutus*
Pindarus *s vant to Cass us*
Two Commoners
A Servant *to Cæsar*
A Servant *to Antony*
A Ser ant *t Octavius*
Four Citizens
Three Soldiers
A Messenger

Calpurnia *w f to Cæsar*
Portia, *u f to Brutu*

Non Speaking *Senat rs C t ens Guard Sold rs and Attendants*

Scene *Rom th n ghbo hood of Sardis and the n ghborhood of Pi l pp*



ACT I

Scene i *Rome a street*

Enter flavius marullus *and certain* commoners

Flav Hence! home you idle creatures get you home
Is this a holiday? what! know you not
Being mechanical you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession? Speak what trade art thou?
1st Com Why sir a carpenter
Mar Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy b st apparel on?
You sir what trade are you?
2nd Com Truly sir in respect of a fine work man, I am but as you would say a cobbler 11
Mar But what trade art thou? answer me directly
2nd Com A trade, sir that I hope I may use with a safe conscience which is indeed sir a mender of bad soles
Mar What trade thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?
2nd Com Nay I beseech you, sir be not out with me yet, if you be out s r I can mend you
Mar What meanest thou by that? mend me thou saucy fellow! 21
2nd Com Why sir cobble you
Flav Thou art a cobbler art thou?
2nd Com Truly sir all that I live by is with the awl I meddle with no tradesman s matters nor women s matters but with awl I am indeed sir a surgeon to old shoes when they are in great danger I recover them As proper men as ever trod upon neat s leather have gone upon my handiwork 30
Flav But wherefore art not in thy shop today?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?
2nd Com Truly sir to wear out their shoes to get myself into more work But indeed sir we make holiday to see Cæsar and to rejoice in his triumph
Mar Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks you stones you worse than senseless things! 40
O you hard hearts you cruel men of Rome
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb d up to walls and battlements

To towers and windows, yea to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms and there have sat
The live long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks 50
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude 60
Flav Go, to, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort,
Draw them to Tiber banks and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all
[*Exeunt all the* COMMONERS
See, whether their basest metal be not moved,
They vanish tongue tied in their guiltiness
Go you down that way towards the Capitol,
This way will I disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck d with ceremonies 70
Mar May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal
Flav It is no matter, let no images
Be hung with Cæsar s trophies I ll about
And drive away the vulgar from the streets
So do you too where you perceive them thick
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch
Who else would soar above the view of men 79
And keep us all in servile fearfulness [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *A public place*

Flourish Enter CÆSAR; ANTONY *for the course*, CALPURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS CICERO BRUTUS CASSIUS, *and* CASCA, *a great crowd following among them a* SOOTHSAYER

Cæs Calpurnia!
Casca Peace ho! Cæsar speaks
Cæs Calpurnia!
Cal Here my lord
Cæs Stand you directly in Antonius way
When he doth run his course Antonius!
Ant Cæsar my lord?
Cæs Forget not in your speed Antonius
To touch Calpurnia for our elders say
The barren touched in this holy chase
Shake off their sterile curse
Ant I shall remember
When Cæsar says "do this, it is perform'd 10
Cæs Set on and leave no ceremony out
Flourish
Sooth Cæsar!
Cæs Ha! who calls?
Casca Bid every noise be still peace yet again!
Cæs Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue shriller than all the music,
Cry 'Cæsar' Speak, Cæsar is turn d to hear
Sooth Beware the ides of March
Cæs What man is that?
Bru A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March 19
Cæs Set him before me let me see his face
Cas Fellow come from the throng look upon Cæsar
Cæs What say st thou to me now? speak once again
Sooth Beware the ides of March
Cæs He is a dreamer, let us leave him pass
[*Sennet Exeunt all except* BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS
Cas Will you go see the order of the course?
Bru Not I
Cas I pray you do
Bru I am not gamesome I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony
Let me not hinder, Cassius your desires, 30
I'll leave you
Cas Brutus I do observe you now of late
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you
Bru Cassius
Be not deceived if I have veil d my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference, 40
Conceptions only proper to myself
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviours
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved—
Among which number Cassius be you one—
Nor construe any further my neglect
Than that poor Brutus with himself at war
Forgets the shows of love to other men
Cas Then, Brutus I have much mistook your passion
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value worthy cogitations 50
Tell me good Brutus can you see your face?
Bru No Cassius for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection by some other things
Cas 'Tis just

And it is very much lamented Brutus
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye
That you might see your shadow I have heard
Where many of the best respect in Rome
Except immortal Cæsar speaking of Brutus 60
And groaning underneath this age s yoke
Have wish d that noble Brutus had his eyes
Bru Into what dangers would you lead me Cassius
That you would have me seek into my self
For that which is not in me?
Cas Therefore good Brutus be prepared to hear
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I your glass
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of 70
And be not jealous on me gentle Brutus
Were I a common laugher or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester if you know
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard
And after scandal them or if you know
That I profess my self in banqueting
To all the rout then hold me dangerous
Flourish and shout
Bru What means this shouting? I do fear the people
Choose Cæsar for their king
Cas Ay do you fear it? 80
Then must I think you would not have it so
Bru I would not Cassius yet I love him well
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye and death i the other
And I will look on both indifferently
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death 89
Cas I know that virtue to be in you Brutus
As well as I do know your outward favour
Well honour is the subject of my story
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life but for my single self
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I my self
I was born free as Cæsar so were you
We both have fed as well and we can both
Endure the winter s cold as well as he
For once upon a raw and gusty day 100
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores
Cæsar said to me Darest thou, Cassius now
Leap in with me into this angry flood
And swim to yonder point? Upon the word
Accoutred as I was I plunged in
And bade him follow so indeed he did
The torrent roar d, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy
But ere we could arrive the point proposed 110
Cæsar cried Help me Cassius or I sink!
I as Æneas our great ancestor
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar And this man
Is now become a god and Cassius is
A wretched creature and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him
He had a fever when he was in Spain
And when the fit was on him I did mark 120
How he did shake tis true this god did shake
His coward lips did from their colour fly
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre I did hear him groan
Ay and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books
Alas it cried Give me some drink Titinius
As a sick girl Ye gods it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world 130
And bear the palm alone
Shout Flourish
Bru Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap d on Cæsar
Cas Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves
Men at some time are masters of their fates
The fault dear Brutus is not in our stars 140
But in ourselves that we are underlings
Brutus and Cæsar what should be in that Cæsar ?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together yours is as fair a name
Sound them it doth become the mouth as well
Weigh them it is as heavy conjure with em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar
Now in the names of all the gods at once
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed 149
That he is grown so great? Age thou art shamed
Rome thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age since the great flood
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say till now that talk d of Rome

That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man
O you and I have heard our fathers say
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome *160*
As easily as a king

Bru That you do love me, I am nothing jealous,
What you would work me to, I have some aim
How I have thought of this and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter, for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further moved What you have said
I will consider, what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time *169*
Both meet to hear and answer such high things
Till then my noble friend, chew upon this
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us

Cas I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus

Bru The games are done and Cæsar is returning

Cas As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve,
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you *180*
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day

Re-enter CÆSAR *and his Train*

Bru I will do so But, look you, Cassius
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar s brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train
Calpurnia's cheek is pale and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol
Being cross'd in conference by some senators

Cas Casca will tell us what the matter is

Cæs Antonius! *190*

Ant Cæsar?

Cæs Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek headed men and such as sleep o nights
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look
He thinks too much such men are dangerous

Ant Fear him not Cæsar, he s not dangerous,
He is a noble Roman and well given

Cæs Would he were fatter! But I fear him not
Yet if my name were liable to fear
I do not know the man I should avoid *200*
So soon as that spare Cassius He reads much
He is a great observer and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men he loves no plays
As thou dost Antony, he hears no music
Seldom he smiles and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock d himself and scorn d his spirit
That could be moved to smile at anything
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous *210*
I rather tell thee what is to be fear d
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him

[*Sennet Exeunt* CÆSAR *and all his Train, but* CASCA

Casca You pull'd me by the cloak, would you speak with me?

Bru Ay, Casca, tell us what hath chanced to day
That Cæsar looks so sad

Casca Why you were with him were you not?

Bru I should not then ask Casca what had chanced *219*

Casca Why, there was a crown offered him and being offered him he put it by with the back of his hand, thus, and then the people fell a shouting

Bru What was the second noise for?

Casca Why, for that too

Cas They shouted thrice what was the last cry for?

Casca Why, for that too

Bru Was the crown offered him thrice?

Casca Ay, marry was t and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other, and at every putting by mine honest neighbours shouted

Cas Who offered him the crown?

Casca Why, Antony

Bru Tell us the manner of it gentle Casca

Casca I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it it was mere foolery I did not mark it I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown yet twas not a crown *neither* twas one of these coronets and as I told you he put it by once but for all that, to my thinking he would fain have had it Then he offered it to him again then he put it by again but to my thinking he was very loath to lay his fingers off it And then he offered it the third time he put it the third time by and still as he refused the rabblement hooted and clapped their chopped hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown that it had almost choked Cæsar for he swounded and fell down at it and for mine own part I durst not laugh for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air

Cas But soft I pray you what did Cæsar swound

Casca He fell down in the market-place and foamed at mouth and was speechless

Bru Tis very like he hath the falling sickness
Cas No Cæsar hath it not but you and I
And honest Casca we have the falling sickness
Casca I know not what you mean by that but I am sure Cæsar fell down If the tag rag people did not clap him and hiss him according as he pleased and displeased them as they use to do the players in the theatre I am no true man
Bru What said he when he came unto himself?
Casca Marry before he fell down when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown he plucked me ope his doublet and offer'd them his throat to cut An I had been a man of any occupation if I would *not* have taken him at a word I would I might go to hell among the rogues And so he fell When he came to himself again he said if he had done or said any thing amiss he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity Three or four wenches where I stood cried Alas good soul! and forgave him with all their hearts but there s no heed to be taken of them if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers they would have done no less
Bru And after that he came thus sad away?
Casca Ay 280
Cas Did Cicero say anything?
Casca Ay he spoke Greek
Cas To what effect?
Casca Nay an I tell you that I ll ne er look you i the face again but those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads but for mine own part it was Greek to me I could tell you more news too Marullus and Flavius for pulling scarfs off Cæsar s images are put to silence Fare you well There was more foolery yet if I could remember it 291
Cas Will you sup with me to-night Casca?
Casca No I am promised forth
Cas Will you dine with me to-morrow?
Casca Ay if I be alive and your mind hold and your dinner worth the eating
Cas Good I will expect you
Casca Do so Farewell both [*Exit*
Bru What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle when he went to school 300
Cas So is he now in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise
However he puts on this tardy form
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite
Bru And so it is For this time I will leave you
To-morrow if you please to speak with me
I will come home to you or if you will
Come home to me, and I will wait for you 310
Cas I will do so till then think of the world
[*Exit* BRUTUS
Well Brutus thou art noble yet I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?
Cæsar doth bear me hard but he loves Brutus
If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius
He should not humour me I will this night
In several hands in at his windows throw 320
As if they came from several citizens
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name wherein obscurely
Cæsar s ambition shall be glanced at
And after this let Cæsar seat him sure
For we will shake him or worse days endure
[*Exit*

SCENE III *The same a street*

Thunder and lightning Enter from opposite sides CASCA *with his sword drawn and* CICERO

Cic Good even Casca brought you Cæsar home?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?
Casca Are not you moved when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero
I have seen tempests when the scolding winds
Have rived the knotty oaks and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam
To be exalted with the threatening clouds
But never till to-night never till now
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire 10
Either there is a civil strife in heaven
Or else the world too saucy with the gods
Incenses them to send destruction
Cic Why saw you anything more wonderful?
Casca A common slave—you know him well by sight—
Held up his left hand which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join d, and yet his hand
Not sensible of fire remain d unscorch d
Besides—I ha not since put up my sword—
Against the Capitol I met a lion 20
Who glared upon me and went surly by
Without annoying me and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets
And yesterday the bird of night did sit
Even at noon-day upon the market place
Hooting and shrieking When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet let not men say
These are their reasons they are natural 30
For I believe they are portentous things

Unto the climate that they point upon
Cic Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?
Casca He doth, for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow
Cic Good night then, Casca this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in
Casca Farewell, Cicero [*Exit* CICERO 40

Enter CASSIUS

Cas Who's there?
Casca A Roman
Cas Casca, by your voice
Casca Your ear is good Cassius, what night is this!
Cas A very pleasing night to honest men
Casca Who ever knew the heavens menace so?
Cas Those that have known the earth so full of faults
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night,
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone,
And when the cross blue lightning seem d to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself 51
Even in the aim and very flash of it
Casca But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us
Cas You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want
Or else you use not You look pale and gaze
And put on fear and cast yourself in wonder 60
To see the strange impatience of the heavens
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind
Why old men fool and children calculate
Why all these things change from their ordinance
Their natures and preformed faculties
To monstrous quality, why you shall find
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits
To make them instruments of fear and warning 70
Unto some monstrous state
Now could I Casca name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night
That thunders lightens opens graves and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action yet prodigious grown
And fearful as these strange eruptions are

Casca 'Tis Cæsar that you mean, is it not, Cassius?
Cas Let it be who it is for Romans now 80
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors
But, woe the while! our fathers minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits,
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish
Casca Indeed they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy
Cas I know where I will wear this dagger then,
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius 90
Therein ye gods, you make the weak most strong
Therein ye gods, you tyrants do defeat
Nor stony tower nor walls of beaten brass
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit,
But life being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself
If I know this know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure [*Thunder still*
Casca So can I 100
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity
Cas And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep
He were no lion were not Romans hinds
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws what trash is Rome,
What rubbish and what offal when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate 110
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But O grief
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman then I know
My answer must be made But I am arm d
And dangers are to me indifferent
Casca You speak to Casca and such a man
That is no fleering tell tale Hold my hand
Be factious for redress of all these griefs
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest
Cas There s a bargain made 120
Now know you Casca I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest minded Romans
To undergo with me an en erp ise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence
And I do know by this they sta for me
In Pompey s porch for no this fearful ni
There is no stir or walking in the reets
And the com plexion of the elemen
In favour s like the wo k we have in han
Most bloody fiery and mo terrible

Casca Stand close awhile for here comes one in haste

Cas Tis Cinna I do know him by his gait
He is a friend

Enter CINNA

Cinna where haste you so?

Cin To find out you Who s that? Metellus Cimber?

Cas No it is Casca one incorporate
To our attempts Am I not stay d for Cinna?

Cin I am glad on t What a fearful night is this!
There s two or three of us have seen strange sights

Cas Am I not stay d for? tell me

Cin Yes you are
O Cassius if you could 140
But win the noble Brutus to our party—

Cas Be you content good Cinna take this paper
And look you lay it in the praetor s chair
Where Brutus may but find it and throw this
In at his window set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus statue all this done
Repair to Pompey s porch where you shall find us
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

Cin All but Metellus Cimber and he s gone
To seek you at your house Well I will hie 150
And so bestow these papers as you bade me

Cas That done, repair to Pompey s theatre
[*Exit* CINNA

Come Casca you and I will yet ere day
See Brutus at his house three parts of him
Is ours already and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours

Casca O he sits high in all the people s hearts
And that which would appear offence in us
His countenance like richest alchemy
Will change to virtue and to worthiness 160

Cas Him and his worth and our great need of him
You have right well conceited Let us go
For it is after midnight and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him [*Exeunt*

ACT II

SCENE I *Rome Brutus s orchard*

Enter BRUTUS

Bru What, Lucius ho
I cannot by the progress of the stars
Give guess how near to day Lucius I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly
When, Lucius, when? awake I say! what Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS

Luc Call d you my lord?

Bru Get me a taper in my study Lucius
When it is lighted come and call me here

Luc I will my lord [*Exit*

Bru It must be by his death and for my part
I know no personal cause to spurn at him 11
But for the general He would be crown d
How that might change his nature, there s the question
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder
And that craves wary walking Crown him?
That—
And then I grant we put a sting in him
That at his will he may do danger with
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power and, to speak truth of Cæsar
I have not known when his affections sway d 20
More than his reason But tis a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition s ladder
Whereto the climber upward turns his face
But when he once attains the upmost round
He then unto the ladder turns his back
Looks in the clouds scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend So Cæsar may
Then lest he may prevent And since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is
Fashion it thus that what he is augmented 30
Would run to these and these extremities
And therefore think him as a serpent s egg
Which hatch d would, as his kind grow mischievous
And kill him in the shell

Re-enter LUCIUS

Luc The taper burneth in your closet sir
Searching the window for a flint I found
This paper thus seal d up and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed
Gives him the letter

Bru Get you to bed again it is not day
Is not to-morrow boy the ides of March? 40

Luc I know not sir

Bru Look in the calendar and bring me word

Luc I will sir [*Exit*

Bru The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them
Opens the letter and reads
Brutus, thou sleep st awake and see thyself
Shall Rome &c Speak strike redress!
Brutus thou sleep'st awake!
Such instigations have been often dropp d
Where I have took them up 50

"Shall Rome, &c" Thus must I piece it out
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king
"Speak, strike, redress!" Am I entreated
To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re enter LUCIUS

Luc Sir, March is wasted fourteen days
Knocking within
Bru 'Tis good Go to the gate, somebody knocks [*Exit Lucius* 60
Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream
The Genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council, and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection

Re-enter LUCIUS

Luc Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you
Bru Is he alone? 71
Luc No, sir, there are more with him
Bru Do you know them?
Luc No, sir, their hats are pluck'd about their ears
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour
Bru Let 'em enter [*Exit* LUCIUS
They are the faction O Conspiracy,
Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough 80
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none conspiracy,
Hide it in smiles and affability
For if thou path thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention

Enter the conspirators CASSIUS CASCA DECIUS CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER *and* TREBONIUS

Cas I think we are too bold upon your rest
Good morrow Brutus do we trouble you?
Bru I have been up this hour awake all night
Know I these men that come along with you?
Cas Yes, every man of them, and no man here 90
But honours you, and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you
This is Trebonius
Bru He is welcome hither
Cas This, Decius Brutus
Bru He is welcome too
Cas This, Casca, this, Cinna, and this, Metellus Cimber
Bru They are all welcome
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?
Cas Shall I entreat a word? 100
BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS *whisper*
Dec Here lies the east doth not the day break here?
Casca No
Cin O, pardon, sir, it doth, and yon gray lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day
Casca You shall confess that you are both deceived
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year
Some two months hence up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire, and the high east 110
Stands as the Capitol, directly here
Bru Give me your hands all over one by one
Cas And let us swear our resolution
Bru No not an oath if not the face of men
The sufferance of our souls the time s abuse—
If these be motives weak break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed,
So let high sighted tyranny range on
Till each man drop by lottery But if these,
As I am sure they do bear fire enough 120
To kindle cowards and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women then countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word
And will not palter? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged
That this shall be or we will fall for it?
Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous
Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls 130
That welcome wrongs unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears and nobly bears,

Is guilty of a several bastardy
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass d from him 140
Cas But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us
Cas a Let us not leave him out
Cin No by no means
Met O let us have him for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion
And buy men s voices to commend our deeds
It shall be said his judgement ruled our hands
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear
But all be buried in his gravity
Bru O name him not let us not break with him 150
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin
Cas Then leave him out
Casca Indeed he is not fit
Dec Shall no man else be touch d but only Cæsar?
Cas Decius well urged I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony so well beloved of Cæsar
Should outlive Cæsar we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver and you know his means
If he improve them may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all which to prevent 160
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together
Bru Our course will seem too bloody Caius Cassius
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar
Let us be sacrificers but not butchers Caius
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar
And in the spirit of men there is no blood
O that we then could come by Cæsar s spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar But alas 170
Cæsar must bleed for it! And gentle friends
Let s kill him boldly but not wrathfully
Let s carve him as a dish fit for the gods
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds
And let our hearts as subtle masters do
Stir up their servants to an act of rage
And after seem to chide em This shall make
Our purpose necessary and not envious
Which so appearing to the common eyes
We shall be call d purgers not murderers 180
And for Mark Antony think not of him
For he can do no more than Cæsar s arm
When Cæsar s head is off
Cas Yet I fear him
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—
Bru Alas good Cassius do not think of him
If he love Cæsar all that he can do
Is to himself take thought and die for Cæsar
And that were much he should for he is given
To sports to wildness and much company
Treb There is no fear in him let him not die
For he will live and laugh at this hereafter 191
Clock strikes
Bru Peace! count the clock
Cas The clock hath stricken three
Treb Tis time to part
Cas But it is doubtful yet
Whether Cæsar will come forth today or no
For he is superstitious grown of late
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy of dreams and ceremonies
It may be these apparent prodigies
The unaccustom d terror of this night
And the persuasion of his augurers 200
May hold him from the Capitol to-day
Dec Never fear that if he be so resolved
I can o ersway him for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray d with trees
And bears with glasses elephants with holes
Lions with toils and men with flatterers
But when I tell him he hates flatterers
He says he does being then most flattered
Let me work
For I can give his humour the true bent 210
And I will bring him to the Capitol
Cas Nay we will all of us be there to fetch him
Bru By the eighth hour is that the uttermost?
Cin Be that the uttermost and fail not then
Met Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey
I wonder none of you have thought of him
Bru Now good Metellus go along by him
He loves me well and I have given him reasons
Send him but hither and I ll fashion him 220
Cas The morning comes upon s we ll leave you Brutus
And friends disperse yourselves but all remember
What you have said and show yourselves true Romans
Bru Good gentlemen look fresh and merrily
Let not our looks put on our purposes
But bear it as our Roman actors do
With untired spirits and formal constancy
And so good morrow to you every one
[*Exeunt all but* BRUTUS
Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter
Enjoy the honey heavy dew of slumber 230
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies
Which busy care draws in the brains of men
Therefore thou sleep st so sound

Enter PORTIA

Por Brutus my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.
Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across, 240
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks;
I urged you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot;
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry wafture of your hand
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour, 250
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.
Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.
Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.
Bru. Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.
Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical 261
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees, 270
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.
Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.
Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus, 280
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.
Bru. You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart. 290
Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman well reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound 300
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?
Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!
Knocking within
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in awhile;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows:
Leave me with haste. [*Exit* PORTIA] Lucius, who's that knocks?

Re-enter LUCIUS *with* LIGARIUS

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you. 310
Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.
Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?
Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.
Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!
Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.
Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.
Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome! 321
Brave son, derived from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?
Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.
Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?

Bru That must we also What it is my Caius
I shall unfold to thee as we are going 330
To whom it must be done
Lig Set on your foot
And with a heart new fired I follow you
To do I know not what but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on
Bru Follow me then [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Cæsar s house*

Thunder and lightning Enter CÆSAR *in his night gown*

Cæs Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out
Help ho! they murder Cæsar! Who s within?

Enter a SERVANT

Serv My lord?
Cæs Go bid the priests do present sacrifice
And bring me their opinions of success
Serv I will, my lord [*Exit*

Enter CALPURNIA

Cal What mean you Cæsar? think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day
Cæs Cæsar shall forth the things that threat en d me 10
Ne er look d but on my back when they shall see
The face of Cæsar they are vanished
Cal Cæsar I never stood on ceremonies
Yet now they fright me There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch
A lioness hath whelped in the streets
And graves have yawn d and yielded up their dead
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war 20
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol
The noise of battle hurtled in the air
Horses did neigh and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets
O Cæsar these things are beyond all use
And I do fear them
Cæs What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar
Cal When beggars die there are no comets seen 30
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes

Cæs Cowards die many times before their deaths
The valiant never taste of death but once
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard
It seems to me most strange that men should fear
Seeing that death a necessary end
Will come when it will come

Re-enter SERVANT

What say the augurers?
Serv They would not have you to stir forth to-day
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth
They could not find a heart within the beast 40
Cæs The gods do this in shame of cowardice
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart
If he should stay at home to-day for fear
No Cæsar shall not Danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he
We are two lions litter d in one day
And I the elder and more terrible
And Cæsar shall go forth
Cal Alas my lord
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence
Do not go forth to-day call it my fear 50
That keeps you in the house and not your own
We ll send Mark Antony to the senate house
And he shall say you are not well to-day
Let me upon my knee prevail in this
Cæs Mark Antony shall say I am not well
And for thy humour I will stay at home

Enter DECIUS

Here s Decius Brutus he shall tell them so
Dec Cæsar all hail! good morrow worthy Cæsar
I come to fetch you to the senate house
Cæs And you are come in very happy time 60
To bear my greeting to the senators
And tell them that I will not come to-day
Cannot is false and that I dare not falser
I will not come to-day tell them so Decius
Cal Say he is sick
Cæs Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch d mine arm so far
To be afeard to tell graybeards the truth?
Decius go tell them Cæsar will not come
Dec Most mighty Cæsar let me know some cause
Lest I be laugh d at when I tell them so 70
Cæs The cause is in my will I will not come
That is enough to satisfy the senate
But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you I will let you know
Calpurnia here my wife stays me at home
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua

Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood, and many lusty Romans
Came smiling and did bathe their hands in it
And these does she apply for warnings, and portents, 80
And evils imminent, and on her knee
Hath begg d that I will stay at home to-day

Dec This dream is all amiss interpreted,
It was a vision fair and fortunate
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures stains, relics and cognizance
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified 90

Cæs And this way have you well expounded it

Dec I have, when you have heard what I can say
And know it now the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render d for some one to say
"Break up the senate till another time
When Cæsar s wife shall meet with better dreams"
If Cæsar hide himself shall they not whisper 100
'Lo, Cæsar is afraid'?
Pardon me Cæsar for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this,
And reason to my love is liable

Cæs How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them
Give me my robe for I will go

Enter PUBLIUS BRUTUS LIGARIUS METELLUS, CASCA TREBONIUS *and* CINNA

And look where Publius is come to fetch me

Pub Good morrow Cæsar

Cæs Welcome Publius
What Brutus are you stirr d so early too? 110
Good morrow Casca Caius Ligarius
Cæsar was never so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean
What is t o clock?

Bru Cæsar tis strucken eight

Cæs I thank you for your pains and courtesy

Enter ANTONY

See! Antony that revels long o nights
Is notwithstanding up Good morrow Antony

Ant So to most noble Cæsar

Cæs Bid them prepare within
I am to blame to be thus waited for
Now Cinna now, Metellus what Trebonius!
I have an hour s talk in store for you, 121
Remember that you call on me to-day
Be near me, that I may remember you

Treb Cæsar, I will [*Aside*] and so near will I be
That your best friends shall wish I had been further

Cæs Good friends, go in and taste some wine with me
And we, like friends will straightway go together

Bru [*Aside*] That every like is not the same, O Cæsar
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!

[*Exeunt*

SCENE III *A street near the Capitol*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, *reading a paper*

Art "Cæsar, beware of Brutus take heed of Cassius come not near Casca have an eye to Cinna, trust not Trebonius mark well Metellus Cimber Decius Brutus loves thee not thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius There is but one mind in all these men and it is bent against Cæsar If thou beest not immortal look about you security gives way to conspiracy The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover

Artemidorus"

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along, 11
And as a suitor will I give him this
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation
If thou read this O Cæsar thou mayst live
If not the Fates with traitors do contrive [*Exit*

SCENE IV *Another part of the same street before the house of Brutus*

Enter PORTIA *and* LUCIUS

Por I prithee boy run to the senate house
Stay not to answer me but get thee gone
Why dost thou stay?

Luc To know my errand madam

Por I would have had thee there, and here again
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there
O constancy be strong upon my side
Set a huge mountain tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man s mind but a woman s might
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
Art thou here yet?

Luc Madam what should I do? 10
Run to the Capitol and nothing else
And so return to you and nothing else?

Por Yes bring me word boy if thy lord well

For he went sickly forth and take good note
What Cæsar doth what suitors press to him
Hark boy! what noise is that?
Luc I hear none madam
Por Prithee listen well
I heard a bustling rumour like a fray
And the wind brings it from the Capitol
Luc Sooth madam I hear nothing 20

Enter the SOOTHSAYER

Por Come hither fellow which way hast thou been?
Sooth At mine own house good lady
Por What is t o clock?
Sooth About the ninth hour lady
Por Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?
Sooth Madam not yet I go to take my stand
To see him pass on to the Capitol
Por Thou hast some suit to Cæsar hast thou not?
Sooth That I have lady if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me
I shall beseech him to befriend himself 30
Por Why know st thou any harm s intended towards him?
Sooth None that I know will be much that I fear may chance
Good morrow to you Here the street is narrow
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels
Of senators of prætors common suitors
Will cr wd a feeble man almost to death
I ll get me to a place more void and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along [*Exit*
Por I must go in Ay me how weak a thing
The heart of woman is O Brutus 40
The heav ns speed thee in thine enterprise!
Sure the boy heard me B utus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant O I grow faint
Run Lucius and commend me to my lord
Say I am merry come to me again
And bring me word what he doth say to thee
[*Exeunt severally*

ACT III

SCENE I *Rome Before the Capitol the Senate sitting above*

A crowd of people among them ARTEMIDORUS *and the* SOOTHSAYER *Flourish Enter* CÆSAR, BRUTUS CASSIUS CASCA DECIUS METELLUS TREBONIUS CINNA ANTONY LEPIDUS POPILIUS PUBLIUS *and others*

Cæs [*To the* SOOTHSAYER] The ides of March are come
Sooth Ay Cæsar but not gone
Art Hail Cæsar! read this schedule
Dec Trebonius doth desire you to o er read,
At your best leisure this his humble suit
Art O Cæsar read mine first for mine s a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer read it great Cæsar
Cæs What touches us ourself shall be last served
Art Delay not Cæsar read it instantly
Cæs What is the fellow mad?
Pub Sirrah give place 10
Cas What urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol

CÆSAR *goes up to the Senate House the rest following*

Pop I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive
Cas What enterprise Popilius?
Pop Fare you well
Advances to CÆSAR
Bru What said Popilius Lena?
Cas He wish d to-day our enterprise might thrive
I fear our purpose is discovered
Bru Look how he makes to Cæsar mark him
Cas Casca be sudden for we fear prevention
Brutus what shall be done? If this be known 20
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back
For I will slay myself
Bru Cassius be constant
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes
For look he smiles and Cæsar doth not change
Cas Trebonius knows his time for look you Brutus
He draws Mark Antony out of the way
[*Exeunt* ANTONY *and* TREBONIUS
Dec Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar
Bru He is address d press near and second him
Cin Casca you are the first that rears your hand 30
Cæs Are we all ready? What is now amiss
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?
Met Most high most mighty and most puissant Cæsar
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart—[*Kneeling*]
Cæs I must prevent thee Cimber
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children Be not fond
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood 40
That will be thaw d from the true quality
With that which melteth fools I mean sweet words

Low crooked court'sies, and base spaniel fawning
Thy brother by decree is banished
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied

Met Is there no voice more worthy than my own
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar s ear *50*
For the repealing of my banish d brother?

Bru I kiss thy hand but not in flattery Cæsar,
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal

Cæs What, Brutus!

Cas Pardon Cæsar Cæsar pardon
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber

Cæs I could be well moved if I were as you,
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me
But I am constant as the northern star *60*
Of whose true fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament
The skies are painted with unnumber d sparks,
They are all fire and every one doth shine,
But there's but one in all doth hold his place
So in the world 'tis furnish'd well with men
And men are flesh and blood and apprehensive,
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion and that I am he *70*
Let me a little show it, even in this
That I was constant Cimber should be banish d,
And constant do remain to keep him so

Cin O Cæsar—

Cæs Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec Great Cæsar—

Cæs Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca Speak, hands for me!

CASCA *first, then the other Conspirators and* MARCUS BRUTUS *stab Cæsar*

Cæs *Et tu Brute!* Then fall Cæsar! [*Dies*

Cin Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!
Run hence proclaim cry it about the streets

Cas Some to the common pulpits and cry out
'Liberty freedom and enfranchisement!' *81*

Bru People and senators be not affrighted
Fly not stand still ambition s debt is paid

Casca Go to the pulpit Brutus

Dec And Cassius too

Bru Where's Publius?

Cin Here quite confounded with this mutiny

Met Stand fast together lest some friend of Cæsar s
Should chance—

Bru Talk not of standing Publius, good cheer,
There is no harm intended to your person, *90*
Nor to no Roman else so tell them, Publius

Cas And leave us Publius, lest that the people,
Rushing on us should do your age some mischief

Bru Do so and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers

Re-enter TREBONIUS

Cas Where is Antony?

Tre Fled to his house amazed
Men wives and children stare, cry out and run
As it were doomsday

Bru Fates, we will know your pleasures
That we shall die, we know, 'tis but the time
And drawing days out that men stand upon *100*

Cas Why he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death

Bru Grant that and then is death a benefit
So are we Cæsar s friends that have abridged
His time of fearing death Stoop Romans, stoop
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar s blood
Up to the elbows and besmear our swords
Then walk we forth even to the market place,
And, waving our red weapons o er our heads
Let s all cry, 'Peace freedom and liberty!' *110*

Cas Stoop then, and wash How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

Bru How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport
That now on Pompey s basis lies along
No worthier than the dust!

Cas So oft as that shall be
So often shall the knot of us be call d
The men that gave their country liberty

Dec What shall we forth?

Cas Ay every man away
Brutus shall lead and we will grace his heels *120*
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome

Enter a SERVANT

Bru Soft! who comes here? A *friend of Antony s*

Serv Thus Brutus did my master bid me kneel
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down
And being prostrate thus he bade me say
Brutus is noble wise valiant and honest
Cæsar was mighty bold royal and loving
Say I love Brutus and I honour him
Say I fear d Cæsar honour d him and lov d him
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony *130*
May safely come to him and be resolved
How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead

So well as Brutus living but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith So says my master Antony
Bru Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman
I never thought him worse
Tell him so please him come unto this place 140
He shall be satisfied and by my honour
Depart untouch d
Serv I ll fetch him presently [*Exit*
Bru I know that we shall have him well to friend
Cas I wish we may but yet have I a mind
That fears him much and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose
Bru But here comes Antony

Re-enter ANTONY

Welcome Mark Antony
Ant O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests glories triumphs spoils
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well
I know not gentlemen, what you intend 151
Who else must be let blood who else is rank
If I myself there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar s death s hour nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world
I do beseech ye if you bear me hard
Now whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke
Fulfil your pleasure Live a thousand years
I shall not find myself so apt to die 160
No place will please me so no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar and by you cut off
The choice and master spirits of this age
Bru O Antony beg not your death of us
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel
As by our hands and this our present act
You see we do yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done
Our hearts you see not they are pitiful
And pity to the general wrong of Rome— 170
As fire drives out fire so pity pity—
Hath done this deed on Cæsar For your part
To you our swords have leaden points Mark Antony
Our arms in strength of malice and our hearts
Of brothers temper do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts and reverence
Cas Your voice shall be as strong as any man s
In the disposing of new dignities
Bru Only be patient till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear 180
And then we will deliver you the cause
Why I that did love Cæsar when I struck him
Have thus proceeded
Ant I doubt not of your wisdom
Let each man render me his bloody hand
First Marcus Brutus will I shake with you
Next Caius Cassius do I take your hand
Now Decius Brutus yours now yours Metellus
Yours Cinna and my valiant Casca yours
Though last not least in love yours good Trebonius
Gentlemen all—alas what shall I say? 190
My credit now stands on such slippery ground
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me
Either a coward or a flatterer
That I did love thee Cæsar O tis true
If then thy spirit look upon us now
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death
To see thy Antony making his peace
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds 200
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies
Pardon me Julius! Here wast thou bay d brave hart
Here didst thou fall and here thy hunters stand
Sign d in thy spoil and crimson d in thy lethe
O world thou wast the forest to this hart
And this indeed O world the heart of thee
How like a deer strucken by many princes
Dost thou here lie! 210
Cas Mark Antony—
Ant Pardon me Caius Cassius
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this
Then in a friend it is cold modesty
Cas I blame you not for praising Cæsar so
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick d in number of our friends
Or shall we on and not depend on you?
Ant Therefore I took your hands but was indeed,
Sway d from the point by looking down on Cæsar
Friends am I with you all and love you all 220
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous
Bru Or else were this a savage spectacle
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you Antony the son of Cæsar
You should be satisfied
Ant That s all I seek
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market place
And in the pulpit as becomes a friend,

Speak in the order of his funeral 230

Bru You shall, Mark Antony

Cas Brutus, a word with you

[*Aside to* BRUTUS] You know not what you do do not consent

That Antony speak in his funeral

Know you how much the people may be moved

By that which he will utter?

Bru By your pardon,

I will myself into the pulpit first

And show the reason of our Cæsar s death

What Antony shall speak, I will protest

He speaks by leave and by permission,

And that we are contented Cæsar shall 240

Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies

It shall advantage more than do us wrong

Cas I know not what may fall, I like it not

Bru Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,

But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,

And say you do't by our permission,

Else shall you not have any hand at all

About his funeral and you shall speak

In the same pulpit whereto I am going, 250

After my speech is ended

Ant Be it so,

I do desire no more

Bru Prepare the body then and follow us

[*Exeunt all but* ANTONY

Ant O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth

That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man

That ever lived in the tide of times

Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!

Over thy wounds now do I prophesy— 259

Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips

To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue—

A curse shall light upon the limbs of men,

Domestic fury and fierce civil strife

Shall cumber all the parts of Italy

Blood and destruction shall be so in use

And dreadful objects so familiar

That mothers shall but smile when they behold

Their infants quarter d with the hands of war

All pity choked with custom of fell deeds

And Cæsar s spirit ranging for revenge 270

With Ate by his side come hot from hell

Shall in these confines with a monarch s voice

Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war

That this foul deed shall smell above the earth

With carrion men groaning for burial

Enter a SERVANT

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv I do, Mark Antony

Ant Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome

Serv He did receive his letters, and is coming,

And bid me say to you by word of mouth— 280

O Cæsar!— [*Seeing the body*]

Ant Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep

Passion, I see, is catching, for mine eyes,

Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,

Began to water Is thy master coming?

Serv He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome

Ant Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced

Here is a mourning Rome a dangerous Rome,

No Rome of safety for Octavius yet, 289

Hie hence, and tell him so Yet, stay awhile,

Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse

Into the market place there shall I try,

In my oration how the people take

The cruel issue of these bloody men,

According to the which thou shalt discourse

To young Octavius of the state of things

Lend me your hand [*Exeunt with* CÆSAR'*s body*

SCENE II *The Forum*

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS *and a throng of* CITIZENS

Citizens We will be satisfied let us be satisfied

Bru Then follow me, and give me audience, friends

Cassius, go you into the other street,

And part the numbers

Those that will hear me speak let 'em stay here,

Those that will follow Cassius go with him,

And public reasons shall be rendered

Of Cæsar s death

1st Cit I will hear Brutus speak

2nd Cit I will hear Cassius, and compare their reasons

When severally we hear them rendered 10

[*Exit* CASSIUS *with some of the* CITIZENS

BRUTUS *goes into the pulpit*

3rd Cit The noble Brutus is ascended silence!

Bru Be patient till the last

Romans, countrymen and lovers! hear me for my cause and be silent, that you may hear believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe censure me in your wisdom and awake your senses, that you may the better judge If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of C[illegible] I s[illegible] that Brutus' love to Cæsar was [illegible] If then that friend demand [illegible] against Cæsar this is my [illegible] loved Cæsar less, but that [illegible] Had you rather Cæsar [illegible]

slaves than that Cæsar were dead to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me I weep for him as he was fortunate I rejoice at it as he was valiant I honour him but as he was ambitious I slew him There is tears for his love joy for his fortune honour for his valour and death for his ambition Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any speak for him have I offended Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any speak for him have I offended Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any speak for him have I offended I pause for a reply

All None Brutus none

Bru Then none have I offended I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol his glory not extenuated wherein he was worthy nor his offences enforced for which he suffered death

Enter ANTONY *and others with* CÆSAR S *body*

Here comes his body mourned by Mark Antony who though he had no hand in his death shall receive the benefit of his dying a place in the commonwealth as which of you shall not? With this I depart that as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome I have the same dagger for myself when it shall please my country to need my death

All Live, Brutus live live!

1st Cit Bring him with triumph home unto his house

2nd Cit Give him a statue with his ancestors

3rd Cit Let him be Cæsar

4th Cit Cæsar s better parts
Shall be crown d in Brutus

1st Cit We ll bring him to his house
With shouts and clamours

Bru My countrymen—

2nd Cit Peace silence Brutus speaks

1st Ci Peace ho!

Bru Good countrymen, let me depart alone
And for my sake, stay here with Antony 61
Do grace to Cæsar s corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar s glories which Mark Antony
By our permission, is allow d to make
I do entreat you not a man depart
Save I alone till Antony have spoke [*Exit*

1st Cit Stay ho! and let us hear Mark Antony

3rd Cit Let him go up into the public chair
We ll hear him Noble Antony go up

Ant For Brutus sake, I am beholding to you
[*Goes into the pulpit*] 70

4th Cit What does he say of Brutus?

3rd Cit He says for Brutus sake
He finds himself beholding to us all

4th Cit 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here

1st Cit This Cæsar was a tyrant

3rd Cit Nay that s certain
We are blest that Rome is rid of him

2nd Cit Peace! let us hear what Antony can say

Ant You gentle Romans—

Citizens Peace, ho! let us hear him

Ant Friends Romans countrymen lend me your ears
I come to bury Cæsar not to praise him
The evil that men do lives after them 80
The good is oft interred with their bones
So let it be with Cæsar The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious
If it were so it was a grievous fault
And grievously hath Cæsar answer d it
Here under leave of Brutus and the rest—
For Brutus is an honourable man
So are they all all honourable men—
Come I to speak in Cæsar s funeral
He was my friend faithful and just to me 90
But Brutus says he was ambitious
And Brutus is an honourable man
He hath brought many captives home to Rome
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried Cæsar hath wept
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious
And Brutus is an honourable man
You all did see that on the Lupercal 100
I thrice presented him a kingly crown
Which he did thrice refuse was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious
And sure he is an honourable man
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know
You all did love him once not without cause
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgement! thou art fled to brutish beasts 109
And men have lost their reason Bear with me
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar
And I must pause till it come back to me

1st Cit Methinks there is much reason in his sayings

2nd Cit If thou consider rightly of the matter
Cæsar has had great wrong

3rd Cit Has he masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place

4th Cit Mark d ye his words? He would not take the crown
Therefore tis certain he was not ambitious

1st Cit If it be found so some will dear abide it

2nd Cit Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping 120
3rd Cit There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony
4th Cit Now mark him, he begins again to speak
Ant But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world, now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence
O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong
Who, you all know, are honourable men
I will not do them wrong, I rather choose 130
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will
Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory
And, dying, mention it within their wills, 140
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue
4th Cit We'll hear the will read it, Mark Antony
All The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will
Ant Have patience, gentle friends I must not read it
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you
You are not wood you are not stones but men
And being men hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you it will make you mad 149
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs
For if you should O what would come of it!
4th Cit Read the will we'll hear it Antony
You shall read us the will Cæsar's will
Ant Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar I do fear it
4th Cit They were traitors honourable men!
All The will! the testament!
2nd Cit They were villains murderers the will! read the will 160
Ant You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar
And let me show you him that made the will
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?
Several Cit Come down
2nd Cit Descend
3rd Cit You shall have leave
[ANTONY *comes down*
4th Cit A ring stand round
1st Cit Stand from the hearse, stand from the body 169
2nd Cit Room for Antony, most noble Antony
Ant Nay, press not so upon me, stand far off
Several Cit Stand back room, bear back
Ant If you have tears, prepare to shed them now
You all do know this mantle I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on
'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through
See what a rent the envious Casca made
Through this the well beloved Brutus stabb'd,
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away 181
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd or no
For Brutus as you know was Cæsar's angel
Judge O you gods how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab
Ingratitude more strong than traitors' arms
Quite vanquish'd him then burst his mighty heart, 190
And in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua
Which all the while ran blood great Cæsar fell
O what a fall was there my countrymen!
Then I and you and all of us fell down
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us
O now you weep and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity these are gracious drops
Kind souls what weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here
[*lifting* CÆSAR'S *mantle*] 200
Here is himself marr'd as you see, with traitors
1st Cit O piteous spectacle!
2nd Cit O noble Cæsar!
3rd Cit O woeful day!
4th Cit O traitors villains!
1st Cit O most bloody sight!
2nd Cit We will be revenged
All Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor live!
Ant Stay countrymen 210
1st Cit Peace there! hear the noble Antony
2nd Cit We'll hear him we'll follow him we'll die with him
Ant Good friends sweet friends let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny
They that have done this deed are honourable
What private griefs they have alas I know not

That made them do it they are wise and honour able
And will no doubt with reasons answer you
I come not friends to steal away your hearts
I am no orator as Brutus is 221
But as you know me all a plain blunt man
That love my friend and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him
For I have neither wit nor words nor worth
Action nor utterance nor the power of speech
To stir men s blood I only speak right on
I tell you that which you yourselves do know
Show you sweet Cæsar s wounds poor poor dumb mouths 229
And bid them speak for me but were I Brutus
And Brutus Antony there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny

All We ll mutiny

1st Cit We ll burn the house of Brutus

3rd Cit Away then! come seek the conspira tors

Ant Yet hear me countrymen yet hear me speak

All Peace ho! Hear Antony Most noble Antony!

Ant Why friends you go to do you know not what 240
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?
Alas you know not I must tell you then
You have forgot the will I told you of

All Most true The will Let s stay and hear the will

Ant Here is the will and under Cæsar s seal
To every Roman citizen he gives
To every several man, seventy five drachmas

2nd Cit Most noble Cæsar! We ll revenge his death

3rd Cit O royal Cæsar

Ant Hear me with patience 250

All Peace ho

Ant Moreover he hath left you all his walks
His private arbours and new planted orchards
On this side Tiber he hath left them you
And to your heirs for ever common pleasures
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves
Here was a Cæsar when comes such another?

1st Cit Never never Come away away!
We ll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors houses 260
Take up the body

2nd Cit Go fetch fire

3rd Cit Pluck down benches

4th Cit Pluck down forms windows anything
[*Exeunt* CITIZENS *with the body*

Ant Now let it work Mischief thou art afoot
Take thou what course thou wilt!

Enter a SERVANT

How now fellow!

Serv Sir Octavius is already come to Rome

Ant Where is he?

Serv He and Lepidus are at Cæsar s house

Ant And thither will I straight to visit him
He comes upon a wish Fortune is merry 271
And in this mood will give us anything

Serv I heard him say Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome

Ant Belike they had some notice of the people
How I had moved them Bring me to Octavius
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III *A street*

Enter CINNA *the poet*

Cin I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar
And things unluckily charge my fantasy
I have no will to wander forth of doors
Yet something leads me forth

Enter CITIZENS

1st Cit What is your name?

2nd Cit Whither are you going?

3rd Cit Where do you dwell?

4th Cit Are you a married man or a bachelor?

2nd Cit Answer every man directly 10

1st Cit Ay and briefly

4th Cit Ay and wisely

3rd Cit Ay and truly you were best

Cin What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly wisely and truly wisely I say I am a bachelor

2nd Cit That s as much as to say they are fools that marry you ll bear me a bang for that I fear Proceed directly 21

Cin Directly I am going to Cæsar s funeral

1st Cit As a friend or an enemy?

Cin As a friend

2nd Cit That matter is answered directly

4th Cit For your dwelling—briefly

Cin Briefly I dwell by the Capitol

3rd Cit Your name sir truly

Cin Truly my name is Cinna

1st Cit Tear him to pieces he s a conspirator 30

Cin I am Cinna the poet I am Cinna the poet

4th Cit Tear him for his bad verses tear him for his bad verses

Cin I am not Cinna the conspirator

4th Cit It is no matter his name's Cinna, pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going

3rd Cit Tear him, tear him! Come, brands ho! fire brands to Brutus', to Cassius' burn all some to Decius' house, and some to Casca s, some to Ligarius' away, go! [*Exeunt*

ACT IV

SCENE I *A house in Rome*

ANTONY OCTAVIUS *and* LEPIDUS *seated at a table*

Ant These many, then, shall die, their names are prick d

Oct Your brother too must die, consent you, Lepidus?

Lep I do consent—

Oct Prick him down Antony

Lep Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son Mark Antony

Ant He shall not live, look with a spot I damn him
But Lepidus go you to Cæsar s house,
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies

Lep What, shall I find you here? 10

Oct Or here, or at the Capitol [*Exit* LEPIDUS

Ant This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands is it fit
The three fold world divided he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct So you thought him,
And took his voice who should be prick d to die
In our black sentence and proscription

Ant Octavius, I have seen more days than you
And though we lay these honours on this man
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads, 20
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass to shake his ears
And graze in commons

Oct You may do your will
But he s a tried and valiant soldier

Ant So is my horse Octavius, and for that
I do appoint him store of provender 30
It is a creature that I teach to fight
To wind to stop to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern d by my spirit
And in some taste, is Lepidus but so
He must be taught and train'd and bid go forth,
A barren spirited fellow, one that feeds
On abjects, orts, and imitations,
Which, out of use and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion do not talk of him
But as a property And now Octavius, 40
Listen great things Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers we must straight make head
Therefore let our alliance be combined
Our best friends made our means stretch'd,
And let us presently go sit in council
How covert matters may be best disclosed
And open perils surest answered

Oct Let us do so for we are at the stake
And bay d about with many enemies, 49
And some that smile have in their hearts I fear,
Millions of mischiefs [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Camp near Sardis before Brutus's tent*

Drum Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS LUCIUS, *and* SOLDIERS, TITINIUS *and* PINDARUS *meeting them*

Bru Stand, ho!

Lucil Give the word ho! and stand

Bru What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

Lucil He is at hand, and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master

Bru He greets me well Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone but if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied

Pin I do not doubt 10
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is full of regard and honour

Bru He is not doubted A word Lucilius,
How he received you let me be resolved

Lucil With courtesy and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar instances
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old

Bru Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling ever note Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay 20
It useth an enforced ceremony
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith,
But hollow men like horses hot at hand
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle,
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial Comes his army on?

Lucil They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd
The greater part the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius

Bru Hark! he is arrived 30
Low march within
March gently on to meet him

Enter CASSIUS *and his powers*

Cas Stand ho!
Bru Stand ho Speak the word along
1st Sol Stand
2nd Sol Stand!
3rd Sol Stand
Cas Most noble brother you have done me wrong
Bru Judge me you gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And if not so how should I wrong a brother?
Cas Brutus this sober form of yours hides wrongs 40
And wh n you do them—
Bru Cassius be content
Speak your griefs softly I do know you well
Befo e the eyes of both our armies here
Which should perceive nothing but love from us
Let us not wrangle bid them move away
Then in my tent Cassius enlarge your griefs
And I will give you audience
Cas Pindarus
B d *our commanders lead their charges off*
A little from th s ground
Bru Lucilius do you the like and let no man 50
Come to our tent till we have done our conference
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *Brutus tent*

E nter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS

Cas That you have wrong d me doth appear in th s
You have condemn d and noted Lucius Pella
For tak ng bribes here of the Sardians
Wherein my letters praying on his side
Becau e I knew the man were slighted off
Bru You wrong d yourself to write in such a case
Cas In such a time as this it is not meet
That every n ce offence should bear his comment
Bru Let me tell you, Cassius you yourself
Are much cond mn d to have an itch ng palm 10
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers
Cas I an itch ng palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speak this
Or by the gods this speech were else your last
Bru The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head
Cas Chastisement!
Bru Remember March, the ides of March remember
D I not great Juli s bleed f just ce sake?
What villain touch d h s body that I d stab 20
And not for justice? What shall one of us
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman
Cas Brutus bay not me
I ll not endure it you forget yourself
To hedge me in I am a soldier I 30
Older in practice abler than yourself
To make conditions
Bru Go to you are not Cassius
Cas I am
Bru I say you are not
Cas *Urge me no more I shall forget myself*
Have mind upon your health tempt me no farther
Bru Away slight man!
Cas Is t possible?
Bru Hear me for I will speak
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares? 40
Cas O ye gods ye gods! must I endure all this?
Bru All this! ay more fret till your proud heart break
Go show your slaves how choleric you are
And make your bondmen tremble Must I budge?
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you for from this day forth,
I ll use you for my mirth yea, for my laughter
When you are waspish
Cas Is it come to this? 50
Bru You say you are a better soldier
Let it appear so make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well for mine own part
I shall be glad to learn of noble men
Cas You wrong me every way you wrong me, Brutus
I said an elder soldier not a better
Did I say better ?
Bru If you did I care not
Cas When Cæsar lived he durst not thus have moved me
Bru Peace peace! you durst not so have tempted him
Cas I durst not! 60
Bru No
Cas What durst not tempt him!
Bru For your life you durst not
Cas Do not presume too much upon my love
I may do that I shall be sorry for
Bru You have done that you should be sorry for

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not I did send to you
For certain sums of gold which you denied me
For I can raise no money by vile means 71
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart
And drop my blood for drachmas than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions
Which you denied me was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous
To lock such rascal counters from his friends, 80
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas I denied you not

Bru You did

Cas I did not he was but a fool that brought
My answer back Brutus hath rived my heart
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are

Bru I do not till you practise them on me

Cas You love me not

Bru I do not like your faults

Cas A friendly eye could never see such faults

Bru A flatterer's would not though they do appear 91
As huge as high Olympus

Cas Come Antony, and young Octavius come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius
For Cassius is aweary of the world,
Hated by one he loves, braved by his brother,
Check'd like a bondman, all his faults observed,
Set in a note book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth O I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast, within a heart 101
Dearer than Plutus' mine richer than gold
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth
I that denied thee gold, will give my heart
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar, for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius

Bru Sheathe your dagger
Be angry when you will it shall have scope
Do what you will dishonour shall be humour
O Cassius you are yoked with a lamb 110
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who much enforced shows a hasty spark
And straight is cold again

Cas Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill temper'd vexeth him?

Bru When I spoke that, I was ill temper'd too

Cas Do you confess so much? Give me your hand

Bru And my heart too

Cas O Brutus!

Bru What's the matter?

Cas Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru Yes Cassius, and, from henceforth,
When you are over earnest with your Brutus
He'll think your mother chides and leave you so

Poet [*Within*] Let me go in to see the generals,
There is some grudge between 'em 'tis not meet
They be alone

Lucil [*Within*] You shall not come to them

Poet [*Within*] Nothing but death shall stay me

Enter POET, *followed by* LUCILIUS TITINIUS, *and* LUCIUS

Cas How now! what's the matter?

Poet For shame, you generals! what do you mean? 130
Love, and be friends as two such men should be,
For I have seen more years I'm sure, than ye

Cas Ha ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

Bru Get you hence sirrah, saucy fellow, hence!

Cas Bear with him, Brutus, 'tis his fashion

Bru I'll know his humour when he knows his time
What should the wars do with these jigging fools?
Companion hence!

Cas Away, away be gone! [*Exit* POET

Bru Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night 140

Cas And come yourselves and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us

[*Exeunt* LUCILIUS *and* TITINIUS

Bru Lucius, a bowl of wine! [*Exit* LUCIUS

Cas I did not think you could have been so angry

Bru O Cassius I am sick of many griefs

Cas Of your philosophy you make no use
If you give place to accidental evils

Bru No man bears sorrow better Portia is dead

Cas Ha! Portia!

Bru She is dead

Cas How scaped I killing when I cross'd you so?

O insupportable and touching loss! *151*
Upon what sickness?
Bru Impatient of my absence
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong—for with her death
That tidings came—with this she fell distract
And, her attendants absent swallow d fire
Cas And died so?
Bru Even so
Cas O ye immortal gods!

Re-enter LUCIUS *with wine and taper*

Bru Speak no more of her Give me a bowl of wine
In this I bury all unkindness Cassius
Cas My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge
Fill Lucius till the wine o erswell the cup *161*
I cannot drink too much of Brutus love
Bru Come in Titinius! [*Exit* LUCIUS

Re-enter TITINIUS *with* MESSALA

Welcome good Messala
Now sit we close about this taper here
And call in question our necessities
Cas Portia, art thou gone?
Bru No more I pray you
Messala I have here received letters
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power
Bending their expedition toward Philippi *170*
Mes Myself have letters of the selfsame tenour
Bru With what addition?
Mes That by proscription and bills of outlawry
Octavius Antony and Lepidus
Have put to death an hundred senators
Bru Therein our letters do not well agree
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions Cicero being one
Cas Cicero one
Mes Cicero is dead
And by that order of proscription *180*
Had you your letters from your wife my lord?
Bru No Messala
Mes Nor nothing in your letters writ of her
Bru Nothing Messala
Mes That methinks is strange
Bru Why ask you? hear you aught of her in yours?
Mes No, my lord
Bru Now as you are a Roman, tell me true
Mes Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner
Bru Why farewell Portia We must die Messala *190*
With meditating that she must die once
I have the patience to endure it now
Mes Even so great men great losses should endure
Cas I have as much of this in art as you
But yet my nature could not bear it so
Bru Well to our work alive What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?
Cas I do not think it good
Bru Your reason?
Cas This it is
Tis better that the enemy seek us *199*
So shall he waste his means weary his soldiers
Doing himself offence whilst we lying still
Are full of rest defence and nimbleness
Bru Good reasons must of force give place to better
The people twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forced affection
For they have grudged us contribution
The enemy marching along by them
By them shall make a fuller number up
Come on refresh d new added and encouraged
From which advantage shall we cut him off *210*
If at Philippi we do face him there
These people at our back
Cas Hear me good brother
Bru Under your pardon You must note beside
That we have tried the utmost of our friends
Our legions are brim full our cause is ripe
The enemy increaseth every day
We at the height are ready to decline
There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune
Omitted all the voyage of their life *220*
Is bound in shallows and in miseries
On such a full sea are we now afloat
And we must take the current when it serves
Or lose our ventures
Cas Then, with your will go on
We ll along ourselves and meet them at Philippi
Bru The deep of night is crept upon our talk
And nature must obey necessity
Which we will niggard with a little rest
There is no more to say?
Cas No more Good night
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence *230*
Bru Lucius! [*Enter* LUCIUS] My gown
[*Exit* LUCIUS] Farewell good Messala
Good night Titinius Noble noble Cassius
Good night and good repose
Cas O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night
Never come such division tween our souls!
Let it not Brutus
Bru Everything is well

Cas Good night, my lord
Bru Good night, good brother
Tit Mes Good night, Lord Brutus
Bru Farewell every one
[*Exeunt all but* BRUTUS

Re-enter LUCIUS, *with the gown*

Give me the gown Where is thy instrument?
Luc Here in the tent
Bru What, thou speak'st drowsily? *240*
Poor knave, I blame thee not, thou art o'er-watch'd
Call Claudius and some other of my men,
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent
Luc Varro and Claudius!

Enter VARRO *and* CLAUDIUS

Var Calls my lord?
Bru I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep,
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius
Var So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure
Bru I will not have it so lie down, good sirs, *250*
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so,
I put it in the pocket of my gown
VARRO *and* CLAUDIUS *lie down*
Luc I was sure your lordship did not give it me
Bru Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?
Luc Ay, my lord, an't please you
Bru It does, my boy
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing
Luc It is my duty, sir *260*
Bru I should not urge thy duty past thy might,
I know young bloods look for a time of rest
Luc I have slept, my lord, already
Bru It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again
I will not hold thee long if I do live,
I will be good to thee
Music, and a song
This is a sleepy tune O murderous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good night *269*
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee
If thou dost nod thou break'st thy instrument
I'll take it from thee and good boy good night
Let me see, let me see is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think

Enter the GHOST *of* CÆSAR

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition
It comes upon me Art thou anything?
Art thou some god, some angel or some devil,
That makest my blood cold and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art *281*
Ghost Thy evil spirit Brutus
Bru Why comest thou?
Ghost To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi
Bru Well, then I shall see thee again?
Ghost Ay at Philippi
Bru Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then
[*Exit* GHOST
Now I have taken heart thou vanishest
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee
Boy Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!
Claudius! *291*
Luc The strings, my lord are false
Bru He thinks he still is at his instrument
Lucius, awake!
Luc My lord?
Bru Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?
Luc My lord I do not know that I did cry
Bru Yes, that thou didst didst thou see any thing?
Luc Nothing, my lord
Bru Sleep again, Lucius Sirrah Claudius!
[*To* VARRO] Fellow thou, awake! *301*
Var My lord?
Clau My lord?
Bru Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?
Var and Clau Did we, my lord?
Bru Ay saw you anything?
Var No, my lord, I saw nothing
Clau Nor I my lord
Bru Go and commend me to my brother Cassius,
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow
Var and Clau It shall be done, my lord *309*
[*Exeunt*

ACT V

SCENE I *The plains of Philippi*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY *and their* ARMY

Oct Now Antony, our hopes are answered
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions
It proves not so their battles are at hand,
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,

Answering before we do demand of them
Ant Tut I am in their bosoms and I know
Wherefore they do it they could be content
To visit other places and come down
With fearful bravery thinking by this face 10
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage
But tis not so

Enter a MESSENGER

Mess Prepare you generals
The enemy comes on in gallant show
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out
And something to be done immediately
Ant Octavius lead your battle softly on
Upon the left hand of the even field
Oct Upon the right hand I keep thou the left
Ant Why do you cross me in this exigent?
Oct I do not cross you but I will do so 20
March

Drum Enter BRUTUS CASSIUS *and their Army* LUCILIUS TITINIUS MESSALA *and others*

Bru They stand and would have parley
Cas Stand fast Titinius we must out and talk
Oct Mark Antony shall we give sign of battle?
Ant No Cæsar we will answer on their charge
Make forth the generals would have some words
Oct Stir not until the signal
Bru Words before blows is it so countrymen?
Oct Not that we love words better as you do
Bru Good words are better than bad strokes Octavius
Ant In your bad strokes Brutus you give good words 30
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar s heart
Crying Long live hail Cæsar
Cas Antony
The posture of your blows are yet unknown
But for your words they rob the Hybla bees
And leave them honeyless
Ant Not stingless too
Bru O yes and soundless too
For you have stol n their buzzing Antony
And very wisely threat before you sting
Ant Villains you did not so when your vile daggers
Hack d one another in the sides of Cæsar 40
You show d your teeth like apes and fawn d like hounds
And bow d like bondmen, kissing Cæsar s feet
Whilst damned Casca like a cur behind
Struck Cæsar on the neck O you flatterers!
Cas Flatterers! Now Brutus, thank yourself
This tongue had not offended so to-day
If Cassius might have ruled

Oct Come come the cause if arguing make us sweat
The proof of it will turn to redder drops
Look 50
I draw a sword against conspirators
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never till Cæsar s three and thirty wounds
Be well avenged or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors
Bru Cæsar thou canst not die by traitors hands
Unless thou bring st them with thee
Oct So I hope
I was not born to die on Brutus sword
Bru O if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man thou couldst not die more honourable 60
Cas A peevish school boy worthless of such honour
Join d with a masker and a reveller!
Ant Old Cassius still!
Oct Come Antony away!
Defiance traitors hurl we in your teeth
If you dare fight to-day come to the field
If not when you have stomachs
[*Exeunt* OCTAVIUS ANTONY *and their army*
Cas Why now blow wind swell billow and swim bark!
The storm is up and all is on the hazard
Bru Ho Lucilius! hark a word with you
Lucil [*Standing forth*] My Lord?
BRUTUS *and* LUCILIUS *converse apart*
Cas Messala!
Mes [*Standing forth*] What says my general?
Cas Messala 71
This is my birthday as this very day
Was Cassius born Give me thy hand Messala
Be thou my witness that against my will
As Pompey was am I compell d to set
Upon one battle all our liberties
You know that I held Epicurus strong
And his opinion now I change my mind
And partly credit things that do presage
Coming from Sard s on our former ensign 80
Two mighty eagles fell and there they perch d
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers hands
Who to Philippi here consorted us
This morning are they fled away and gone
And in their steads do ravens crows and kites
Fly o er our heads and downward look on us
As we were sickly prey their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal under which
Our army lies ready to give up the ghost
Mes Believe not so
Cas I but believe it partly 90
For I am fresh of spirit and resolved

To meet all perils very constantly
Bru Even so Lucilius
Cas Now most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall
If we do lose this battle then is this
The very last time we shall speak together
What are you then determined to do? *100*
Bru Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself, I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below
Cas Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome? *110*
Bru No, Cassius, no think not thou noble Roman
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome,
He bears too great a mind But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun,
And whether we shall meet again I know not
Therefore our everlasting farewell take
For ever, and for ever farewell Cassius!
If we do meet again why, we shall smile,
If not why then this parting was well made
Cas For ever and for ever, farewell Brutus!
If we do meet again we ll smile indeed *121*
If not, tis true this parting was well made
Bru Why, then lead on O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end
And then the end is known Come, ho! away!
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II *The same the field of battle*

Alarum Enter BRUTUS *and* MESSALA

Bru Ride, ride, Messala ride and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side [*Loud alarum*]
Let them set on at once for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius wing
And sudden push gives them the overthrow
Ride, ride, Messala let them all come down
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III *Another part of the field*

Alarums Enter CASSIUS *and* TITINIUS

Cas O, look, Titinius, look the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn d enemy
This ensign here of mine was turning back,
I slew the coward and did take it from him
Tit O Cassius Brutus gave the word too early
Who having some advantage on Octavius
Took it too eagerly his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed

Enter PINDARUS

Pin Fly further off, my lord fly further off,
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord *10*
Fly, therefore noble Cassius, fly far off
Cas This hill is far enough Look look, Titinius,
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?
Tit They are, my lord
Cas Titinius, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops
And here again that I may rest assured
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy
Tit I will be here again, even with a thought
[*Exit*
Cas Go, Pindarus get higher on that hill *20*
My sight was ever thick regard Titinius
And tell me what thou notest about the field
PINDARUS *ascends the hill*
This day I breathed first time is come round,
And where I did begin there shall I end
My life is run his compass Sirrah what news?
Pin [*Above*] O my lord!
Cas What news?
Pin [*Above*] Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur,
Yet he spurs on Now they are almost on him
Now, Titinius! Now some light O he lights too *31*
He s ta'en [*Shout*] And hark! they shout for joy
Cas Come down behold no more
O coward that I am to live so long
To see my best friend ta en before my face!

PINDARUS *descends*

Come hither sirrah
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner,
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do
Thou shouldst attempt it Come now keep thine oath *40*
Now be a freeman and with this good sword
That ran through Cæsar s bowels search this bosom
Stand not to answer here, take thou the hilts,
And when my face is cover d, as tis now
Guide thou the sword [PINDARUS *stabs him*
Cæsar, thou art revenged

Even with the sword that kill d thee [*Dies*
Pin So I am free yet would not so have been
Durst I have done my will O Cassius
Far from this country Pindarus shall run
Where never Roman shall take note of him 50
[*Exit*

Re-enter TITINIUS *with* MESSALA

Mes It is but change Titinius for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus power
As Cassius legions are by Antony
Tit These tidings will well comfort Cassius
Mes Where did you leave him?
Tit All disconsolate
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill
Mes Is not that he that lies upon the ground?
Tit He lies not like the living O my heart!
Mes Is not that he?
Tit No this was he Messala
But Cassius is no more O setting sun, 60
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night
So in his red blood Cassius day is set
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone
Clouds dews and dangers come our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed
Mes Mistrust of good success hath done this deed
O hateful error melancholy s child
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error soon conceived
Thou never comest unto a happy birth 70
But kill st the mother that engender d thee!
Tit What Pindarus! where art thou Pindarus?
Mes Seek him Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus thrusting this report
Into his ears I may say thrusting it
For piercing steel and darts envenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight
Tit Hie you Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while
[*Exit* MESSALA
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius? 80
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas thou hast misconstrued everything!
But hold thee take this garland on thy brow
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee and I
Will do his bidding Brutus come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius
By your leave, gods this a Roman s part 89
Come Cassius sword and find Titinius heart
[*Kills himself*

Alarum Re-enter MESSALA *with* BRUTUS YOUNG CATO STRATO VOLUMNIUS *and* LUCILIUS

Bru Where where Messala doth his body lie?
Mes Lo yonder and Titinius mourning it
Bru Titinius face is upward
Cato He is slain
Bru O Julius Cæsar thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails [*Low alarums*]
Cato Brave Titinius!
Look whether he have not crown d dead Cassius!
Bru Are yet two Romans living such as these?
The last of all the Romans fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome 100
Should breed thy fellow Friends I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay
I shall find time Cassius I shall find time
Come therefore and to Thasos send his body
His funerals shall not be in our camp
Lest it discomfort us Lucilius come
And come young Cato let us to the field
Labeo and Flavius set our battles on
Tis three o clock and Romans yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *Another part of the field*

Alarum Enter fighting SOLDIERS *of both armies then* BRUTUS YOUNG CATO LUCILIUS *and others*

Bru Yet countrymen, O yet hold up your heads!
Cato What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field
I am the son of Marcus Cato ho!
A foe to tyrants and my country s friend
I am the son of Marcus Cato ho!
Bru And I am Brutus Marcus Brutus I
Brutus my country s friend know me for Brutus! [*Exit*
Lucil O young and noble Cato art thou down?
Why now thou diest as bravely as Titinius 10
And mayst be honour d, being Cato s son
1st Sold Yield, or thou diest
Lucil Only I yield to die
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight
Offering money
Kill Brutus and be honour d in his death
1st Sold We must not A noble prisoner!
2nd Sold Room, ho! Tell Antony Brutus is ta en.

1st Sold I 'll tell the news Here comes the general

Enter ANTONY

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord

Ant Where is he?

Lucil Safe, Antony, Brutus is safe enough
I dare assure thee that no enemy 21
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself

Ant This is not Brutus friend, but, I assure you
A prize no less in worth keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies Go on
And see whether Brutus be alive or dead, 30
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How every thing is chanced [*Exeunt*

SCENE V *Another part of the field*

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS CLITUS STRATO *and* VOLUMNIUS

Bru Come, poor remains of friends rest on this rock

Cli Statilius show'd the torch light but my lord
He came not back he is or ta'en or slain

Bru Sit thee down Clitus slaying is the word,
It is a deed in fashion Hark thee, Clitus
Whispers

Cli What I my lord? No not for all the world

Bru Peace then! no words

Cli I 'll rather kill myself

Bru Hark thee, Dardanius [*Whispers*]

Dar Shall I do such a deed?

Cli O Dardanius!

Dar O Clitus! 10

Cli What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar To kill him, Clitus Look he meditates

Cli Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes

Bru Come hither good Volumnius, list a word

Vol What says my lord?

Bru Why, this, Volumnius
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night at Sardis once
And, this last night here in Philippi fields
I know my hour is come

Vol Not so my lord 20

Bru Nay I am sure it is Volumnius
Thou seest the world Volumnius, how it goes
Our enemies have beat us to the pit
Low alarums
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves
Than tarry till they push us Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together
Even for that our love of old I prithee,
Hold thou my sword hilts whilst I run on it

Vol That 's not an office for a friend my lord
[*Alarum still*]

Cli Fly fly, my lord, there is no tarrying here 30

Bru Farewell to you and you, and you, Volumnius
Strato thou hast been all this while asleep
Farewell to thee too Strato Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me
I shall have glory by this losing day
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto
So fare you well at once for Brutus tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history 40
Night hangs upon mine eyes, my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour
Alarum Cry within "Fly, fly, fly!"

Cli Fly, my lord fly

Bru Hence I will follow
[*Exeunt* CLITUS DARDANIUS *and* VOLUMNIUS
I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord
Thou art a fellow of a good respect,
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it
Hold then my sword and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it Wilt thou Strato?

Stra Give me your hand first Fare you well, my lord

Bru Farewell good Strato [*Runs on his sword*]
Cæsar now be still 50
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will [*Dies*

Alarum Retreat Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS *and the army*

Oct What man is that?

Mes My master's man Strato, where is thy master?

Stra Free from the bondage you are in Messala
The conquerors can but make a fire of him
For Brutus only overcame himself
And no man else hath honour by his death

Lucil So Brutus should be found I thank thee, Brutus
That thou has proved Lucilius saying true

Oct All that served Brutus I will entertain them
Fellow wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra Ay if Messala will prefer me to you

Oct Do so good Messala

Mes How died my master Strato?
Stra I held the sword and he did run on it
Mes Octavius then take him to follow thee
That did the latest service to my master
Ant This was the noblest Roman of them all
All the conspirators save only he
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar 70
He only in a general honest thought
And common good to all made one of them
His life was gentle and the elements
So mix d in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world This was a man!
Oct According to his virtue let us use him
With all respect and rites of burial
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie
Most like a soldier order d honourably
So call the field to rest and let s away 80
To part the glories of this happy day [*Exeunt*

AS YOU LIKE IT

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE SENIOR *living in banishment*
FREDERICK, *his brother and usurper of his dominions*
AMIENS, JAQUES — *lords attending on the banished Duke*
LE BEAU, *a courtier attending upon Frederick*
CHARLES *wrestler to Frederick*
OLIVER, JAQUES, ORLANDO — *sons of Sir Rowland de Boys*
ADAM, DENNIS — *servants to Oliver*
TOUCHSTONE, *a clown*
SIR OLIVER MARTEXT *a vicar*
CORIN, SILVIUS — *shepherds*
WILLIAM, *a country fellow in love with Audrey*

THREE LORDS *attending on the banished Duke*
TWO LORDS *attending on Frederick*
TWO PAGES *attending on the banished Duke*
HYMEN

A FORESTER
ROSALIND *daughter to the banished Duke*
CELIA *daughter to Frederick*
PHEBE, *a shepherdess*
AUDREY *a country wench*

NON-SPEAKING *Lords Foresters and Attendants*

SCENE *Oliver s house Duke Frederick s court and the Forest of Arden*



ACT I

SCENE I *Orchard of Oliver's house*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM

Orl As I remember, Adam it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and as thou sayest charged my brother on his blessing to breed me well and there begins my sadness My brother Jaques he keeps at school and report speaks goldenly of his profit for my part, he keeps me rustically at home or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better, for besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage and to that end riders dearly hired but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother and, as much as in him lies mines my gentility with my education This is it, Adam that grieves me and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me begins to mutiny against this servitude I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it

Adam Yonder comes my master your brother

Orl Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up 30

Enter OLIVER

Oli Now sir! what make you here?

Orl Nothing I am not taught to make any thing

Oli What mar you then sir?

Orl Marry sir I am helping you to mar that which God made a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness

Oli Marry sir be better employed, and be naught awhile 39

Orl Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli Know you where you are, sir?

Orl O sir very well here in your orchard

Oli Know you before whom sir?

Orl Ay, better than him I am before knows me I know you are my eldest brother, and in the gentle condition of blood you should so know me The courtesy of nations allows you my better in that you are the first born but the same tradition takes not away my blood were there twenty brothers betwixt us I have as much of my father in me as you albeit, I confess your coming before me is nearer to his reverence

Oli What boy!

Orl Come come elder brother you are too young in this

Oli Wilt thou lay hands on me villain?

Orl I am no villain, I am the yo

of Sir Rowland de Boys he was my father and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains Wert thou not my brother I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so thou hast railed on thyself

Adam Sweet masters be patient for your father s remembrance be at accord

Oli Let me go I say

Orl I will not till I please you shall hear me My father charged you in his will to give me good education you have trained me like a peasant obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman like qualities The spirit of my father grows strong in me and I will no longer endure it therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament with that I will go buy my fortunes

Oli And what wilt thou do? beg when that is spent? Well sir get you in I will not long be troubled with you you shall have some part of your will I pray you leave me

Orl I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good

Oli Get you with him you old dog

Adam Is old dog my reward? Most true I have lost my teeth in your service God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word [*Exeunt* ORLANDO *and* ADAM

Oli Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness and yet give no thousand crowns neither Holla, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS

Den Calls your worship?

Oli Was not Charles the Duke s wrestler here to speak with me?

Den So please you he is here at the door and importunes access to you

Oli Call him in [*Exit* DENNIS] Twill be a good way and to-morrow the wrestling is

Enter CHARLES

Cha Good morrow to your worship 100

Oli Good Monsieur Charles what s the new news at the new court?

Cha There s no news at the court sir but the old news that is the old Duke is banished by his younger brother the new Duke and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke therefore he gives them good leave to wander

Oli Can you tell if Rosalind, the Duke s daughter be banished with her father? 111

Cha O no for the Duke s daughter her cousin so loves her being ever from their cradles bred together that she would have followed her exile or have died to stay behind her She is at the court and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter and never two ladies loved as they do

Oli Where will the old Duke live?

Cha They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day and fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world

Oli What you wrestle to-morrow before the new Duke?

Cha Marry do I sir and I came to acquaint you with a matter I am given sir secretly to understand that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall To morrow sir I wrestle for my credit and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well Your brother is but young and tender and for your love I would be loath to foil him as I must for my own honour if he come in therefore out of my love to you I came hither to acquaint you withal that either you might stay him from his intendment or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into in that it is a thing of his own search and altogether against my will

Oli Charles I thank thee for thy love to me which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite I had myself notice of my brother s purpose herein and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade from it but he is resolute I ll tell thee Charles it is the stubbornest young fellow of France full of ambition an envious emulator of every man s good parts a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother therefore use thy discretion I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger And thou wert best look to t for if thou dost him any slight disgrace or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee he will practise against thee by poison entrap thee by some treacherous device and never leave thee till he hath ta en thy life by some indirect means or other for I assure thee and almost with tears I speak it there is not one so young and so villainous this day living I speak but brotherly of him but should I anatomize him to thee as he is I must blush and weep and thou must look pale and wonder

Cha I am heartily glad I came hither to you If he come to-morrow I ll give him his payment if ever he go alone again, I ll never wrestle for

prize more and so God keep your worship!

Oli Farewell good Charles [*Exit* CHARLES]
Now will I stir this gamester I hope I shall see an end of him for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he Yet he s gentle, never schooled, and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed so much in the heart of the world and especially of my own people. who best know him, that I am altogether misprised but it shall not be so long, this wrestler shall clear all nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither which now I ll go about [*Exit* 180

SCENE II *Lawn before the Duke s palace*

Enter CELIA *and* ROSALIND

Cel I pray thee, Rosalind sweet my coz, be merry

Ros Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of, and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure

Cel Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the Duke my father so thou hadst been still with me I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine so wouldst thou if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee

Ros Well, I will forget the condition of my estate to rejoice in yours

Cel You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have and, truly, when he dies thou shalt be his heir, for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection, by mine honour, I will and when I break that oath let me turn monster therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry

Ros From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports Let me see what think you of falling in love?

Cel Marry, I prithee do, to make sport withal but love no man in good earnest nor no further in sport neither than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again

Ros What shall be our sport then?

Cel Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally

Ros I would we could do so for her benefits are mightily misplaced and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women

Cel Tis true for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest and those that she makes honest she makes very ill favouredly

Ros Nay, now thou goest from Fortune s office to Nature s Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature

Enter TOUCHSTONE

Cel No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument? 50

Ros Indeed there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature s natural the cutter-off of Nature s wit

Cel Peradventure this is not Fortune s work neither, but Nature s who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses and hath sent this natural for our whetstone, for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits How now, wit! whither wander you?

Touch Mistress, you must come away to your father 61

Cel Were you made the messenger?

Touch No by mine honour but I was bid to come for you

Ros Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes and swore by his honour the mustard was naught now I ll stand to it the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good and yet was not the knight forsworn 71

Cel How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros Ay marry now unmuzzle your wisdom

Touch Stand you both forth now stroke your chins and swear by your beards that I am a knave

Cel By our beards if we had them thou art 79

Touch By my knavery, if I had it, then I were, but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any, or if he had he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard

Cel Prithee who is t that thou meanest?

Touch One that old Frederick, your father, loves

Cel My father s love is enough to honour him enough! speak no more of him you ll be whipped for taxation one of these days 91

Touch The more pity that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly

Cel By my troth thou sayest true for since the little wit that fools have was silenced,

ttle foolery that wise men have makes a great
how Here comes Monsieur Le Beau

Ros With his mouth full of news

Cel Which he will put on us as pigeons feed
their young 100

Ros Then shall we be news crammed

Cel All the better we shall be the more mar
ketable

Enter LE BEAU

Bon jour Monsieur Le Beau what s the news?

Le Beau Fair princess you have lost much
good sport

Cel Sport! of what colour?

Le Beau What colour madam! how shall I
answer you?

Ros As wit and fortune will 110

Touch Or as the Destinies decree

Cel Well said that was laid on with a trowel

Touch Nay if I keep not my rank—

Ros Thou losest thy old smell

Le Beau You amaze me ladies I would have
told you of good wrestling which you have lost
the sight of

Ros Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling

Le Beau I will tell you the beginning and
if it please your ladyships you may see the end
for the best is yet to do and here where you
are, they are coming to perform it

Cel Well the beginning that is dead and
buried

Le Beau There comes an old man and his
three sons—

Cel I could match this beginning with an old
tale

Le Beau Three proper young men of excellent
growth and presence 130

Ros With bills on their necks Be it known
unto all men by these presents

Le Beau The eldest of the three wrestled with
Charles the Duke s wrestler which Charles
in a moment threw him and broke three of his
ribs that there is little hope of life in him so he
served the second, and so the third Yonder
they lie the poor old man their father making
such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders
take his part with weeping 140

Ros Alas!

Touch But what is the sport monsieur that
the ladies have lost?

Le Beau Why this that I speak of

Touch Thus men may grow wiser every day
it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of
ribs was sport for ladies

Cel Or I I promise thee

Ros But is there any else longs to see this
broken music in his sides? is there yet another
dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this
wrestling cousin?

Le Beau You must if you stay here for
here is the place appointed for the wrestling
and they are ready to perform it

Cel Yonder sure they are coming let us
now stay and see it

Flourish Enter DUKE FREDERICK *Lords* ORLANDO
CHARLES *and Attendants*

Duke F Come on since the youth will not be
entreated his own peril on his forwardness 160

Ros Is yonder the man?

Le Beau Even he madam

Cel Alas he is too young! yet he looks suc
cessfully

Duke F How now daughter and cousin! are
you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros Ay my liege so please you give us leave

Duke F You will take little delight in it I can
tell you there is such odds in the man In pity
of the challenger s youth I would fain dissuade
him but he will not be entreated Speak to him
ladies see if you can move him

Cel Call him hither good Monsieur Le Beau

Duke F Do so I ll not be by

Le Beau Monsieur the challenger the prin
cesses call for you

Orl I attend them with all respect and duty

Ros Young man have you challenged Charles
the wrestler? 179

Orl No fair princess he is the general chal
lenger I come but in, as others do to try with
him the strength of my youth

Cel Young gentleman your spirits are too
bold for your years You have seen cruel proof
of this man s strength if you saw yourself with
your eyes or knew yourself with your judge
ment the fear of your adventure would counsel
you to a more equal enterprise We pray you for
your own sake to embrace your own safety and
give over this attempt 190

Ros Do young sir your reputation shall not
therefore be misprised we will make it our suit
to the Duke that the wrestling might not go for
ward

Orl I beseech you punish me not with your
hard thoughts wherein I confess me much guilty
to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing
But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with
me to my trial wherein if I be foiled, there is
but one shamed that was never gracious if killed,
but one dead that is willing to be so I shall do
my friends no wrong for I have none to lament
me the world no injury for in it I have nothing

only in the world I fill up a place which may be better supplied when I have made it empty

Ros The little strength that I have I would it were with you

Cel And mine, to eke out hers

Ros Fare you well pray heaven I be deceived in you! 210

Cel Your heart's desires be with you!

Cha Come where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl Ready sir, but his will hath in it a more modest working

Duke F You shall try but one fall

Cha No, I warrant your Grace you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first 219

Orl An you mean to mock me after, you should not have mocked me before but come your ways

Ros Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel I would I were invisible to catch the strong fellow by the leg

They wrestle

Ros O excellent young man!

Cel If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down

Shout CHARLES *is thrown*

Duke F No more, no more

Orl Yes, I beseech your Grace I am not yet well breathed 230

Duke F How dost thou Charles?

Le Beau He cannot speak, my lord

Duke F Bear him away What is thy name, young man?

Orl Orlando my liege, the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys

Duke F I would thou hadst been son to some man else

The world esteem'd thy father honourable

But I did find him still mine enemy

Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed

Hadst thou descended from another house 240

But fare thee well thou art a gallant youth

I would thou hadst told me of another father

[*Exeunt* DUKE FREDERICK, *train, and* LE BEAU

Cel Were I my father coz, would I do this?

Orl I am more proud to be Sir Rowland s son,

His youngest son and would not change that calling

To be adopted heir to Frederick

Ros My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul

And all the world was of my father s mind

Had I before known this young man his son

I should have given him tears unto entreaties 250

Ere he should thus have ventured

Cel Gentle cousin,

Let us go thank him and encourage him

My father s rough and envious disposition

Sticks me at heart Sir, you have well deserved

If you do keep your promises in love

But justly as you have exceeded all promise,

Your mistress shall be happy

Ros Gentleman,

Giving him a chain from her neck

Wear this for me one out of suits with fortune,

That could give more, but that her hand lacks means

Shall we go, coz?

Cel Ay Fare you well fair gentleman

Orl Can I not say I thank you? My better parts 261

Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up

Is but a quintain a mere lifeless block

Ros He calls us back my pride fell with my fortunes,

I'll ask him what he would Did you call sir?

Sir you have wrestled well and overthrown

More than your enemies

Cel Will you go coz?

Ros Have with you Fare you well

[*Exeunt* ROSALIND *and* CELIA

Orl What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?

I cannot speak to her yet she urged conference

O poor Orlando thou art overthrown! 271

Or Charles or something weaker masters thee

Re enter LE BEAU

Le Beau Good sir I do in friendship counsel you

To leave this place Albeit you have deserved

High commendation true applause and love,

Yet such is now the Duke s condition

That he misconstrues all that you have done

The Duke is humorous what he is indeed

More suits you to conceive than I to speak of

Orl I thank you, sir and, pray you, tell me this, 280

Which of the two was daughter of the Duke

That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners

But yet indeed the lesser is his daughter

The other is daughter to the banish d Duke,

And here detain d by her usurping uncle

To keep his daughter company whose loves

Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters

But I can tell you that of late this Duke

Hath taken displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,

Grounded upon no other argument

But that the people praise her for her virtues

And pity her for her good father s sake

And on my life his malice gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth Sir fare you well
Hereafter in a better world than this
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you
O l I rest much bounden to you fare you well [*Exit* LE BEAU
Thus must I from the smoke into the smother
From tyrant Duke unto a tyrant brother 300
But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit*

SCENE III *A room in the palace*

Enter CELIA *and* ROSALIND

Cel Why cousin why Rosalind! Cupid have mercy not a word?
Ros Not one to throw at a dog
Cel No thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs throw some of them at me come lame me with reasons
Ros Then there were two cousins laid up when the one should be lamed with reasons and the other mad without any
Cel But is all this for your father? 10
Ros No some of it is for my child s father O how full of briers is this working-day world!
Cel They are but burs cousin thrown upon thee in holiday foolery if we walk not in the trodden paths our very petticoats will catch them
Ros I could shake them off my coat these burs are in my heart
Cel Hem them away
Ros I would try if I could cry hem and have him 20
Cel Come come wrestle with thy affections
Ros O they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!
Cel O a good wish upon you you will try in time in despite of a fall But turning these jests out of service let us talk in good earnest is it possible on such a sudden you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland s youngest son?
Ros The Duke my father loved his father dearly 31
Cel Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase I should hate him for my father hated his father dearly yet I hate not Orlando
Ros No faith hate him not for my sake
Cel Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?
Ros Let me love him for that and do you love him because I do Look here comes the Duke 41
Cel With his eyes full of anger

Enter DUKE FREDERICK *with Lords*

Duke F Mistress dispatch you with your safest haste
And get you from our court
Ros Me uncle?
Duke F You cousin
Within these ten days if that thou be st found
So near our public court as twenty miles
Thou diest for it
Ros I do beseech your Grace
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me
If with myself I hold intelligence
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires 50
If that I do not dream or be not frantic—
As I do trust I am not—then dear uncle
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your Highness
Duke F Thus do all traitors
If their purgation did consist in words
They are as innocent as grace itself
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not
Ros Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends
Duke F Thou art thy father s daughter there s enough 60
Ros So was I when your Highness took his dukedom
So was I when your Highness banish d him
Treason is not inherited my lord
Or if we did derive it from our friends
What s that to me? my father was no traitor
Then good my liege mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous
Cel Dear sovereign hear me speak
Duke F Ay Celia we stay d her for your sake
Else had she with her father ranged along 70
Cel I did not then entreat to have her stay
It was your pleasure and your own remorse
I was too young that time to value her
But now I know her if she be a traitor
Why so am I we still have slept together
Rose at an instant learn d play d eat together
And wheresoe er we went like Juno s swans
Still we went coupled and inseparable
Duke F She is too subtle for thee and her smoothness
Her very silence and her patience 80
Speak to the people and they pity her
Thou art a fool she robs thee of thy name
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
When she is gone Then open not thy lips
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass d upon her she is banish d

Cel Pronounce that sentence then on me my liege
I cannot live out of her company
Duke F You are a fool You, niece provide yourself
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour 90
And in the greatness of my word, you die
[*Exeunt* DUKE FREDERICK *and Lords*
Cel O my poor Rosalind whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine
I charge thee, be not thou more griev ed than I am
Ros I have more cause
Cel Thou hast not cousin
Prithee, be cheerful know st thou not, the Duke
Hath banish'd me his daughter?
Ros That he hath not
Cel No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one
Shall we be sunder d? shall we part sweet girl?
No let my father seek another heir 101
Therefore devise with me how we may fly
Whither to go and what to bear with us,
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out,
For, by this heaven now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee
Ros Why, whither shall we go?
Cel To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden
Ros Alas, what danger will it be to us, 110
Maids as we are to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold
Cel I ll put myself in poor and mean attire
And with a kind of umber smirch my face,
The like do you so shall we pass along
And never stir assailants
Ros Were it not better
Because that I am more than common tall
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle axe upon my thigh 119
A boar spear in my hand, and—in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will—
We ll have a swashing and a martial outside
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances
Cel What shall I call thee when thou art a man?
Ros I'll have no worse a name than Jove s own page,
And therefore look you call me Ganymede
But what will you be call'd?
Cel Something that hath a reference to my state
No longer Celia but Aliena 130
Ros But, cousin what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father s court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?
Cel He ll go along o er the wide world with me,
Leave me alone to woo him Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together,
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight Now go we in content
To liberty and not to banishment [*Exeunt* 140

ACT II

SCENE I *The forest of Arden*

Enter DUKE SENIOR AMIENS *and two or three* LORDS *like foresters*

Duke S Now, my co mates and brothers in exile
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference, as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter s wind,
Which when it bites and blows upon my body
Even till I shrink with cold I smile and say
'This is no flattery these are counsellors 10
That feelingly persuade me what I am "
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad ugly and venomous
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head
And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks
Sermons in stones, and good in everything
I would not change it
Ami Happy is your Grace
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style 20
Duke S Come shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools
Being native burghers of this desert city
Should in their own confines with forked heads
Have their round haunches gored
1st Lord Indeed my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that
And in that kind swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish d you
To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along 30
Under an oak whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood
To the which place a poor sequester d stag
That from the hunter s aim had ta en a hurt,
Did come to languish and indeed my lord
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
Is piteous chase and thus the hairy fool
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,

Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook
Augmenting it with tears

Duke S But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1st Lord O yes into a thousand similes
First for his weeping into the needless stream
Poor deer quoth he thou makest a testament
As worldlings do giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much then being there alone
Left and abandon d of his velvet friends 50
Tis right quoth he thus misery doth part
The flux of company anon a careless herd
Full of the pasture jumps along by him
And never stays to greet him Ay quoth Jaques
Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens
'Tis just the fashion wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country city court
Yea and of this our life swearing that we 60
Are mere usurpers tyrants and what s worse
To fright the animals and to kill them up
In their assign d and native dwelling place

Duke S And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2nd Lord We did my lord weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer

Duke S Show me the place
I love to cope him in these sullen fits
For then he s full of matter

1st Lord I ll bring you to him straight

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II *A room in the palace*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK *with* LORDS

Duke F Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this

1st Lord I cannot hear of any that did see her
The ladies her attendants of her chamber
Saw her a bed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasured of their mistress

2nd Lord My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing
Hisperia, the princess gentlewoman 10
Confesses that she secretly o erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles
And she believes wherever they are gone
That youth is surely in their company

Duke F Send to his brother fetch that gallant hither
If he be absent bring his brother to me
I ll make him find him do this suddenly
And let not search and inquisition quail 20
To bring again these foolish runaways [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *Before Oliver s house*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM *meeting*

Orl Who s there?

Adam What my young master? O my gentle master!
O my sweet master! O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle strong and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny priser of the humorous Duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you
Know you not master to some kind of men 10
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours your virtues gentle master
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you
O what a world is this when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl Why what s the matter?

Adam O unhappy youth!
Come not within these doors within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives
Your brother—no no brother yet the son—
Yet not the son I will not call him son 20
Of him I was about to call his father—
Hath heard your praises and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie
And you within it if he fail of that
He will have other means to cut you off
I overheard him and his practices
This is no place this house is but a butchery
Abhor it fear it do not enter it

Orl Why whither Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

Adam No matter whither so you come not here 30

Orl What wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do or know not what to do
Yet this I will not do do how I can
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother

Adam But do not so I have five hundred crowns
The thrifty hire I saved under your father
Which I did store to be my foster nurse 40
When service should in my old limbs lie lame

And unregarded age in corners thrown
Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold,
All this I give you Let me be your servant
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty,
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo 50
The means of weakness and debility,
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly let me go with you,
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities

Orl O good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times
Where none will sweat but for promotion 60
And having that do choke their service up
Even with the having it is not so with thee
But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry
But come thy ways, we ll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We ll light upon some settled low content

Adam Master, go on, and I will follow thee
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty 70
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I but now live here no more
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,
But at fourscore it is too late a week
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well and not my master's debtor
[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *The Forest of Arden*

Enter ROSALIND *for Ganymede*, CELIA *for Aliena, and* TOUCHSTONE

Ros O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

Touch I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary

Ros I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman but I must comfort the weaker vessel as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat therefore courage, good Aliena!

Cel I pray you, bear with me, I cannot go no further 10

Touch For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you, yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you, for I think you have no money in your purse

Ros Well this is the forest of Arden

Touch Ay, now am I in Arden, the more fool I, when I was at home, I was in a better place but travellers must be content

Ros Ay, be so good Touchstone

Enter CORIN *and* SILVIUS

Look you, who comes here, a young man and an old in solemn talk 21

Cor That is the way to make her scorn you still

Sil O Corin, that thou knew st how I do love her!

Cor I partly guess, for I have loved ere now

Sil No Corin being old thou canst not guess,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh d upon a midnight pillow
But if thy love were ever like to mine—
As sure I think did never man love so—
How many actions most ridiculous 30
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor Into a thousand that I have forgotten

Sil O thou didst then ne er love so heartily!
If thou remember st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not loved
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress praise,
Thou hast not loved
Or if thou hast not broke from company 40
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not loved
O Phebe Phebe, Phebe! [*Exit*

Ros Alas poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own

Touch And I mine I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone and bid him take that for coming a night to Jane Smile, and I remember the kissing of her batlet and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milked and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her, from whom I took two cods and, giving her them again said with weeping tears, "*Wear these for my sake*" We that are true lovers run into strange capers but as all is mortal in nature so is all nature in love mortal in folly

Ros Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of

Touch Nay, I shall ne er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it 60

Ros Jove Jove! this shepherd s passion
Is much upon my fashion

Touch And mine but it grows something stale with me

Cel I pray you one of you question yond man
If he for gold will give us any food
I faint almost to death

Touch Holla you clown!
Ros Peace fool he s not thy kinsman
Cor Who calls?
Touch Your betters sir
Cor Else are they very wretched
Ros Peace, I say Good even to you friend
Co And to you gentle sir and to you all
Ros I prithee shepherd if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed
Here s a young maid with travel much oppress d
And faints for succour
Cor Fair sir I pity her
And wish for her sake more than for mine own
My fortunes were more able to relieve her
But I am shepherd to another man
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze
My master is of churlish disposition 80
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality
Besides his cote his flocks and bounds of feed
Are now on sale and at our sheepcote now
By reason of his absence there is nothing
That you will feed on but what is come see
And in my voice most welcome shall you be
Ros What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?
Cor That young swain that you saw here but erewhile
That little cares for buying any thing 90
Ros I pray thee if it stand with honesty
Buy thou the cottage pasture and the flock
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us
Cel And we will mend thy wages I like this place
And willingly could waste my time in it
Cor Assuredly the thing is to be sold
Go with me if you like upon report
The soil the profit and this kind of life
I will your very faithful feeder be
And buy it with your gold right suddenly 100
[*Exeunt*

SCENE V *The forest*

Enter AMIENS JAQUES *and others*

SONG

Ami Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird s throat
Come hither come hither come hither
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather

Jaq More more I prithee more
Ami It will make you melancholy Monsieur Jaques 11
Jaq I thank it More I prithee more I can suck melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs More I prithee more
Ami My voice is ragged I know I cannot please you
Jaq I do not desire you to please me I do desire you to sing Come more another stanzo call you em stanzos?
Ami What you will Monsieur Jaques 20
Jaq Nay I care not for their names they owe me nothing Will you sing?
Ami More at your request than to please myself
Jaq Well then if ever I thank any man I ll thank you but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog apes and when a man thanks me heartily methinks I have given him a penny and he renders me the beggarly thanks Come sing and you that will not hold your tongues
Ami Well I ll end the song Sirs cover the while the Duke will drink under this tree He hath been all this day to look you
Jaq And I have been all this day to avoid him He is too disputable for my company I think of as many matters as he but I give heaven thanks and make no boast of them Come warble come

SONG

[*All together here*]
Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i the sun, 41
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets
Come hither come hither come hither
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather

Jaq I ll give you a verse to this note that I made yesterday in despite of my invention 50
Ami And I ll sing it
Jaq Thus it goes

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please
Ducdame ducdame ducdame
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he
An if he will come to me

Ami What s that ducdame? 60

Jaq 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle I'll go sleep, if I can, If I cannot, I'll rail against all the first born of Egypt

Ami And I'll go seek the Duke his banquet is prepared [*Exeunt Severally*

SCENE VI *The forest*

Enter ORLANDO AND ADAM

Adam Dear master I can go no further O, I die for food! Here lie I down and measure out my grave Farewell kind master

Orl Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little, comfort a little cheer thyself a little If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers For my sake be comfortable hold death awhile at the arms' end I will here be with thee presently and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour Well said! thou lookest cheerly, and I ll be with thee quickly Yet thou liest in the bleak air come, I will bear thee to some shelter, and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt*

SCENE VII *The forest*

A table set out Enter DUKE SENIOR AMIENS, *and* LORDS *like outlaws*

Duke S I think he be transform'd into a beast,
For I can no where find him like a man

1st Lord My lord, he is but even now gone hence
Here was he merry, hearing of a song

Duke S If he, compact of jars grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres
Go, seek him tell him I would speak with him

Enter JAQUES

1st Lord He saves my labour by his own approach

Duke S Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company?
What you look merrily! 11

Jaq A fool a fool! I met a fool i the forest,
A motley fool, a miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool
Who laid him down and bask d him in the sun
And rail d on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms and yet a motley fool
"Good morrow, fool,' quoth I 'No, sir ' quoth he,
"Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune
And then he drew a dial from his poke, 20
And looking on it with lack lustre eye,
Says very wisely, "It is ten o clock
Thus we may see," quoth he, ' how the world wags
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven,
And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale ' When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer, 30
That fools should be so deep-contemplative,
And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear

Duke S What fool is this?

Jaq O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier
And says, if ladies be but young and fair
They have the gift to know it and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation the which he vents 41
In mangled forms O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat

Duke S Thou shalt have one

Jaq It is my only suit
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise I must have liberty
Withal as large a charter as the wind
To blow on whom I please for so fools have,
And they that are most galled with my folly 50
They most must laugh And why sir, must they so?
The ' why ' is plain as way to parish church
He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob if not,
The wise man s folly is anatomized
Even by the squandering glances of the fool
Invest me in my motley give me leave
To speak my mind and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world 60
If they will patiently receive my medicine

Duke S Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do

Jaq What for a counter would I do but good?

Duke S Most mischievous foul sin in chiding sin
For thou thyself hast been a libertine
As sensual as the brutish sting itself,

And all the embossed sores and headed evils
That thou with license of free foot hast caught
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world
Jaq Why who cries out on pride 70
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea
Till that the weary very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name
When that I say the city woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in and say that I mean her
When such a one as she such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function
That says his bravery is not on my cost 80
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then how then? what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong d him if it do him right
Then he hath wrong d himself if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies
Unclaim d of any man But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO *with his sword drawn*

Orl Forbear and eat no more
Jaq Why I have eat none yet
Orl Nor shalt not till necessity be served
Jaq Of what kind should this cock come of?
Duke S Art thou thus bolden d man by thy distress 91
Or else a rude despiser of good manners
That in civility thou seem st so empty?
Orl You touch d my vein at first the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta en from me the show
Of smooth civility yet am I inland bred
And know some nurture But forbear I say
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered
Jaq An you will not be answered with reason I must die 101
Duke S What would you have? Your gentleness shall force
More than your force move us to gentleness
Orl I almost die for food and let me have it
Duke S Sit down and feed and welcome to our table
Orl Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you
I thought that all things had been savage here
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment But whate er you are
That in this desert inaccessible 110
Under the shade of melancholy boughs
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time
If ever you have look d on better days
If ever been where bells have knoll d to church
If ever sat at any good man s feast
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear
And know what tis to pity and be pitied
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be
In the which hope I blush and hide my sword
Duke S True is it that we have seen better days 120
And have with holy bell been knoll d to church
And sat at good men s feasts and wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender d
And therefore sit you down in gentleness
And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be minister d
Orl Then but forbear your food a little while
Whiles like a doe I go to find my fawn
And give it food There is an old poor man
Who after me hath many a weary step 130
Limp d in pure love till he be first sufficed
Oppress d with two weak evils age and hunger
I will not touch a bit
Duke S Go find him out
And we will nothing waste till you return
Orl I thank ye and be blest for your good comfort! [*Exit*
Duke S Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in
Jaq All the world s a stage
And all the men and women merely players 140
They have their exits and their entrances
And one man in his time plays many parts
His acts being seven ages At first the infant
Mewling and puking in the nurse s arms
And then the whining school boy with his satchel
And shining morning face creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school And then the lover
Sighing like furnace with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress eyebrow Then a soldier
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard
Jealous in honour sudden and quick in quarrel
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon s mouth And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut
Full of wise saws and modern instances
And so he plays his part The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper d pantaloon
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side 159
His youthful hose, well saved a world too wide
For his shrunk shank and his big manly voice
Turning again toward childish treble pipes
And whistles in his sound Last scene of all
That ends this strange eventful history

Is second childishness and mere oblivion
Sans teeth sans eyes sans taste sans everything

Re-enter ORLANDO, *with* ADAM

Duke S Welcome Set down your venerable burden
And let him feed
Orl I thank you most for him
Adam So had you need
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself 170
Duke S Welcome, fall to I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes
Give us some music, and, good cousin, sing

SONG

Ami Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude,
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude 179
Heigh ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly
Then, heigh ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly

Freeze freeze thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not
Heigh ho! sing, &c 190
Duke S If that you were the good Sir Rowland s son,
As you have whisper d faithfully you were
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither I am the Duke
That loved your father the residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me Good old man
Thou art right welcome as thy master is
Support him by the arm Give me your hand
And let me all your fortunes understand [*Exeunt*

ACT III

SCENE I *A room in the palace*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK LORDS *and* OLIVER

Duke F Not see him since? Sir, sir that cannot be
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present But look to it
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is,
Seek him with candle bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine
Worth seizure do we seize into our hands, 10
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee
Oli O that your Highness knew my heart in this!
I never loved my brother in my life
Duke F More villain thou Well, push him out of doors
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands
Do this expediently and turn him going [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *The forest*

Enter ORLANDO *with a paper*

Orl Hang there my verse, in witness of my love
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above
Thy huntress name that my full life doth sway
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books
And in their barks my thoughts I ll character,
That every eye which in this forest looks
Shall see thy virtue witness d every where
Run run Orlando, carve on every tree 9
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she [*Exit*

Enter CORIN *and* TOUCHSTONE

Cor And how like you this shepherd s life, Master Touchstone?
Touch Truly, shepherd in respect of itself, it is a good life, but in respect that it is a shepherd s life it is naught In respect that it is solitary I like it very well, but in respect that it is private it is a very vile life Now, in respect it is in the fields it pleaseth me well, but in respect it is not in the court it is tedious As it is a spare life look you it fits my humour well but as there is no more plenty in it it goes much against my stomach Hast any philosophy in thee shepherd?
Cor No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is, and that he that wants money, means, and content is without three good friends that the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn that good pasture makes fat sheep and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun, that he that hath learned no wit nature nor art may complain of good comes of a very dull kindred

Touch Such a one is a natural philosopher
Wast ever in court shepherd?
Cor No truly
Touch Then thou art damned
Cor Nay I hope
Touch Truly thou art damned like an ill roasted egg all on one side 39
Cor For not being at court? Your reason
Touch Why if thou never wast at court thou never sawest good manners if thou never sawest good manners then thy manners must be wicked and wickedness is sin and sin is damnation Thou art in a parlous state shepherd
Cor Not a whit Touchstone those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court You told me you salute not at the court but you kiss your hands that courtesy would be uncleanly if courtiers were shepherds
Touch Instance briefly come instance
Cor Why we are still handling our ewes and their fells you know are greasy
Touch Why do not your courtier s hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow shallow A better instance I say come
Cor Besides our hands are hard 60
Touch Your lips will feel them the sooner Shallow again A more sounder instance come
Cor And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier s hands are perfumed with civet
Touch Most shallow man! thou worms meat in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise and perpend civet is of a baser birth than tar the very uncleanly flux of a cat Mend the instance shepherd 71
Cor You have too courtly a wit for me I ll rest
Touch Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee shallow man God make incision in thee! thou art raw
Cor Sir I am a true labourer I earn that I eat get that I wear owe no man hate envy no man s happiness glad of other men s good content with my harm, and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck
Touch That is another simple sin in you to bring the ewes and the rams together and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle to be bawd to a bell wether and to betray a she lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked pated, old, cuckoldy ram, out of all reasonable match If thou beest not damned for this the devil himself will have no shepherds I cannot see else how thou shouldst scape 90
Cor Here comes young Master Ganymede my new mistress s brother

Enter ROSALIND *with a paper reading*

Ros From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind
Her worth being mounted on the wind
Through all the world bears Rosalind
All the pictures fairest lined
Are but black to Rosalind
Let no fair be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind 100

Touch I ll rhyme you so eight years together dinners and suppers and sleeping hours excepted it is the right butter women s rank to market
Ros Out fool!
Touch For a taste
If a hart do lack a hind
Let him seek out Rosalind
If the cat will after kind
So be sure will Rosalind 110
Winter garments must be lined
So must slender Rosalind
They that reap must sheaf and bind
Then to cart with Rosalind
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind
Such a nut is Rosalind
He that sweetest rose will find
Must find love s prick and Rosalind

This is the very false gallop of verses why do you infect yourself with them? 120
Ros Peace you dull fool! I found them on a tree
Touch Truly the tree yields bad fruit
Ros I ll graff it with you and then I shall graff it with a medlar then it will be the earliest fruit i the country for you ll be rotten ere you be half ripe and that s the right virtue of the medlar
Touch You have said but whether wisely or no let the forest judge 130

Enter CELIA *with a writing*

Ros Peace!
Here comes my sister reading stand aside
Cel [*Reads*]
Why should this a desert be?
For it is unpeopled? No
Tongues I ll hang on every tree
That shall civil sayings show
Some how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age 140

Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,
Will I Rosalind write,
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show
Therefore Heaven Nature charged
That one body should be fill d 150
With all graces wide enlarged
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek but not her heart,
Cleopatra s majesty,
Atalanta s better part
Sad Lucretia's modesty
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devised,
Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
To have the touches dearest prized 160
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave "

Ros O most gentle pulpiter' what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal and never cried ' Have patience good people '

Cel How now' back, friends' Shepherd, go off a little Go with him, sirrah

Touch Come shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat, though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage 171

[*Exeunt* CORIN *and* TOUCHSTONE

Cel Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros O, yes I heard them all and more too, for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear

Cel That's no matter the feet might bear the verses

Ros Ay but the feet were lame and could not bear themselves without the verse and therefore stood lamely in the verse 180

Cel But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

Ros I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came for look here what I found on a palm tree I was never so berhymed since Pythagoras time that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember

Cel Trow you who hath done this?

Ros Is it a man? 190

Cel And a chain, that you once wore about his neck Change you colour?

Ros I prithee who?

Cel O Lord, Lord' it is a hard matter for friends to meet but mountains may be removed with earthquakes and so encounter

Ros Nay, but who is it?

Cel Is it possible?

Ros Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is 200

Cel O wonderful wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful' and yet again wonderful and after that, out of all hooping'

Ros Good my complexion' dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South sea of discovery, I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace I would thou couldst stammer that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth as wine comes out of a narrow mouthed bottle either too much at once, or none at all I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings

Cel So you may put a man in your belly

Ros Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel Nay, he hath but a little beard 219

Ros Why God will send more, if the man will be thankful let me stay the growth of his beard if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin

Cel It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler s heels and your heart both in an instant

Ros Nay but the devil take mocking speak, sad brow and true maid

Cel I faith coz, tis he

Ros Orlando?

Cel Orlando 230

Ros Alas the day' what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word

Cel You must borrow me Gargantua s mouth first 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age s size To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism 241

Ros But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man s apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel It is easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover, but take a taste of my finding him and relish it with good observance I found him under a tree, like a acorn

Ros It may well be called Jove s tree when it drops forth such fruit 250

Cel Give me audience good madam

Ros Proceed

Cel There lay he stretched along like a wounded knight

Ros Though it be pity to see such a sight it well becomes the ground

Cel Cry holla to thy tongue I prithee it curvets unseasonably He was furnished like a hunter 259

Ros O ominous! he comes to kill my heart

Cel I would sing my song without a burden thou bringest me out of tune

Ros Do you not know I am a woman? when I think I must speak Sweet say on

Cel You bring me out Soft! comes he not here?

Enter ORLANDO *and* JAQUES

Ros Tis he slink by and note him

Jaq I thank you for your company but good faith I had as lief have been myself alone 270

Orl And so had I but yet for fashion sake I thank you too for your society

Jaq God be wi you let s meet as little as we can

Orl I do desire we may be better strangers

Jaq I pray you mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks

Orl I pray you mar no moe of my verses with reading them ill favouredly

Jaq Rosalind is your love s name? 280

Orl Yes just

Jaq I do not like her name

Orl There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened

Jaq What stature is she of?

Orl Just as high as my heart

Jaq You are full of pretty answers Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths wives and conned them out of rings? 289

Orl Not so but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions

Jaq You have a nimble wit I think twas made of Atalanta s heels Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world and all our misery

Orl I will chide no breather in the world but myself against whom I know most faults

Jaq The worst fault you have is to be in love 300

Orl 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue I am weary of you

Jaq By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you

Orl He is drowned in the brook look but in, and you shall see him

Jaq There I shall see mine own figure

Orl Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher

Jaq I ll tarry no longer with you farewell good Signior Love 310

Orl I am glad of your departure adieu good Monsieur Melancholy [*Exit* JAQUES

Ros [*Aside to* CELIA] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey and under that habit play the knave with him Do you hear forester?

Orl Very well what would you?

Ros I pray you what is t o clock?

Orl You should ask me what time o day there s no clock in the forest 319

Ros Then there is no true lover in the forest else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock

Orl And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

Ros By no means sir Time travels in divers paces with divers persons I ll tell you who Time ambles withal who Time trots withal who Time gallops withal and who he stands still withal

Orl I prithee who doth he trot withal? 330

Ros Marry he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized if the interim be but a se nnight Time s pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year

Orl Who ambles Time withal?

Ros With a priest that lacks Latin and a rich man that hath not the gout for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury these Time ambles withal

Orl Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros With a thief to the gallows for though he go as softly as foot can fall he thinks himself too soon there

Orl Who stays it still withal?

Ros With lawyers in the vacation for they sleep between term and term and then they perceive not how Time moves 351

Orl Where dwell you pretty youth?

Ros With this shepherdess my sister here in the skirts of the forest like fringe upon a petticoat

Orl Are you native of this place?

Ros As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled

Orl Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling *360*

Ros I have been told so of many but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man, one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal

Orl Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women? *370*

Ros There were none principal they were all like one another as half pence are every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow fault came to match it

Orl I prithee, recount some of them

Ros No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick There is a man haunts the forest that abuses our young plants with carving "Rosalind' on their barks, hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles all forsooth deifying the name of Rosalind if I could meet that fancy monger I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him

Orl I am he that is so love shaked I pray you, tell me your remedy

Ros There is none of my uncle s marks upon you he taught me how to know a man in love, in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner *390*

Orl What were his marks?

Ros A lean cheek, which you have not a blue eye and sunken which you have not, an unquestionable spirit, which you have not, a beard neglected, which you have not but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation, but you are no such man, you are rather point-device in your accoutrements as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other

Orl Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love

Ros Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it, which I warrant she is apter to do than to confess she does that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences But, in good sooth are you he that hangs the verses on the trees wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl I swear to thee, youth by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he that unfortunate he

Ros But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much *419*

Ros Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too Yet I profess curing it by counsel

Orl Did you ever cure any so?

Ros Yes, one, and in this manner He was to imagine me his love, his mistress, and I set him every day to woo me at which time would I, being but a moonish youth grieve be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical apish, shallow, inconstant full of tears, full of smiles for every passion something and for no passion truly anything as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour, would now like him, now loathe him, then entertain him then forswear him, now weep for him then spit at him, that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness, which was, to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook merely monastic And thus I cured him, and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep s heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in t

Orl I would not be cured, youth

Ros I would cure you if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to my cote and woo me

Orl Now by the faith of my love, I will tell me where it is *450*

Ros Go with me to it and I'll show it you and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live Will you go?

Orl With all my heart, good youth

Ros Nay, you must call me Rosalind Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *The forest*

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY, JAQUES *behind*

Touch Come apace, good Audrey I will fetch up your goats Audrey And how Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature you?

Aud Your features! Lord warrant features?

Touch I am here with thee and the most capricious poet, honest among the Goths

Jaq [*Aside*] O knowledge ill inhabited worse than Jove in a thatched house! *11*

Touch When a man s verses cannot be understood nor a man s good wit seconded with the forward child Understanding it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room Truly I would the gods had made thee poetical

Aud I do not know what poetical is is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

Touch No truly for the truest poetry is the most feigning and lovers are given to poetry and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign

Aud Do you wish that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch I do truly for thou swearest to me thou art honest now if thou wert a poet I might have some hope thou didst feign

Aud Would you not have me honest?

Touch No truly unless thou wert hard favoured for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar *31*

Jaq [*Aside*] A material fool!

Aud Well I am not fair and therefore I pray the gods make me honest

Touch Truly and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish

Aud I am not a slut though I thank the gods I am foul *39*

Touch Well praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter But be it as it may be I will marry thee and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext the vicar of the next village who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us

Jaq [*Aside*] I would fain see this meeting

Aud Well the gods give us joy!

Touch Amen A man may if he were of a fearful heart stagger in this attempt for here we have no temple but the wood no assembly but horn beasts But what though? Courage! As horns are odious they are necessary It is said many a man knows no end of his goods right many a man has good horns and knows no end of them Well that is the dowry of his wife tis none of his own getting Horns? Even so Poor men alone? No no the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal Is the single man therefore blessed? No as a walled town is more worthier than a village so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor and by how much defence is better than no skill by so much is a horn more precious than to want Here comes Sir Oliver

Enter SIR OLIVER MARTEXT

Sir Oliver Martext you are well met will you dispatch us here under this tree or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch I will not take her on gift of any man

Sir Oli Truly she must be given or the marriage is not lawful *71*

Jaq [*Advancing*] Proceed proceed I ll give her

Touch Good even good Master What ye call t how do you sir? You are very well met God ild you for your last company I am very glad to see you even a toy in hand here sir nay pray be covered

Jaq Will you be married motley? *79*

Touch As the ox hath his bow sir the horse his curb and the falcon her bells so man hath his desires and as pigeons bill so wedlock would be nibbling

Jaq And will you being a man of your breeding be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot then one of you will prove a shrunk panel and like green timber warp warp *90*

Touch [*Aside*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another for he is not like to marry me well and not being well married it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife

Jaq Go thou with me and let me counsel thee

Touch Come sweet Audrey
We must be married or we must live in bawdry
Farewell good Master Oliver not— *100*
O sweet Oliver
O brave Oliver
Leave me not behind thee
but—
Wind away
Begone I say
I will not to wedding with thee

[*Exeunt* JAQUES TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY

Sir Oli Tis no matter ne er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling

[*Exit* *109*

SCENE IV *The forest*

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA

Ros Never talk to me I will weep

Cel Do I prithee but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man

Ros But have I not cause to weep?

Cel As good cause as one would desire, therefore weep

Ros His very hair is of the dissembling colour

Cel Something browner than Judas' marry, his kisses are Judas' own children 10

Ros I' faith, his hair is of a good colour

Cel An excellent colour your chestnut was ever the only colour

Ros And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread

Cel He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana a nun of winter s sisterhood kisses not more religiously, the very ice of chastity is in them

Ros But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not? 21

Cel Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him

Ros Do you think so?

Cel Yes, I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse stealer, but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm eaten nut

Ros Not true in love?

Cel Yes, when he is in, but I think he is not in 30

Ros You have heard him swear downright he was

Cel "Was' is not 'is", besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster they are both the confirmer of false reckonings He attends here in the forest on the Duke your father

Ros I met the Duke yesterday and had much question with him he asked me of what parentage I was, I told him, of as good as he, so he laughed and let me go But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover, as a puisny tilter that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose but all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides Who comes here?

Enter CORIN

Cor Mistress and master, you have oft inquired 50
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress

Cel Well and what of him?

Cor If you will see a pageant truly play d,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it

Ros O, come, let us remove
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love 60
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I ll prove a busy actor in their play [*Exeunt*

SCENE V *Another part of the forest*

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE

Sil Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me, do not, Phebe,
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN *behind*

Phe I would not be thy executioner
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee
Thou tell st me there is murder in mine eye 10
Tis pretty sure and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies
Should be call d tyrants butchers murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart
And if mine eyes can wound now let them kill thee
Now counterfeit to swoon why now fall down
Or if thou canst not O, for shame for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee 20
Scratch thee but with a pin and there remains
Some scar of it lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps, but now mine eyes
Which I have darted at thee hurt thee not,
Nor I am sure there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt

Sil O dear Phebe,
If ever—as that ever may be near—
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible 30
That love s keen arrows make

Phe But till that time
Come not thou near me and when that time comes
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not
As till that time I shall not pity thee

Ros And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,

That you insult exult and all at once
Over the wretched? What though you have no
beauty—
As by my faith I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed—
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless? 40
Why what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature s sale work Od s my little life
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!
No faith proud mistress hope not after it
Tis not your inky brows your black silk hair
Your bugle eyeballs nor your cheek of cream
That can entame my spirits to your worship
You foolish shepherd wherefore do you follow
her
Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain? 50
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman tis such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill favour d chil
dren
'Tis not her glass but you that flatters her
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her
But mistress know yourself down on your
knees
And thank heaven fasting for a good man s love
For I must tell you friendly in your ear
Sell when you can you are not for all markets
Cry the man mercy love him take his offer 61
Foul s most foul being foul to be a scoffer
So take her to thee shepherd fare you well
Phe Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year
together
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo
Ros He s fallen in love with your foulness and
she ll fall in love with my anger If it be so as
fast as she answers thee with frowning looks I ll
sauce her with bitter words Why look you so
upon me?
Phe For no ill will I bear you 70
Ros I pray you do not fall in love with me
For I am falser than vows made in wine
Besides I like you not If you will know my
house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by
Will you go sister? Shepherd ply her hard
Come sister Shepherdess look on him better
And be not proud though all the world could see
None could be so abused in sight as he
Come to our flock 80
[*Exeunt* ROSALIND CELIA *and* CORIN
Phe Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of
might
Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?
Sil Sweet Phebe—
Phe Ha what say st thou Silvius?
Sil Sweet Phebe pity me
Phe Why I am sorry for thee gentle Silvius
Sil Wherever sorrow is relief would be
If you do sorrow at my grief in love
By giving love your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermined
Phe Thou hast my love is not that neighbour
ly? 90
Sil I would have you
Phe Why that were covetousness
Silvius the time was that I hated thee
And yet it is not that I bear thee love
But since that thou canst talk of love so well
Thy company which erst was irksome to me
I will endure and I ll employ thee too
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ d
Sil So holy and so perfect is my love
And I in such a poverty of grace 100
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps loose now and then
A scatter d smile and that I ll live upon
Phe Know st thou the youth that spoke to me
erewhile?
Sil Not very well but I have met him oft
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old carlot once was master of
Phe Think not I love him though I ask for
him
Tis but a peevish boy yet he talks well 110
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that
hear
It is a pretty youth not very pretty
But sure he s proud, and yet his pride becomes
him
He ll make a proper man the best thing in him
Is his complexion and faster than his tongue
Did make offence his eye did heal it up
He is not very tall yet for his years he s tall
His leg is but so so and yet tis well
There was a pretty redness in his lip 120
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix d in his cheek twas just the
difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask
There be some women Silvius had they mark d
him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him but for my part
I love him not nor hate him not and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black and my hair black

And, now I am remember'd scorn'd at me 131
I marvel why I answer'd not again
But that's all one, omittance is no quittance
I'll write to him a very taunting letter
And thou shalt bear it wilt thou Silvius?
Sil Phebe, with all my heart
Phe I'll write it straight,
The matter s in my head and in my heart
I will be bitter with him and passing short
Go with me, Silvius [*Exeunt*

ACT IV

SCENE I *The forest*

Enter ROSALIND CELIA, *and* JAQUES

Jaq I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee

Ros They say you are a melancholy fellow

Jaq I am so, I do love it better than laughing

Ros Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards

Jaq Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing

Ros Why then 'tis good to be a post 9

Jaq I have neither the scholar s melancholy which is emulation, nor the musician s which is fantastical, nor the courtier's which is proud nor the soldier s which is ambitious, nor the lawyer s, which is politic, nor the lady s, which is nice nor the lover s, which is all these but it is a melancholy of mine own compounded of many simples extracted from many objects and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness 20

Ros A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men s, then, to have seen much and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands

Jaq Yes I have gained my experience

Ros And your experience makes you sad I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad and to travel for it too!

Enter ORLANDO

Orl Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq Nay, then God be wi' you an you talk in blank verse [*Exit*

Ros Farewell, Monsieur Traveller look you lisp and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola Why how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover! An you serve me such another trick never come in my sight more 41

Orl My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise

Ros Break an hour s promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o the shoulder, but I ll warrant him heart-whole

Orl Pardon me dear Rosalind 50

Ros Nay an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight I had as lief be wooed of a snail

Orl Of a snail?

Ros Ay, of a snail, for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman besides, he brings his destiny with him

Orl What s that?

Ros Why horns which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for but he comes armed in his fortune and prevents the slander of his wife

Orl Virtue is no horn maker, and my Rosalind is virtuous

Ros And I am your Rosalind

Cel It pleases him to call you so, but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you

Ros Come woo me woo me for now I am in a holiday humour and like enough to consent What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind? 71

Orl I would kiss before I spoke

Ros Nay you were better speak first and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss Very good orators when they are out they will spit, and for lovers lacking—God warn us!—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss

Orl How if the kiss be denied?

Ros Then she puts you to entreaty and there begins new matter 81

Orl Who could be out being before his beloved mistress?

Ros Marry that should you if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit

Orl What of my suit?

Ros Not out of your apparel and yet out of your suit Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl I take some joy to say you are because I would be talking of her 91

Ros Well in her person I say I will not have you

Orl Then in mine own person I die

Ros No faith die by attorney The poor world

is almost six thousand years old and in all this time there was not any man died in his own per son *videlicet* in a love-cause Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club yet he did what he could to die before and he is one of the patterns of love Leander he would have lived many a fair year though Hero had turned nun if it had not been for a hot midsummer night for good youth he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont and being taken with the cramp was drowned and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was Hero of Sestos But these are all lies men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them but not for love

Orl I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind for I protest her frown might kill me

Ros By this hand, it will not kill a fly But come now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition and ask me what you will I will grant it

Orl Then love me Rosalind

Ros Yes faith will I Fridays and Saturdays and all

Orl And wilt thou have me?

Ros Ay and twenty such

Orl What sayest thou? 120

Ros Are you not good?

Orl I hope so

Ros Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come sister you shall be the priest and marry us Give me your hand Orlando What do you say sister?

Orl Pray thee marry us

Cel I cannot say the words

Ros You must begin, Will you Orlando—

Cel Go to Will you Orlando have to wife this Rosalind? 131

Orl I will

Ros Ay but when?

Orl Why now as fast as she can marry us

Ros Then you must say I take thee Rosalind for wife

Orl I take thee Rosalind for wife

Ros I might ask you for your commission but I do take thee Orlando for my husband there s a girl goes before the priest and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions 141

Orl So do all thoughts they are winged

Ros Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her

Orl For ever and a day

Ros Say a day without the ever No no Orlando men are April when they woo December when they wed maids are May when they are maids but the sky changes when they are wives I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock pigeon over his hen more clamorous than a parrot against rain more new fangled than an ape more giddy in my desires than a monkey I will weep for nothing like Diana in the fountain and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry I will laugh like a hyen and that when thou art inclined to sleep

Orl But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros By my life she will do as I do

Orl O but she is wise 160

Ros Or else she could not have the wit to do this the wiser the waywarder make the doors upon a woman s wit and it will out at the casement shut that and twill out at the key-hole stop that twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney

Orl A man that had a wife with such a wit he might say Wit whither wilt?

Ros Nay you might keep that check for it till you met your wife s wit going to your neighbour s bed 171

Orl And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros Marry to say she came to seek you there You shall never take her without her answer unless you take her without her tongue O that woman that cannot make her fault her husband s occasion let her never nurse her child herself for she will breed it like a fool!

Orl For these two hours Rosalind I will leave thee 181

Ros Alas! dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours

Orl I must attend the Duke at dinner by two o clock I will be with thee again

Ros Ay go your ways go your ways I knew what you would prove my friends told me as much and I thought no less that flattering tongue of yours won me tis but one cast away and so come death! Two o clock is your hour?

Orl Ay sweet Rosalind 191

Ros By my troth and in good earnest and so God mend me and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour I will think you the most pathetical break promise and the most hollow lover and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful therefore beware my censure and keep your promise 200

Orl With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind so adieu

Ros Well Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders and let Time try adieu

[*Exit* ORLANDO

Cel You have simply misused our sex in your love prate we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest

Ros O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal

Cel Or rather, bottomless, that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out

Ros No, that same wicked bastard of Venus that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out let him be judge how deep I am in love I'll tell thee, Aliena I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando I'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come

Cel And I ll sleep [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *The forest*

Enter JAQUES, LORDS, *and Foresters*

Jaq Which is he that killed the deer?

1st Lord Sir, it was I

Jaq Let s present him to the Duke like a Roman conqueror and it would do well to set the deer s horns upon his head for a branch of victory Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

1st For Yes, sir

Jaq Sing it tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough 10

SONG

1st For What shall he have that kill d the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear
Then sing him home,
The rest shall bear this burden
Take thou no scorn to wear the horn,
It was a crest ere thou wast born
Thy father's father wore it
And thy father bore it
The horn, the horn the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *The forest*

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA

Ros How say you now? Is it not past two o clock? and here much Orlando!

Cel I warrant you with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows and is gone forth to sleep Look, who comes here

Enter SILVIUS

Sil My errand is to you fair youth,
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this
I know not the contents, but as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it, 10
It bears an angry tenour pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger

Ros Patience herself would startle at this letter
And play the swaggerer, bear this bear all
She says I am not fair that I lack manners,
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,
Were man as rare as phoenix 'Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt
Why writes she so to me? Well shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device 20

Sil No I protest, I know not the contents
Phebe did write it

Ros Come, come you are a fool
And turn'd into the extremity of love
I saw her hand she has a leathern hand,
A freestone colour'd hand, I verily did think
That her old gloves were on but twas her hands
She has a huswife's hand, but that s no matter
I say she never did invent this letter,
This is a man s invention and his hand

Sil Sure it is hers 30

Ros Why 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers, why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian women s gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant rude invention,
Such Ethiope words blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance Will you hear the letter?

Sil So please you, for I never heard it yet
Yet heard too much of Phebe s cruelty

Ros She Phebes me mark how the tyrant writes [*Reads*]
"Art thou god to shepherd turn'd 40
That a maiden s heart hath burn d?"
Can a woman rail thus?

Sil Call you this railing?

Ros [*Reads*]
Why thy godhead laid apart,
Warr st thou with a woman s heart?"
Did you ever hear such railing?
"Whiles the eye of man did woo me
That could do no vengeance to me"
Meaning me a beast
"If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!
Whiles you chid me I did love,

How then might your prayers move'
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me
And by him seal up thy mind
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take 60
Of me and all that I can make
Or else by him my love deny
And then I ll study how to die

Sil Call you this chiding?
Cel Alas poor shepherd'
Ros Do you pity him? no he deserves no pity Wilt thou love such a woman? What to make thee an instrument and play false strains upon thee' not to be endured' Well go your way to her for I see love hath made thee a tame snake and say this to her that if she love me I charge her to love thee if she will not I will never have her unless thou entreat for her If you be a true lover hence and not a word for here comes more company [*Exit* SILVIUS

Enter OLIVER

Oli Good morrow fair ones pray you if you know
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheep-cote fenced about with olive trees?
Cel West of this place down in the neighbour bottom
The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream 80
Left on your right hand brings you to the place
But at this hour the house doth keep it elf
There s none within
Oli If that an eye may profit by a tongue
Then should I know you by description
Such garments and such years "The boy is fair
Of female favour and bestows himself
Like a r pe sister the woman low
And browner than her brother Are not you
The owner of the house I did enquire for? 90
Cel It is no boast being ask d, to say we are
Oli Orlando doth commend him to you both
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin Are you he?
Ros I am what must we understand by this?
Oli Some of my shame if you will know of me
What man I am and how and why and where
This handkercher was stain d
Cel I pray you tell it
Oli When last the young Orlando parted from you
He left a promise to return again 100
Within an hour and pacing through the forest
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy
Lo, what befel' he threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself
Under an oak whose boughs were moss d with age
And high top bald with dry antiquity
A wretched ragged man, o ergrown with hair
Lay sleeping on his back about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself
Who with her head nimble in threats approach d
The opening of his mouth but suddenly 111
Seeing Orlando it unlink d itself
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bu h under which bush s shade
A lioness with udders all drawn dry
Lay couching head on ground with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir for tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead
This seen Orlando did approach the man 120
And found it was his brother his elder brother
Cel O I have heard him speak of that same brother
And he did render him the most unnatural
That lived amongst men
Oli And well he might so do
For well I know he was unnatural
Ros But to Orlando did he leave him there
Food to th suck d and hungry lioness?
Oli Twice did he turn his back and purposed so
But kindness nobler ever than revenge
And nature stronger than his just occasion 130
Made him give battle to the lioness
Who quickly fell before him in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked
Cel Are you his brother?
Ros Was t you he rescued?
Cel Was t you that did so oft contrive to kill him?
Oli Twas I but tis not I I do not shame
To tell you what I was since my conversion
So sweetly tastes being the thing I am
Ros But for the bloody napkin?
Oli By and by
When from the first to last betwixt us two 140
Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed
As how I came into that desert place
In brief he led me to the gentle Duke
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment
Committing me unto my brother s love
Who led me instantly unto his cave
There stripp d himself and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away
Which all this while had bled and now he fainted
And cried in fainting upon Rosali

Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound,
And, after some small space being strong at
heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise and to give this napkin
Dyed in his blood unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind
[ROSALIND *swoons*

Cel Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

Oli Many will swoon when they do look on blood

Cel There is more in it Cousin Ganymede!

Oli Look, he recovers 161

Ros I would I were at home

Cel We'll lead you thither
I pray you will you take him by the arm?

Oli Be of good cheer, youth you a man! you lack a man's heart

Ros I do so I confess it Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited! I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited Heigh-ho! 169

Oli This was not counterfeit there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest

Ros Counterfeit I assure you

Oli Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man

Ros So I do but, i'faith I should have been a woman by right

Cel Come, you look paler and paler pray you, draw homewards Good sir, go with us

Oli That will I for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind 181

Ros I shall devise something but I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him Will you go? [*Exeunt*

ACT V

SCENE I *The forest*

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY

Touch We shall find a time, Audrey, patience, gentle Audrey

Aud Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying

Touch A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext But Audrey there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you

Aud Ay, I know who 'tis, he hath no interest in me in the world here comes the man you mean 10

Touch It is meat and drink to me to see a clown by my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for, we shall be flouting, we cannot hold

Enter WILLIAM

Will Good even, Audrey

Aud God ye good even, William

Will And good even to you, sir

Touch Good even, gentle friend Cover thy head cover thy head, nay, prithee be covered How old are you, friend? 20

Will Five and twenty, sir

Touch A ripe age Is thy name William?

Will William, sir

Touch A fair name Wast born i' the forest here?

Will Ay, sir, I thank God

Touch "Thank God', a good answer Art rich?

Will Faith, sir, so so

Touch 'So so" is good very good, very excellent good, and yet it is not, it is but so so Art thou wise? 31

Will Ay, sir I have a pretty wit

Touch Why, thou sayest well I do now remember a saying, "The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool " The heathen philosopher when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open You do love this maid? 40

Will I do sir

Touch Give me your hand Art thou learned?

Will No sir

Touch Then learn this of me to have, is to have, for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink being poured out of a cup into a glass by filling the one doth empty the other, for all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he

Will Which he, sir? 50

Touch He, sir that must marry this woman Therefore, you clown abandon—which is in the vulgar leave—the society—which in the boorish is company—of this female—which in the common is woman which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest, or to thy better understanding diest or to wit I kill thee, make thee away translate thy life into death thy liberty into bondage I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado or in steel I will bandy with thee in faction I will o'er run thee with policy, I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways therefore tremble and depart

Aud Do good William

Will God rest you merry sir

Enter CORIN

Cor Our master and mistress seeks you come away away!

Touch Trip Audrey! trip Audrey! I attend I attend [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *The forest*

Enter ORLANDO *and* OLIVER

Orl Is t possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that but seeing you should love her? and loving woo? and wooing she should grant? and will you persever to enjoy her?

Oli Neither call the giddiness of it in question the poverty of her the small acquaintance my sudden wooing nor her sudden consenting but say with me I love Aliena say with her that she loves me consent with both that we may enjoy each other it shall be to your good for my father s house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland s will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd

Orl You have my consent Let your wedding be to-morrow thither will I invite the Duke and all s contented followers Go you and prepare Aliena for look you here comes my Rosalind

Enter ROSALIND

Ros God save you brother 20

Oli And you fair sister [*Exit*

Ros O my dear Orlando how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

Orl It is my arm

Ros I thou ht thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion

Orl Wounded it is but with the eyes of a lady

Ros Did your brother tell you how I counter feited to swoon when he showed me your hand kercher? 30

Orl Ay and greater wonders than that

Ros O I know where you are nay tis true there was never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams and Cæsar s thrasonical brag of I came saw and overcame for your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked no sooner looked but they loved no sooner loved but they sighed no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason no sooner knew the rea son but they sought the remedy and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to mar riage which they will climb incontinent or else be incontinent before marriage they are in the very wrath of love and they will together clubs cannot part them

Orl They shall be married to-morrow and I will bid the Duke to the nuptial But O how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness throu h another man s eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart heaviness by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for

Ros Why then to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl I can live no longer by thinking

Ros I will weary you then no longer with idle talking Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge insomuch I say I know you are neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you to do yourself good and not to grace me Believe then if you please that I can do strange things I have since I was three year old conversed with a magician most profound in his art and yet not damnable If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out when your brother marries Aliena shall you marry her I know into what straits of fortune she is driven and it is not impossible to me if it appear not inconvenient to you to set her before your eyes to-morrow human as she is and without any danger

Orl Speakest thou in sober meanings?

Ros By my life I do which I tender dearly though I say I am a magician Therefore put you in your best array bid your friends for if you will be married to-morrow you shall and to Rosalind if you will 81

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE

Look here comes a lover of mine and a lover of hers

Phe Youth you have done me much ungentleness

To show the letter that I writ to you

Ros I care not if I have it is my study
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you
You are there followed by a faithful shepherd
Look upon him love him he worships you

Phe Good shepherd tell this youth what tis to love

Sil It is to be all made of sighs and tears
And so am I for Phebe 91

Phe And I for Ganymede

Orl And I for Rosalind

Ros And I for no woman

Sil It is to be all made of faith and service
And so am I for Phebe

Phe And I for Ganymede

Orl And I for Rosal nd

Ros And I for no woman

Sil It is to be all made of fantasy, 100
All made of passion, and all made of wishes,
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial all observance,
And so am I for Phebe
Phe And so am I for Ganymede
Orl And so am I for Rosalind
Ros And so am I for no woman
Phe If thus be so, why blame you me to love you? 110
Sil If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
Orl If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
Ros Who do you speak to, "Why blame you me to love you?
Orl To her that is not here, nor doth not hear
Ros Pray you, no more of this 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon [*To* SILVIUS] I will help you if I can [*To* PHEBE] I would love you if I could To morrow meet me all together [*To* PHEBE] I will marry you, if ever I marry woman and I'll be married to morrow [*To* ORLANDO] I will satisfy you if ever I satisfied man and you shall be married to-morrow [*To* SILVIUS] I will content you if what pleases you contents you and you shall be married to-morrow [*To* ORLANDO] As you love Rosalind meet [*To* SILVIUS] as you love Phebe meet and as I love no woman I ll meet So fare you well I have left you commands 131
Sil I ll not fail if I live
Phe Nor I
Orl Nor I [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *The forest*

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY

Touch To morrow is the joyful day, Audrey, to-morrow will we be married
Aud I do desire it with all my heart, and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world Here come two of the banished Duke's pages

Enter TWO PAGES

1st Page Well met honest gentleman
Touch By my troth, well met Come, sit, sit, and a song 9
2nd Page We are for you sit i the middle
1st Page Shall we clap into t roundly without hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?
2nd Page I faith i faith, and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse

SONG

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho and a hey nonino,
That o er the green corn field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding 21
Sweet lovers love the spring

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c

This carol they began that hour
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c 30

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, &c

Touch Truly, young gentlemen though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable
1st Page You are deceived, sir we kept time, we lost not our time 39
Touch By my troth yes, I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song God be wi you, and God mend your voices! Come Audrey [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *The forest*

Enter DUKE SENIOR AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER *and* CELIA

Duke S Dost thou believe Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?
Orl I sometimes do believe and sometimes do not
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS *and* PHEBE

Ros Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged
You say if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?
Duke S That would I had I kingdoms to give with her
Ros And you say you will have her, when bring her?
Orl That would I, were I of all kingdoms king
Ros You say you ll marry me if I
Phe That will I should I die the hour

As we do trust they ll end in true delights
A dance

EPILOGUE

Ros It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue If it be true that good wine needs no bush tis true that a good play needs no epilogue yet to good wine they do use good bushes and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues What a case am I in then that am neither a good epilogue nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished like a beggar therefore to beg will not become me my way is to conjure you and I ll begin with the women I charge you O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you and I charge you O men for the love you bear to women—a I perceive by your simpering none of you hates them—that between you and the women the play may please If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me complexions that liked me and breaths that I defied not and I am sure as many as have good beards or good faces or sweet breaths will for my kind offer when I make curtsy bid me farewell [*Exeunt*

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